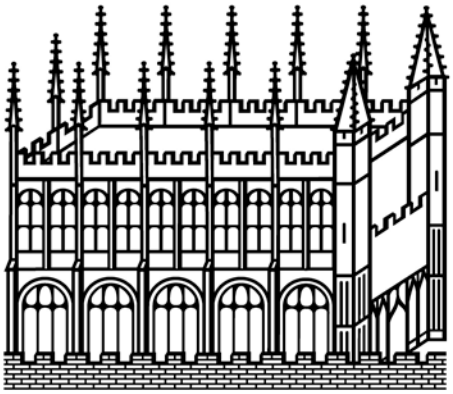

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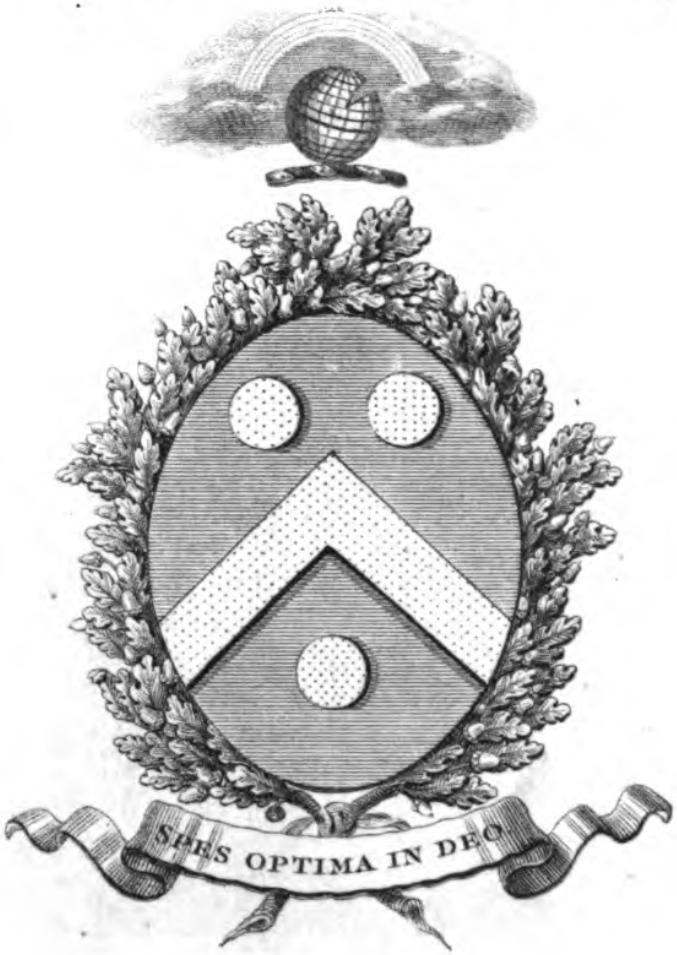

John Thomas Hope.

THE

PIC NIC.

VOL. II.

THE

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Cœnabis bene, mî Fabulle, apud me,
Paucis, si tibi Dî favent, diebus,
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cœnam. *Catul. Carm.* xiii.

SECOND EDITION.

London:
Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho.
For J. F. HUGHES, Wigmore Street,
Cavendish Square.

1806.

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N°. VII. SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1803.

POLITICS.

Periculosum est credere, et non credere:
Ergo explorânda est veritas multum prius,
Quam stulta prave judicet sententia. *Phædrus.*

To believe is dangerous; and not to believe is dangerous: therefore search diligently for the truth, lest your judgment be misled to pronounce foolishly.

IT is mentioned, I believe by Sir Paul Rycaut, that, in Turkey, when any perſon is convicted as the author of a notorious falſehood, it is uſual to blacken the whole front of

his house. It is also added, that there have been examples, where an Ambassador, whose business, according to Sir Henry Wotton, is to lye for the good of his country, has sometimes suffered this penalty, when he has been detected in any feigned piece of intelligence, that has prejudiced the government, and misled the minds of the people. Indeed, in every civil society, the authors of forgeries actually detrimental to the public interest, and which have a decided tendency to discompose the public mind, must be liable to some kind of exemplary punishment.

In the course of this week, the proposition of the French government to the British ministry, for assistance in transporting troops, &c. to St. Domingo, which has produced a great deal of ingenious argument, and no small portion of good writing in the public prints, seems, in a great measure, to be abandoned as a report, which had no reasonable foundation.

The packet of treasonab papers, which was very generally believed to have been found near the Royal Exchange, and to have been passed from thence to the Lord Mayor and the Secretary of State, and whose particular contents, as well as whose general objects, were repeated by all the daily prints, has vanished into air.

The secret danger also, that was reported

to threaten the metropolis, and to which fear or malignity had given various dreadful forms and characters, terminated at length, in a common act of duty, by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, to prevent any bad consequences from the crouded state of the goal of Newgate.

Nor can we pass by, without expressing our concern, that the humane and suitable treatment of the persons, lately convicted of high treason, in the new goal, Southwark, has been represented in one at least of the morning papers, in a manner so distant from the truth, and so disgraceful to the British character.

The spirit of misrepresentation however, must not be altogether attributed to those who invent, or purposely propogate, such ill-founded stories: they who possess a credulity ready prepared to receive them, must sometimes take their share in its consequences, whatever they may be. It may, perhaps, be considered as one of the natural concomitants of a free government, which will only admit of correction; and as one of the foibles of a free people, to which nothing can be opposed but wholesome regulation.

The Athenians are represented, by St. Paul, as always seeking after some new thing; and in a country, the freedom of whose constitution gives, in a greater or less degree, to every

class of people, not only an immediate interest but an inquisitorial power in all public transactions, the same dispositions will naturally prevail. With us, curiosity dictates the leading question of the day; it fills the Coffee-houses and Booksellers' shops with inquirers, and devours the contents of those various publications which are the daily offspring of the press.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the curiosity as well as credulity of the political zealot or party-man, evidently predominates. Whatever tends to advance the cause he supports, is generally received without thought and without hesitation. He is kept alive as it were, by delusive narratives and feigned stories; and may be compared to the old obstinate Knight in Rabelais, of whom it is said, that he every morning swallowed a *chimera* for his breakfast.

It is true, that the bulk of the people are formed rather for feeling than thinking; nor have they the disposition, even if they had the qualifications, to analize the nature of the reports which are continually circulating about them. Our newspapers, indeed, leave no means untried to keep alive that spirit of curiosity on which they depend for support, while the conductors are not over scrupulous as to the accuracy of what they insert.

They have views to advance, and interests to maintain. The spirit of party, whether it relates to the business of the nation, the characters of individuals, or the arrangement of a theatre, is seen to operate very powerfully in their columns; while to gratify as well as deceive their readers, they adopt, with ready compliance and habitual art, the practice of invention and exaggeration, of misconclusion and falsehood. Influenced, however, as they are by a rival spirit of detection, they frequently act as antidotes to each other, and the truth appears at last.

Not to hear the reports of the day, as well as the conversation which they occasion, is impossible to any one who does not live in solitude; but to prevent their operating seriously on the mind, and settling opinions; in short, to suspend belief till subsequent circumstances produce solid conviction, will be the practice of every man who considers Reflection and Experience as the handmaids of Truth.

Tacitus most admirably illustrates the nature of popular credulity in the following story.

A great part of the Roman legions being very much disposed to mutiny, an audacious fellow, who was only a private centinel, being elevated on the shoulders of his comrade, ad-

dressed himself to the army in the following manner:—

" You have given liberty to these miserable " men,," said he, pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued, " but which of you " can restore life to my brother? He was " murdered last night by those ruffians who " are entertained by the General, for no other " purpose than to butcher the poor soldiery, " Tell me, *Blæsus*," for that was the name of the General, who was then sitting on the tribunal, " tell me where thou hast cast his dead " body? an enemy does not grudge the rites " of burial. When I have tired myself with " kissing his cold corpse and weeping over it, " order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of " my fellow-soldiers, since we both die in " their cause, is, that they would lay me in " the same grave with my brother."

The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved to do the speaker justice; but, upon further inquiry, it was discovered *that he never had a brother.*

LITERATURE FRANCAISE.

La maladie épidémique qui regne à Paris depuis un mois, vient de causer de très-grandes pertes à la literature et aux sciences.

A peine le gouvernement venait-il de refondre l'Institut National, et de recréer l'ancienne Académie Françoise sous le nom de la *classe de la langue et de la littérature*, que deux des membres les plus distingués de l'ancienne académie, qui avaient été incorporés à la classe cidessus mentionnée, ont terminé leur carriere. L'un d'eux est M. de la Harpe, auteur du célebre Cours de Littérature, et de nombre d'ouvrages qui avaient eu des succès différents. On l'avait surnommé de son vivant *le Quintilien Français*. Le repentir qu'il avait témoigné publiquement depuis quelques années, des erreurs qu'il avait professées avant la révolution, avait beaucoup ajouté à la célébrité dont il jouissait. Il doit laisser beaucoup de manuscrits et d'ouvrages commencés. Comme sa plume n'était plus consacrée qu'à la défense des vrais principes sociaux et du bon gôut, sa perte prématurée peut être regardée comme une calamité. Il est mort, âgé seulement de 63 ans, après une maladie de 25 jours, pendant laquelle il a montré la plus pieuse résignation. Nous donnerons certainement une notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de cet illustre académicien, que le Premier Consul avait eu l'impudence d'exiler à Orléans il y a un an, comme radoteur et maniaque.

L'autre est M. le Marquis de St. Lambert, connu dans le monde litéraire depuis 40 ans, par son poëme des Saisons, que les critiques mettent au dessous de l'œuvre de notre *Thomson*, mais qu'ils regardent comme bien supérieur au poëme des Jardins de son collegue l'Abbé Delille. M. de St. Lambert vivait heureux et honoré dans une charmante retraite auprès de Paris, au sein de l'amitie, entouré de la vénération publique, et son poëme, mis au rang des classiques, lui assurait l'immortalité lorsque, cédant à de mauvais conseils, il publia il y a trois ans une espece de Catéchisme Politique, rempli des erreurs philosophiques que presque tous les anciens sectateurs de la philosophie s'empressaient d'abjurer alors : cette publication a déshonoré la fin de sa belle carriere. M. de St. Lambert est mort âgé de 86 ans.

Ainsi dans l'espace de trois jours, du 9 au 11 Février, la literature et la poësie Française ont perdu deux de leurs plus beaux ornements. L'on a craint dans le même temps pour les jours de M. L'Abbé Delille.

Outre ces deux personnages célebres, il est mort encore plusieurs personnes qui s'étaient fait un nom dans les sciences et dans les arts. Dans le nombre sont M. l'Abbé Ricard, traducteur des Vies et des œuvres morales de Plutarque, homme non moins estimé par ses

vertus privées que par l'immense érudition qu'il possédait : le savant Don Poirier, de la congrégation de St. Maur, un des auteurs du grand ouvrage, intitulé, l'Art de vérifier les Dates ; M. Chauveau, jurisconsulte, auteur de plusieurs ouvrages estimés ; le célebre sculpteur Véronese ; et Madle Hyppolite de Latude Clairon, qui fait si longtems les honneurs de la scene Française, et les délices des amateurs de la tragédie. Cette actriceplus qu'octogénaire, a conservé sa mémoire jusqu'à la fin, et peu de tems avant sa mort, elle avait déclamé devant *Kemble* une scene de Phedre, avec beaucoup de chaleur, de force et de dignité. Elle est morte des suites d'une chûte.

Nous ne comprenons point dans cette liste de personnes dignes de regrets, deux écrivains qui ont terminé également une carriere peu honorable emportés par la maladie régnante : l'un est l'athée Sylvain Maséchal, auteur des Voyages de Pythagore, des Courtisanes de la Grece, et du Dictionaire des Athées ; l'autre, l'Abbé Casti, auteur d'un poëme Italien, intitulé Gli Animali parlanti, qui a fait quelque bruit l'année derniere, et d'un recueil de Nouvelles obscenes, dont il préparait une nouvelle édition, augmentée du double, lorsque la mort l'a surpris. Cet homme, qui faisait par ses mœurs et ses écrits

le scandale et la honte de sa robe, avait été successivement chassé d'Italie et de Vienne, où il avait eu pendant quelque tems la place de *poëte de la cour*. Il est mort presque subitement â l'âge de 81 ans.

Deux autres personnages d'une célébrité qui leur est particuliere, l'athée astronome Lalande, et le nonce du Pape, le Cardinal Caprara, étaient dangereusement malades la semaine derniere.

Notre bulletin de littérature Française, dans ce numéro, ne sera qu'une espece de nécrologe ; en revanche, nous parlerons la semaine prochaine des nouvelles créations des litérateurs restants.

[L'Article relatif à la récomposition de l'Institut ayant resté huit jours dans nos mains avant d'être publié, nous n'avions pas reçu la liste des savants que l'on a repartis dans les quatre nouvelles classes qui ont été formées, et nous avons en conséquence commis quelques erreurs dans nos conjectures à leur sujet. Tous les membres qui composaient le ci-devant institut national ont été conservés, quoique la classe à laquelle ils appartenaient ait été supprimé.]

LETTER IV.

Sir,

My former visits to the earth had always been made at midnight: with far greater admiration therefore did every object now strike me, since I arrived at the meridian hour, when the sun shot his brightest rays. But that admiration was soon lost in horror; for the spot on which I had dropped was immediately below the walls of Ilium; and the Trojans, having just been repulsed in a sally by the Grecian host, came flying across the plain, while their pursuers, mingled in their ranks, strewed the ground with heaps of killed and wounded. I was far from regretting that nature had given me no arms, when I saw what a terrible use these terrestrial beings made of theirs; but I confess I should have been glad of a pair of legs, to carry me out of such a scene of confusion. As it was, I was borne along with the croud, not having sufficient space to turn and roll myself on one side; and with the rest, I entered the Scæan gate.

It may be thought extraordinary, that my presence on this occasion was not recorded with that of so many gods and goddesses as then appeared. But it must be observed, that

during the day I am never visible to mortal eyes, and during the night, only when I choose to be so; since it was one of my earliest and most powerful discoveries, in my visits to the earth, that on turning my dark side towards any person whose observation I wished to elude, my form and brightness instantly vanished from his sight. In the tumultuous flight, of which I have been speaking, I was indeed of service to some individuals of that party in which I found myself involved, whom my occasional interposition effectually eclipsed from the view of their pursuers; and both armies mistook me for one of those opaque clouds, which Apollo so frequently raised for similar purposes.

When the gates were closed, the Grecians excluded, and the citizens retired to their houses, I had time to look about me; and, during two days, I found so much food for my curiosity, that I scarcely recollected the want of any of a more substantial kind. At last I grew hungry, and began to consider, with infinite perplexity, that as my organs were unable to digest any of the aliments by which I saw the inhabitants of the earth sustained, I was likely to perish in the most miserable manner, by the privation of those salutary fruits, which my own bush alone affords me.

In a situation so dreadful as my present, it may readily be believed that I felt but little interested in sublunary affairs. Full of horror at the wretched fate which my imagination anticipated, I would gladly indeed have exchanged all the knowledge which I had so long been anxious to obtain, for the possibility of returning to pass a life of the most uninterrupted ignorance, in the darkest nook of my once despised planet. But while, resigning myself to despair, I was disconsolately rolling round the court of King Priam's palace, my happy destiny directed my notice to an exhalation of an extraordinary appearance, which I perceived slowly issuing from the roof. It consisted of the brains of the Trojan sovereign and his venerable counsellors, who were at that moment employed in dismissing the Grecian messengers, with a final refusal to restore the princess Helen. As for the wits of Menelaus, who had sent to demand her, I had seen them safely deposited in the moon, some time before he had set out for Sparta. This exhalation being specifically heavier than the atmosphere, instead of immediately rising, was depressed, and spread itself along upon the ground, as is common with smoke, in a damp and misty day. I was presently enveloped in it, and when at last, by the attractive power of the

moon, it began to ascend; I, light as my long fast had rendered me, was carried up with it, and happily restored to my native habitation.

Like a storm-worn traveller unexpectedly arriving in port, I hailed my old retreat; but still more agreeable to me, according to my present notions, were the fruits of my admirable bush, beneath the spreading branches of which I reposed for some months, too well satisfied with my escape from one danger, to entertain any thoughts of encountering another. But, after awhile, my former rage for travelling returned upon me; and revolving in my mind the modes of conveyance of which I availed myself in the last journey, I became convinced, that my present stock of experience would be sufficient to secure me, in my future expedition, against those inconveniences to which I had found myself exposed. A little farther observation, on the intercourse between my own planet and her terrestrial neighbour, confirmed me in this opinion; for I found, that every shower of influences which streamed from the moon was, in a very few days, returned in an exhalation of brains, from that region of the earth on which it had descended; and, recollecting that I might easily secure myself against the danger of any accidental delay, by carrying with me a small

stock of my necessary provisions, I relinquished all my fears.

Since that period, I have undertaken many expeditions to the earth. Of the most remarkable incidents, which have from time to time befallen me on these excursions, you shall continue to receive accounts. At present I can only add that I am

Your good friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE INNOVATOR.

Sir,

I hope that few if any of your readers will object to the title that I have assumed; but as, in these unprecedented times, proposals of innovation are for the moſt part disapproved, I think it prudent to declare, that this Innovator is no politician. He will neither argue for peace or war, for miniſtry or opposition, for a reform of Parliament, or for the septennial return of the rotten boroughs. There are mistakes, besides those of ministry, which more nearly affect a great many individuals, which would be less extensive or hazardous in their reform, and are certainly much less perilous to attack: namely, the mistakes of fashionable life. On these strictures therefore, oppositionists and placemen, tories and repub-

licans, quakers and free-thinkers, dungs and flints, hangmen and criminals, may give in their criticisms. Each of them will entertain an opinion upon the proposed innovation; not as a party man, but as the custom to be reformed or abolished has heretofore affected him individually. Thus much to insure impartiality: I shall now declare briefly, yet fully, how far I shall extend my animadversions.

The vast chaos of fashion, and the undefined code of its laws, will be commended for their innumerable excellencies, satyrized for their many inconveniencies and absurdities, and by degrees, it is hoped, arranged into a regular and complete system.

The Innovator has been received into some of the gayest circles of fashion, and is neither a 'stranger' who shuns society, nor a 'Moor' who persecutes it. Let not the fashionable wit, in the height of his jocularity, call him a musty country parson; let not the fair sex (whom to offend were his greatest misfortune) call him a tiresome ill-natured man; let not the learned call him a trifler; let not the jockey or huntsman disclaim any knowledge of him or his writings; or above all, let them not declare, with an exulting smile of conscious victory, that what they did read they could not understand. For many an author have I heard condemned upon no stronger evidence. The Innovator loves society and

fashion; he will launch no general misanthropic censure; he will propose methods to render fashion excellent, which is already good, or at least will recommend to the notice of others, faults for which he himself sees no remedy. Any body who looks for abuse of high life will be egregiously disappointed; I hope they will be satisfied who look for amusement. I have only to add, that I am acquainted with most of fashion's gayest votaries. The fashionable gamester, lounger, beau, jockey, hunter, shooter, author, the wife, girl, widow, demirep or courtezan, may thank my forbearance for not displaying all their faults. The odds are ten to one, that I am intimately acquainted with them; and when they mention me, three to one that I am at their elbow.

THE THEATRE.

Multos incertos certare hanc rem vidimus
Palmam Poetæ comico cui deferant.
A. Gellius Noctes Atticæ.

Many we've seen in doubt in this affair,
And differing in opinion where to fix,
On whom to give the prize as comic poet.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM,

A COMEDY, BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

This comedy was first performed in three acts in January, 1760; and in January, 1761,

it was firſt produced in five acts; the characters of Sir Bashful Constant, and Lady Constant having been interwoven into it. It might indeed be owing to the necessity of the Poet's revisal of the first three acts, in order to extend the comedy, that the whole of it has come forth in that elegant and highly polished state which it is now seen to possess.

In the poet's dedication to Mrs. Abington, written in 1785, he says he has retouched the dialogue, and perhaps so reformed it, that in its present state it may be deemed less unworthy of her acceptance. So that after this comedy was established upon the stage, and after the author had received the rewards of his genius, his anxious zeal that the public might possess it in its finished form, should not only be remembered by the public for its disinterestedness, but by authors as an example for imitation. The modesty of Mr. Murphy has restrained him from saying much upon the merits of his comedy: his praise, as is usual with him, has been almost exclusively reserved for the performers. "I am not unmindful," says he, "of the performers who first obtained, for the author, the favour of the town: a *Garrick*, a *Yates*, a *Cibber*, united their abilities; and who can forget *Mrs. Clive?* They have all passed away, and

the comedy might have passed with them if you had not placed it in a conspicous light." Such is the modest insinuation of a man of genius. But the late extraordinary success of this comedy proves, that though, in the course of forty-three years, fashion and taste have undergone an astonishing change; though the performers have successively passed away, yet the comedy has not passed away, but rather has increased its strength by the progress of time; and that in the very face of translated comedies, and many of English production, very different in their structure to this, and which profess to 'catch the manners living as they rise.' It is true, that this play slept awhile after the retirement of *Mr. Smith* and *Mrs. Abington* from the stage: but of late, the light wings of comedy have been plumed afresh, and Thalia has appeared with new lustre. *The way to keep him*, which was revived towards the close of the last season, brought the fullest houses; and has been hitherto repeated every week during this, and *decies repetita placebit.*

It may be further observed, that many other comedies have been revived this season, but none with equal success. It is, therefore, worth the attention of an admirer of the drama, to examine into those attractive qualities of *The way to keep him*, that have obtained

such distinguished marks of general approbation.

The succcss of a comedy for a series of years does not so much depend upon the dramatic structure as it does upon the selection of characters; and the more general they are the better they will be understood, and the longer they will please. What are the important characters of this comedy, and what is that fable, which originally created, and have so long maintained such a powerful attraction?—It consists of two families—an elegant widow, a sprightly fashionable young man, and several servants—in short, of such characters as reside in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square: and, from a perfect acquaintance with the manners of polite life, they are made to act in a way which every one conceives and understands. The Author appears to have possessed a complete insight into the nature and character of the persons he represents; and he brings them into situations, which his knowledge alone, aided by great dramatic skill, could have produced. Such is the fruit of education, association, and labour.

The poet has maintained his five acts without the aid of a single episode. There is no fable, prior to the commencement of the business, necessary to be explained—no dis-

tress of any individual to be acted or suffered —no female abandoned by severe parents— no orphan left destitute—no spendthrift disinherited—no sacrifice to love, to avarice, or to interest—no fugitive—no relation unexpectedly returned rich from the East or the West Indies—nothing to be told the audience before the business of the drama can go on. But it opens with a scene of two footmen and a femme de chambre; and whilst they are seen at their ease, and fully gratifying their own individual interest, the business of the drama commences, and then regularly proceeds: nor is it afterwards interrupted by sparrings of studied and affected wit, by broad humour out of season, by long narratives in explanation, or by morality misplaced. The merit of the comedy arises from the scenes, and must be collected out of the transactions. The interest is artfully conducted, and the approaches are so naturally made, that we are at a loss which most to praise, the art that conceals the art, or the felicitous choice of situations which has been so much, and so long approved and applauded, by Pit, Boxes, and Gallery.

I come now to the performance of this comedy, and to which the Poet has so modestly ascribed all its popularity. Nothing proves more powerfully the strength of it, than that

whosoever performs in it gains applause. Why is this? because the characters conform, in general, to what is natural in real life. Whether *Garrick*, *Smith*, *Reddish*, or *Wroughton*, perform Lovemore; or *Mrs. Cibber*, *Mrs. Abington*, or *Mrs. Jordan*, the Widow Belmour; whether *Yates* or *Bannister* represent Sir Bashful Constant; or *Palmer*, *Dodd*, or *Kemble*, Sir Brilliant Fashion; or *Clive* or *Pope*, Muslin; the characters being true to nature, the performers are never placed in aukward situations: no part is misconceived, or overstrained; and the audience is led insensibly into a disposition to receive the highest gratification.

At length, in the fifth act, we are brought to the incidents that constitute the title of the Play. And here the author has roused Mrs. Lovemore to assume an attitude, which, had she persisted in, must have destroyed her own intention; for in the dilemma of not knowing how to act, she was about to adopt the very reverse of that which she hoped would be the consequence of it. Instead of reclaiming Lovemore by increased charms, she was about to extinguish his dormant fondness, by the display of a contrary conduct indicative of disobedience.

The author stops, in the most artful manner, this dangerous enterprise, and then pro-

duces, by the explanation, as rich a moral as the instruction of the drama can possibly convey. Thus concludes this well wrought and exquisitely finished performance, executed with apparent ease, and dressed in that natural, refined, and captivating dialogue, which places it in the first rank of English comedy.

When it is considered, at the expiration of at least forty-two years, and after the characters of this comedy have gone through three successions of performers, with the exception of Miss Pope, who was the immediate successor of Mrs. Clive, in Muslin, and whose chaste manner of acting cannot be exceeded, that the Poet is still in the enjoyment of health, it is a pleasing theme to dwell upon. But this was not his first production. The Orphan of China was some years before it. The Tragedies, Comedies, and Farces of this Poet stand so pre-eminent in the dramatic class of English literature, that there has scarcely been a week for many seasons, without one or other of his performances being a part, and frequently a whole, in the bills of the theatres.

If the theatres are continually drawing their supplies from his productions—if the town is familiar with his Way to keep him, his Citizen, his Grecian Daughter, and his Three Weeks after Marriage; in short, with all his

Tragedies, Comedies, and Farces; let it not offer incense to the memory, when the mind is no longer susceptible of the rapture; let it not make atonement, after the opportunity is past, for the neglect of that gratitude which ought to be paid to the shrine of living merit.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF STERNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I am very much pleased with the plan of your paper, as well as satisfied with its execution; and if some original letters of the Rev. Mr. STERNE, the author of Tristram Shandy, &c. will be acceptable to you, I shall be very happy to offer them as a contribution to your elegant miscellany. I inclose one of them as a specimen, and when I perceive that you have inserted it, I will send you the rest. You may be assured they are known only to the very few persons to whom they have been communicated by

Your obedient humble servant,

T—— S——.

Hamstead, February 13, 1803.

LETTER I.

Coxwould, near Easingwould,
June 16, 1766.

My dear Mr. ——,

It is not my way, as you well know, to reason upon any thing: and I believe the fact may be as you have stated it, that I do not think or act like any other human being. Now, my good friend, whether you intend this observation or opinion, or whatever it may be, to operate by way of praise or reproof, I do not pretend to determine: I am not, just at the present moment, either vain or humble enough to settle the point. I might indulge a hope that you thought this wayward temper of mine was, somehow or other, to my honour. At the same time, from the sly kind of sarcasm which seems to have nestled itself into the expression, I am disposed to suspect that you think me, at times, not quite so canonical as I ought to be: If so, you are not the first, believe me, by many a score, who have charged me with disrespect to my scarf and my cassoc. Some very grave dignitaries of the church, many years ago, weighed me in their balances on this point; and did not hesitate, God forgive their reverences! to find me wanting. And when I afterwards let myself loose upon paper, the reviewers let loose their displea-

sure against me, and even brayed forth the charge of blasphemy. The one would not understand what I did, and the others could not understand what I wrote; and thus it was my lot, as it has been of many better and brighter men than myself, God knows, to be pelted, and most unmercifully as well as unjustly too, by envy, malice, and ignorance. But they have my consent to continue their sport, such as it is, to the end of the chapter.

Now, though I would not move my little finger to convince them that they are wrong, I owe you too much to suffer you to continue in an error in any thing, particularly concerning myself, when it is in my power, as I trust it now is, to set you right. I therefore inform you, that I am settled for three months, more or less, in my parsonage house, at Coxwould; where, if you please, you may come, (and if you would so please, I cannot express how much pleasure it would give me) to see and profit by my exemplary life in my parish; which, after all, is the grand, active scene of my canonical profession.

Instead, therefore, of going to Bristol Hotwells, to flirt with phthisical nymphs, you will do well, nor do I know that you can do better than, to turn your horses heads towards the North. I will preach to you, and pray for you; and, if you should not think it uncanonical, I

will fiddle to you. Besides, you shall have poultry every day for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth into the bargain; and I will tell you a sentimental story, to sweeten the desert. And, if my ecclesiastical severities should be too much for you, we will make a week's carnival at Crazy Castle, where Hall will rejoice to embrace you. P. Lascelles is there already, Scroope is expected, and Phipps, as you know, is in the neighbourhood.——What can I say more—but that I am with great truth and affection, most cordially your's,

L. STERNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The inclosed, which I tender to your acceptance, was written some weeks since, and transmitted to an aged cousin, for whose opinion in matters of poetry, as it usually coincides with my own, I have a profound respect. The old gentleman returned it with the following short epistle:

Worcester, Feb. 1, 1803.

Dear Coz,

I read your fable with great pleasure; it has not only more humour, but more poetry in it than is usually to be found in such com-

positions. I have, however, some objections to the word *bulbul* in line 84. The satire is too apparent; it should therefore be exchanged for *songster*, or some term of a similar kind. The time is not yet ripe for its publication, but of this, I suppose, you are well aware.

From your loving Cousin, &c.
ANTHONY JENKINS.

Never was any poor author so puzzled as I was at the receipt of this letter, of which I could not comprehend a syllable. Upon requiring an explanation, however, I learned that my worthy cousin (in general the most unsuspicious of all human beings) had mistaken the word *bulbul* for a reduplication of the surname of honest John Bull! and, profiting of his own error, had moralized the whole fable into a reflection on those unhappy candidates, who lost their seats by raising their voices a little untimely, at the last General Election! "Events" to use my cousin's words, "so recent, that every allusion to them must open many grievous wounds, which have scarcely yet had time to cicatrize."

You, I trust, Sir, will have no such apprehensions, nor any such visionary ideas; more especially when I acquaint you with what, in the pride of my heart, I concealed from

my cousin, *i. e.* that the fable is a loose translation from the Tooti Namêh, and that the word (bulbul) which raised the first suspicion in my excellent cousin, is pure Persian, and signifies a nightingale.

I am, &c. &c.

SOL. TOOTING.

THE ASS AND STAG.

A FABLE.

Once on a time, no matter when,
But 'twas some ages since; say ten—
(For asses now more wise appear,
And ne'er affect to herd with deer.)
Once on a time then, it is said
An Ass and Stag together stray'd,
In bonds of love so closely bound,
That sep'rate they were seldom found.
The upland lawns, when summer dried,
They rang'd the meadows side by side;
And when gaunt famine chas'd them hence,
They overleap'd the garden fence,
Dividing, without strife or coil,
Like ministers of state, the spoil.
In that gay season when the hours,
Spring's handmaids, strew the earth with flow'rs,
Our pair walk'd forth, and frisk'd and play'd,
And cropt the herbage as they stray'd.
'Twas ev'ning—stillness reign'd around,
And dews refresh'd the thirsty ground;
When homeward browsing, both inhale
Unusual fragrance from the gale.
It was a garden, compass'd round
With thorns, (a perfect Indian mound)

Through which they saw enough within,
To make a drove of asses sin.
No watch-dog—gard'ner—all was hush'd:
They bless'd their stars, and in they push'd,
Fell to with eager haste, and wasted
Ten cabbages, for one they tasted.
And now the Ass (to fullness fed)
Cherish'd strange fancies in his head;
On nature's carpet idly roll'd,
By care or prudence uncontroul'd:
His pride froth'd up his self-conceit,
And thus it bubbled forth—"How sweet,
Prince of the branching antlers wide,
The mirth-inspiring moments glide!
How grateful are the hours of spring—
What odours sweet the breezes bring!
The musky air to joy invites,
And drowns the senses in delights.
Deep mid the waving cypress boughs
Turtles exchange their am'rous vows;
While from his rose's fragrant lips
The bird of eve love's nectar sips.
Where'er I throw my eyes around,
All seems to me enchanted ground;
And night, while Cynthia's silvery gleam
Sleeps on the lawn, the grove, the stream,
Heart-soothing night, for nothing longs,
But one of my melodious songs,
To lap the world in bliss, and show
A perfect paradise below!
When youth's warm blood shall cease to flow,
And beauty's cheek no longer glow;
When these soft graceful limbs, grown old,
Shall feel Time's fingers, icy cold;
Close in his chilly arms embrac'd,
What pleasures can I hope to taste?

What sweet delight in age's train ?
Spring will return, but ah ! in vain !"
The Stag half pitying, half amaz'd,
Upon his old associate gaz'd ;
" What ! hast thou lost thy wits ?" (he cried)
Or art thou dreaming, open-eyed ?
SING, quotha ! was there ever bred
In any mortal ass's head
So strange a thought ! But, no offence—
What if we first remove from hence ;
And talk, as erst, of straw and oats,
Of scurvy fare and mangy coats,
Of heavy loads, or worse than those,
Of cruel drivers, and hard blows ?
For recollect, my gentle friend,
We 're thieves, and plunder is our end.
See ! thro' what parsley we've been toiling,
And what fine spinage we are spoiling !
' He most of all doth outrage reason,
' Who fondly singeth out of season,'
A proverb that in sense surpasses
The brains combin'd of Stags and Asses :
Yet, (for I must thy peril trace)
Sweet *bulbul* * of the long-ear'd race !
Soft soul of harmony ! yet hear,
If thou wilt rashly charm our ear,
And with thy warblings loud and deep
Unseal the leaden eye of sleep ;
Rous'd with thy song, and arm'd with staves,
The gard'ner and a host of slaves,
To mourning will convert thy strains,
And make their pastime of our pains."
His nose in scorn the songster rears,
Pricks up his twinkling length of ears,

* *Nightingale.*

And proudly thus he shot his bolt:—
"Thou soulless, senseless, tasteless dolt!
If when in vulgar prose I try
My voice, the soul in extacy
Will to the pale lip trembling flee,
And pant and struggle to get free.
Must not my *song*—"
"O past pretence!
The ear must be depriv'd of sense—
(Rejoin'd the Stag)—form'd of dull clay
The heart that melts not at thy lay!
But hold—my ardent pray'r attend,
Nor yet with songs the welkin rend;
Still the sweet murmur in thy throat,
Prelusive of the thrilling note!
Do not shrink up thy nostrils, friend,
Nor thy fair ample jaws extend;
Lest thou repent thee when too late,
And moan thy pains and well earn'd fate."
Impatience stung the warbler's soul,
Gently he spurn'd the mean controul;
And from the verdant turf uprear'd,
He on his friend contemptuous leer'd;
Stretch'd his lean neck, and wildly star'd,
His dulcet pitch-pipe then prepar'd,
His flaky ears prick'd up withal,
And stood in posture musical.
Ah! thought the Stag, I greatly fear,
Since he his throat begins to clear,
And strains and stares, he will not long
Deprives us of his promis'd song.
"Friendship to safety will may yield"
He said, and nimbly fled the field.

Alone at length, the warbler Ass
Would ev'ry former strain surpass:

So right he aim'd, so loud he bray'd,
The forest shook, night seem'd afraid;
And starting at the well-known ſound,
The gard'ners from their pallets bound;
The scar'd musician this purſues,
That stops him with inſidious noose:
Now to a tree behold him tied,
Whilst both prepare to take his hide.
But firſt his cudgel either rears,
And plies his ribs, his nose, his ears;
His head converted to a jelly,
His back confounded with his belly:
All bruis'd without, all broke within,
To leaves they now convert his skin;
Whereon in characters of gold
For all good asses, young and old,
This ſhort inſtructive tale is told.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * So Rachael and I sat down on the bank:—and wherefore, said I hast thou gathered that bunch of rosemary?—

Alas, said she, it is to strew on William's grave.—I sat there last night, and I thought his hand came through the turf;—that hand which had so often grasp'd mine; but I could not touch it:—perhaps it was the sickly dream of my fancy, which is, sometimes, ſtrangely disordered.

And what, my child, has brought this misfortune upon thee?

That sheep, said she, which now crops the herb at my feet, was then a lamb—I had taken it from the ewe, and it followed me wherever I went.—William loved the lamb, for he loved me, and every thing that was mine. We were walking together by the river, and the lamb fell into the ſtream. William plunged into the water to save him; but the lamb got somehow to the bank—and William was carried by the eddy to the mill: the horrid wheel crushed him as he passed, and he spoke no more: but I could not even chide the lamb, for it licked his hand as he lay dead on the grass.

As Rachael spoke I felt a tear upon my cheek: she saw it, and, taking an handkerchief from her pocket, gently wiped it away.

Ah, continued she, strangers weep for me, and I cannot weep for myself—the gush of sorrow would relieve me; but heaven has locked up the source of my tears, though my heart is thirsty, and would be refreshed by them.

And how do you employ your time, my fair Rachael? You might, surely, amuse your sadness by the occupations of your past life, whatever they have been.

My friends, Sir, said she, are very good to me:—they have done every thing in their power to sooth my sorrow; but finding that

their efforts have been vain, they now leave me to myself, to wander about with my sheep, who never forsakes me. The villagers all know, and seem to respect my misery.—They are all kind and molest me not.—Sometimes, indeed, I spin a little flax at the wheel; and sometimes I fetch the kine from the moor,—and that is all.—But if I stay, William's grave will want its offering, and I must not omit the dues I shall daily pay it, till heaven shall please to make it my own.

So Rachael walked gently away: and I sat still on the bank.—* * * * * *

DAVID GARRICK.

GARRICK is gone; but whilst there yet survive
Some, whose recording memories are alive
To his impressive powers, his wondrous art
To charm, to melt, to modulate the heart,
They may attempt—but th' attempt how faint!
His eye, voice, action, energy to paint:
Tho' the whole perfect man I now can see
In my mind's eye, the attempt is not for me.
If to succeeding actors they can tell
How thus and thus he spoke, it will be well;
If they can shew how awe-struck Hamlet stood,
Cross'd by his father's ghost, I wish they wou'd;
Or Richard's dream, or madd'ning Lear's rage—
These wou'd be useful lessons to the stage;
That task I leave to them—My safer plan

Is to attest the virtues of the man.
They call'd him vain—Of a whole nation's praise
Who is not vain? But did those plaudits raise
Or pride, or insolence, or harsh disdain
Of humbler merit? Let them, who arraign
His character, inform me where to find
A hand more open, or a heart more kind.
This, and all else detraction can collect,
With equal scorn and justice I reject:
He who adopts them, let him shun the stone,
That shelters GARRICK's ashes—and begone!

Z.

N°. VIII. SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1803.

POLITICS.

NO transactions dependent on British jurisprudence were ever more calculated to fix the attention and gain the respect of foreigners, than those which occcurred on Monday last. Vindictive justice doomed to death seven traitors, for a conspiracy, clearly proved, to assassinate a beloved and virtuous monarch, in his own capital, and to throw the whole kingdom into that state of confusion which must result from such an event, combined with the seizure of property, the demolition of law, and the suppression of intelligence. The course of proof, and the verdict of the jury, left no doubt of the guilt of the parties; yet humane sympathy attended the last moments of the sufferers; their crime was universally execrated, but their passage to the place of execution was not embittered, as was formerly the case in Paris, by the taunts of hireling ruffians, or the abusive screams of salaried furies, in the shape of women; they

were not refused the consolation of religion, according to the forms preferred by their own consciences, and their remains were not thrown promiscuously into unhallowed earth, but delivered to their friends, to receive the decencies of Christian funeral.

On the same day, a cause of some expectation came on to be tried in the Court of King's Bench: it was an information filed by the Attorney General, against M. Peltier, for a libel on the First Consul of France. The ground taken by the Attorney General, and which seemed to form the Chief foundation for the verdict of the Jury was, that M. Peltier's publication contained direct incitements to the assassination of Bonaparte, whom the learned advocate treated as a sovereign *de facto*, and frequently styled the people of France his *subjects*. An appeal to the honest horror of Englishmen against such an incitement, could hardly fail of producing its effect. Mr. Macintosh, who was counsel for the defendant, attempted, with great ability, to disprove the application of the libellous writings, to extenuate their alleged import, and to rescue the liberty of the only free press in Europe from the disgrace which must attach to it from the conviction of his Client. But still the dread of seeming to concur in a wish for assassination influenced the Jury: a

tribute, which Bonaparte could not have claimed from any circumstance in his personal character, or from any act of his official minions since the peace, was paid to the purity of the British character for humanity and justice; a character to be preserved not only free from guilt, but above suspicion. The verdict pronounced against M. Peltier must, however, be considered purely as a homage to the British administration of justice, and not in the least as conveying a reflection on the morals of the defendant: his language is warm, because his wrongs are outrageous; he appeals to the example of the Romans, because he considers his country more enslaved than Rome in her worst days; he beholds an individual seated in the palace of his lawful, murdered sovereign; and even if his expressions should bear the construction affixed on them, it can only be said, that in his anxiety for retribution, he oversteps the bounds of prudence.

LINES

Written by a Traveller, on the Walls of the Allambra, the ancient Moorish Palace, at Grenada.

When these fam'd walls did Pagan rites admit
Here reign'd unrival'd *Science*, *Taste*, and *Wit*.
Spain's bigots came, the Prophet's flag assail'd,
And rear'd true worship where the false prevail'd;
And such the zeal these furious zealots bore,
Taste, *Wit*, and *Science* perish'd with the Moor.

JUVENILE SORROW.

As I wander'd one morn, thro' yon wood-cover'd valley,
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Sally,
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.

At length on a stile, by a walnut-tree shaded,
I found her in tears—a dead bird in her lap—
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,
While she throbbing related her cruel mishap.

"Alas!" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin;
"The naughty cat kill'd it!"—and then she caress'd
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,
Let fall a few tears on its blood-sprinkled breast.

I sigh'd, as I said to myself, 'tis with reason,
That sages declare all is sorrow below;
For even in childhood's delightfulest season,
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!

THE ESSAYIST.

If amongst the numerous writers of the present day there does not appear in any one that pre-eminence of genius which marks some of the most distinguished poets of the past time, it should be observed that our contemporaries are planted in a much more literary and enlightened age than their predecessors were, and of course have not the advantages of contrast which they had.

I conceive the mass of talents is become

infinitely greater than ever, though the portions, being more equalized, do not in particular instances appear so conspicuous.

Shakespeare did not think it worth his while to be correct. Jonson would not condescend to be civil to his audience: he seems to have bullied the public of his time into a preference for his pedantic muse over that of Shakespeare, whose superiority has only been established within a period, which does not reach far up into the late century. Beaumont and Fletcher possessed the stage to his exclusion, and Massinger has had his share of popularity. In Shadwell's day, Jonson was still the model of dramatic writing; these poets now keep but a feeble hold of the stage, and Shakespeare reigns without a rival. The Comedies of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, Congreve, Steele, and some few others of their date, are still in favour; and, being nearer to our time, are more adapted to our manners.

The admirers of these dramatists draw comparisons between them and our contemporaries, more decidedly in disfavour of the latter, than, upon a stricter view would probably be found just; for, in estimating the rate of modern merit, a selection should be made of those modern dramas only, which are considered in the phraseology of the stage, as *stock-plays*.

It is only since the death of Garrick, that the two Royal Theatres, having been rebuilt and enlarged at an enormous expence, have found it their interest to attract spectators by a splendid display of scenery, by all the most captivating allurements of music, and by an unremitted show of novelty and variety. Of course, twenty pens must have been employed to satisfy the demands of a season, for which two would have sufficed a while ago. If all the purveyors of our scenic entertainments now in requisition were to draw upon the bank of nature, it should seem as if her resources, great as they are, could hardly stand the run. The fact is, they have spared her, and found means to make their payments to the public in coin of baser metal, which luckily for them, through the address of their factors the performers, has obtained circulation.

Now to compare the providers of these ephemeral recreations, with the antecedent writers of legitimate composition, and from that to draw conclusions at large against our contemporaries, would be unfair; for if the taste and fashion of the times are such, that these frivolities shall be suffered to possess the stage, it only proves that fine spectacles, which can catch the eye, are naturally more in request than good sense, which cannot reach the ear.

These gentlemen, whose writings *elude* criticism, are entitled to their quietus: the scenists and machinists are their patrons, and the treasurer their Apollo. They cannot properly be called dramatic poets, and I dare say they are not ambitious of the title: it is enough that they have driven them from the stage; but it would be too much, if a taste for bad writing was turned into a charge against those whom bad writers have put to silence. If the public taste is to be reformed it must be done by the public. It is not to be expected, that the proprietors should undertake it at the risk of empty benches.

Our diurnal critics may certainly do something towards the reform in question; and they have lately taken up a language in their strictures, that gives symptoms at least of a disposition on their part to lend their help to the work. But so long as the great strength of the two royal companies is composed of performers, whose inimitable powers of farcical grimace have such command over the muscles of their judges, that they can not only throw the whole court, but the bench itself, into a roar of laughter, it will be long before a chaster taste shall be adopted, and buffoonery give place to nature.

Good critics may do much, but the worst cannot err more widely than one of

the best has done, in his remark upon a passage in *The Mourning Bride* of Congreve.

"If I were required," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in *The Mourning Bride*."

This is surely a strong opinion, and given out with an air of high authority in the critic's strongest manner.—Now let us hear what follows:—

ALMERIA.

"It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd."

With submission to Almeria, I can conceive it possible that a noise might actually have been heard, though all was hush'd after it had ceased.

LEONORA.

"It bore the accent of a human voice."

If Leonora was founded in her observation upon the *accent of a voice*, it does not help Almeria in her conclusion, that no sound was heard only because silence ensued. But Almeria set her right.—

ALMERIA.

"It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted aisle:—
We'll listen."

Almeria now seems to admit the possibility of a real noise, but still opposes her friend's suggestion of the accent of a *human voice*,

very naturally supposing that *some wind* (especially if it was *transient*, as most winds are) might *whistle thro'* some *hollows* in the *vaulted aisle*: and then agrees to listen.

LEONORA.

" Hush!"

ALMERIA.

" No, all is hush'd, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!"

Leonora again seems to hear something, whilst Almeria contends that *all is hush'd*, and immediately exclaims, *'Tis dreadful*. From which we may collect, that one of these ladies heard a noise, and that the other dreaded silence. Under these apprehensions Almeria proceeds to make her remarks upon the place they were in, as follows—

" How reverend is the face of this tall pile;
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pondrous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity!"—

If the *weight* of this *ponderous roof*, according to Almeria's notion of it, made it *stedfast* and *immoveable*, it should seem that the *ancient pillars* had a sinecure office, and *reared their marble heads* for some other purpose than supporting it. And so indeed it should seem; for Almeria remarks, that it *look'd tranquillity*; by which phrase if she meant to say, that it inspired *tranquillity*,

she changes her mind very suddenly, for she immediately proceeds—

"Looking tranquillity—It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight."

In other words is a most terrifying *tranquillity.*

——"The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

Poor Almeria, who has been *stricken with awe and terror* by the *tranquil* looks of the roof, now finds herself *chilled* by the *cold looks* of the *tombs and monumental caves of death*, which latter, unless they were *caves* above ground, I don't quite understand how she could see. In this dilemma, however, she applies to her friend, and says—

"Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

This repeated application to her friend to speak argues great uneasiness, and that uneasiness she describes to arise from the frightful *echo of her own voice*; how natural therefore, for Almeria to desire Leonora to speak instead of herself, whose voice we must conclude was such as no *echo* could lay hold of!

Is this *the most poetic paragraph* that our ingenious critic *could select from the whole mass of English poetry?*

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

SONG TO HOPE.

Come, Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us set this quarrel right;
Come thou to me,
Or I to thee,
No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;
She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,
And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promis'd me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;
You swore t'would hit;
The deuce-a-bit;
It miss'd—you told a second tit.

You said, base imp, that I should find
Belinda best of woman kind;
The knot was ty'd,
She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you ly'd.

A thousand times you vow'd and swore,
And fibb'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er;
Though all was vain,
It lull'd my pain:
Come then, and cheat me o'er again.

FOR THE PIC NIC.

"Doctor," said Thomas, as he gently knocked out the ashes of his second pipe; "Doctor," said he, "I like the plan of the

PIC NIC. Those newspapers have too long interrupted the public taste. Their parliamentary debates indeed are interesting, and it is some satisfaction for us country gentlemen to know what is going forward on the great stage. But what else is there in them to interest us? Scandal, false criticisms of nonsensical farces, and bad poetry, are jumbled together, with here and there an anecdote of some dashing prostitute; memoirs of an Old Bailey convict; or the detail of a crim. con. trial; in short, they are full of shreds and patches, and fit for nothing, good doctor, but to turn the heads of our wives and daughters." "Truly, Sir Thomas," said I, "though I have bestowed no small consideration on the subject, I am at a loss to discover why our national character, and our national taste should, in this respect, so little agree." Our national character is great and magnificent," exclaimed the baronet; "Old England is old England still! her fleets ride triumphant over the subject waves; her commerce extends over the world; and her resources seem inexhaustible: when other powers tremble before the foe, she fears not to face him; her people are polished, brave, and loyal; and her country gentlemen are staunch and steady. But pray proceed with the statement of your difficulty." "My difficulty," replied I, "is to account

for the discordance between our national character and our national taste. The former, as you justly observed, is great and energetic: Nothing seems too sublime for its conception, or too gigantic for its execution. In the midst of a bloody and expensive war, when, according to every probable calculation, the nation, already incumbered with a vast debt, must have exhausted every resource; then was the English character seen. As one man, we made an offering of the tenth of our income: millions were poured into the public treasury: loans were negotiated at a rate of interest below that which law and custom allow. When was every principle of loyalty, patriotism, and public virtue, so distinctly brought into action? Is it not strange, therefore, that a people so energetic, so capable of every thing great and magnificent, should so far differ from themselves, as to patronize publications which would have disgraced the most degenerate times of degenerate France?" "I confess, doctor," said Sir Thomas, "your observations have great force, but there always will be idle, foolish people, who will give encouragement to publications that are commensurate with their own faculties and acquirements: but how such a nation as this, collectively, can encourage them, is a matter,

which I confess, passes my comprehension." "Alas!" interrupted I, "the cause lies deeper, I fear, than is generally imagined. There is nothing more fatally true, than that a few determined bad men can do more mischief than thousands of honest men can set right. Nor are we now to learn, that a deep-laid conspiracy has, for some time existed, for the avowed purpose of destroying every principle of public and private justice. To do this effectually, these artful confederates are aware, that their grand point is to corrupt the public mind. Their main opponents are truth and reason. So long as these can be distinctly heard, their doctrines cannot force their way. Against these, therefore, their shafts are levelled. Decked out in meretricious apparel, and adorned with all the tinsel foppery of fashion, modern philosophy now walks forth among us. Capable, like Proteus, of assuming any form which suits her immediate purpose, she lays aside for the present, the more hazardous mode of avowed hostility, and satisfies herself with seducing the imagination of those, who would have turned with disgust from her graver arguments." "If this is the case," said the Baronet, "it seems strange that our rulers should not have taken proper measures to put an end to so alarming an evil." "Pardon me, my worthy friend," said I; "convinced as they may be of the fact,

and anxious, as I have no doubt they are, to prevent its consequences, they are probably aware, that no exertions of government can regulate the public taste. Where that is concerned, we naturally are suspicious, and perhaps a little restive. We are not to be driven, but we may be led; though we may not suffer ourselves to be dictated to, we may be convinced. Besides, what can authority do against such a swarm of ambiguous enemies? Our newspapers and circulating libraries are managed with a degree of caution, which almost sets the law at defiance. There is not one of them that has not its retained counsel, deeply read in matters of libel; and it is now no more unusual for a learned barrister to give his opinion on a hazardous paragraph, than on a disputed title. Such, indeed, is the extent of this corruption, so successfully have these artists perverted the public taste, that even those daily publications which avowedly take the side of good order and good government, are obliged to adopt the weapons which are employed against them. Libel is answered by libel, abuse by abuse, and absurdity by absurdity. Both sides pelt each other, and throw such a quantity of filth, that wise men try to get away as far from them as they can: the mob enjoy the

squabble, and stand staring, while the promoters of the fray pick their pockets." "I agree with you," said my friend; "and yet you will recollect that there was, within these few years, a publication, supposed at least to be patronized by government, which had an excellent effect in bringing back the public taste from the corruption which you so feelingly lament." "There was," replied I, "and would to God, that such a paper as the ANTI JACOBIN had been immortal! False philosophy, and her precursor, false taste, no longer tremble at his rod. Like a bough, bent but not broken, they have risen again with elastic vigour; and, as generally happens in the case of ill-subdued conspiracies, our latter error may be worse than the first." "Though the picture you draw is sufficiently alarming," replied Sir Thomas, "I confess I am not altogether without hope that matters may be still right. The Anti-Jacobin indeed is gone, but we have got the PIC NIC, and that, with good management, may serve our purpose. A new standard is erected, to which we may, if we please, repair; and though I have in my time, thought more than I have talked, and talked more than I have written, I feel almost tempted to lend my hand to the good work. What say you, doctor, to our clubbing our wits, and trying to assist this

same PIC NIC?" "Most readily," replied I, "As members of the great body corporate, Sir Thomas, we share in the national glory or dishonour. It is therefore incumbent on us to contribute what we can to the vindication of the national taste; and I do not hesitate to say, that it is the duty of every man, possessed of talents and leisure, to support a publication founded as this is, on liberal and loyal principles, which has hitherto afforded that sort of rational entertainment, and which every rational person may wish to continue. I therefore cordially enter into your plan, and even will be the scribe on the occasion, if you should prefer it." "Agreed," answered the Baronet, "and let your first communication be an account of our present conversation."

In compliance with this injunction of my worthy patron, I have ventured, Mr. Editor, to trespass upon you with this letter, which I shall now conclude with an assurance of my being

Your hearty well wisher,

OLIVER JONES.

Pentarven-Hall, Merionethshire,
February 16, 1803.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The Petition of MARIA MODELY, spinster, sheweth,

That the petitioner having read various directions to ladies, desires to have the opinion of the PIC NIC upon her case.—And first she begs leave to state,

That she has just entered the eighteenth year of her age.

That she has blue eyes and light hair; but her features being sprightly will not become a languish.

That she has tolerable arms and hands; and that she plays upon the piano-forte, the harp, and the lute.

That she dances with spirit and elegance; but is too vain to dance much, for fear of not executing the beats with brilliancy and precision.

That she has not only very pretty feet; but most indisputably very well turned ankles both in her own estimation, and in that of her cousin Henry, who expressed his approbation of them before he last returned to Oxford.

N. B. Henry is a young man of undoubted *taste*, and a great *amateur* of sculpture.

That her cousin Henry being now at the University, she has at present no adviser.

That she wishes to know, as prettily-footed misses are allowed to wear short petticoats whether the neatly turned ankled may not be indulged in the use of somewhat shorter?

Or whether, if shorter drapery cannot be permitted, the bottom of the petticoat may not consist of transparent lace?

She likewise craves advice upon the other circumstances of her case; and particularly wishes to be informed, how much the bosom may palpitate after a country dance, and how much after a reel, and if it ought to rise in the *time* of the dance?

For a solution of this difficulty, she has in vain searched the Spectator; the ingenious authors of it having given rules for the management of the bosom during acts of devotion only.

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

Translations of our Motto.

We have given all the translations received in time, but there is not one, we confess, that has *quite* hit our fancy.

> Cœnabis bene, mî Fabulle, apud me,
> Paucis, si tibi Dî favent, diebus,
> Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam.
> Cœnam.
>
> CATUL. Carm. 13.

Fabullus, if you'll sup with me,
I'll treat you like a king,
With ev'ry kind of luxury
That you yourself—shall bring.

So sang Catullus, so say we,
For truth will suit all ages.
We'll give you PIC NICS at your tea,
But you must fill our pages.

If ev'ry guest would be delighted,
Each must send something when invited,
To deck our literary feast.
Then, tho' he scorn our general labour,
He'll own with *candour* to his neighbour,
That we have *one* good dish at least!

Come sup with us, we'll give you what you wish—
If you yourselves will send us in the dish.

To-night we'll give you choicest food,
Such as shall meet your wishes:
But let it, Sirs, be understood,
'Tis you must fill the dishes.

Soon shall you sup, my PIC NIC Friends, with me,
If such a bliss the favouring gods decree!
But to sup well, bring cates with you along,
Plenty and good—no supper, you've no song.

To-morrow night I sup at home;
I pray you share the treat:
But, if you empty-handed come,
You'll not get much to eat.

To see you at supper to-morrow I wish;
But if at my treat,
You are anxious to eat,
Remember, my friend, you must bring your own dish.

My friends to supper I invite;
PIC NIC's the order of the night:
I at the table will preside,
They will the meat and drink provide.

At supper, to-morrow, I look for my friend,
But its quality must on your bounty depend;
To deck out the table I limit my care,
And leave it to you to provide us good fare.

If the Fates are propitious, dear —— believe,
In a very few days, a card you'll receive,
To a supper *chez moi*—provided you bring
Ham, chicken, tongue, wine, and each requisite thing.

MY OWN.

Fabullus, I meant to have *given* a treat,
Where the guests should have furnished the fare;
But the guests have all come, and have drank and have eat,
And have left me the reck'ning to clear.

MY DEAR PIC,

I am off.—I cannot stand your cloudy atmosphere, or the abominable life you all lead. I am hurrying away to Bologna Sausages, Macaroni, Sardinias, Garlic, and Oil, with a cloudless sun, and the liberty of doing

what I like, without being quizzed by the wits, or lampooned by the newspapers. It is really true, that since my arrival in England, what with Argand's lamps, the mobs which are dignified with the name of select societies, and some occasional hard drinking, my poor frame, which was but a meagre one in its best days, is reduced almost to a skeleton. But the most vexatious part of the business is, as I am now assured, that if I had not determined to frequent only good company, which I always found to be stupid and frivolous, I might have found talents, instruction, and rational pleasure:—for example, there is my acquaintance, *Lady Snap-all*, whom you know as well, and perhaps better than I do; she is the pink of fashion, the essence of the ton, receives the whole town, and has the whole town at her feet; but at the same time, is excelled in wickedness only by the devil himself.—Her fine house in—— square, however, is a very *good* one; her petits soupers are *excellent*, and she sees none but the *best* company: while Mrs. Worthy, who lives in Titchfield-street, receives no one but her own particular friends, entertains hospitably, keeps good hours, relieves the distressed, protects the orphan, and consoles the widow, is represented by fashion to live in a very *bad* house, to give *execrable* din-

ners, and to keep the *worst* company. It would really be a most friendly office in any capable man, if he would compose a fashionable dictionary for the use of foreigners; that, on their arrival in London, they might not be led into inconvenience, distress and disappointment, by an ignorance of that perversion of language which prevails in the upper circles of life.

As for the public places, you will say I can be no judge of them; but here I must beg your pardon. I cannot indeed pretend to understand your dramatic writers sufficiently to observe upon them; but it does not require a knowledge of the English language, to determine, that, when theatres are built on so large a scale that you cannot hear the actors, the purity, excellence, and effect of the drama must be lost, and the stage be transferred, from exhibiting nature by the means of dramatic representation, to the genius of the scene painter, and the fascination of the orchestra.

But to come to the Opera, and as it is an offspring of my own country, naturalized in this, I may be supposed to have some knowledge of it: at the same time, I shall prove my candour, by confessing the absurdity of this species of entertainment. Nay, I am

willing to adopt the opinion of one of your satyrists respecting it,

> " An opera, like a pillory, may be said
> To nail the ears down, but expose the head."

It is merely a vehicle for music, and if that is good, and you hear it at your ease, there is no justifiable reason for complaint. But here in London, your performers are very moderate—the stage is intruded upon by the audience—the pit has not a very seducing appearance—and the last time I was there, the gentlemen were muffled up in pelises, while the women, to shame them out of their effeminacy, were in a great measure qualified to perform a part which, according to some of your historians, a patriotic lady represented in the city of Coventry. But this is not all: after having been almost squeezed to death in the house, you risk the being trampled to death in getting out of it. As you pass along, every body's footman but your own, treats you with insolence; and then you have to encounter the confusion of those contests for a few inches of pavement, in which horses and carriages maintain the shock, to the frequent injury and destruction of them both.

The excellence of the English laws is universally acknowledged; but surely the prac-

tice of them does not always deserve the same character: for on my being once accidentally examined as a witness in a court of justice, the counsel, whose object it was to invalidate my testimony, represented me as addicted to assassination, because I was a native of Italy; and on my retorting the crime of calumny upon him, I was taken into custody, for a contempt of court, and it was with great difficulty that I saved myself, by the most humiliating apology, from being committed to prison.

On my return home, I shall certainly employ my pen on the subject of the English government, laws, and manners, and with a success, I trust, at least equal to that of M. de Fievée, who actually discovered, that sedan chairs were invented for the purpose of conveying drunken persons home, from the routs of persons of fashion.

But it is time, my dear Pic, to take leave, and if you should ever visit Italy, where so many fine statues and pictures once *were*, I hope you will come to Padua, where I shall be charmed to receive you, and to make the best return in my power, at Jackelino Villa, for the civilities shewn in Portland-street, to

Your most affectionate friend,

JACKELINO FORRESTERINI.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As I am told, that you condescend to receive the correspondence of persons in my class of life, I take the liberty of troubling you with an account of a circumstsnce which had very nearly occasioned me the loss of an excellent place.

I am Butler, Sir, to an elderly gentleman of fortune and fashion, who finds an amusement and recreation in giving dinners to his particular acquaintance, for the sake of enjoying their society: but though his table is plentiful, and covered with every thing the season affords, improved by the skill of an excellent cook, it has nothing of show or parade, for which he has long entertained a most decided aversion. And now, I shall proceed to the event which occasions this intrusion upon you.

About a fortnight ago, a smart young man called to see me, whom, from the change in his appearance, I did not at first recollect to have worn a livery in a family where I once lived. He informed me, that he was in the service of the proprietor of a principal newspaper; and, on my expressing a wish to see him when I had more leisure, as it was one of the

days when my master entertained his friends; he quietly asked me of whom the company was to consist, and I as innocently gave him an account of them. Accordingly the following day it was stated in one of the papers, that Mr. ——— had given a grand dinner, with the names at large of all the party.

My master having been informed of this public account of his entertainment, ordered me instantly into the library, and, in a tone of extreme displeasure, insisted on my discovering who the informer was, or on immediately quitting his service. I did not hesitate a moment to tell him what I have told you, when I received a very severe reproof, accompanied with the assurance, that my dismission would follow any similar publication of his private transactions, whatever they might be.

On remonstrating with my former fellow-servant, respecting his conduct, he excused himself, by saying, that he was employed, at a considerable salary, to collect such intelligence for the paper to which he belonged; that, in general, people of fashion were pleased with the public representation of their entertainments; that many of them even sent their own accounts of them; and, when they wished for particular distinction, and more enlarged recital, they paid handsomely for their insertion.

It is not for me, Sir, to observe upon these things; but you may perhaps think them not altogether unworthy of your attention; and I shall take the liberty of suggesting to you, whether it might not be proper for you to recommend it to the masters of these newspaper collectors to make a distinction between the *vanity* which would be flattered by their paragraphs, and the *good sense* that despises them; and thus, while they gratify the one, to shew a becoming respect to the other.

It cannot be supposed, Sir, that I am qualified to write an address to you: it becomes me, therefore, to acknowledge, that I have obtained, on this occasion, the assistance of a clerical gentleman, who sometimes reads prayers in our family and breakfasts in the housekeeper's room.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your most obedient servant,
SAMUEL SIDEBOARD.

SONG.

When scorn was couch'd in Chloe's eye,
I pin'd and drew the pensive sigh;
When Chloe frown'd I sigh'd again,
There was no respite to my pain:
At length, determin'd to be free,
I smil'd—and Chloe sigh'd for me.

ON THE ILLNESS OF LADY M——R.

Not yet—she must not leave us yet—
Spirits like her's must still remain;
And Fashion droops, and Friendship mourns,
Till M——r be herself again.

'Tis Envy's spleen 'gainst sportive wit,
That dims with pain those mirthful eyes;
'Tis in despite to gen'rous worth,
That anguish draws those lab'ring sighs:

'Tis the fell malice of Disease:
Oft has her zeal its threat'nings brav'd;
Her smile beguil'd its fiercest rage,
Her ceaseless care its victim sav'd.

And must affection's weeping train
Still round the couch affrighted stand,
Start at each heaving of the breast,
Each little trembling of the hand?

Ah no! She shall not leave us yet,
Spirits like her's must still remain;
For Fashion, Friendship, Goodness, mourn,
Till M——r be herself again.

N°. IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1803.

POLITICS.

AN *Exposé*, or view of the state of the French Republic, both in its internal and external relations, was transmitted, by the First Consul, to the Legislative body, at the opening of its sitting, on the 21st ult. It is a very extraordinary and curious document, both as to its matter and its manner; and whatever may have been the sensation it occasioned in France, it is certainly calculated to produce a very considerable degree of emotion in the breast of every Englishman who reads it.

It commences with a view of the Gallican church, which is represented as regenerated by Philosophy and Concord; and then proceeds to the schools, the public roads, canals, commerce, manufactures, the tribunals, army, navy, finances, colonies, &c. all of which, except the finances, are represented as bearing the most decided marks of prosperity. On the latter topic, less is said than on any

other which this document contains; but it promises an abundant portion of future satisfaction on that important subject. This high-flown panegyric will also have the advantage of never being contradicted in the country which is the object of it; as public comments on the measures of Government are there considered as offences against the State.

The Italian and Ligurian Republics are treated altogether as dependent powers; while Holland is settled at once, by a lively observation, that France may be her most useful friend, and can be her most dangerous enemy. Even the German Empire is described as being indebted for its present and supposed improved state, to the protecting influence of France. The Ottoman Porte is also mentioned, as requiring at this time the aid of French councils.—In short, Bonaparte, in this paper, speaks of the Continent in something very like the language of a sovereign.

England, however, appears to stand in his way, and checks the career of his pride. His opinions on this subject are equally curious, fallacious, and insulting—we shall give them at large:—

"The Government guarantees to France "the peace of the Continent, and it hopes "for the continuation of the maritime peace;

" and to preserve it, the Government will do " all that is compatible with the national ho- " nour, essentially restrained to the strict exe- " cution of treaties.—But in England two " parties dispute the power: though one has " concluded peace, and *appears* determined " to maintain it, the other has *sworn* an im- " placable hatred to France. Hence that " *fluctuation* in their councils, and that as- " pect at once pacific and threatening. While " *this struggle of parties shall last*, there " are measures which prudence commands, to " the Government of the Republic. *Five* " *hundred thousand men* shall be ready to " defend and avenge her. Whatever may be " at London the success of *intrigue*, it will " never force other nations into new leagues; " and the Government asserts, with a just " pride, that, *alone*, *England cannot now* " *contend with France.*"

If this is not the language of defiance; if such declarations do not mark an inveterate hatred to this country and Government, we must give up all pretensions to judge of words or things. But amid his menaces, the First Consul betrays a manifest apprehension of the power, the spirit, and resources of England. Till the opposition is crushed; till Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Windham, are gagged, he will maintain five

hundred thousand men to defend the Republic against their machinations. He may boast of the superiority of France, but it is evident, that he is alarmed at the idea of a renewed war with this country. That event, however, depends entirely on himself. Let him practise moderation and justice—let him sacrifice vanity, caprice, and ambition, to the real welfare and honour of the French people, and he may dismiss all his fears of party operations in Great-Britain. At the same time, if we should be forced to renew hostilities with France, though without the hope of continental support; if this country were to enter *single-handed*-into the contest, we should have no fears for the event: and where is the honest, true-born, loyal Englishman, who does not feel that we should continue to maintain our character, and add new laurels to those which have so long thickened over the stupendous monument of British glory?

VIEW OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LE MARI CORRUPTEUR,

A MORAL TALE, BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

It is not only in the councils of Princes, in the senates of republics, and in popular as-

semblies, that a spirit of dissension, of rivalry, and dispute has taken up its abode. They are its palaces, while the hearts of authors form its boudoirs and its villas. If we may observe, in parodying Gresset,

Rage d'auteur, est un feu qui devore,

the work which we are about to examine, authorises us to complete the parody of the distich,

Rage d'auteur femelle est cent fois pis encore.

The incredible success of the novel of Madame de Stael, twenty thousand copies of which have not yet satisfied the literary curiosity of Europe; that of Amelia de Mansfield, the new work of Madame Cottin, whimsically enough entitled the Antidote to Delphine, to which it may serve rather as an Appendix, and the applause which has been given to these immoral publications, have kindled the displeasure of the virtuous Mad. de Genlis. Brought up under the eye, formed by the counsel, improved by the writings, and even by the corrections of La Harpe, in his best days, she has assumed, among female authors, the sceptre of the lesser literature; and has justly assumed the character of the Quintilian of novel writers.

It is impossible not to applaud the moral object of *Le Mari Corrupteur*. The design

of Madame de Genlis is to expose the misery to which a young woman may be led, even by her husband, when he instils into her mind the principles of fashionable philosophy; and having rendered ineffectual the religious education of her infant years, stamps the character of freethinker on her, from the time she enters upon what is called the world. D'Alembert, Marmontel, Diderot, Helvetius, Raynal, Condorcet, Voltaire, and Madame de Stael, furnish Mad. de Genlis with the materials of her moral story.

The Marquis de Clange, a disciple and admirer of the Encyclopedists, wishes to marry a young woman of fifteen years of age, of great natural talents, and who has received an excellent education, under the immediate care of an old and virtuous relation. The philosophers, however, let loose their usual invectives against marriage; they will not suffer their pupil to sacrifice his liberty, the only real blessing of life. They wish him to wait till they have established a law of divorce, when marriage would be freed from all the shackles of superstition. At length, however, D'Alembert consents to his hymeneal union, but not without exhorting him to communicate to his new companion the knowledge and virtues of an honest man.

Accordingly, M. de Clange, the foe to

every kind of prejudice, the friend of toleration, a partizan of the rights of man, but remaining at the same time very much attached to his titles, and the privileges of his high birth, marries the virtuous, the good, the ingenuous and innocent Julia, who had just entered on her sixteenth year. A purse of five hundred Louis d'ors, which she had received as a marriage present, had been reserved by her for certain acts of benevolence. She is now taken to the Opera, where she attracts universal attention. She dines also with the philosophers, where she hears an opinion of Helvetius, "that a coquette is much more useful to the State, in employing milliners, mantua-makers, and artizans, than the Devotee, in nursing the sick, succouring the poor, and delivering the prisoners."

Condorcet, at the same time, informs her, "that benevolence is a real weakness, when it is not applied to some object of public utility." Julia, therefore, like a good citizen, renounces her project of relieving prisoners, and her five hundred Louis d'ors are spent in the purchase of fashionable frippery, and English articles. Her purse, however, still contains thirty Louis d'ors, and a sick old man and his wife entreat her succour. A tradesman arrives at the same time with a lace veil; when, after deliberating, for some

time, on public utility, the lace is purchased, with no other view but to encourage the manufactures of Flanders; while the old man receives only one Louis d'or, as a larger present might be considered as proceeding from a weakness in her character, and be in direct contradiction to genuine principles.

Her husband, acting under the influence of these same principles, is nothing more than the lover of his wife. He introduces her into those societies where she is addressed in the language of Delphine. She is there taught, that a violent passion is not to be conquered; that its energy is its justification; and that love, far from disordering, purifies and exalts virtue, even when it is illegitimate; and that it is the source of all excellence.

Thus the overthrow of poor Julia's ideas appears to be the more readily accomplished, as these advocates of adultery speak of virtue occasionally with absolute enthusiasm, and possess the reputation of superior talents.

The husband soon improves upon the maxims of his friends, and gives to their shocking sophisms, all the weight of authority and reason; thus, by degrees, he forms a state of corruption, infinitely more dangerous for a woman, than that perversion of principles and sentiments which may be produced by the arts of a lover. In the latter case, he

might be restored, but the corruption of a husband is without resource.

The Marquis turns into ridicule the forms of devotion to which Julia has been accustomed, and explains to her the works of Voltaire, and the writings of the other philosophers. He also persuades her, that her grandmother, in the early part of her life, was the favourite of the Marechal de R. Julia, therefore, prefers Belisarius to Telemachus, and at length becomes a deist; adopting the maxim of Condorcet, "that morality can never be corrupted, but by a connection with religion."

We shall not follow Julia, now become a sceptic, a deist, and a complete moralist, through all the stages of that corruption of which her husband is the author: for the successive pains and anguish which afflict this unfortunate victim of the morals in fashion, and the philosophy of the day—for the jealousies, as well as the adulterous attachment, of them both, and the disdain with which the amorous Julia is treated by a perfectly honest man, whose treatment occasioned a momentary return to the path of virtue, recourse must be had to the work itself.

The Revolution then follows, with the part which the heroes of the novel take in its atrocities; the divorce of Julia; her marriage with a man of the lowest extraction, who

shortly abandons her to marry another woman; her connection with a wretch, named Belmont, the natural son of her husband, who takes a very considerable part in this work, and finishes his career by receiving the stroke of death from the hands of his accomplices, the Terrorists. Julia is at length imprisoned, and condemned to death, on the eve of the day when Robespierre was dethroned. A parallel is drawn between the agitations of her conscience, and the calm, resigned state of a virtuous young woman, who is about to suffer with her. In this situation M. de Clange finds the wretched victim of his own corruption, stretched on straw, pale, disfigured, and dying; without friends, without protectors—forgotten by the world, and beheld with contempt by those who recollect her dishonoured name. The discourse which the dying Julia addresses to him, concludes in the following manner:—"If you should fortunately find, as wives for your sons, such as have been educated in the principles of religion and virtue, neglect no endeavour that may tend to fortify in them those happy sentiments. Do not forget, that a young woman can only receive the outline of an education from her mother; it remains for a husband to bring it to perfection, or to render it useless; and he must be the most senseless of

men, who corrupts the companion of his life, and the mother of his children."

It is not easy to express the acknowledgments due to Mad. de Genlis, for the publication of this admirable satire, in the form of a novel. We hope that it may contribute to deliver this branch of literature from the harpies that infest it.

INSCRIPTION

On the Urn erected to the Memory of Mr. MASON, *in the Flower-Garden, at Nuneham.*

By COUNTESS HARCOURT.

The Poet's feeling, and the Painter's eye,
In this thy lov'd retreat, we pleas'd descry.
Ah, Mason! in the scene thy fancy drest,
Oft shall the sigh of sorrow heave the breast;
Oft recollection picture to the mind
The various talents that in thee were join'd;
And while thy lofty genius well may claim
The brightest guerdon from the hand of Fame;
Thy simple manners, that disdain'd all art,
The genuine piety that warm'd thy heart;
Thy steady friendship, justly might require
Numbers like those that once inform'd thy lyre!
Ah, fruitless wish! for ever mute that strain;
And numbers worthy thee, we ask in vain.

FOR THE PIC NIC.

Mr. Editor,

Seeing by your new Paper, that you give advice gratis, the less apology appears necessary for my asking it. You must know, Sir, I am called in the city a very fine girl; of course have swains in plenty, prosaic and poetical. From the productions of the latter, I have already papered me two very elegant fire-screens; and doubt not, in a short time, I shall be able to paper my whole dressing-room. The former productions make excellent papillots; but I want to know, by what outward or visible sign I can discover the real sentiments of a man; as, in the present instance, I am at a loss to know whether their addresses are paid to the charms of my person, or to the attractions of my father's chest, who is a banker.

This wish of mine, I well know, is not generally adopted at the west end of the town; but, though I am young, I admire the solemn institution of matrimony, and am old-fashioned enough to prefer the knowledge of a man's heart, to an acquaintance with his India Bonds, or Bank Stock. There is, indeed, too much reason for believing the witty South's observation, in one of his sermons, where he

says, "that matrimony is become a mere matter of money." And this idea, no doubt, has occasioned my father often to hint, that it would be a match of much prudence, if I were to marry one of his SLEEPING partners. But in this, as you may suppose, I neither want his or your advice, how to determine. Therefore, untill I see what you say on the subject, as we take in your very clever paper, I shall remain contentedly,

Your most humble servant,

ARABELLA CHECK, *Spinster*.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * Maria, said I, in a *kindly* accent—pour out the tea!!!—Maria, poured out the tea—it was very good and I drank it—What have you there papa? said she, darting a glance across the table—the PIC NIC, Maria, said I.—The PIC NIC! the PIC NIC! cried she, exultingly—O! give me the PIC NIC.—I gave it her, she took it, and began to read—my eye watched the motion of her countenance—it changed, and the tears began to fall—drop—drop—drop—till they all *beblistered* the PIC NIC.——What is it makes you grieve, Maria? said I, in a kinder accent—O! O! O! replied she—it is the Fragment! * * * *

ABERCROMBIE's DIRGE.

Soldier, Soldier, stop the bier!
Halt, and leave the body here,
Here in holy earth we lay
Abercrombie's mortal clay.
Sound the dirge, and o'er the grave
Let his conq'ring banner wave;
And when call'd to muster-roll,
Christ have mercy on his soul.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF STERNE.

Coxwould, near Easingwould,
June 24, 1764.

My dear Madam,

I am too great a sinner to deserve the interest you appear to take in my life and conversation, by expressing a wish to know how I pass the time at my parsonage, and in a remote village of the more distant part of Yorkshire. As for my London life, you are certainly acquainted with the very best part of it; because you have the goodness to let your door be opened to me whenever I knock at it.

Why then, here I am, in a comfortable old house, part of which is covered with thatch, and surrounded, though not immediately in

the view of it, with landscape beauty. My library, for I shall take the liberty of calling it so, as it is the best room of my house, and is furnished with a good collection of books; my library, I say, has one window looking upon the village and the church, which Lord Shelburne, who once did me the honour to accompany me hither, considered as a beautiful specimen of the architecture of its period; and another that opens on a pleasant garden, gay with flowers, and plenteous in common fruits. The honey-suckles hang flauntingly about them, and a vine straggles over part of my roof, but our climate here is not so genial as to ripen its clusters! as you will believe, when I inform you, that in this month of roses, and while the haymakers are busy in the meadows, I find it neceſſary to take my meals by a bright fire-side.

As Lord Fauconbourg and his family are not arrived, whose house and park are in my parish, I have no society but what my nuns afford me:—O fye, Mr. Shandy——Now, I beseech you, my dear Madam, have a little patience, it is all I ask of you, or of the world, to hear me out, before you or they pass judgment upon me.

You muſt know then, that about two miles behind my house, there is a fine ruin of a benedictine abbey. A path, shaded by tall

hedge-rows, through a succession of meadows, brings me to it. It is by the side of a river, whose opposite bank rises in somewhat of a mountainous form; and where the craggs blend romantically with the wood that hangs about them. To this secluded, interesting, and solemn spot, I take my walk every day after I have taken my coffee. This I call visiting my nuns; and chastity herself never sent any of her votaries on a purer errand. There I sit down upon the fragment of a pillar, beside a knot of alder trees, and moralize on the flight of time, the vanity of the world, and the soarings of ambition. Or sometimes I lean against a gate, and contemplate the arches that supported the proud mansion of devotion, which once hallowed the spot, and re-echoed the midnight hymnings of the holy sisters. Now these holy sisters, whoever they might have been, are the nuns to whom I pay my daily and spiritual visit; and then I return home to resume my pen, with the hope of doing some good to a gouty and splenetic world. In the morning, I sometimes paint or play on the fiddle; and on Sunday I go to church, as you may believe, but it is some time since the miserable wounded state of my lungs has suffered me to do more.

Now, my dear Madam, I hope, from the

bottom of my heart, that you will not be satisfied with this account of me and my doings; but that your friendly spirit will do me the honour to make further inquiries concerning your most obliged, and obedient humble servant,

To Mrs. ——— L. STERNE.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

To trace thee, FOOTE, thro' all thy various scenes,
Thy wild eccentric schemes for ways and means,
Might shew the world that genius in that courſe
However cross'd, will catch at some resource;
That buoyant wit will keep the shore in sight,
Whilst simple honesty shall sink outright.
Ages may pass before the world shall see
So absolute a non-descript as thee:
For ever doom'd to charm and to offend,
Thou could'st not make a foe or keep a friend!
Careless of truth, and heeding little more
Than how to set the table in a roar:
A satyrist without gall, a random wit,
That shot his bolt, not caring where it hit:
So quick it came, oft times the parting guest
Ere he could reach the door, o'erheard the jest.

ANSWER TO MARIA MODELY.

Having taken into our serious consideration the petition of Maria Modely, spinster,

as stated in our last, we shall, to the best of our ability, reply to the several particulars, on which she solicits our opinion, in order as they stand.

To the first—viz. *That she has just entered the eighteenth year of her age*; we reply, that if she has passed seventeen years of her age well and profitably, she has done more than most young women at her age are apt to do.

Secondly—*That she has blue eyes and light hair* seems to us no objection to her character; but if *her features being sprightly do not become a languish*, we advise her not to try it; as affectation is no mark of good sense, nor *languishing* any symptom of modesty.

Thirdly—If *her arms and hands are tolerable*, we hope she will employ them to tolerably good purposes; but if *she plays upon the piano-forte, harp, and lute*, we think she might give up two of her instruments, and not perform the worse upon the third.

Fourthly—If *she dances with spirit and elegance* in her own opinion, we think her quite right in not dancing much, till she finds others are of the same opinion with herself.

Fifthly—As to *her feet and ankles*, it does not lie in our way to give any opinion upon them; neither would we recommend to her

to subject them over much to the inspection of *her cousin Henry, the Oxonian.* But upon the question of *short petticoats and transparent lace,* we must positively refer that to the infallible judgment of the elegant Madame de L—c—r; and if Maria Modely has a passion for the *Nude,* she can apply to no one better qualified to enlighten her, both by precept and example.

Sixthly and lastly—As to her particular anxiety to be informed *how much her bosom may palpitate after a country dance,* and likewise if *it ought to rise in the time of the music,* we have only to say, that if she will but keep it out of sight, nobody will discover whether it rises in time or out of time.

LINES

WITH A BOUQUET TO A LADY.

Though from thy bank of velvet borne,
Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest;
Maria's bosom thou shalt find
The sweetest, softest, bed of rest.

Though from mild zephyr's kiss no more
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale;
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be thankful for that bliss,
For which, in vain, a thousand burn,
And as thou stealest sweets from her,
Give back thy choicest in return. C.

THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

" *John de Lancaster*, commonly called Old John of the Castle, a native of North Wales, (the memoirs of whose family we understand are now collecting and arranging for publication) was a gentleman of great respectability, honoured and beloved by his friends and countrymen, whom he hospitably and courteously entertained in his ancient and venerable mansion of Kray Castle.

" The family of John de Lancaster consisted of an only son, Robert, and a maiden daughter Cecilia: he was himself a widower. Robert was married to an heiress of the house of Morgan. Of these several personages I propose to give a brief account, agreeably to what I find recorded of them in the memoirs above mentioned, and that account I shall date from a certain eventful period in their history: when on the first of March, being St. David's day, Old John of the Castle had assembled a house full of guests, rich and poor, to commemorate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary Saint.

" Mrs. de Lancaster, the wife of Robert, was at this time in that state which gave daily

hopes of an heir to the ancient family into which she had married. Of course she took little or no share in the festivities of the day; the whole economy of Kray Castle being administered by Mrs. Cecilia, who from the death of her mother, a period of nearly twenty years, had suffered her youth to pass away, and her beauty to fade, without repining; amply repaid by the love and approbation of her father, to whom she was in the practice of devoting her whole attention.

" Amongst the many admirers, which her good qualities, recommended by a very considerable fortune, had in various periods of her long celibacy induced to propose to her, none had been more pertinacious in their addresses than Sir Owen ap Owen, Baronet; a gentleman, who had neither flaw in his pedigree, nor mortgage on his estate. As a scholar he was not very eminent, for though Sir Owen had in early life been taught to read, he had for a considerable course of time discontinued the practice of it: he was, nevertheless, in great request as an acting Justice of the Peace, and, by a reference to his beer barrels, which were extremely impartial, was allowed to settle differences and disputes in a summary way very highly to his credit. The great interest which this gave him, he very laudably exerted, as his fathers had done be-

fore him, in a constant opposition to the minister of the day, whoever that obnoxious animal might be; and as the gentlemen, who were regaled at his table, never disputed his opinions, Sir Owen was never called upon to give any reason for them.

"The worthy Baronet was now in the sixth year of his courtship, and Cecilia had stood a siege more than half as long as that of Troy, without betraying any tokens of a surrender. During dinner, Sir Owen, who was seated next to Cecilia, had all the disposition in life to be eloquent, but he could not eat and talk at the same time: still he was determined that auspicious day should not pass over without hearing him repeat his vows in the ear of the yet obdurate Cecilia. Full of this idea, Sir Owen, after the bottle had circulated a sufficient time, heard the summons to attend the ladies, as a hero hears the signal for battle, and obeyed it with the utmost alacrity. It was here he meant to seize an opportunity of trying the effect of that resolution, with which he felt himself inspired; and as his eyes were naturally directed to the tea-table upon his entering the room, where he concluded, with good reason, that Cecilia would be placed, he shaped his course directly to the point, where the light of candles, and dazzling reflection

of the tea-things, so confounded his optics, that, without observing the person of Mrs. Robert de Lancaster, or exactly calculating distances, so as to bring him up in time, he came foul of the table, and discharged the whole apparatus, with a horrible crash, into the lap of the aforesaid lady, whilst his head came to the floor, amidst the wreck of broken china, with an impunity, which no common head would probably have had to boast of in the like circumstance.

"Dreadful was the consternation of the company, most alarmingly critical were the screams and convulsive throes of the pregnant lady. The consequences, in short, were so evident, and their symptoms so decisive, that had not the Accoucheur been present, and luckily not quite so tipsy as to be incapacitated, the world might have lost the pleasure of reading the adventures of that hero, who was thus precipitated into existence.

"The lady was carried up to her apartment, the castle echoing with her screams, whilst Sir Owen ap Owen, who for a time had been stupified by his fall, began to find out so many ways of accounting for the accident without hinting at the true one, that the worthy host, pitying the embarrassment of his guest, suffered him to depart, in the persuation, that the slippery floor alone was to

blame, and the port wine, which the Baronet carried off with him, acquitted of the charge.

"When John de Lancaster at length found himself left to his son Robert and his friend Col. Wilson, he proposed to withdraw to his library, and there wait the reports that might be made to them from above stairs. Col. Wilson was a disabled officer, having lost a leg in the service, and had now retired, upon a sinecure government at 20s. per day, to a small patrimonial estate in the near neighbourhood of Kray Castle. He was a few years younger than John de Lancaster; a man of strict probity, good understanding, and an excellent heart. These were qualities which no man knew how to appreciate better than John de Lancaster; and though his studies and pursuits had been widely different from those of Wilson, he loved his company, and lived in perfect harmony with him as a neighbour. The Colonel on his part was not blind to the eccentricities of his friend, but as he never differed from him except upon points of speculation, that did not interest the passions, their disputes were never carried on with any mixture of acrimony, and were no more than served to keep the conversation alive.

"Wilson had lived in the world, and knew mankind; John de Lancaster had lived in his

castle and studied books; Wilson argued from experience, John de Lancaster from theory, which oftentimes led him to controvert positions, that to the Colonel seemed little less than self-evident; and he would freely undertake to demonstrate paradoxes, which, to Wilson's unsophisticated understanding, appeared perfectly incredible: these he neither lazily admitted, nor pertinaciously contested; if he had done the first, there would have been a speedy end to the disquisition, which would not have suited John de Lancaster's purpose; if he had taken the latter course, there would have been no end at all, which was a consequence that Wilson had, by no means, any purpose to encounter.

"Robert de Lancaster, on the contrary, believed every thing, and examined nothing; he was a man of great faith, and few words; and though by no means wanting in curiosity, was extremely so as to inquiry. He worshipped learning, as the Athenians did *the unknown God;* and no man regarded books, and the readers of books, with more profound veneration: he took his father's word for every thing, without hesitation, and in the matter of his marriage with Miss Morgan, is supposed to have made not the slightest reference to his own inclinations, as that lady

was not remarkable for any extraordinary attractions, either of beauty or accomplishments. It must be confessed, he was not very uxorious, neither did she overburthen him with her fondness or attentions. They lived in the same house, it is true, and they lived without quarrelling; but this may be accounted for, naturally enough, as their spirits were never agitated by contradiction, or inflamed by jealousy: the husband had no attachments, and the wife no admirers.

"These few preliminary remarks may probably apologize for the placidity with which Robert now sat down in the library, between his father and the Colonel, to wait the issue of an event, in which, if he did not express a very lively interest, the reason most likely was, because he did not feel it."

As I have no concern in the good or ill reception of these memoirs, than as the mere transcriber of them from the manuscript, with some degree of abbreviation, I shall in future study to conform myself to the judgment of my readers, so far as I can collect it, and accordingly either enlarge or contract, pursue or discontinue the subject, as I see occasion.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

THE RATIONAL LOVER.

Ardor edendi!

My darling Nell! tho' thee I love
All other women far above,
And you yourself must know it;
I do not seek, by high-flown lies,
About your face, your nose, and eyes,
To prove myself a poet.

I'll not, in Della Crusca phrase,
Your roseate cheeks, or red lips praise,
And on false charms descant;
Since I am sure that you possess,
My only love, nor more nor less
Than any man must want.

And faith! you would not seem so fair,
With odours dropping from your hair
In many a pearly tear,
To me, as now you seem divine,
All as you brew the home-made wine,
Or bottle up the beer.

I know my wife, tho' lov'd and young,
Distils no honey from her tongue,
Of no gay wits the toast:
I know tho' with what careful toil,
Exact she puts the pot to boil,
Or lays the joint to roast.

She fires no gazing crouds with love,
But fires each morn the kitchen stove,
With wood, not with her eye.
She causes death to no fond man,
But puts the bacon in the pan,
And causes it to fry.

Let Damon rave, and sigh, and start,
And swear he loves with all his heart,
Yet I more love my Nelly.
His love but feeds his bosom's heat,
Mine feeds me ev'ry day with meat;
I love with all my belly!

His flame, soon as in hope of bliss
The priest has giv'n him leave to kiss,
May perish, tho' the strongest:
My Hydra love, that's appetite,
Returns, is fed each day and night:
Pray which will last the longest?

Then Nelly come;—I'll buy the meat,
Which you shall dress, and as we eat,
Our love shall gain new life.
My angel——Psha! fond nonsense, hence
From one who loves with so much sense.
I'll call you hence my Wife! R. M.

THE INNOVATOR.

Pretium chartis. HOR.

I was strolling about the room at the Opera, on last Saturday night; not joining those boisterous bloods, who having no object in any part of the room, press forward impetuously to all parts of it; nor was I retiring with the gentle females and feminine beaux, whom the other species had driven away in alarm; but with the eye of a satyrist and reformer, I was reviewing this emporium of fashion, and endeavouring to select some sub-

ject, with which I might fulfil my weekly engagement. While thus employed, I was pushed full butt against an old friend of my father's, and consequently of mine, who is a genuine buckram beau of the "vieille cour;" one who never goes to the play, but he deplores the scarcity of cocked hats; is never at an opera, but he deprecates the absence of swords and bag-wigs; and is regularly shocked at an assembly, by the natural ringlets of the ladies, the uncouth sticks, and brown, poodle-like heads of the gentlemen. After the usual five minutes employed in drawing off gloves, shaking hands, and the established salutation of, "Good Sir, I rejoice to see you in such good health," he asked if I had seen my friend Lady ——— that evening. This lady I had become known to, by our living in the same country house for two months, on my first introduction to the world, and we had kept up a familiar acquaintance ever since. My friend told me where she was standing, and added, that she gave a ball next week. I went up, and made my bow, in hopes of at least a friendly smile, or if it were a moment of good humour, a cordial shake of the hand. I scarcely received the first. She then asked, how long I had been in town? A week was my answer, and the truth. Her countenance clouded, and after asking two more trivial

questions, she desired another gentleman to see for her carriage. I received this as a signal of displeasure, and returned, surprised and disconcerted, to my friend. She will not ask me, I muttered; I must have offended her, by her manner. What did she say to you? said the old beau. She asked how long I had been in town, and I said a week. Have you left your card with her? returned the orthodox formalist. I instantly found, in my own negligence, the cause of her anger, and determined to make it the next subject of the INNOVATOR's consideration.

The custom of leaving cards, is certainly both useful and necessary, to inform your acquaintance that you are in town, and would be glad to be present at any entertainment they may have in contemplation. But this is surely a most uncomplimentary way of intimating friendship. It shews, without doubt, that you are fond of the house, and its amusements; but it also declares that you have no wish for the society of the master or mistress of it. I dare say many will consider this paper as arising from selfish disappointment and anger, at not enjoying the hospitality of the lady whom I offended. But I do not wish the custom to be abolished: I consider it as good, nay, absolutely necessary to those wealthy and dashing hostesses, who, being

always employed in public entertainments, have no leisure for private friendship. If nobody were ever admitted to a house, but intimate cronies of the family, such entertainers as above mentioned would be driven to play at piquet with their husbands, commerce with their children, or at best three-handed whist with the next door neighbour. I merely propose that the custom be not so strictly observed among friends, nor offence so easily taken at any slight violation of it. For it is surely a solecism in society, when a lady throws open her whole house, parlours, bed-rooms, and garrets; when she invites to it all she ever has seen, and all she ever hopes to see, and who may bring all she has never seen or heard of; that she should, out of the whole town, only exclude her most intimate friend, (which sometimes may happen) because he has forgotten to send her a bit of card, which, if she had received, she would instantly have thrown into the fire!

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Nothing proves the ascendancy of modern writers over their predecessors so much, as the judicious preference they give to sound over sense. I am desirous of contributing to

the perfection of this system as far as I can; and as my multifarious reading had enabled me to collect some foreign specimens of this sort, I beg leave to send them to you, in the hope that some of our living masters in that way may profit by them. As a proof of their being perfectly genuine, I annex to each the name of its author, and am,

Your's,

P. P.

Extract from Don Juan de Alarcon, a Spanish Poet, dedicated to Mr. Tattersal.

" I accepted the challenge, and immediately entered the lists; where I awaited my adversary on an Andalusian thunderbolt, a monster of fire, at one moment a splinter, the next a cloud. The blind field fancied it a Hippogriff, and the sun a comet rising to eclipse him; for, sometimes light, sometimes heavy, it enjoyed, amid the winds, the prerogatives of a bird. It was a tiger in its skin, as April paints among flowers a curious carpet, in which she sows porphyry, with circles of silver, and splashed lines of gold. Its tail, which unwound itself into a serpent, the glory of the sun, and ornament of his light, appeared a gulf of sun-flowers, and its mane silver. Its breast was a mountain, and its head so short,

that nature seemed to wish to reduce that to a diamond, which in every respect resembled a pearl. Stumbling in its own light trip, it proudly and arrogantly mocks the wind; insomuch that the wind, ambitious to imitate it, desired to cease to be wind, and to become a horse. By this time the Moor reached the place, dancing to the sound of the martial clamour, with the paces of a Greek mare, a piece of alabaster, endowed with a soul, and with sense. She seemed a swan, who swims in the sun, through clouds which he has mocked, and given the lie to; so that, while among them, the brute wishes it to be presumed that there are stars also, clothed with feathers. The mare was a jessamine, mighty in her mane and tail, with a narrow, short neck, a broad breast and portentous shoulders, which offered to the sun mountains of snow. Her eyes were flames, her head beautiful, amid waves of ivory drinking stars, tears of the island of Ceylon, since as she moved it, the beholders admired it as a pearl."

So much for the description of two horses —now mind how the famous Calderon manages the reception of a prince:

"Let your highness give me his feet, if I may touch the majesty and grandeur of such a sun, or Spanish thunderbolt. With joy nd with grief do I now arrive at your feet;

and my breath, a lynx, and blind, between astonishments and swoons, is the eagle of so many rays, the moth of so much fire."

The same author thus makes Fierabras address his enemies:

"I attend you with this crooked knife, which is an unbound leaf of the book of death."

Perez de Montalvan thus describes a beautiful lady:

"She was so fair, that before her face, the snow lost the reputation it had gained in the regions of the air. Her hair might have been that of the sun; and it reached so near to the earth, that, as it was gold, it seemed to have a mind to return again to its centre. Her eyes were lively, though black; so much sovereigns in their regards, that they seldom paid what they owed. Her cheeks would not admit of any assistance from art, because that, with natural roses, the alabaster elegantly mixed itself with purple, and the silver with carnation. Her mouth was a little wound, which bordered with beautiful blood the animated chrystal in which it was made. Her arms were two living lilies, which chose not to be snow, that the sun might not presume to attempt melting them."

The Italians are not far behind in this art.

Dante, for instance, thus speaks of a troop of ghosts:

"We met a troop of ghosts, each of whom fixed his eyes upon us as intently as an aged taylor fixes his on the eye of a needle, when he threads it."

I will conclude with one more extract from Calderon, literally translated, in which the superiority of sound to sense is eminently manifested. It is a description of the morning:

"Already the sun dries up the hairs of the dawn, and folding up the mantle of the obscure darkness of the night, as he folds it up without care, and in many wrinkles, it seems as if he was doing more than folding it up, as if he was swathing or wrapping it together."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

A morning paper of Monday, had the following paragraph:

Lord Castlereagh had a dinner party yesterday, at his house in Cleveland-row. There were Lords Pelham, Hobart, Auckland, &c. Some part of the conversation related to the late impudent writings of that hoary traitor, Napper Tandy, who in the decline of life, adds insolence to infamy.

It is most certain that the Editor did not dine with Lord Castlereagh; nor could any of his runners be present at it, unless they put on the family liveries for the purpose. It is equally certain, that none of the company sent this intelligence to the Oracle. It is therefore a fabrication, or furnished by a servant. If a servant is so influenced by this Editor, as to furnish conversation held at his master's table, of even a trivial nature, he would upon occasion betray more important matter. Lord Castlereagh is in a high confidential office; and I think his Lordship would do well to endeavour to discover which of his servants is so intimate with the Editor in question.

The right assumed by the papers, of informing the public what passes in private houses, is a nuisance of the greatest importance to attend to, and, if possible, to remove. There is no harm in giving accounts of the operations of fashionable assemblies: I think indeed, that the masters or mistresses of families, or their friends, would do well to send the details themselves to the papers in which they wish to have them inserted; but the telling publicly where people are, when they come to town, when they left or are about to leave it, what they said, and what they did, may some-

times create more serious evil than that arising from vexation at seeing one's name in a newspaper. I hope this hint may have a good effect.——I am, Sir,

March 3, 1803. Your constant reader.

MORE TRANSLATIONS!

We freely confess, we think the following, just received, the best of any given, as it is nearest the original. The writers of the others, have few of them laid stress enough upon the *bene* and *paucis diebus*.

Well shall my friend Fabullus sup with me,
And *soon*, should such be fav'ring Heav'n's decree.
But, if the supper 's plentiful and rare,
Fabullus must himself supply the fare. C. B.

This week has also produced the two following:

My Fabullus, my table,
Like your name, is a fable,
But may furnish a splendid repast.
If you come, do not fail
To bring bread, beef, and ale,
Or, Egad! my dear friend, you will fast.

If you, Fabullus, have a mind
To sup with me, in decent kind,
A few days hence, God willing,
You'll bring the *Pic Nic* for your fare,
We then shall feast on something rare,
Which only costs a shilling!

HERO OF THE NORTH.

This piece has already been reviewed in several of the daily papers, with so much critical judgment and precision, that we have little to add on that subject, except in general to lament, that another instance is now given, how possible it is for dulness and insipidity to be kept alive by the aid of music, and the brilliancy of spectacle. What opinion must the directors of the theatre have entertained of the taste of their audience, when they ventured to bestow so considerable a portion both of labour and expence, upon such a drama as *The Hero of the North?* That they were right in their calculation upon the pliability of the public, is considerably more to their honour, than to the credit of their hearers' taste; however, it is an honour we shall not congratulate them upon; for we are persuaded, that whatever only fills the treasury, by degrading the stage, will in the end impoverish the treasury, and disappoint their purposes.

No. X. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1803.

POLITICS.

HIS Majesty's message delivered to Parliament on Tuesday, has occasioned every sensation that it could be expected to excite in British bosoms; but surprise or apprehension were not among the number. The constant system of threat, defiance, and irritation, pursued by Bonaparte, left no room to hope, that the mildness, self-denial, and forbearance of our ministry would always avert those vigorous expostulations which only can be made sword in hand. Concession has been carried to its utmost bounds, and nothing but a most culpable indifference to the essential interests of the State would warrant a further continuance of that sufferance, of which the only effect is to encourage the First Consul, to make bolder strides, and more undisguised efforts towards our annihilation. Indifference towards the national honour and interest has never been the characteristic of Britons; and of all men,

the present ministers can have the least hopes of indulgence, were it possible for them to exhibit such a dispostion. They have borne themselves with the pacific firmness of discerning patriots, not ready to bluster on small affronts, or cavil at small aggressions, but keeping the sacred power of making war, as a man of refined honour wears his sword, never to be drawn but in defence of some high right or secret principle; never to be sheathed till complete satisfaction has been obtained.

In the state of guarded silence, prudently maintained by ministers, respecting the discussion which calls on the nation to arm, it were vain for individuals boasting of no peculiar means of information, to add to the list of those empty politicians, who having raised phantoms in the form of conjectures, run at them full-tilt, with their whole pigmy force of wit and information, and strut about, proud of the imaginary laurels won by their incredible prowess. The value of Malta, the danger of Jamaica, the freedom of the Mediterranean, or the tranquillity of India, form no part of our speculations at this moment; it is sufficient to arm our readers with firmness, by directing their attention to a calm investigation of the arrogant assertion by the First Consul of France, the *ci-devant*

general of the army of England, that Great Britain cannot singly cope with France.

England knows what degree of confidence she ought to place in Bonaparte's peace. If he is persuaded of his power to conquer, or even to distress us, we are so well persuaded of his inclination, that we cannot doubt the policy of preparing ourselves to meet and oppose the attempt.

As Bonaparte is a great dealer in assertions, and those assertions do not always carry an appearance of proceeding from any real conviction of their truth or feasibility, he may, in this case, choose to say what he is not seriously disposed to believe. It is not therefore certain, we are to regard this as more than mere vaunt, to give encouragement on one side, and cast contempt on the other.

As Bonaparte also is liable in common with other men, to draw conclusions from erroneous premises, we may fairly doubt, if from the experience which the Chief Consul has had, of our comparative strength, he is warranted to decide so peremptorily upon our comparative weakness; for in which of our operations by sea or land, where we have met *Him* or *His* singled-handed, has he discovered that inferiority on our part, which should induce him to believe and assert, that England is not able to contend with him?

Bonaparte is not old enough to know, though he may possibly have heard or read, that, in the last war, before that in which he was destined to make a figure, England did contend, singly and victoriously, against France, Spain, and Holland, with the additional disadvantage of an immense continent in rebellion against her, and a powerful party at home rendering that rebellion popular.

Did Bonaparte never hear (for we believe he was then busy in Corsica) of the battle of Lincelles, in Flanders, where the Guards, under the command of General Lake, consisting of only 1120 men, formed at the distance of 300 yards from the enemy's works, defended by 5000 men: when exposed the whole time to a heavy fire of grape, they marched up with shouldered arms, as on a field-day, and stormed and took the place!

Was it in the battle of the Nile he made those observations that suggested to him the presumptuous opinion which he now avows? In that action was the advantage of superior strength on our side, and victory on his? The very reverse in both particulars was the fact; he confessed and lamented the event. Was it in his own attack upon St. Jean d'Acre, that he saw those proofs, which inspired him to draw such flattering conclusions?

What conquests had he gained over the English, when he condescended to retreat from

the walls of a feeble fortress, and afterwards fly out of Egypt, abandoning his army, and happy to escape from a command, that had cost the nation he served such vast exertions and such fatal losses? Was it then, while he was scudding out of the track of our cruizers, that he began to draw his comparisons? We should suppose not then; and without attempting to lower the consequence of his victory at Marengo, it must be doubted, if a review of our campaign in Egypt can lower his opinion of the enterprizing spirit, and persevering courage of our armies. What since has happened to abet his judgment is best known to himself; we only know it cannot be the condition of his fleet upon comparision with ours at the conclusion of the contest, that encourages him to pronounce upon our relative inferiority.

Of self-evident facts there is no need to speak; it may therefore be taken for granted, it is not in our commerce and finances that he finds our weakness; and, by the blessing of God upon our arms, if unwillingly compelled to resume them, we shall yet be found able to repel all the attacks he may meditate against us; and, being united under the auspices of our British-born Sovereign, prove a full match for France, under the dominion of her Corsican Consul, in every thing but arrogance and presumption.

TABLEAU DE L'ANGLETERRE.

Extrait du Poëme inédit du *Malheur et la Pitié*,

Par L'ABBE DELILLE.

* Read with attention this picture of England, by one of the most enlightened Frenchmen of the present age.

——— Soyez bénis, vous, peuples magnanimes,
Qui, de nos oppresseurs réparates les crimes!
Toi surtoit brave Anglois, libre ami de tes Rois.
Qui mettant ton bonheur sous la garde des lois;
Des partis dans ton sein vois expirer la rage:
Ainsi que sur tes bords vient se briser l'orage!
Ce ne sont plus ici ces asiles cruels,
Où des brigands eachés à l'ombré des autels,
Où l'assassin souillé du sang de sa victime.
Demandoient aux lieux saints l'impunité du crime.
Contre le vil brigand et l'infame assassin,
Albion au malheur ouvre aujourd'hui son sein.
Là viennent respirer de leur longue souffrance
Ces dignes magistrats, oraclés de la France;
Là, ces guerriers fameux embrassent leurs rivaux;
Là, ces ministres saints échappés aux bourreaux,
Protégés par la loi, gardent leur culte antique:
Sion dan son exil chante le saint cantique.
Et l'nne et l'autre église abjurent leurs combats,
Et la fille à sa mère ouvre, en pleurant, les bras.
Pour corriger encor la fortune ennemie,
Du vénérable Oxford l'antique académie
Multiplia pour vous ce volume divin,
Que l'homme infortuné ne lit jamais en vain;
Qui du double évangile ancien dépositarire,
Nous transmit de la foi le culte héréditaire;
Vous montre un avenir, fait, des palais du ciel
Dans vos humbles réduits, descendre l'Eternel;

Console votre exil, charme votre souffrance,
Nourrit la foi, l'amour, la céleste espérance;
Présent plus précieux, et plus cher mille fois,
Que les trésors du monde, et les bienfaits des Rois?
Plus de rivalité, de haine, ni d'envie;
Au banquet fraternel Albion nous convie;
Son sein s'ouvre pour tous, et ne distingue plus
Les fils qu'elle adopta de ceux qu'elle a conçus.
Telle, un terre heureuse à tous les plants du monde
Se montre hospitalière; et sa séve féconde
Nourrit des mêmes sucs l'arbre qu'elle enfanta,
Et le germe etranger que l'orage y porta.
Poursuis, fière Albion, fais bénir ta puissance!
Tous les honneurs unis forment ta gloire immense:
Le monde tributaire entretient ton trésor;
Le nord nourrit tes mâts, l'onde mûrit ton or;
Le France avec ses vins te verse l'allégresse;
Tes lois sont la raison; tes mœurs la sagesse,
Tes femmes la beauté, leur discours la candeur,
Leur maintien la décence, et leur teint la pudeur.
Tu joins les fruits des arts aux dons de la fortune,
Le tonnerre de Mars au trident de Neptune.
Tantôt, foulant aux pieds l'athée audacieux,
C'est Minerve s'armant pour la cause des Dieux;
Tantôt, fille des mers, belle, fraîche et fêconde,
C'eſt Venus s'élevant de l'empire de l'onde.
Jouis, fière Albion; mais dans ta noble ardeur,
Mets un frein à ta force, une terme à ta grandeur.
Carthage, attaquant Rome, expia cet outrage;
Rome hata sa chute en renversant Carthage.
Les Indes, les deux mers, tout a subi ta loi,
Il ne te reste plus qu'à triompher de toi!

THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.
[Continued.]

" The parties being seated, as described in the former chapter, John de Lancaster at length broke silence, and, directing his discourse to Colonel Wilson, addressed him in the following manner: 'The unlucky accident, by which my blundering neighbour has precipitated Mrs. de Lancaster into labour pains, must in all probability tend to aggravate those sorrows, in which, by the condition of her sex, she is ordained to bring forth.'

" 'If we are to judge of the pains she suffered, by the screams she uttered,' replied Wilson, 'they must have been, I fear, uncommonly acute.'

" 'There is no doubt of that,' resumed John de Lancaster; 'for you will recollect, Colonel Wilson, that by her adoption into my family, she stands in the direct line of descent from the original offender, whose trespass drew down that primæval curse upon all womankind.'

" 'Whereabouts are we now?' said Wilson to himself'

" ' Nevertheless under the pressure of these apprehensions, I console myself with the reflection, that, if it be true in general, that what we produce with difficulty we preserve with diligence, I shall hope it will be also true in the particular of child-bearing, and I shall expect that the *Storgee*, or natural affection of my daughter-in-law towards the infant, that shall be born of her, (God so willing) shall be proportionably more strong than that of mothers, who have had easier times; for doubtless, Colonel Wilson, you must have observed, that, in all our operations, whether mental or manual, we are mutually most attached to those, on which most labour has been expended. Slight opinions and slight performances may be easily given up, but where great deliberation has been bestowed, we are not soon persuaded to confess that our time has been mispent, and our talents misapplied.'

" ' Very true,' said the Colonel, carelessly; ' there are points we ought not to give up, and points not worth disputing. In our profession, we must not quarrel with our comrades for their oddities, so long as they are not impiously or injuriously eccentric. It is not often we find a mess-room in the same way of thinking, except upon the question of another bottle.'

'I have great respect for your profession,' replied de Lancaster, 'but no experience in the habits of a mess-room. In my system of life, I acknowledge no reason why I should incline to think with the majority, merely because it is the majority; nay, I confess to you, I am ill disposed to subscribe to popular opinions, unless upon strict investigation. So many things are assumed, without being examined, and so many disbelieved, without being disproved, that I am not hasty to assent or dissent, in deference to the multitude; on which account, perhaps, I am considered as a man affecting singularity. But I hope I am not justly to be charged with affectation of that, or any other sort. In the case which now occupies our attention, and keeps our hopes and fears in suspense, I encourage myself to expect that all things will take their natural course, and my daughter de Lancaster present us with a child, whether male or female, in all respects like other children; but if Providence decrees it otherwise, am I to stand in amaze because that shall happen to her, which has happened to others? I presume you need not be reminded, how many preternatural and prodigious births have occurred and been recorded in the annals of mankind.'

"'Old nurses' tales!' cried Wilson; 'I don't believe one half of them; and just at

this moment, I am resolved to disbelieve every one of them.'

" ' I can't think why,' said Robert, in an under voice.

" ' I should suppose,' said John de Lancaster, ' you will hardly dispute the extraordinary circumstances that are well known to have accompanied the birth of the famous Martin Luther, who, being destined to act so conspicuous a part in opposition to the Papal power, came into the world habited in all points as a doctor in theology, and wearing a square cap, according to academic costume, on his head. This perhaps may appear to you, as no doubt it did to the midwife, and all present at his birth, as a very uncommon and preternatural circumstance.'

" ' It does indeed appear so,' said the Colonel.

" ' Yet when we find this fact gravely set forth,' added he, ' by an author of such high credit as Martin Del Rio, Doctor of theology, and public professor of the holy scripture, in the university of Salamanca, who is bold enough to question it ?'

" ' I am not bold enough to believe it,' rejoined the Colonel.

" At this moment, Cecilia entered the room, and joyfully announced the birth of a lovely boy, adding, in the usual phrase, that

Mrs. Lancaster was as well as could be expected.

" ' I rejoice to hear it,' exclaimed the happy grandfather; ' but, my dear Cecilia, are you quite certain it is a boy?'

" ' Dear Sir,' replied Cecilia, ' you won't suppose the people about my sister can be deceived as to that?'

" ' Why no,' cried de Lancaster, ' upon better recollection, I presume they cannot.'

" Cecilia then addressing herself to her brother, who had hitherto maintained his accustomed tranquillity, asked him if he was not transported with joy upon this happy event?

" ' I am never transported, either with joy or sorrow,' answered Robert, ' upon events over which I have no controul. It was Mrs. de Lancaster's affair, and I had little doubt but she would get through it, as others have done before her.'

" Old John of the Castle now proceeded to enter the day and hour of his grandson's birth in the blank leaf of the family bible, observing, that he would postpone till next day the engrossing the event into his pedigree roll, when his attorney should attend for that purpose—' I am aware, added he, ' that this is properly the office of my family bard, David

Williams, but, as he is blind, I have winked at his excusing himself from that branch of his duty.'

" ' I don't see how you could do less,' said the Colonel.

" The next morning, John de Lancaster rose with the sun. From the windows of his chamber, he cast his eyes over that grand and beautiful expanse of country, which the proud and lofty situation of his castle over-peered. It was the first sun that had risen on his new-born hope, and the splendour which that glorious luminary diffused over the animating scenery under his survey, was, to a mind like his, peculiarly auspicious. His bosom glowed with pious gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of all blessings. ' It is too much, all-bounteous Being,' he exclaimed, ' too much for sinful man. I am not worthy of such goodness.'

" He summoned his servant, and being informed the night had passed well with Mrs. de Lancaster, he desired the child might be brought to him. His wish was speedily complied with. He stood for some time, attentively gazing on the countenance of his grandson, and at length pronounced it to be a perfect model of infantine beauty, open and ingenuous; in short, every thing his warmest

hopes could have pictured. 'I discern,' cried he, 'and can decypher the hand-writing of nature in the lineaments of this lovely babe. If God, who gave him life, shall in his mercy give him length of days, he will be an honour to his name, and an ornament to his nation.'

"'He is a sweet, pretty puppet,' said the nurse.

"'Pooh!' quoth the prophet, 'I am not speaking of what he is; I am telling what he will be. I prognosticate he will be brave, benevolent, and virtuous.'

"'And handsome, and tall, and well-shaped,' re-echoed the loquacious dame. 'Only look, Sir, what strait limbs he has!'

"'Take him away,' said de Lancaster, in displeasure. 'You have interrupted me, and the continuity of those thoughts, which spontaneously presented themselves, is no more to be resumed.'

"The nurse departed, dancing the child in her arms, and prattling to it in her way, unconscious of the mischief she had done, whilst de Lancaster, pacing up and down his room, in vain attempted to find that place in the book of fate, from which her ill-timed gabble had caused him to break off.

"It is lost,' said he to himself; 'I can only recollect, that, after a course of trials, if

his constancy remains unshaken, his reward awaits him.'"

Not yet apprized that these extracts are unwelcome, I pursue my subject.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

IMPROMPTU,

On gathering some Violets for Elfrida.

Beneath thy silken lashes shade
Those 'eyes of dewy light;'
Nor let the envious violets fade,
To find their tints less bright. E.

SONNET,

Written March 8, 1801, *descending a Mountain, near Coimbra.*

Ye fir-crown'd cliffs, as mournfully I wind
Among your mossy crags, my pensive ear
Elfrida's parting accents seems to hear:
'Tis but the cedar o'er yon rock reclin'd
Her neck in sorrow droop'd beneath the shade
Of her fine hair; and as she sigh'd 'Farewel!'
Her dark blue eyes were bath'd in tears, that fell
On her fair bosom——'Mid the forest glade,
Where the dim convent's spiry turrets frown,
Ting'd by the fading beam, the Sisters breathe
Their orisons; and hark! the woods beneath
In echoes faint reply: my spirits own
Its influence, as the soft religious lay
Floats on the ev'ning breeze, and dies away.

ERNEST.

LETTER V.

Sir,

In the course of the numerous journeys to the earth, which I now was enabled to make, I did not neglect the opportunities which I enjoyed, of forming acquaintance with many of the most illustrious persons who have flourished in all ages of the world. To such great men as I have seen acting under the influence of my native planet, I have, from time to time, discovered myself; and, conversing with them on familiar terms, I may boast, that it has been in consequence of my suggestions that they have undertaken those feats, which have the most contributed to their universal celebrity.

Cambyses, the Persian, was one of my earliest friends. I planned his expedition into Ethiopia, and greatly assisted his atchievements in Egypt. I was the privy counsellor of Mark Anthony, during his abode in the latter country. With Empedocles I explored the depths of Etna; and notwithstanding all my veneration for my tutelary goddess, Diana, it was I who persuaded Herostratus to burn down her temple, at Ephesus. Alexander the Great always paid the utmost deference to my advice; and I may, without vanity,

say, that the most brilliant of his successes were owing to my counsels. It was by attending to me, that he triumphed at the Granicus. When his army mutinied in the recesses of Asia, I suggested the famous bravado which brought them back to their duty. If it had not been for me, he never would have conceived the heroical idea of being the son of Jupiter; and of course, he never would have dreamed of sacrificing so many of his men, in the sandy desarts of Africa, for the purpose of paying a visit to his father's temple. But, above all, I plume myself on having inspired him with the noble whim of burning Persepolis, in compliance with the fanciful suggestions of a drunken prostitute. Of all the heroes of antiquity, he was indeed my acknowledged favourite; and, if he could have kept himself a little more sober (by which means he might have escaped his premature end), I have no doubt that he would have attained to still higher celebrity.

I could mention many other famous commanders of antiquity (particularly Cyrus, when he set out on his Scythian expedition), whose conduct I mainly influenced. But the foregoing specimens may be sufficient. At that time, when my youthful impetuosity was apt sometimes to carry me beyond the bounds of prudence, I occasionally amused

myself with trying experiments upon the multitude; and many a comical prank have I made them perform, by shewing them either distant or immediate objects, as it happened to suit my fancy, through the glare of my lanthorn. It was extremely entertaining, to observe the effect produced by the oblique rays which I cast upon the commonest objects, especially when I performed my experiments to a numerous multitude. By a turn of my hand, I could convert valour into cowardice, honesty into knavery, prudence into treachery, and patriotism into corruption. In the same manner, I could reverse the picture, and transform the poltroon into an able general, the public peculator into a finance minister, the betrayer of his country into a privy counsellor, and the pensioner of a foreign power into a red-hot patriot. I could turn gold into dirt, and dirt into gold; I could place the bust of the blasphemer in the temple of the gods, or turn the gods themselves out of their temples. In short, there was nothing which I could not make a multitude believe; and, in general, the more preposterous my transformations were, the more easy I found it was to make men give credit to them. Subsequent experience, indeed, as you will by and by know, has taught

me, that it is not always safe to play with edged tools, and that even I, with all my cleverness, was not always secure from the effects of the popular effervescence which I had excited. But, at that time, I was young and confident, and things went on smoothly.

Among all the nations of antiquity, the Athenians were those who afforded me most diversion. There was a sort of airiness and versatility in their disposition, which rendered them particularly fit to receive the impression of my influence. Of course, whenever I had a mind to relax from my more serious operations, I used to pay them a visit, and exhibit my lanthorn. It was to me that they owed the judicious institution of the Ostracism, by which the mob were enabled to get rid of an exuberance of talent and virtue. My manœuvres induced them, when engaged in a contest, on which their national existence depended, to shew their discretion, by applying the treasures appropriated to its support, to the maintenance of their theatrical exhibitions; and it was entirely owing to me, when the Macedonian monarch was carrying into execution his plan of subjecting them and all the other Grecian states, that they turned a deaf ear to the advice of their experienced counsellors, that they quarrelled

with their best allies, and sung and danced themselves into slavery.

For the present, adieu,
Your's truly,
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

EPITAPH
IN DOWNTON CHURCH-YARD.

On a Young Lady, who died in a Consumption in 1796.

Here, in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies:
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.

A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom:
Her virtues, Mis'ry oft reliev'd may tell—
The rest, let silent Charity entomb!

Nor suffer busy unrelenting zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue:
Let envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And malice rev'rence what it never knew.

But should the justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults with judgment too severe;
Let mild-ey'd Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

We insert the following letter verbatim as we have received it, and beg leave to recommend it to the especial perusal of our fair readers. We wish to persuade them that

every attempt to interrupt the progress of nature is silly, because it is impossible; and if it were possible, would be sillier, as only tending to accelerate her career. The rush of the torrent may be curbed for a moment, but the accumulated power acquired in that moment, enables it to burst away over all impediments, and spread a more certain and extensive devastation.

Oh, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics! but I am sure I am not to blame, for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, Sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for previous to this affair, she had an aukward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a Depillatory, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rub-

bed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too, and obliged her for some time to use a black shade, which with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sal, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeace, and should you see her arm now; a bear's paw or a blacking brush are white to it.

But to return to my lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called, "Medea's kettle, or the art of restoring decayed beauty," which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic, to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However there must be a mistake somewhere, for on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped, —could not help laughing neither, she looked

so comical. As for my lady, to be sure she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried, scalding water we tried, but my poor lady's face remained just the same.

We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff, muriatic acid I think she called it, which she employed to to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but, in the mean time, for heaven's sake do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps you know change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbons. This is an idea of my own—but I hear my lady's bell, and as I

cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself Your's to command,

TABITHA TOILET.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As I understand you to be a champion in the cause of modern literature, I beg to introduce myself to your acquaintance. I am, thank heaven, very much at my ease. I have a snug box on Hampstead hill, keep my brace of geldings, and am able to give a friend a joint, and a bottle of old port. All these blessings I have derived from a lucky hit I made some years ago, when I was in the service of old Primmer, of Paternoster-row, who took me when no one else would into pay, and first enabled me to look fortune in the face. He dealt largely in the publishing way, and had, moreover, a share in the Review.

As I was at first afraid of going too boldly to work, I took to the reviewing line; but I had so much dull matter to wade through, and, to speak the truth, felt every now and then such inward twitches, when I condemned, by superior orders, a volume which,

in my heart, I approved, that I left it to those whose consciences were more callous than my own, and turned myself altogether to the business of book-making. Here I had a vast field before me; but as I had no guide to shew me the road through it, I not unfrequently lost my way. I will not enter into a detail of the various perplexities with which I was entangled, when I found myself obliged to undertake the fabrication of a work, on the subject of which I had no knowledge, or how I contrived to bring forward my new Italian grammar, and my Manual for volunteers, or new system of military tactics, two subjects on which I was, and still am, as ignorant as the boy who cleans my shoes. This is a period of my literary life, to which I never look back without a sort of horror; but it was not without its use; for it brought me so forward in the line of original composition, that I felt myself intitled to select my subjects, and to chuse those which I deemed most congenial to my talents. As I advanced I began to suspect, that there was a shorter road to fame than that which I had already trod; and at length, by perseverance, I discovered it. It was nothing more than to class the several sorts of publications best adapted to meet the reigning taste, to discover the ground-work of each species of manu-

facture, and to apply the few simple rules of which it was constituted, to the fabrication of new volumes on the same subject.

No sooner was I possessed of this secret, than I proceeded to put it in practice. Every difficulty vanished; I became the head man of the trade, and was able, as I told you, to retire from business with an ample sufficiency. I now consider myself, in some degree, bound to assist the efforts of those who are labouring in the vocation I have left, and if any hints I can give them can be of use, I shall be satisfied.

One instance perhaps may be enough. The first work to which I turned my hand, after I had made this discovery, was a speculative and sentimental tour through Europe, interspersed with local observations and anecdotes of many distinguished personages. Now I will be free to confess to you, that my travels had never extended ten miles beyond our own metropolis; of course, an undertaking of this kind would have been extremely hazardous to any one, who was not prepared for it as I was. To me, however, it proved easy, and so it will to any one, who will be at the trouble of reading and digesting the few simple rules, which I will, with your permission, throw together at the end of my letter.

Should these hints be thought serviceable

to the rising generation of book-makers, I have more at their service in other lines of the trade, which may simplify the various branches of history, politics, poetry and novel writing, in all of which I have at different times distinguished myself. In the mean time, I am your's,

PEREGRINE PRANCE.

RULES FOR TOUR WRITING,
In the true Modern Manner.

It is totally unnecessary to know any thing of the countries you describe. The more ignorant of them you are the better, as you will be the less liable to make mistakes. As there is not a spot in Europe which has not been repeatedly visited and described, you have only to glean the choicest parts of these descriptions, translate them into new language, and intersperse them with quotations from the Classics, misadventures in flood and field, and occurrencies in inns, and at table d'hotes, and your business so far is done.

So much for the instruction of your reader. Now for his entertainment. Your main and leading point is to assume a proper character. In this the great masters in the line have shewn much judgment. They have, in gene-

ral, been either parsons or apothecaries; very respectable orders of men, undoubtedly, but not precisely such as were likely to prejudice travellers in their favour. We therefore find them introducing themselves as men of the world; sometimes as a gentleman travelling for his own amusement, in company with some young man of rank, whom by the bye, he always contrives to throw in the back-ground; or, what is yet better, as a man of large fortune, (though he never possessed more than half a dozen gallipots, and a syringe) who, having had a bad run of luck at Brooks's, had preferred living abroad for a few years, to cutting down his ornamental woods. Either of these characters may be assumed by the tour-writer, as they both have been successfully used; or he may take any other he prefers. But in general, any is better than his own.

As local knowledge is useful, so truth, in all matters connected with entertainment, is equally so. The tour-writer must speak confidently of emperors and kings. He has an unlimited scope in his descriptions of his introduction at court, of the dinners and suppers to which he was invited at the palace, and at his own ambassador's; he must talk confidently of all these illustrious personages; always, however, remembering to make him-

self the greatest man in company; to be on terms of the closest intimacy with them all; to have the best of every argument, and to end every conversation with a bon mot of his own; no matter how dull, provided it makes every body present laugh, which of course it must be his own fault if it does not. N. B. The King of Poland is gone, who was extremely useful in this respect; but probably some other crowned head may be managed, so as to produce an equally good effect.

The tour-writer must have strong feelings. This is a sine quâ non. It does not signify what they are employed upon—whether a dead jack-ass, a monk, a nun, a grey-bearded peasant, or a lame soldier. Fine feelings can operate upon any thing, and, in all cases, the more contemptible and unaffecting the subject is, the better. He must also be well stocked with common places on virtue, honour, and patriotism. If he intermingles these with smutty stories, and a few well-invented anecdotes of discarded ministers and mistresses, he will have done all that can be expected from him; unless indeed he chuses to display some knowledge of geology or philosophy, by introducing treatises on the antiquity of the globe, and the rights of man. This may easily enough be done by the simple effort of transcription; but I would not recommend it, as the subjects are now worn thread-bare.

Translation of the 13th Poem of Catullus.

Soon, if the Fates propitious be,
Shalt thou, Fabullus, sup with me;
And find the table amply stor'd,
If thou wilt deck the festive board;
And with thee bring thy fav'rite fair,
And playful mirth to banish care.
These if thou give, my valued friend,
Gay plenty will the fête attend;
For, if the truth *must* be confest,
Thick cobwebs line thy poet's chest.
For thee, in turn, I will impart,
The friendship of an honest heart,
Or what more elegant may be,
Much sweeter, and more worthy thee—
The very essence, for thy use,
Of scent divine! I will produce,
Which drawn by Cupids from the rose,
Bright Venus on my nymph bestows.
This shall refresh our hands and hair:
This glorious perfume we will share—
Perfume, that shall thy nerves excite
To such a point of keen delight,
That thou shalt wish, when pleas'd so well,
Each other sense absorb'd in smell!

R

SONNET.

I nurs'd a friendship in my breast,
A friendship for the Fair;
I found it no unwelcome guest,
For Reason plac'd it there.

Her looks a lesson did impart,
That silenc'd rude desires;
For whilst her beauty warm'd the heart,
Her virtue check'd its fires.

There was a charm in all she said,
In ev'ry act a grace,
A mind that feelingly pourtray'd
Its meaning in her face.

She sung, and all were turn'd to hear,
So melting soft the tone,
That whilst it stole upon the ear,
It made the heart her own.

To her the Muse with friendly mind
Devotes this artless strain,
And she's too gentle and too kind
To treat it with disdain.

Z.

N°. XI. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1803.

POLITICS.

IN the suspence and agitation of the moment that is passing by us, the public mind is naturally harassed with reports and rumours, which arise to-day, and evaporate to-morrow; but while they incite and quicken popular curiosity, they animate the national character, and produce preparation.

Ministers have been blamed for withholding the circumstances from the country, whatever they may be, which occasioned his Majesty's message to Parliament. We, however, have heard no reasons assigned to justify such reprobation. If a minister were to advise the King to declare war, without informing the nation of every particular circumstance which led to such a measure, he would be highly criminal; but in matters of preliminary negotiation, it may often happen, that instant publicity would produce the most mischievous consequences. Government appears to have acted with an energy and spirit,

which the occasion requires, and the national character demands. Its conduct has awakened the native spirit of the people, and British honour seems already prepared to renew the career of glory.

His Majesty's message to Parliament breathes a spirit of moderation, while ministers appear to act with firmness and with vigour. They certainly made great sacrifices to obtain peace, and must be very solicitous to preserve it. But the honour and interests of the country must be maintained, and we are ready to maintain them.

The nation at large wished anxiously for peace; but if peace, whatever may be the cause, does not produce the blessings which were expected from it, the people will be as eager to engage in another war, as they were to conclude the last. Our resources are still abundant, our character is unimpaired, our energies have suffered no diminution; and if war were to be declared to-morrow, Britain has no reason to fear the result;—but that event depends entirely and altogether on the will of the French Consul. If he consults the interests of France, peace will continue—if he acts from the impulse of his pride, or is hurried on by the pangs of his resentment, war is inevitable. Louis XIV. commenced the war of 1672, *pour sa propre gloire*, for

his own personal glory; and if Bonaparte engages in it in 1803, it will be to gratify his personal revenge.

The colonial, commercial, and maritime projects of France must be rendered abortive by a war; nor can she derive any national advantage from breaking the peace with England. The French must know and feel this truth, but they are subject to the despotism of the sword; and he who wields it will care little for their opinion, which he can command at his pleasure.

If the First Consul can persuade himself that it would be in his power to invade this country or Ireland, the prospect of such a gratification to his vindictive spirit, would, we doubt not, determine him for war. But this, we trust, cannot appear, even to his sanguine mind, and heated imagination, to be within the reach of his power; and as one British armament accelerated the treaty of Amiens, another may compel the maintenance of it.

Britannia wishes to rest on her spear, but she is ever ready to maintain her rights, to defend her honour, to punish an insulting foe, and to *secure* her future tranquillity.

THE INNOVATOR.

Millé hominum species, et rerum discolor usus. *Persius.*

I have been debating with myself for this day or two, whether I should include under the head of fashion, those minute variations in dress and behaviour, which arise so continually, and quickly die away before something new of their own species. Some few, but very few indeed, maintain their ground for a whole season, while many others are discarded almost before they are remarked. Some few years ago, the custom of disliking to dance was too long prevalent among the beaux. Laziness was then the test of gentility, and he who could yawn oftenest, speak in the most drowsy tone, and stretch his arms and legs widest, was for the time the undisputed leader of fashion. Every other pursuit was treated with the same somniferous contempt. All exertion was a bore, conversation tiresome, doing nothing, and abusing every thing, the only lounge. During this dull fashion, words, of course, were not much in use.

In the most interesting conversation, a beau seldom exceeded two words to each speech, and one of them was always the same: namely, a word of strong import, which supplied the

place of " very." This was surely a most unchristian-like manner of speech, by which every quality, good or bad, every circumstance, every person that was mentioned, was instantly condemned to that misery which the most hardened sinners are taught to expect. Every assembly that was given, every play that was acted, every new amusement proposed, was in the brief style of satire then in vogue, declared to be d—d stupid. Yet the assemblies were as crouded, the playhouse as well attended, and every new undertaking had as many subscribers and supporters, as when people were ever so much pleased. Every young man declared himself bored to death every night, yet every night voluntarily encountered the same misery. This shewed the inclination for abuse not to spring from the heart. For not even the ass, the foolishest of animals, would return the same disagreeable round in the mill, if he were not compelled to it. Therefore the custom altogether was hoped to be as perishable as it has proved.

The beaux of the present time are a much happier race: it is not rare for them to be greatly pleased. The fair daughters of fashion no longer complain of the scarcity of partners, and even can boast of some who wish to dance well, who during the former system

would have been reckoned very foolishly eccentric. The young men who have come into the world since the death of the sulky fashion, never having been taught the custom of displeasure, fully indulge the propensity of youth to laughter; nay, some of the most zealous supporters of the old fashion, have lately, from the example of others, almost condescended to smile. Instead of ignorant listlessness, and drowsy ill-nature, mirth, perhaps too obstreperous, sparring, fencing, and every feat of strength or agility, fully occupy the time of a stylish young man. Activity is fashion, honest emulation buckishness, and hilarity the best recommendation to good company. In a word, the way to be a first-rate blood is to be a man.

The changes of costume in our beaux are too numerous and trifling to be enumerated. It would be endless and uninteresting to pursue the various gradations by which the waistcoat has attained its present conciseness; to discuss the merits of powder or cropping; of the former immense growth, and present decrease of the breeches; the elevation of the coloured handkerchief, from the pocket to the neck; the revival of snuff-boxes; the rivalship of Hessian boots, and leather small-clothes; the exchange of the trim bamboo, or taper whip, for the deformed ash stick; or

the incessant variations in the component parts of the coat. But as all these changes are of some consequence to society, I think they may, in a general way, well come within the scope of my observation.

The privilege of setting fashions is only conferred by silent acquiescence; though perhaps it would be an advantage, if the course of apprenticeship necessary, previous to such an elevation, was exactly defined. The Innovator may perhaps exercise his pen on that subject hereafter. At present he only submits to consideration, whether more deference ought not to be shewn to public opinion, by the inventors of new fashions. If the novelty be disapproved, which is easily discovered by the paucity of those who adopt it, he who gave it rise, should instantly lay it aside: instead of which, I have seen a young man wear a strait-cut drab coat for a whole season, though all else were in dark frocks; another persisted alone in a blue coat, black waistcoat, and olive-coloured velvet breeches; and another had constantly a collar to his coat, so low, as to expose the cape of his waistcoat, which others always concealed. Some deviations from fashion may be allowable. Such as the gentleman who always wears silk stockings, with leather breeches; as it would be a pity that his legs, the only good point

about him, should be obscured. Nor do we object to the gentleman who always let his shirt and waistcoat fly open, as by it he displays the excessive whiteness of his skin. But when there is no reason of this sort, I think it right that an unadopted fashion be instantly discarded, even by the inventor of it. I shall in my next consider, perhaps, some other branches of this subject, or, going over the same ground, discuss the variations of dress and manners in the other sex.

FOR THE PIC NIC.

DEAREST PIC,

I am one of the happiest men living, in my own temper; but whilst every thing that pleases my beloved wife, pleases me, nothing that I do, gives her content; still I go on, in a blundering kind of felicity, and am astonished to see my friends and family less tranquil than myself; for my servants run out of the house, and my acquaintance never come into it. I can't conceive the reason of all this; for I make no complaint, and why people should take up my cause, and be so touchy, whilst I am so contented, puzzles me to account for. I had a very pleasant place in Wiltshire, but my darling found the air

too sharp for her, and we settled ourselves in Essex, where she caught the ague; and being told that Hastings was a certain cure for it, we removed thither! The ague, indeed, left her, but she had spasms in her chest, and we were sent to Malvern. Now, as I am extremely fond of moving, all these manœuvres gave me inexpressible pleasure, and I endeavoured to convince her, how warmly I partook in the satisfaction which this frequent change of place seemed to give her.

She has now taken a thirty years lease of a house in the Wealds of Kent, to which there is positively no road of access, and from which there is no possibility of escape. I must desire you, therefore, to send me no more of your PIC NICS, as they will never reach me, for we have no post; and as, unluckily for me, I have rashly expressed myself dissatisfied with my situation, I have no hope of ever being delivered from it; and so, bidding you everlastingly adieu,

I remain, your's unalterably,

SIMON SUGARSOP.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It is recorded of one of the most luminous geniuses of our island, that having caused a

hole to be cut at the bottom of his study door, to afford free ingress and regress to his favourite cat, he shortly after sent for the carpenter, and directed him to make another, of smaller dimensions, for her kitten to pass through. Now, as it is certain, that a kitten might without inconvenience pass through a hole big enough to serve for a cat, I have always considered this anecdote as a notable proof of the facility with which false conclusions may be drawn from true premises, and of the risk we encounter, when we suffer our feelings to run before our judgment. We can hardly look about us, without seeing instances of this sort of indiscretion; and, though I do not presume to compare the mass of our countrymen to the illustrious philosopher in question, I have good humour enough to place many of their foibles to the account of a similar principle.

Without entering into a detail of the many examples of this, which might easily be adduced, I will at once tell you why I sit down to address you. I am a country gentleman, Sir, who, having little occasion to come to town, know little of what passes there: but being obliged to repair thither, on some pressing business, I indulged myself this evening with a visit to one of your theatres. As it was much crouded, and the plainness of

my appearance not entitling me, in the estimation of the box-keepers, to any great respect, I thought myself well off, in being allowed to occupy a middle seat in one the green boxes, the front row of which was filled by three ladies, while two others sat on the seat with me, and a sixth sat exactly behind me. I will not venture to describe the dress, or rather the undress, of these damsels, as I am apprehensive I could not do it very decently. Suffice it to say, they shewed a great deal more than they ought, and very nearly as much as they could. They were at first extremely attentive to me; but, whether they found me more inclined to take notice of what was passing on the stage, than of them, or from whatever other cause, I know not, no sooner were the remaining vacant places filled by two young fellows in black scratch wigs, high breeches, and projecting neckcloths, than, as if with consent, they not only laid aside all their civility, but began a system of direct hostility. The heroine behind me, remarking that she could not see the scene, leaned forward, with both her elbows pressing violently on my head; and, suddenly recognizing a friend in one of the damsels before me, she bid her look at an acquaintance, in an opposite box. To do this, she arose, and leaning forward, thrust a cer-

tain part of her person in my face. To relieve my embarrassment, the rest of the party burst into a fit of laughter, and fired around me, in all directions, such a volley of obscenity, as fairly put me to flight.

As I walked home, I could not but meditate on my adventure, and wonder what could induce the managers of our regular theatres, which ought to be the schools of virtue and morality, thus to degrade them into mere brothels. There are enough of them, surely, in your wide metropolis, to answer all the purposes which can be expected from them, without opening new doors to prostitution, and bringing it forward in the most conspicuous point of view. This, of course, never could have been the motive by which the managers are influenced; nor have I the ingenuity to devise any other than that which actuated the humane philosopher, in the case of the cat and the kitten, that when fashion had given a *grande entrée* below, to the impures of her class, their benevolence gave a lesser one above, to those of inferior pretensions. The philosopher indeed, did no harm by his whim, whereas, his imitators expose themselves to a reproach, which, as individuals, they would not be desirous of incurring; the philosopher, too, had no mercenary motives for the exercise of his good-

nature; but it is something more than probable, that your managers would have left these naked harpies to find a reception in places more proper for them, had they not looked to their treasurer's account a little more accurately than they did to public decency.

I can hardly flatter myself that, when the grievance of which I complain has taken such deep root, my remonstrances can be of much avail. To notice it, however, in your paper, may perhaps induce others to take up the subject, which is now risen to a pitch of enormity that calls aloud for reformation.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

March 17, 1803. RUSTICUS.

THE HAPPY CHRISTENING.

Thomas weds—and four months barely pass o'er his head,
When his spouse (God be thank'd!) of a boy 's brought to bed.
" Now what shall we call him, my dear?" said his wife,
" Let me think," answer'd Tom.—" Call him COURIER, my life;
" For he 's travell'd a journey of nine months, or more,
" To my joy and delight, in the short space of four!"

THE PRINTER's CAULDRON.

Scene—*A dark room: in the middle a great cauldron burning.*
Thunder—enter three Printer's Devils.

FIRST DEVIL.

Thrice the watchman gave his knock,

SECOND DEVIL.

Twice—and once has crow'd the cock:

THIRD DEVIL.

Our master cries, ' 'Tis five o'clock.'

ALL.

Now your sev'ral schemes display,
To make the paper of the day:—

SECOND DEVIL.

Spy, that standing on cold stone,
Names and titles one by one,
Catchest at the doors of fashion,
Haste to bring your motley trash in;
Packwood's puffs, and state of weather,
Hints of who and who's together,
(Paid, to contradict to-morrow,
Mistake, inserted to our sorrow)
Fluttering follies, light as vapour,
Rise you to the top o'th' paper.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

FIRST DEVIL.

Braham—Soldier tir'd—Mad Bess—
Case of singular distress,

Speech of egotistic pleader,
String of coaches made by Leader,
Fashionable invalids,
Morning dresses, widows' weeds,
Lobby quarrels, satisfaction,
Rout in May-fair, crim-con action,
Patent soles, that never faulter,
Doctors Brodum and Sir Walter,
Pun, and vive la bagatelle,
Schemes to make our paper sell.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

SECOND DEVIL.

Bonaparté, Paris fashions,
Chapels, Cyprian assignations:
Captain Sash, the sea-side shark—
Slander's arrow, shot i'th' dark.
Villa of Roehampton Jew,
Horrid murder done at Kew;
Queries, critical corrections,
Galvanistic resurrections,
Treatise on the moon's eclipse,
Pain for cheeks, and salve for lips;
Stupid pun, birth-strangled jest—
Portsmouth letter—wind north-west,
And thus our merit stands confest!

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

THIRD DEVIL.

Cool it with an empty boast,
That every day we sell the most,"
'Tis done—behold the Morning Post!

THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.
[Continued.]

"It was a custom with John de Lancaster every morning, after he had dressed himself, to be attended by his harper, blind David Williams, a minstrel, as eminent in his art as any the principality of Wales had to boaſt; it was now the hour for David to present himself, and nobody was permitted to enter or approach the chamber during the time he was in it. The soul of John de Lancaster seemed in a peculiar manner to sympathize with the melody of the harp. He had not only a national predilection for that instrument, in common with his countrymen, but professed an hereditary attachment to it, as a true de Lancaster, whose ancestors had worn it on their shields from the days of King Bardus.

"There was a stool, on which the minstrel always sat, during his performance, and an easy capacious chair, in which the patron reposed himself, and indulged his meditations. By signals audibly given on the arms of the aforesaid chair, blind David was wont to regulate the character and spirit of his movements. It was a correspondence without

language, perfectly understoood by the performer, who no sooner comprehended that soft music was the order of the morning, than he began a prelude so exquisitely tender, that the strings scarcely whispered under the fingers of the sightless bard, who at length, being filled with the inspiration of the muse, broke forth extemporaneously into the following strain:—

" Shine forth, bright Sun, and gild the day,
That greets our new-born hope with light:
Give me to feel thy cheering ray,
Tho' these dark orbs are wrapt in night.

Yet heav'n in pity hath allow'd
These hands to wake the tuneful string:
The Muse her influence hath bestow'd,
And taught her sightless bard to sing.

Sound then, my harp, thy softest strain,
Melodious solace of the blind,
Airs that might heal the mother's pain,
And soothe the father's anxious mind.

Hush, hush! for now the infant sleeps—
Let no rude string disturb its rest;
And now instinctively it creeps
To nestle at its parent's breast.

Ah, luckless me! these curtain'd eyes
Shall never view its lovely face;
I ne'er must see that Star arise,
The day-spring of an ancient race.

Father of life, in mercy take
This infant to thy nursing care,
And for the virtuous grandsire's sake
Oh hear the humble minstrel's pray'r.

Grant that this babe, as yet the last
Of Lancaster's time-honoured name,
When coming ages shall have past,
May rank amongst the first in fame."

" 'Thou hast sung well, David,' said the patron, 'and I desire thee to accept and wear upon thy finger this antique berryl, on which is engraved the head of Homer, thy prototype, if not in genius altogether, in misfortune however. Thy muse, old man, has not been unpropitious: go thy way therefore, and cherish thy spirit with the best flask of metheglin, that my cellars afford. I know it is thy favourite Helicon, which at once gives nerves to thy fingers, and nourishment to thy fancy. Get thee hence, blind bard, and be merry.'

" Old David devoutly drew the ring on his his finger, and with a profound obeisance, replied:—'I thank you and bless you, my munificent patron. I will drink prosperity to the illustrious house of de Lancaster, and the new-born heir thereof. It has stood from the old time when the old world was deluged, may it stand to the time when the new one shall be dissolved!'

" With these words the minstrel took his leave and departed, whilst John de Lancaster, tingling in every nerve with the rapture of the music, and the conscious recollection of

having recruited his pedigree with a fresh descendant from Noah, set out for the breakfast-room, displaying on his person a new suit after an old fashion, of bright scarlet, ornamented with enormous gold-worked buttons plentifully bestowed; a prodigious expanse of perriwig, sable as the plume of the raven, and unpowdered, with rolled silk stockings, and high-topt square-toed shoes, which resounding upon every step of the oaken stairs, as he descended, gave loud warning of his approach to the family then assembled to receive him.

" His son and daughter, with Colonel and Mrs. Wilson, in turn paid him their congratulations, and received his cordial embrace; for in his heart he was affectionate, and his courtesy was of the cast of the chivalric ages. So many were the messages of inquiry from the neighbours round the castle, that almost every servant and retainer belonging to his household made an errand to present themselves, and pay homage to their good master, which was not the less profound from the awe they were impressed with by the splendor in which they now saw him arrayed; and if they exceeded in their reverence towards a frail mortal like themselves, certain it is, that the stately person, and commanding countenance of John de Lancaster, were such as, in their

case, might serve for apology: his stature was none of the tallest, but well proportioned and erect; his frame athletic, but without a trace of clumsiness or vulgarity; his voice, his gait, his address, were all of that character, which is peculiarly adapted to impose respect.

" When breakfast was over, they adjourned to the gallery, where the pedigree was unrolled, and displayed at full length on the floor. It was a splendid record, and exhibited several figures gaudily emblazoned. When Wilson cast his eyes upon it, as he entered the gallery, he turned to his wife, and said in a whisper, ' this is ridiculous enough, I confess, but the harmless foibles of good and worthy men should not expose them to our contempt.' Then addressing himself to John de Lancaster, he said, ' it is well there is this gallery in your house, my good Sir, else we should not have enjoyed this fine spectacle, without putting some of your ancestors to inconvenience.' Whereupon passing on till he came to the upper end of the roll, where Japheth, son of Noah, held his post, and pointing to a figure on the second step below him, he gravely asked who that majestic personage might be in kingly robes, wearing a crown on his head, and carrying a sceptre in his hand.

" John de Lancaster as gravely replied,

that it was *Samothes*, the first sovereign monarch, of this island, from him called *Samothea*.

" Wilson bowed, and obtruded no more questions.

" Whilst the ceremony of enrollment was in operation, ' I record this infant,' said de Lancaster, ' by the name of John, although he hath not yet received the sacred rite of baptism, because the name of John and Robert have been alternately adopted by my family, from the very earliest time of the Christian æra to the present. Write them down therefore by the name of John.'

" Old David instantly struck up, *Of a noble race was Shenkin*, and the castle echoed to his harp."

Jam satis est. PUBLIUS SYRUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The day following your publication being sabbath, some few of your readers may reserve your paper for that day, to whom the following observations may not be unacceptable.

Among the many benefits enjoyed and abused by mankind, surely none is more peculiarly so than the sabbath day; a day set apart by the direction of Providence, in which

the labourer should cease from his toil, and the merchant from his traffic. The Father of makind instituted this septenial jubilee at an early age of the world, to commemorate the completion of this earth's creation, and to allow a suspension of labour to every class of mankind. The rigor with which it was to be observed was a necessary restriction upon the avarice and plenipotence of *Eastern* masters, who otherwise would not have foregone the rights of tyranny in compelling their slaves to perpetual exertion. In Eastern countries, the human body does not require that action and motion necessary in European climates, to the preservation of health. Amidst the blaze of oriental heat, a supine and idle existence constitutes the greatest felicity; it is thence no task to confine people to their houses, while with us such a restriction would become a grievance; and it is not required by Him, who appropriated this day to rest, that we should spend it in the house of bondage.

I see no crime in a little journey into the country, where it is not attended with extravagance and excess. The human mind, if rightly formed, will admire the variety and charms in creation—it will expand with satisfaction—it will read the *Eternal* in his works. But these are not the boasted effects of *natural religion.* We do not, as some *profound*

philosophers affirm, imbibe sentiments of morality and religion from viewing the broad expanse of the heavens, unless we have been taught *a priori*, the existence of a *great Supreme*. Then indeed the beauty and harmony of his works confirm our belief, and enlarge our ideas of his omnipotence. It is to the good sense of mankind that we owe any remains of religion in times like these, when ignorance on the part of irregular professors, and falsehood and malignity on the part of philosophers, so powerfully tend to turn faith into ridicule, and banish from amongst us all distinction of days. But he is the true philosopher who rises above all these, and plants in the hearts of his children, his servants, and his friends, that *only principle* which can enable them to sustain the changes of eventful life, the temptation of alluring crime, and to behold death with calmness and hope. It is a field of too extended a nature to be traversed in the short compass of an essay, to repeat again to the world all the reasons that we have to support revealed religion, whether we think as men, as citizens, or as philosophers: it is a maxim that even politicians allow, that unless religion influences the mind, in vain are coercive laws and penal codes; crime will creep forward, and undermine the fabric of society, till its ruins involve all things in promiscuous destruction.

To endeavour to influence public principles by a few public institutions, with observations on the present amusements of the sabbath, will be the subject of another essay; if you do not think that the insertion of this will be altogether a vain attempt to stimulate the apathy which at present extends its magic wand over the governing, and over the governed.

G. W.

N°. XII. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1808.

POLITICS.

NO official communication has yet been made to the public, to remove the uncertainty in which the grand question of Peace and War has been for some time involved; the bustle, however, of warlike preparation in our ports, the embodying of the militia, and the promptness with which dispatches have been transmitted to our foreign settlements, speak a language which cannot be misunderstood. They demonstrate, that however desirous ministers may be to preserve a peace which is the work of their own hands, they will not suffer the dignity of the country to be compromised, or its representative insulted, with impunity. The petulant and insulting behaviour of the Corsican to our Ambassador seems to be well authenticated, and every Briton should feel it, as if personally offered to himself. Let Bonaparte exercise what despotism he pleases upon the envoys of his own menial republics, or of

the powerless courts of Stockholm and Lisbon; but let him not forget that *Old England is Old England still*, and that one country exists, able and determined to interrupt his progress in despotism and insult. He was taught to fear the country in a state of war; he must now be taught to respect it in a state of peace.

If at such a momentous period it were allowed us to indulge any emotions of pleasantry, the bustle and eagerness which pervade all ranks of people, might afford matter for amusing speculation. Our coffee houses are overcharged with politicians, of whom not a tenth part can be occupied with the papers of the day, while the remainder are gathered in small groups by the fire-side, offering various plans for the good of their country. The theatres experience a nightly overflow, the great majority of which are totally heedless of the "*cunning of the scene*," but catch with avidity, and echo with applause, the slightest semblance of political allusion. The members of our volunteer corps already reassume their martial air; and though to the strict eye of the regular, who looks only to the exterior, their irregularity of height, and trifling deficiencies in military etiquette, may be somewhat displeasing, yet the philosophic warrior, who is aware how much military

exertions depend on mental energy and unanimity, will contemplate these loyal and patriotic bodies with more pleasure and confidence than the best trained hirelings of military despotism.

But the public attention is more particularly directed to that which forms, in an especial manner, the pride and security of these united kingdoms. The nation views with satisfaction our several posts of trust and confidence again filled by those gallant naval officers, whose former exploits are a sufficient pledge of their future exertions for the welfare of Great-Britain, and the discomfiture of her enemies. The impress of seamen continues with unexampled activity and success; although, from the numbers who have voluntarily enrolled themselves at the call of their country, it may be conjectured that the public spirit of our sailors, if left to itself, might supersede the necessity of coercive measures. As, however, it is a practice sanctioned by law and custom, and does not appear to us to have been exercised in the present instance with any unusual or undue severity; we cannot refrain from animadverting in strong terms on the insidious cant of certain disaffected journals, which, in a style of whining condolence, affect to lament the hard fate of our brave tars, again torn from their lately

acquired domestic comforts. For the relief, however, of these overweening sentimentalists, we beg to remind them, that the objects of their misapplied sympathy are the last persons to approve it.

> " The tyrant Custom
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> Their thrice driv'n bed of down."

We may therefore safely leave them to the hardships of a profession to which they have been born and bred.

Amid these hostile preparations, fancy can hardly forbear to contemplate the emotions which they are calculated to excite in the mind of the Chief Consul. Could the suggestion of Momus be carried into effect, and a window placed in the bosom of this upstart favourite of fortune, what a scene of varied emotions would be displayed! Rage, however, at finding his insidious plans for undermining the prosperity of this country detected and foiled, would doubtless predominate. But however rooted and rancorous his animosity against these realms may be, it may be doubted whether policy, and the natural craftiness of his character, will not reduce him for the present to aim at appeasing the general indignation his late conduct has excited; and thus, either avert hostile measures to a more favourable period, or throw the

odium of their renewal upon this Government. Ministers, however, we trust, will be able to counteract his measures, whether they assume the form of secret negociation or open warfare, and to their hands we cheerfully commit the honour and welfare of the country.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Much has been said on the subject of Sunday concerts and Sunday dinners, with an insinuation that thence arises the profligacy of public manners; but surely no assertion can be more unfounded. It is not in the attention which the mind must pay to the combinations of harmony, that it has leisure to plan schemes of seduction; on the contrary, a plaintive sound may teach the soul of the seducer to spare the victim his moments of idleness had marked. There is no species of amusement where the *mind* is more employed, and withdrawn into itself, than in attending to the strains of musical composition: and whether it be an airy concerto, or a sublime fugue, the soul alone is engaged, enlivened, and amended. So far then from Sunday concerts being detrimental to the principles of religion, they appear to me entirely contrary, and the most elegant and best adapted amuse-

ment after the services of the day. I would even go farther, and propose that they should be publicly established; for whatever can bend the passions, must amend the morals of man.

Sunday dinners are in themselves not only innocent, but the cement of friendship; and though perhaps extended to too great a profusion, yet comparing the affluence of high life, with the poverty of low life, the latter exhibits more than equal extravagance; for into what street of the metropolis shall we enter, without finding parties of friends assembled; and very frequently the mechanic will have served to his table the wages of half the week.

The most flagrant breach of manners originates in the various public tea-gardens round the metropolis, where youth of both sexes first sip the cup of licentiousness, and the profligate mingles with the family of the sober citizen. It may not be consistent with the freedom of our country to suppress those places where the mechanic and the tradesman may relax, with their families, from the toils of the week. But some restriction should be laid upon the quality of the entertainment; and it might not be amiss totally to prohibit the use of spirituous liquors; these are dreadfully pernicious to the animal

economy, and much more conducive to dissipation than a concerto of Haydn's.

Recreation is as natural to the body, as relaxation to the mind. At a trifling *public* expence, two or three large gardens might be planted, to suit the convenience of the town; these gardens, like those of Kensington, should be open to the public, *but open to all*, excepting only mendicants, and those women who are a disgrace to their sex, and to the public theatres. Emulation would inspire the lower with a wish to appear at least clean and decent; the example of the grave and prudent would repress levity, and an outrage in behaviour should become a civil crime. There might also be a large room, with the accommodation of tea, and other simple refreshments, which would invite all the moral part of this vast society, to the enjoyment of more rational recreation than is found in the tavern or tea-garden.

France supports public exhibitions, to influence the politics of her people on the sabbath-day; and surely the manners of our citizens should to us be equally important. The utility of such an institution is greater than I can explain within the limits of this essay, though liable perhaps to objections; and I shall conclude with ardently hoping, that though this project may never proceed be-

yond your paper, another of far more importance, and of more easy execution, may be established: which is, appointing churches to evening service, upon the same plan as that excellent establishment the Foundling Hospital, which is at once the cheapest and most elegant place of rational worship in the metropolis. Two persons are there admitted for the small sum of sixpence; the seats are arranged for public convenience and sociality; the service is solemn and expressive; the sermon is at once instructive, interesting, and convictive; and the mind is both gratified and charmed by the well-chosen and well-executed hymns and anthems, while the prospect to the eye is no less gratifying. Where again does this great city afford such a picture; and why does not every church, in the long evenings of winter, display the same?

G. W.

THE THEATRE.

On Tuesday night was represented at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time, a "Monodrame," intituled "The Captive;" the production, if report may be believed, of a gentleman who has obliged the public more than once with "tales of wonder," of a simi-

lar tendency. To enter into an analysis of the plot or fable of a piece that contained but one scene, and lived but one night, would be irksome to ourselves, and unprofitable to our readers. It is sufficient to observe, that madness, a subject of all others to be handled by the dramatist in the lightest and most delicate manner, was upon this occasion exhibited in its most terrific and degrading stages. The audience, by their marked and universal disapprobation, testified an opinion, in which we believe our readers will fully concur, that a writer, whose taste and feelings were so perverted, as to lead him to dramatize Bedlam and St. Luke's, must be a fit candidate for admission into one of these institutions.

We are anticipated in what more we had to say upon this subject, by receiving from a correspondent the following

MONODY.

Oh, offspring fatal to thy parent's brain!
Twice art thou doom'd to prove thy sire insane.
Mad all must own, when first he gave thee breath,
And mad, no doubt, to view thy sudden death.
Had but the audience caught this madness too,
They might have prais'd the scenes thy author drew;
But of their common sense not quite bereft,
They exercis'd what judgment still was left—
The women shriek'd—the pit with critics cramm'd,
Hiss'd, groan'd, and laugh'd—till Monodrame was damn'd!

THE INNOVATOR.

Iners sterili semine gratus erat. *Catul.*

Alsiosus was possessed of a large estate, which his long minority had perfectly cleared of the immense incumbrances with which it had been burthened by his father and grandfather. He had been brought up mostly in the country, under the care of Stultilla, a foolish over-fond mother; who, though it was her sole ambition to behold her son high in fashionable consideration, thought it prudent (she knew not why) that he should not be introduced too early into the world. She had been accustomed to hear the old courtiers, among whom her acquaintance chiefly lay, often lament the vices and follies which young men launched into, in consequence of their being suffered to go their way so long before they were of age. Stultilla neither knew what these follies and vices were, nor how the attainment of the twenty-first year was to guard against them; but she had heard it so asserted among those she looked up to, and therefore was determined to give them an idea of her prudence and maternal care.

Upon this plan Alsiosus passed the first years of his life in rural indolence and ignorance. Stultilla had by chance perceived that a know-

ledge of the French and Italian languages was an accomplishment very desirable to a young beau, and she therefore kept a French Abbé constantly resident in the house to instruct Alsiosus. But the various excuses invented by his mother for missing lessons, and his own carelessness and inattention when present at them, totally prevented any progress in either language. She had heard the old courtiers above-mentioned often urge the benefits that a school education conferred on young men For, as old Proverbius repeatedly asserted, "Money spent in schooling is never thrown away: if the boy becomes a scholar it is returned three-fold; and even if he remains an ignorant dunce, it is amply repaid by the circle of friends and acquaintance that he acquires, and if he chuses, may preserve through life."

Stultilla, from this opinion, had a kind of ignorant reverence for a scholar; but as she never could separate the idea of learning from a rusty coat, grizzle wig, and aukward gait, she by no means wished her son to be one. At the same time, the advantages set forth by Proverbius, who was at it were a Mentor to Stultilla, were not to be lost. But the distance of the public schools, and the dangerous games reported to be in use at them, made her shudder at the thoughts of trusting her son so far away amid such perils; and

therefore, at ten years old, he was sent to a clergyman who lived nine miles from his own house, and undertook the care of six young gentlemen only. He was to dine always with the mistress, and have a fencing, drawing, dancing, and violin master, regularly three times a week.

To this place, under such governance, was he sent in obedience to Proverbius, with the sure prospect of making a great many valuable acquaintances, and the chance of becoming a scholar. His fond mother however never could obtain fortitude enough to part with him till half the term of the schools being open was elapsed; and during the short space he remained, her reiterated visits to him, and his frequent excursions home for a day or two, kept him nearly in total ignorance of every science he was placed there to learn, When the fencing master arrived, his mamma was come to see him; when the dancing master came, the fencing master was beginning his lesson. Thus, as when colours run into one another the beauty of every one is spoiled, the labours of all the teachers being confounded with each other rendered them all useless. "Oh but," said Sultilla, "what signifies missing one lesson to-day, that will easily be made up the next time; only for God's sake let him have his meals in comfort

and quiet; and upon no account wake him too early in the morning." Thus was his education conducted, he had no occasion ever to think for himself, or oppose the thoughts of others. Every thing his mother, or those about him proposed, was sure to be so agreeable, that he learned nothing but acquiescence; and almost his only answer was, "I have no objection."

He was now arrived at the age to which his mother had always anxiously looked forward as the commencement of his gay career. He was accordingly taken to town immediately, and every preparation made for his appearing with the greatest eclat. Stultilla reckoned that any residence at the University (which Proverbius had never mentioned) would be useless if not prejudicial to her son, as he would learn nothing that would forward him in fashionable society, and would, most likely, become acquainted with the vulgar amusements of drinking, smoaking, and others which had better be guessed by my readers than named by me. He was therefore at once let loose into every kind of fashionable folly and genteel dissipation.

The name of the young and wealthy Alsiosus immediately drew legions of followers: young and old contended for the honour of his acquaintace, and a share of the splendid

hospitality he was expected to diffuse: poor fools beheld with awe the talents of a man who had fifty thousand a year: rich fools rejoiced to find a perfectly suitable companion: wealthy ladies sought his acquaintance, that his presence might dignify their entertainments: ladies of moderate fortune sought it, that their presence might grace his. Thus he was observed and courted by all. Even the literati, from the reports of Stultilla's care, and the excellent education she had given Alsiosus, at first were anxious to converse with him. From the first interview, where they generally heard only a list of what he had studied, they returned not dissatisfied. From the second, where they discussed his various acquirements, they uniformly returned, wondering how a young man who had learned every thing should know nothing. However, the paucity of learned acquaintance was amply made up for, by the attention with which he was treated by all fashionables. By young men in general he was not very closely followed, but had always two or three invitations on his hands, to dinners, balls, suppers, or family parties. His constant compliance and even current of temper procured him admission every where as a good-humoured gentleman-like young man. If any body objected to his ignorance, the answer was,

" what is the use of learning to a man of such fortune?" If he was called dull and uncommunicative, that shewed his sense; for there is nothing so disagreeable in the world as an eternal talker. If his recommendations to society altogether were called in question, " he is very handsome and does no harm."

Alsiosus, with his limited conception, could but only observe the particular predilection that all ladies with families entertained for him. Where there was one daughter in a house, he was invited to every entertainment; where there were two, entertainments were given expressly for him; where three or more, he was desired to consider the house his own. Alsiosus did not perceive any reason for this, till one day Lupaurea, a lady who had three daughters married, and two in a single state, watching her opportunity when alone with Alsiosus, astounded him, by asking which of her daughters he meant to marry. Alsiosus, though rather surprised, declared, with his unsual unconcern, " that he as yet had no intention of taking a wife at all, but if he should happen to marrry, he had no objection to either of her daughters."

Lupaurea did not give him a moment's respite, but instantly backed up her first demand with a long harangue, about the reports of his marriage to one of her daughters, the scandal and detriment to both their charac-

ters that would ensue if he forsook them; recounted, perhaps with some exaggerations, her eldest daughter's beauty and accomplishments, and summed up the whole with an assurance of her ardent affection for him.

Alsiosus could not withstand a proposal so enforced, more particularly as he saw no objection to it. As a good many people married he saw no harm in his doing so too, and he liked nobody better than Lupaurea's eldest daughter, Rufilla. He therefore agreed to the match, provided his mother had no objection. Lupaurea did not let the business cool, but instantly flew to Stultila, with assurances and rapturous assertions of the fervent affection Alsiosus entertained towards her daughter. Before Stultilla could be undeceived, she spread the report of the marriage over the whole town. Wherever Alsiosus went he was either openly congratulated on his marriage, or received with a sly joke, or inuendo upon his attachment. In short, Alsiosus in a little time was persuaded that he was in love with Rufilla.

Stultilla, though she did not quite approve the match, which brought her son no fortune, would not thwart her darling's wishes, and Alsiosus, in about a month, was married, merely becauſe he had no objection to his wife.

[To be continued.]

LETTER VI.

Sir,

In all ages, my principal connections have been among the learned. Without my aid, few philosophers would have been able to establish their empire over the reason of an admiring world: without my inspiration, few poets would have soared to those heights of sublimity, which unassisted common sense could never have reached. I am sorry to rob any man of his reputation; but I cannot, in justice to myself, forbear to assert my claim to the original invention of all those ingenious systems of philosophy, so incompatible as well with themselves as with each other, which the celebrated founders of innumerable sects have promulgated among mankind.

Of these, one of the first in rank, and certainly not the lowest in my favour, was the renowned Pythagoras, to whom I suggested the utility of mystery for the propagation of imposture. No founder of a sect ever made a better use of this than he did; and none, perhaps, ever was more successful in establishing his credit. I instructed him in all the arcana of the metempsychosis, taught him the mystic properties of numbers, and endowed him with the faculty of persuading his disciples against the evidence of their senses. While they believed

him shut up, alone and solitary, in his darksome cave, without food or company, I paid him many a visit, and communicated to him all the knowledge which I had been able to acquire in my various excursions. The cave of Trophonius was another of my performances; and though I cannot with truth arrogate to myself the invention of oracles, I can safely assert, that many of their most celebrated responses were fabricated by me. Nothing afforded me greater amusement, than to send back royal ambassadors with puzzling riddles and enigmas, which bore a double sense, and might be interpreted in any manner the interested parties pleased. There are many of them recorded with all the pomp of history; but perhaps among them all there is not one which produced a greater effect than the famous answer given to Crœsus from the Delphic shrine, when he paid a fee, amounting to a king's ransom, in order to have it ascertained whether his power was likely to be durable.—It was, you know, "when a mule shall hold the Medean sceptre, fly, Crœsus, as fast as you can, to Hermus." He, conceiving this to be impossible, staid where he was, and lost his crown. These, however, were only occasional, or, as I may term them, holiday amusements; oracles being extremely costly, and by no means suiting the purses of the

generality: whereas philosophy, modified and dressed up in a variety of ways, calculated for the different tastes of those to whom it was served up, was a food which every one likes, and which came cheaply enough into the market for every one's purchase. To philosophy, therefore, and philosophers, I gave up a great portion of my time. Conversant as you are with their writings, I need hardly mention to you the visions of Plato, the subtleties of Aristole, or the ingenious projects of Diogenes. These, and many more, you must often have admired, and I know that you have sometimes expressed your astonishment, how such strange unfounded fancies could ever pass for philosophy.

I have now explained the matter to you, and I dare say you are no longer surprized. The ancient Sages, indeed, generally thought themselves highly honoured by my visits, and rejoiced to secure my friendship, by acceding to the only condition I proposed; that of observing an inviolable secret on the subject, since I did not chuse to be known to the vulgar. I recollect to have met with but one among them, who occasioned me any disappointment. Having heard of the rising talents and fame of Socrates, I appeared to him at the close of a night, in which he had out-watched the bear in solitary meditation;

and, accosting him in an amicable manner, I would gladly, as an earnest of my future services, have negociated a reconciliation between him and his adversaries the Sophists, all of whom were my firm friends; but his obstinacy on that point, obliged me to relinquish all hopes of ever obtaining any influence over him. I therefore vanished from his view, without having vouchsafed to disclose to him either my name or nature, and left him much purplexed in his conjectures respecting so extraordinary a visitor. At length, after much reflection, he concluded that I must have been his *tutelary genius*; and it is no small satisfaction to me, in the sequel, to find, that if I had failed in my endeavours to make him mad, I had at least greatly assisted those of his enemies in representing him as such to the world, as well as contributed to lighten the brains of many who gravely attempted to account reasonably for so unnatural a phenomenon.

Your assured friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF STERNE.

Coxwould, near Easingwould,
August 19, 1766.

My dear Sir,

Your very kind and flattering letter has lain upon my study table for a fornight, in

company with several other epistles, which contributed to enliven my return to my parsonage.—It was somewhat like finding a company of my best friends ready to welcome me home—it had at least that effect upon me, and turned my humble supper into a sumptuous banquet. Such are the sweet delusions that help us along the rugged path of life; and while they beguile our sorrows, call forth, quicken, and elevate the better dispostions of our nature; in short, (and what higher eulogium can be given of any thing external or interval in our state and condition) *they improve the heart.*

I went to Crazy Castle for one week, and staid three, which is the excuse I have to plead for not having acknowledged your kind communications to me: they are as I expected —but no matter—we will talk of them when we meet, which will be in the latter end of October, or the first week of the following month, when I shall pass through London, in my way to the South of France. I have not the least fear of that scurvy scare-crow death, during summer, even in the North of of England: but, alas, I must change my ground for a winter's campaign: so that before the fogs set in, I shall clatter away to a more southern clime, where he will not have the courage to follow me. Were I to venture

on a winter here, I should never, my friend, see another spring in this world, and all my vagaries would be at rest.

We have been as usual at Crazy, in high spirits, and full enjoyment of all the pleasantry and wit, classical and social, which the lord of the castle has the power, and which is a still better thing, the wish to communicate to all around him.

Full oft, full many a grieving heart
To Crazy Castle doth repair,
Which goes there dragging like a cart,
But leaves it bouncing like a one-horse chair.

I had, however, other things to do, and I am returned home to do them; and if, when they are done, they should prove to your mind, and that of a few others, whose good opinion I most cordially cherish—I shall leave the world to praise or blame me according to its own good pleasure.—I have indeed been sometimes mistreated by it, of which I have a right to complain; because it has been my constant endeavour, in all my writings, to keep it in good humour, not with me, but with itself. Complaint, however, as you well know, is not after my fashion; and I rather prefer to laugh at those things which make some poor souls weep, and look grave for days, weeks, and months together.—It is true that I can look grave in my turn; but not at

what dull, phlegmatic, snarling, silly, prudish people may say or think of me.—While I possess such a friend as you, and a few more whom I could name, it would be base and cowardly in the extreme, to be hurt at the paltry peltings of those who neither know nor understand me.—God knows, I bear them no ill will; on the contrary, I wish them to have more knowledge, and a better understanding, which is, I think, a sufficient proof of my very kind disposition towards them.

So heaven bless you, my good friend, and continue your kind disposition towards

Your most obliged
and affectionate
L. STERNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Take care, Mr. Pic Nic—be cautious, my hearty,
You say or do nothing to hurt Bonaparté;
If you couple his name with a Brutus, or dagger,
Egad! 'tis a crime that will make a man stagger.
For poor Peltier,
Who did it in play,
Had the Counsel, the Lawyer, and Devil to pay.
And if he is confin'd for his innocent story, Ah!
What will become of the Phantasmagoria,
Where mid thunder and lightning,
And all that is fright'ning,
They not only force him to stick to his post,
But cut off his head, and then shew you his ghost?

ZITELLA ABANDONATA.

Imitated from the Italian.

Poor Sylvia, lost forsaken maid,
By faithless vows seduc'd to shame,
At ev'ning sought the lonely glade,
And there bewept her tainted fame:
O'er the cold brook she hung her pensive head,
In sorrows lovely, and thus sighing said:—

"Deep dreary vale, whose waters glide,
Embrown'd in ever-during shade,
Here let your dark recesses hide
The sorrows of a wretch betray'd—
Betray'd by one whom every tie endear'd,
One lov'd with rapture, and with truth rever'd!

"Too weak, alas! did virtue prove,
'Gainst charms still destin'd to prevail:
My heart resign'd its all to love—
'Twas innocent, but yet 'twas frail.
O could my tongue the dire event conceal,
Which time itself now hastens to reveal!

"Fond parents, once my dear delight,
Whom still I've found benign and good;
Your looks, tho' mild, now blast my sight,
Your words, tho' gentle, freeze my blood:
For Ah! what mis'ries must your daughter dread
When soon your curses light upon her head!

"Terror and grief to madness rise,
Despair life's gloomy prospect fills,
Dire phantoms flit before my eyes,
And yet no conscious horror thrills.
No horror thrills, e'en when my guilty mind
Broods o'er a deed that frights all human kind!

"Come then, and take my parting breath,
Avenging ministers of heav'n;
Here let me sleep the sleep of death,
While yet my sins may be forgiv'n:
Crush my foul thoughts, whilst immatur'd by time,
And let my frailty be my only crime."

THE LOVE WANDERER.

Oh, retard me not, father! but far let me roam,
Let me toil on some dreary unciviliz'd shore,
Where oblivion shall shroud the past pleasures of home,
And no object remind me of Frederick more.

Oh! full dear is the mother, my childhood that fed,
And my brothers that round us so artlessly play;
Full dear are ye all;—But since Frederick is dead,
The content of your cottage my tears chase away.

Do not hope that these tear-drops will e'er cease to flow,
Until far from my country and home I'm remov'd:
Here each spot that I stray to, each friend that I know,
Still calls to remembrance the youth that I lov'd.

Even now, as my eyes on your visage repose,
I lament o'er that moment, that moment of bliss!
When you smil'd at the suit of the youth I had chose,
And he claim'd me as bride with a rapturous kiss.

From yon window at eve oft I caroll'd the song
That would greet him as hither he ran o'er the plains;
From yon window I saw him borne dying along,
And now see the church-yard that holds his remains.

Oh my father! remember his agoniz'd form,
And the gash that the bull's horn had rent in his side.
At such sports now no longer the villagers swarm,
But lament for the youth, and record how he died.

Oh! I saw his soul's hope in his uplifted eye;
It despis'd the keen pangs that afflicted life's wane,
When his tortures almost made him anxious to die,
He smil'd lest my fondness should feel for his pain.

When he died—O ye great! your own actions firsr scan;
Then hear the pure words that he spake at his end—
"Thro' my short course of life I have never harm'd man;
"I have ne'er known an enemy, always a friend."

But Oh! let me forget him—far, far, let me roam!
Let me toil on some dreary unciviliz'd shore,
Where oblivion shall shroud the past pleasure of home,
And no object remind me of Frederick more.

When on Chili's bleak hills, or on Africa's sands,
No verdure-clad spot will call home to my mind;
Nor amid the grim savages' barbarous bands
Shall I any resemblance of Frederick find.

Then blest be this spot! blest my kindred and friends!
Long, long, may they sport in life's happiest ray!
Here all that I love, all I reverence, wends,
But from all that I love fate has torn me away.

But chance should time mellow the griefs that I bear,
Compos'd in despair's still and firm settled gloom;
Should my mind, now wild raging, be tranquil for pray'r,
I'll return, and die praying at Frederick's tomb.

R. M

MOLLY's RESOLVE.

Ned says you're fair, I say you're brown—
He says you smile, I say you frown—
Now prithee, which is right?
To suit my answer to your mind,
If true it is that love is blind,
Ye both have lost your sight.

For if on Ned I chance to smile,
You sicken and turn pale the while,
And think I frown on you:
Or when he calls me Molly fair,
I black or brown to you appear,
Or any but the true.

But if you wish my mind to know,
And which the fav rite, Ned or you,
I'll e'en no longer jest,
Ned has his charms, and so have you,
But as I cannot marry two,
First love, they say is best.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I am a very speculating man, and am disposed to believe that the following extraordinary dream might proceed from one or other of the various speculations which employ and sometimes agitate my waking hours. To say the truth, it forms a kind of allegory, which I can apply to several of those schemes wherein I have engaged for the advantage of others, and which have terminated in the loss of

Your very humble servant,
SAMUEL DUPE.

I dreamed that I had formed a plan to establish a bank, where, as in other institutions of a similar nature, all the advantage was to arise from a paper circulation, but of a very

different kind, as to its nature, appearance, and operation, from those transparent symbols of wealth which are objects of such general research, and produce the most powerful effects in every part of the kingdom, and on all ranks and conditions of men. As the object of these is generally material and sensual, I thought that my currency was, on the contrary, to be altogether spiritual and intellectual. The one being calculated, according to their varying characters, to purchase whatever a man may want, from the most vulgar article of appetite, to the proudest object of ambition; while the other was intended to furnish the intellect with every species of amusement and instruction, which it may fancy or require; from a small strip of paper, containing four or six lines, to a considerable volume; and which was to be given in exchange, according to a certain well-contrived tariff, for the more vulgar, negociable paper I have just mentioned.

In short, the grand design of my dream was to establish a Literary Bank; and having engaged with several gentlemen of superior talents and various knowledge, who were as willing as they were qualified, to bring into the concern such portions of understanding and learning as would form an ample capital, I proceeded, as I thought, to make the ne-

cessary preparations for this new and useful undertaking.

For this purpose, as it appeared to me, I had taken a large house in the Adelphi, and had fitted it up with every necessary as well as appropriate convenience, for the accommodation of myself, my partners, and numerous copyists. I had even gone so far as to distinguish each department with proper symbols and notifications, so that there might be no hesitation or confusion among the concourse of people, who were expected to be our customers.

The Epic, Pindaric, and Tragic writers had their places near the ceiling, while those whose genius did not soar above dedications and adulatory addresses, were provided with a carpet on the floor. The composer of love productions was accommodated with a sofa; while the moralists, essayists, and politicians sat at desks of an ordinary form and height. The elegiac bard was placed in a little niche, hung with black; and the table of the satyrist was formed of a grindstone; the speech-maker sat under a sounding-board; while the epigrammatist was not to be stationary, but take the corner of any table that happened to be next to him, when application was made for the produce of his pen.

Such being the plan, I thought every thing

was settled; that the partners were all assembled, and prepared to transact business; in short, that the bank was opened.

The first person that appeared was a little vulgar looking man, who came for a dedication of a spelling-book to one of the Aldermen of London; when, on looking around me, to direct him where to apply, I perceived that every person in the office had suddenly sunk into a deep sleep, except the epigrammatist, who endeavoured to console me with the observation, that I had more sleeping partners than any house in London. I thought, however, as associates of this description must prove my ruin, that it became me to employ every means in my power to awaken them.

I began with my political partner, and I hoped to rouse him, by holding Cobbet's Weekly Journal under his nose; but, after foaming a little at the mouth, and uttering certain incoherent expressions about liberty, the majesty of the people, and the Middlesex election, he sunk again into an irrecoverable stupefaction. To the rest I applied the Galvanic fluid, but with as little success. The epic gentleman just opened his eyes, and having asked an odd question or two about Homer, closed them again, as it appeared, for ever. The Pindaric scribe, after a few irre-

gular starts, fell upon the floor; while the tragic composer roared for a minute, very like a bull, and then resumed his torpid situation. Galvanism had not the least effect on the essayists and moralists; they did not move a muscle; and the speech-writer only moved his tongue, but without the least articulation; while it had a very unexpected effect on the elegiac poet, by making him burst into a loud, but short-liv'd fit of laughter. The fabricator of dedications repeated with a very rapid, but imperfect articulation, "Your most devoted humble servant," three times, and resumed his motionless position. Of the love poet, I had some hopes, for he breathed several long sighs, shed a flood of tears, and laid his right hand upon his heart; but after some interrupted expressions about Amaryllis, flowing tresses, snowy bosoms, and myrtle groves, he grasped one of the cushions of the sofa with somewhat of an hysteric violence, and then sunk into his former insensibility. At this moment, I perceived that the epigrammatist had fallen asleep, by the fire-side;—I also began to feel myself irresistibly oppressed by the same torpid influence, and had actually sunk into a chair; when, at the moment that I dreamed of closing my eyes in sleep—I awoke!

MR. EDITOR,

An intimate friend of mine, a man of prodigious wit, and who has a great concern in one of the winter theatres, has, for some time past, been constantly dinning in my ears an account of this new publication of your's; and from what I have gathered, in our repeated conversations on the subject, you intend it shall have the effect of reviving what is called a taste for learning in the higher circles. What in the name of wonder has the fashionable world been guilty of, that you should endeavour to introduce such an intolerable plague among us? Has not this generation slumbered away these many years in a most delicious state of apathy? Have our brains been ever put to a greater exertion than that of reading a paragraph of a morning paper, or of choosing a pattern for an underwaistcoat, &c.?

What hope then can you have of success in such a ridiculous project? You cannot but see how much I and my friends are interested to oppose you; and my theatrical acquaintance has represented to us so strongly the incredible fatigue we should be obliged to endure, were your plan to be adopted, that it absolutely alarms us. He tells us also, that

the appellation of a man of high fashion would not then depend as it does now (and which I think it ought always to to do), on his curricles, his hunters, his celebrity on the turf, his belonging to the gaming clubs, his summer excursions to watering places, or his winter ones to Leicestershire; not on that dear jargon of bon ton, which we acquire from our infancy; or, what is still more surprising to relate, it would not depend on that inimitable nonchalance, that inattention towards the company one is in, that the young men of fashion so eminently excel in! No, Sir, he declares that instead of what I have mentioned, we should be obliged, in order to be distinguished from the swinish multitude, to furnish our brains with the absurd trash of Milton, Locke, Pope, and many others, whom I recollect to have heard my old grandfather speak of, but of whose works I never read a single line. Consider, Sir, I am near forty years of age, and that I have, ever since I was fifteen, been endeavouring to form my voice to that languid lisp, in which it is necessary for every man of intrigue to pour soft nothings into the ear of the fair one, whom he is endeavouring to persuade to give up to him what she is already pre-determined to surrender. How then shall I ever be able to bellow forth those tones that are fit for read-

ing blank verse, such as I have heard at the Theatres, for I do now and then condescend to visit those places, when I can get into a private box; for you must know it is impossible to go into any other—nobody does. Indeed, my good friend, you must, in pity to us, forego this gothic plan of your's; for if you succeed, all our consequence will be totally annihilated, and we shall be considered with contempt by people whom nobody knows. Take my advice, and instead of filling your pages with philosophy, critiques, and belles lettres, convert part of your pages into a racing calendar, fill others with the account of a long fox chace, and in the rest croud fashionable anecdotes, lists of elopements, and crim. con. trials, with all the et ceteras of high life.

I shall be,
Your friend or not,
As you may deserve,
CHARLES VAPID.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Filial obedience, which is justly considered the duty of both sexes, is peculiarly amiable in females. When I therefore inform you, that I feel within myself an insurmountable

repugnance to complying with a parent's wishes, I fear that I shall receive at your hands reproof instead of encouragement. Let me then hasten to state the reasons upon which my opposition is founded.

My father, who was an officer in the army, died when I was in my infancy, leaving myself and a younger brother to the care of my mother, with a fortune which, however inadequate to procure the luxuries, was fully equal to obtaining the necessaries of life. My brother, when of a proper age, was, by by the kindness of a distant relation, promoted to a situation in India, leaving me the sole remaining object of my mother's affections, who now removed to a small house in the neighbourhood of London. How did my bosom swell with gratitude for her kindness and affection! She placed me, to her great pecuniary inconvenience, at one of the most expensive female seminaries in town, where she called herself twice every week, to superintend my personal improvements. It is impossible to express her zeal, in mentioning to every body the nice discernment I displayed, in changing the step, in the midst of a reel, from Scotch to Irish. On a public day, she never failed to bring a large party of friends, to enjoy the pantomimic representations which are customary upon those occasions.

Feeling as I did the impropriety of my mother's exclusive regard to personal attractions, I yet imputed it all to her fondness for me, and was pleasing myself by anticipating the returns that filial attention would hereafter enable me to make on my coming home; when to my confusion and sorrow, I received the following letter from my mother:

"DEAR LAURA,

"You are now arrived at an age to make some return for my kindness. Your brother writes to me from Bengal, that if you go out to him, your fortune is made. Sally Sharp, who you know embarked under every disadvantage, as she squinted, and was marked with the small-pox, has married a nabob, and has *bargained* to come home for her health, once every four years. I have half ruined myself in your education and outfit; and hope you will requite my goodness, by *getting off* immediately.

Your affectionate mother.

N. B. The ship sails in a month, and I have ordered your clothes to be made in the most elegant style."

I had scarce strength to read this cruel epistle, before I fainted, and was conveyed senseless to my apartment. My governess found me in this situation, and scolded me

for my affectation, wondering for her part, *what the girl would have.* My school-fellows envy me. My mother treats my scruples with anger and contempt; and I have nobody, Sir, to apply to but you.

Let me then conjure you to admit this letter into your paper (which my mother reads), and when she finds that an advocate in the cause of morality has condescended to listen to my complaint, she may perhaps be touched with compassion: or should pity fail to move her, she will probably fear to incur your displeasure, and thus prudence may grant what maternal affection has hitherto denied.——I am, &c.

\+ LAURA.

We most sincerely sympathize with our fair correspondent, and cannot forbear to express our astonishment, that after the repeated examples of the awful consequences attendant on those discordant matches, parents should still be found unprincipled enough to promote them; and that vessels should still sail to India, freighted with female dishonour. It is probable that we shall, in our character of guardians of the public morals, at some future period enlarge upon this topic: at present we shall be content to observe, that they who can make marriage an affair of merchan-

dize, and sacrifice youth and beauty at the shrine of Indian luxury, evince themselves destitute of all honourable pride, and callous to the feelings of humanity.

N°. XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1803.

FRANCE AND ROME.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It is an article of no small curiosity in the political history of man, that a people whose sole delight is novelty, should adopt with servility the titles and distinctions of another race of men, and thus tricked out, vainly arrogate every other attribute which the originals possessed. To a reflecting mind, it cannot but be amusing to observe, with what childish eagerness the *Great Nation* adapts every thing to the names of the Romans; and to carry their delusion to its limits, they have honoured us in their Council of Elders, and their Senates, with the appellation of Carthage; to whose destruction, with *true* Roman ambition, they have repeatedly voted, and to whose ruin, under the reign of Consuls, every puplic memorial alludes. How far the comparison remains just, after allowing for their wishes, is both a curious and a serious enquiry.

As themselves have pointed out the æra in the Roman history, at which they would have us believe them arrived, the time of the destruction of Carthage is the time to which we must attend; and if any clear similarity can be found between the *Romans* and the modern *Gauls*, we then shall have reason to *tremble* at the sameness of *intentions*.

At that period, the Pagan religion was at its meridian of splendour, and however erroneous its principles, a veneration of the profoundest nature was paid to the Deity, under a variety of names. At this time, religion is by all ranks of people in Gaul deemed superstition, and sentiments of piety and resignation to Providence, as criterions of a weak mind.

Chastity in those days, was considered at Rome as a paramount virtue. Virgins and mothers would not have hesitated at death, rather than violation. Adultery, that most heinous sin in civil society, was punished with death; and though divorces were allowed by law, several hundred years elapsed, with scarcely an instance of the privilege being claimed.

But, returning to the Great Nation, it is only wounding modesty to draw this comparison, and it is quite sufficient to observe, that three or four hundred divorces take place

annually, in the city of Paris alone, and that near one third of the children born are illegitimate. Alas! what must be the state of the domestic affections in such a country, and how unlike the Romans, who, if they had no children of their own, adopted those of others, educating them with the same care, and rewarding them with the same love!

Duty to parents was carried to so extreme an extent in Rome, that parents retained for life, the power of shortening the existence of their children: but in Roman hands there was little danger in a custom which we cannot look at without a degree of horror; the more especially when we remark, that during the period of the late revolution, fathers denounced their children, and children their parents, and the crime of incivism was the cant word for the destruction of hundreds.

The *word* of a Roman, either in private or in public life, was a sacred bond, and a subterfuge in politics a disgrace to the senate. The nations that were attached to Rome were protected, and enjoyed all the privileges of the parent city (without being plundered), and the *blessings of freedom* followed the conquest of a country of barbarians—but let it be remembered, that in this I speak only to the time we have chosen for this comparison, in which France has erected a balance that

will find her totally wanting. Nothing can be more needless, than to make a single remark upon this article of good faith and veracity, for he that runs may read, if a proverb may be allowed on a subject so long, and never more truly proverbial.

The private life of a Roman was marked by seriousness, temperance, chastity, parental and connubial affection. His public life, by an uncontroulable determination to maintain the laws and freedom of his country, and to suffer the most exquisite tortures, rather than betray the one or the other. The private life of the *generality* of the Great Nation is levity to folly, intemperance, licentious manners, and total disregard to natural affection. His public life is without a standard, without a parallel, and without a name.

The city of Rome alone is supposed to have contained between seven and eight millions of people. Paris is not equal to London in any point of comparison.

I might carry this compariative view much further, but sufficient has been said to prove that there is not even resemblance enough to warrant the sanguine wishes and hopes of a Frenchman. There is indeed one point in which a common sentiment may be found, and that is, a restless thirst for unbounded conquest. But the one conquered

the world, by possessing all the virtues of man, the other surely cannot hope to do the same by possessing all his vices. Degenerate Rome, under the emperors, may indeed be compared to France, though very fatally for their schemes of ambition, as no child but can tell, that when they lost their virtues, they lost the strength of their power, and at length became ripe for the destruction which finally overwhelmed them.

Did your paper permit, I might extend this view to a comparison between England and Carthage, if to compare two opposites be any comparison; for England only resembles Carthage, in possessing a naval power, and the commerce of the world.* Vain, therefore, are the hopes of a people, founded alone upon their egregious vanity; and though we are unfortunately tainted by their neighbourhood, let us hope that there yet remains amongst us sufficient virtue to avoid their example, and sufficient religion to draw down to our side, the protection of the Almighty, without whose aid fleets and armies, boasting and treachery, will not defend the one, or give success to the other.

W. A RED CROSS KNIGHT.

* The destruction of Carthage may perhaps be delayed till Malta and the Cape be given up.

THE THEATRE.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of July, when Laertes, Clodio, and Eumenes, met on Richmond-hill, to participate in the delight which the fine prospect of "vales, woods, and meandering streams" from that enchanting height, is calculated to afford. The air was calm and serene; a band of music stationed on the walk gave a sort of magic effect to the surrounding view, and the whole scene excited those mixed sensations of gaiety and contemplation which cause the mind to look through nature up to nature's God. Laertes was about to express, in glowing language, his pleasure at the sight, when he was interrupted by the lively Clodio, who had cast his eyes to the left, and caught a view of the pleasant villa to which the "poet of reason" has given so much celebrity. The mind it is well known travels with more rapidity than any thing terrestrial, naval, or aeronautic: Clodio's travelled from the Thames to Pope, from Pope to Cibber, and thence to Cibber's Apology, in less time than I have taken to describe it. "Laertes!" exclaimed he, "you know what a worshipper of the drama I am, and how much I prefer the

scenery of a Theatre to what is called the magnificence of nature. How wise was old Solomon when he discovered (rather late in life perhaps) that there is nothing new under the Sun. The book which I now take from my pocket (in saying which he produced the aforesaid Apology) was written by as clever a fellow as ever strutted in buskins. Allow me to turn to that part in which he mentions the erection of a new theatre in the Haymarket, under the direction of Sir John Vanbrugh and Mr. Congreve; and mark with what exactness the sapient manager of new Drury has imitated the blunders of his predecessors, however he may have overlooked their merits." Clodio accompanied these words by the necessary action.

An English multitude is a great admirer of the *theory* of liberty; but if in a public place any invidual ventures on the *practice* of it, by departing in any respect from the eſtablished routine, he is as much stared at as if he had dropped from the Moon. The three friends now began to be in this latter predicament: the singular and impassioned manner of Clodio had drawn great part of the company around him, who listened in silence while Clodio read as follows:—

" As to the house, they had not yet discovered that almost every proper quality and

convenience of a good theatre had been sacrificed or neglected, to shew the spectator *a vast triumphal piece of architecture*; and that the best play, for reasons I am going to offer, could not but be under great disadvantages, and be less capable of delighting the auditor *here*, than it could have been in *the plain theatre they came from.* For what could their vast columns, their gilded cornices, their *immoderate high roofs* avail, when *scarce one word in ten could be distinctly heard in it.* Nor had it then the form it now stands in, which necessity, two or three years after, reduced it to. At the first opening of it, the flat ceiling that is now over the ochestra was then a semi-oval arch that sprung fifteen feet higher from above the cornice: the ceiling over the pit too was still more raised, being one level line from the highest back part of the upper gallery to the front of the stage: the front boxes were a continued semi-circle to the bare walls of the house on each side. This extrordinary and superfluous space occasioned such an undulation from the voice of every actor, that generally what they said sounded like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty aisles of a cathedral. The tone of a trumpet, or the swell of an eunuch's holding note, 'tis true, might be sweetened by it, but the articu-

late sounds of a speaking voice were drowned by the hollow reverberations of one word upon another."

"Your quotation, Clodio," said Laertes, "is extremely appropriate, and I am much astonished, that with such an example on record, the proprietors of the New Theatre, in Drury-lane, should have committed such a fatal error." "I never," exclaimed Eumenes, "enter that building without the tribute of a sigh to the memory of its humble but classical predecessor. The pleasure I enjoyed there fifteen years ago, in witnessing, the representation of the plays of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Congreve, is but poorly recompensed by listening to the sing-song of an Opera, or starting at the splendor of Blue beard and Pizarro. The actor, who should be hardy enough to confine himself to the natural pitch of his voice, would scarcely be heard by the third row of the pit. The necessary consequence of which is, that our Tragedies are a mixture of ranting and pageantry, and our Comedies speaking pantomimes." "An ingenious critic," rejoined Laertes, "has styled an Opera 'the most monstrous of all dramatic absurdities.' If that was his opinion at a time when such pieces as the Beggars' Opera, the Maid of the Mill, Love in a village, and Lionel and Cla-

rissa were in representation, what would he say to the musical productions of the present day? The airs in those Operas were at least introduced with an appearance of nature. The lady, the lover, the milk-maid, sung their sorrows in eppropriate strains set to appropiate music. But at present, lady, lover, and milk-maid, all aim at exhibiting the most elaborate specimens of the composer's art; and but for their dress (which by the bye is sufficiently unappropriate too) the audience would be puzzled to distinguish the sighs of love from the din of war."

"You will never," said Clodio, "be free from the absurdities you have mentioned, till my scheme is carried into effect." "Your scheme!" said Eumenes, with a smile, "and prithee what may that be?" "A third Theatre," replied Clodio, "of a nature totally distinct from the pageantry of the one, and the buffoonery of the other. Consider how a play is at present treated. The prologue is drowned in the cry of 'hats off—silence—turn him out,' &c. The first act is almost rendered a scene of inexpressible dumb shew, from the opening and shutting of the box doors, to admit those polite personages who have not been able to escape from the duties of dinner before. The second and third acts have a chance of being heard, but

after that period, the confusion occasioned by the admission at half price, puts order and decorum at defiance. A race of beings enter the Theatre, warm from the tavern, ignorant of the ground-work and merits of the piece, and disposed to riot.

> Numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
> Indocti stolidique et depugnare parati.

To remedy these great and glaring defects, I would have a third Theatre erected in a centrical part of the town, Lincoln's-Inn for instance; at which the representation should begin at eight o'clock; an hour that would be far more convenient to all ranks of people than the present gothic period of half past six. Let it not be said that the town is not sufficiently large to fill three Theatres—the fact is plainly otherwise. If by chance, which it must be confessed does not often occur, a play is produced a little above the common level, the mighty overflow, which is the sure consequence, proves that a third Theatre, conducted with an ordinary portion of talent and impartiality, would be extremely well attended. In my imaginary Theatre, the greatest care should be taken in the proper distribution of parts. Under the present management at Drury-lane, the characters in plays seems to be a sort of tontine for the benefit of

survivors. Each actor marches in regular order according to seniority, without the slightest regard to capability: a system which in my institution should be utterly abolished. Merit should with me be the sole passport to distinction and favour. Under these regulations, I have no doubt that the age of buffoonery and blue-beard would pass away; men of talents would exert themselves to write for the stage, and a taste for genuine Comedy gradually take place."

Clodio here finished his harangue—Eumenes shook his head—Laertes said, "It was a a consummation devoutly to be wished"—and the three friends, by the light of the Moon, retired to their respective habitations.

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LETTER VII.

Sir,

Notwithstanding the disappointment (with an account of which I finished my last letter) did not fail to make some impression on me, I plumed myself not a little on the extent of the influence which I had established over the philosophers of those times. So much did I feel interested in the various systems adopted by my pupils, that it was not without a sensible mortification I beheld them at once sub-

verted by the introduction of the doctrines of Christianity. For a while I discontinued my visits to that part of the world, which was now illuminated with rays, amid which I expected to see the glories of my disciples lost, like those of my parent planet, in the presence of the sun: but soon, recovering my confidence, I renewed my visits to the European kingdoms; and, in the gloomy recesses of many a venerable monastery, in the refectories and halls of many a boastful university, had the happiness to find Christians, to whom none of the tenets of my Pagan disciples appeared too wild to be adopted. I could, indeed, find few among them of sufficient genius to deserve that I should take the trouble of inventing for them any thing original; but they were satisfied, and so was I on their behalf, with the mystic worlds of Plato, and the endless labyrinth of the Aristotelian school; and I could not but admire the much greater height of extravagance to which they carried their ideas, than had ever been thought of by the masters, whose scholars they so liberally professed themselves to be.

To let you into a secret respecting my management, I will confess to you, that my principal exploits have been conducted chiefly by the due employment of the attribute called

dullness. As I shall have occasion to enter into further details on this subject, I shall, for the present, merely say, that dullness, when fairly put into action, and laudably encouraged, seldom fails to exalt absurdity into madness. In the prosecution of the great undertaking now before me, it was of singular utility, as it worked in two ways, both of them greatly to my advantage; namely, as an active principle, operating on the mass of mankind, and as a recipient, wherein might be concocted all the absurdity which the diligence of my new disciples could collect. I took care, therefore, to give it ample room and verge enough, and the event completely justified my hypothesis. The consequence was, the production of such a degree of density of intellect, that men, no longer able to see their way, resorted to the first guide that undertook to lead them. They gave themselves up to Credulity, who led them, as the foul fiend did poor TOM, through brakes and briars, bogs and pools, till she consigned them to her daughter Superstition, who now boldly stept into the throne of Reason, and promoted Priest-craft to be her prime minister. They lost no time in effectually overshadowing the truth, by shutting up the main sources of information, and enveloping every thing which could op-

pose the extension of their sway in impenetrable mystery, and more than Egyptian darkness. Their first great stroke was to prohibit the reading of the scriptures, the doctrines of which militated so decidedly against my plans; and when they had succeeded in doing this, they found no great difficulty in putting an end to reading altogether. As soon as I had thus reduced all the world, except my own particular disciples, to a state of necessary ignorance, I lost no time in bringing forward the projects which I had been at so much pains to frame. By a single turn of my lanthorn, I metamorphosed a simple Bishop of Rome into the Governor of the world; I clapt a triple crown upon his head, and put a parcel of keys into his hand, endowed with the marvellous property of opening the gates of heaven, hell, and purgatory. As I persuaded mankind that he had unlimited power in all these places, there was little difficulty in bringing them to believe, that on him alone depended their future expectations; and as they were taught that even the best could never be translated at once to heaven, so they were brought to a conviction, that they stood a fair chance of going to hell, unless he should be graciously pleased to reprieve them, and allow them a longer or shorter time of purification in purgatory. This point, once

established, speedily brought forward two others, of high import for the furtherance of my view—the replenishing of the papal treasury by the sale of indulgencies, by virtue of which, the periods of this disagreeable purgation were shortened; and the complete temporal sovereignty of the humble bishop over all sorts and conditions of men. For, as resistance to papal authority induced the consequence of being excluded from papal aid, it became easy to persuade the world, that any one who refused obedience to it, forfeited all hope of future salvation; and as this doctrine was enforced by the temporal penaltiesof excommunication, all worldly prosperity became equally dependent on it. Nor were the modest successors of this bishop backward in availing themselves of these advantages. In the hands of Pope GREGORY especially, they became irresistible weapons; and there is no telling you the extent of my gratification, when I saw this humblest servant of the servants of GOD, trampling on the necks of princes; when I beheld kings holding his bridle, and emperors prostrating themselves for his footstool.

For the present farewel,

Your assured friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

From the first appearance of your paper, I was exceedingly solicitous for its success. I considered you as engaged in the important undertaking of correcting the taste and morals of the age. With great candour, I will acknowledge that I have been disappointed. Your articles in general are much too frivolous. They do not attack the great leading vices or follies of the times. I have however been hitherto induced to continue your paper, as you led me to hope that you would at length assume the character which you claim, as guardian of the public morals. But when in your last number I saw a letter signed G. W. which, besides being an incoherent rhapsody, avowedly defends the modern practice of the fashionable world, of continuing their routs and assemblies on Sundays, under the pretext of concerts (a flimsy pretext, which begins already to be deemed unnecessary) when I saw a letter, attempting to justify so flagrant a violation of the sabbath, I confess to you, Mr. Editor, that I began to despair of seeing your paper render any service to the cause of morality. Allow me further to recommend to you a close imitation of the invaluable paper, which

appeared only for a single session of parliament, under the title of the Anti-jacobin. It is not to be expected that you should devote so much room, as the conductors of that paper were, from the nature of their plan, obliged to do, to political subjects.—But a little more attention to those subjects than you have hitherto bestowed, would, I conceive, be useful; particularly in exposing the falsehoods, mistepresentations, and artifices of faction. Besides, a wide field is opened to you, by that new philosophy, which the Anti-jacobin combated so manfully, but which you have not attacked, except in your articles upon French Literature; and our present dreadful state of moral depravity furnishes abundant topics of useful reprehension. Surely, when so much important work remains to be done, the frivolous effusions of some of your correspondents are at best unseasonable. From the manner in which this friendly expostulation is received, I shall form my ultimate conclusions respecting the real design and character of your paper. Hoping however that you will still act with energy, and effect the part of a *censor morum*,

I remain, Sir, &c.

A WELL WISHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Although I am not one of the " infallibiles eternæ sapientiæ consultores" at the election of a new pope, yet having read a little, seen a little, and remembering a little, I may occasionally become a correspondent, as I see your invitation is general, from a Lord Silly, to a lady's maid, or butler. At present I shall not detain you longer than to know, if you do not think the satirical rogue who wrote the following character of women, deserved a whipping with nettles?

A FEMALE ENTHUSIAST.

La donna ride quando puole
Et piange quando vuole.
Le Donne quasi tutte
Per parer belle si fanno brute.
La Donna e come il Christallo
Se ella urta da in fallo.
Donna, che parlamenta
E come una piazza mezza spenta.
Femina e Vento
Si cambiano in un momento.

RICHES AND LEARNING.

Some say that riches are better than learning,
For they will find payment
For victuals and raiment,
And keep a good fire in your kitchen a burning.

Now some say that learning is better than riches;
That when money has vanish'd,
And friendship has banish'd,
'Midst all your misfortunes, still learning bewitches.

As for me I have neither, and so I may chatter,
And bother the hearer,
Without being nearer,
Or knowing a particle more of the matter.

But I must observe one thing, which seems rather funny,
That those who have learning,
Are so far from spurning,
That they like to pay court to, the men who have money! H.

IMITATION OF COWPER.

Whene'er I wish, my lovely maid,
A tribute to thy virtues paid,
Then Poetry shall lend her aid,
Eliza.

Pensive and sad, I breathe the strain,
To tell each beauty o'er again—
Reflection well nigh mads my brain,
Eliza!

Oft, when my slumb'ring head has press'd
The tear-dew'd down, in hopes of rest,
With anxious thoughts of thee possest,
Eliza;

Thy guardian vision has been near,
Thy hand has wip'd the starting tear;
The kindred task to thee was dear,
Eliza.

This little ringlet of thy hair,
Which ever near my heart I wear,
Is pledge that thou art mistress there,
Eliza.

If e'er in gayer scenes I move,
This lock shall bind me to my love,
And ev'ry hair a fetter prove,
Eliza.

Could I forget that parting hour
When first the storm began to low'r,
Allotted by the unseen Pow'r,
Eliza—

When hanging o'er thy pallid cheek
My beating heart did well nigh break,
Thro' sobs I strove in vain to speak,
Eliza!

And fated to a distant spot,
Without thy aid to cheer my lot,
I live by all but thee forgot,
Eliza!

A. W. L.

TRANSLATION,

By Mr. G.

Author of 'Maxims, Reflections, and Characters.'

Si vous voulez que j'aime encore,
Rendez moi l'age des amours;
Joignez, s'il se pent, l'amour,
Au crepuscule de mes jours.

Me to love's joys would you invite,
Then shew me love's forgotten way,
Then join to the cold gloom of night
Vivacious morning's gladd'ning ray.

From the gay rapture of that scene
Where festive mirth prolongs the day;
From Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen
Alas! Time beckons me away.

Since old, then let him make me sage,
And teach me well myself to know.
Who joins the wings of love to age,
Adds wretchedness to age's woe.

Let me quit life's voluptuous plan,
And Reason's dictates once believe:
Two moments make the life of man—
One then to wisdom let me give.

That twice we die, too well I know—
To cease to love, and cease to please,
This, this is death in all its woe;
To cease to live is peace and ease.

'Twas thus, in sad reflection lost,
I linger'd still on pleasure's ground;
Still loth to quit the flow'ry coast,
Tho' there for me no flow'r was found:

When lo! with decent lively mien,
Soft Friendship caught my wand'ring sight;
She seem'd to vie with beauty's Queen,
And shone more placid, tho' less bright.

Enamour'd with her modest grace,
The beams of comfort o'er me shone;
I follow'd her with willing pace,
But sigh'd—*to follow her alone.*

LINES

Addressed to Charlotte, on her excelling in making Artificial flowers.

Rear'd by fair Charlotte's skilful hand,
As if by some magician's wand,
See living flow'rs rejoice:
To shape in nature's mould the rose,
Progressive as it buds and blows,
Is her well fancy'd choice.

Though of that rose's vivid hue
And form to nicest models true,
All in encomiums speak;
Inferior are its worth and pow'r,
To those of the transcendant flow'r
That blooms upon her cheek.

Still one rose more be't mine to sing;
May this through each revolving spring,
Fair Charlotte's breast adorn;
May this through winter's dreary chills,
Protect my much-lov'd girl from ills—
The rose without a thorn.

Too proud to deal in flatt'ry's strain,
But, in decisive numbers plain,
Thus I my praise impart:
In her a mother I retrace,
Her's is almost as fair a face,
And excellent a heart.

Think not that selfish I would claim,
From thee, dear girl, a fonder name,
Than that of stedfast friend;
Though fits of passion there you view,
My bosom beats to friendship true,
And constant to the end.

Whatever ills invade my breast,
While seated here, I feel at rest,
And stifled is each groan;
Nature, to thee this truth I state,
And thus I thee congratulate—
Fair Charlotte's all thy own.

Still may she 'neath thy banners thrive,
And from thy sacred fount derive,
Her virtue, beauty, glee.
Thy colours, Art, she scorns to wear,
A pattern to the British fair,
An enemy to thee.

P. W.

THE INNOVATOR.

[Continued.]

Nil non permittit mulier sibi. *Juvenal.*

The marriage being solemnized, and all fashionable rules on such an occasion being duly observed, Alsiosus and his bride returned to the pleasures of London. They immediately took possession of an extensive and splendid mansion. Gorgeous liveries were procured for their servants, and Alsiosus permitted Rufilla to launch into every kind of expence. She now eclipsed every body, wore the most diamonds in the ball-room, rode in the gayest carriage in the morning, and squandered the most money at the card-table. Alsiosus indolently pursued the rou-

tine of fashion, went wherever he was invited, lounged vacantly through routs and ball-rooms every night, never danced, conversed little, and deceived himself into a belief that such occupations were the height of pleasure. Gaming, from his mother's former reiterated lectures upon it, he dreaded. To Drink, from the regular set he lived with, who were mostly old men of his mother's acquaintance, he had no temptation. He therefore lived in the tip-top style of fashionable ſtupidity, while Rufilla, who had taken care to secure a good sum of pin-money by the marriage articles, sported in every entertainment the gayest of the gay. Alsiosus she entirely disregarded, except that now and then she made him visit with her in the morning, and occasionally " chaperone" her to some assembly, to shew there was no dislike on his side, and silence all scandal that might arise if they never appeared together.

Stultilla, soon after her arrival in London, had unhappily perceived, that she was no longer fit for dissipation. Her age, and the regular life she had of late years led in the country, had totally disqualified her for luxury and late hours; a severe illness therefore soon drove her back to the retirement of Alsiosus' country-house. He was consequently quite left to himself—half the morn-

he slept, and the rest he picked his teeth and spit in the fire, glanced over the crack novel of the day, cantered up Hyde Park, or sauntered down Bond-street. In the evening he went to some assembly, just acknowledged his friends with a nod, and looked about him till the late hour of night, mostly the early hour of morning, reminded him of bed.

Now that mothers and daughters no longer hoped for his alliance, and fathers and sons found the best introduction to his house and entertainmeuts was the friendship of Rufilla, he was invited to most routs upon the same plan as baskets of artificial flowers are placed on a dinner table, to fill up a vacant space without benefiting or injuring those who behold them.

But now, to make use of a fashionable phrase, the season was ended; and the watering places and the country seats resounded with all the gaiety of London. A letter from Stultilla turned the wishes of Alsiosus to his own country-house, and Rufilla glowed at the idea of astonishing the country with her accomplishments. In a short time they arrived. The bells were rung, the village was illuminated, the oxen were roasted, the gentry were entertained, and the peasantry were drunk. Stultilla was transported with delight: Rufilla shone forth in consci-

ous superiority like a diamond on a dung-hill, even Alsiosus was involuntarily merry, while he wondered what had happened to him. But soon the revelry ceased, and was succeeded by the uniform tranquillity of a country life. This Rufilla endured with some cheerfulness for a little time, though the daily walk with Stultilla, or occasional ride with her husband, the visits of pious country curates, and unaccomplished gentlemen farmers, were by no means congenial to her disposition. At length she proposed an excursson to some watering place; but Alsiosus had no intention to quit his present mode of life. He perceived that the solitary woods and vales of the country were more suited to his indolent walks, than the bustle of the streets. He felt more at ease in the evening, seated in an arm-chair in his own drawing-room, than when he was crouded and hustled in the corner of a noisy assembly-room. He therefore neither assenting nor refusing, disregarded Rufilla's proposal at first, and in three days forgot it. Months passed drowsily on, and Rufilla daily saw in the papers magnificent accounts of the entertainments going on in London. Her wishes, her entreaties, her anger, were all in vain. Alsiosus remained fixed, like the Sloth to the tree he has ascended. At length Rufilla procured a letter from

Lupaurea, insisting upon her immediate return to towu for particular family reasons. This moved not Alsiosus, but he permitted his wife to go without the slightest demur; indeed it is probable he never would have opposed her departure alone, had it been mentioned to him.

Rufilla now determined fully to make up for the pleasures she had lost by her residence in the country. Alsiosus read with indifference frequent accounts of the fêtes given at his own house, and at his own expence. He never troubled himself with his steward's accounts, so the enormous bills that Rufilla contracted were paid without discussion. She pursued her course through the whole season; at the end of which a letter arrived to say she was gone to Brighthelmstone with a party, and intended to stay the summer. At the end of summer another letter announced her return to town. Alsiosus had no objection to her absence, though he still thought he loved her, till he was roused by hearing that Rufilla had eloped with Nitidus, a very handsome young nobleman of great fortune. For the first time in his life Alsiosus was enraged, but in a short time recovered his placid temper, and looked forward to the justice of the law. The elopement had so great an effect on the health and spirits of Stultilla, who had been declining

for some time, that she died shortly afterwards. Alsiosus was for a little while really afflicted, but his natural apathy soon returned. However he felt a sensible want of his mother's company, and therefore came to town determined to mix again in the world.

The trial now came on, and Alsiosus, with the greatest anxiety he could feel, looked forward to revenge upon the seducer of his wife. The counsel for Nitidus laid the whole stress of his case upon the character of Alsiosus, which he made every effort to blacken. His disregard of Rufilla when first married, and his perfect neglect of her for two years, were set forth, and commented upon in the ſtrongest manner. These were facts not be denied. The judge pronounced a severe philippic against Alsiosus, for "suffering a wife so young to stand so long unprotected in the very nursery of vice and seduction." This was naturally followed by a verdict the most unfavourable to Alsiosus. He was not more angry than surprised to find, that "having no objection" was a crime. He immediately retired indignant to his country-seat; sold his house in town, his carriages and implements of fashionable luxury, and for ever abandoned the gay world. However some companion was necessary in the place of Stultilla, who might converse with him sometimes,

undertake the ordering of his dinner, and other occupations, which he was too indolent to do for himself. His unlucky marriage made him suppose that he never could be happy in that state, so in order, as he thought, to enjoy all the comforts of matrimony without its chains he associated with his housekeeper. She in a short time gained as complete an ascendancy over him as ever Stultilla possessed.

Thus Alsiosus passed the rest of his life in the negative state he always had a predilection for; not unhappy, because he had no cause for sorrow; nor happy, because he had no pleasure; unknown to his neighbours, unbeloved by the poor; he died at an advanced age, leaving the estates of his noble and ancient house, which his ancestors had acquired by valour, wisdom, and virtue, to be divided among three illegitimate children, the offspring of one of his servants.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

That the times are altered, that manners are changed, and that if our grandfathers were to peep out of their graves they would not know their posterity, or even recognise their former habitations, are truths too evident to

admit the least difference of opinion concerning them. Novelty is no longer confined to the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the tailor, but seems to have become a science of universal ſtudy and application. It is not the man of faſhion alone who indulges a taſte for variety, and turns the manſion of his anceſter as it were out of the windows: the young tradeſman is now influenced by the ſame propenſity; and on ſucceeding to his maſter's buſineſs, inſtead of endeavouring to preſerve the appearance as well as character of the ſhop, he feels a pride in giving it a new form and figure, ſo that the habitual cuſtomers are ſometimes at a loſs to diſcover it.

This paſſion for novelty forms a ſubject that might furniſh various topics of uſeful reflection; but I ſhall at preſent confine myſelf to one of them—to the all-prevailing mode of ſelf recommendation, known by the inſignificant term of *puffing*.

At a former, but no very diſtant period, this practice was confined to the buſineſs of an auctioneer. The profeſſors of the wooden hammer, in order to appear diſintereſted parties between their employers and the public, did not chuſe, when any article under ſale was going for leſs than its appointed value, to add the character of a bidder to their own; they therefore took care to have cer-

tain persons in attendance to advance upon the lagging articles, in order to force them up to their assigned value, or to prevent their being in reality sold beneath it. These characters were called *puffers*, and for a long time monopolized that distinguished title: at length, however, the profession is become universal, and we hear and see the practice of it every hour and every where,

The newspapers, however, are now become the general vehicles of the puffing art; and here is a very remarkable example of the varying nature of human affairs. I am old enough, Sir, to remember the time, when official men, authors, auctioneers, quack doctors, bankrupts, and condemned criminals, were the only persons, except in the business of birth, marriage, and death, whose names were given to the world in the public prints. A tradesman would then have thought the insertion of his name in a newspaper to be little better than the appearance of it in the Gazette. Indeed, so great was the odium attendant on such a circumstance, that when Doctor Rock, not yet forgotten as a convenient medical character on Ludgate-hill, stood as a candidate for the honours of a common-councilman of the ward in which he lived, he was most violently and successfully opposed, not because he was an empiric, and had been a

porter and a mountebank; but because he suffered his name, his medicines, and his professional success, to be advertised daily in the public papers. This prejudice, however, has long been declining, and at length entirely evaporated—nay, it is by publishing their names, qualifications, &c. &c. in every possible manner and form, that people of all ranks and professions hope to rise into notice, wealth, and importance. Celebrity seems, at this period of refinement, to be attached to the paragraphs of a newſpaper.

Mrs. Cornelys, of pleasureable memory, first, I believe, reduced the business of puffing to a system, and actually kept a writing-puffer in her service at a considerable salary. *Mr. Katterfelto* succeeded that lady; but he wrote his sublime puffs himself, and only employed a scribe to translate them into English. The practice they established is now universally adopted; and I have been aſſured, from a very respectable authority, than an ingenious literary gentleman was on the point of establishing a manufactory for puffs, to supply the current wants of every day, and of every character, rank, and profession; from a first minister to a chimney-sweeper; from a reigning beauty, to a maid of all work; from a public treaty, to a private dance; and from an Eidouranion, to a save-

all: but unfortunately this very gentleman, being suddenly taken ill, applied for relief to a medicine which he had himself puffed in various forms as an universal specific, and was found dead in his bed the morning after he had taken it.

I shall not, at present, intrude further upon your paper. At some future time I may, Sir, with your permission, offer you some considerations on a practice which is not only ridiculous but disgraceful, and appears to be a symptom of decline in our national taste, manners, and character.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
OLD SQUARE TOES.

N°. XIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1803.

POLITICS.

WE cannot but adopt the general opinion, that the paper inserted in the Hamburgh Correspondenten of the 30th of last month, by the interference and threats of the French minister, must be regarded as a manifesto of the First Consul, against the crown and government of these united kingdoms; and whether we consider the mode of its production, or the character of its composition, we do not hesitate to pronounce it an astonishing example of insolence, folly, and falsehood. The act of employing hostile menace to compel the press of a foreign and independent state to publish and circulate audacious libels against a power at peace with it, and whose friendship it must be its first wish to preserve, is sinning in such an extreme degree against those principles which have so long governed the civilized part of the world, that it becomes the duty as well as the interest of every power in it, to unite against such a daring and dangerous invasion of the rights of nations.

When we read in this manifesto, that "from the sudden appearance of the King's message to Parliament, people doubted whether it was the effect of treachery, of insanity, or of weakness;" we acknowledge, that our astonishment at the extreme folly of his mind who dictated the accusation, blends with the contempt and derision that predominates in our own.

A great character may be hurried away by passion, or blinded by resentment: his reason may suffer a temporary perversion; but there will be dignity, not only in his errors, but in his follies; he is incapable of employing low, base, vulgar means, to attain his objects, or gratify his emotions; he may be unjust, but he will never have recourse to anonymous calumny. By employing the columns of a public, and particularly of a foreign print, to announce its displeasure against a nation whom it dreads, the French government has sunk into such a state of degradation, that the fertile imagination of the First Consul cannot improve upon it. The *Moniteur*, with all its habitual servility must feel an equal degree of envy and surprise, that a newspaper of a German town should be actually forced, by the most extraordinary and unexampled means, into a state of requisition, to calumniate the English government, while its own scribes

are daily languishing, and have given such repeated proofs of their accomplishments, for that honourable office.

When the same paper states, "that after the peace the French government directed its intentions solely to the re-establishment of its colonies," we know not how to describe the folly, as well as audacity of affronting Europe with such a falsehood. When the French government so arbitrarily interfered in the new arrangement of Germany, was it with a view to benefit the colonies? When it bullied and intrigued for a Dutch loan, was it with the design to purchase stores, provisions, or necessaries for the colonies? When Sebastiani was sent into Egypt, was his mission appointed for the sake of the colonies? And was it with a view to colonial improvements, that Switzerland was subjugated, and its inhabitants deprived of their liberties? The First Consul may treat the rest of Europe with contempt; but it is this country which he fears. He never looks across the British Channel, but, in some way or other, he betrays his apprehensions; and though he may play upon the vanity, or address himself to the prejudices of the French people, we very much doubt whether his opinions and conduct respecting Great Britain, are approved by any classes of them, except the five hundred thousand armed

men, of whom he makes so proud a boast, and by whose sword he maintains his power.

The denial of this printed emissary of the French government, " that there are any preparations in the ports of France and Holland of such a magnitude as to be a ground of alarm to England," forms a very heavy accusation against those who direct the councils of this country. We cannot, however, be persuaded, for a moment, that ministers would have alarmed the nation, without full and sufficient reasons. It is highly improbable that they should have advised the King to declare what they are unable to prove. It would, indeed, be treating them with great injustice, to be influenced in our opinions by such a lying record. On the contrary, we, who approve their silence at the present moment, have not the least doubt, when they come to explain their conduct, that they will appear to have supported the honour, and maintained the interests of the British empire.

ON THE SITUATION OF THE *FRENCH FINANCES.*

The French minister of Finances (Gaudin), the minister of the national treasury (Barbé-

Marbois), and the counsellor of state (Crétet), have of late presented to the government, the legislative body, and the nation at large, voluminous reports on the subject of the French finances, which form fixty-four pages in folio, close letter-press, as an appendix to the Moniteur. This publication seems to have for its object, to strike foreign nations, and this country in particular, with amazement and terror at the flourishing state of the finances of the republic. We have taken no small pains in examining those numerous, perplexed, and confused accounts; and the following statement we believe to be a correct extract, and the substance of their budget for this year.

The receipts and expences of the year 10 (1802) were estimated at 500 millions; or, at 25 livres per pound, 20 millions of our currency: it seems that these sums have been balanced pretty nearly; but we do not see, in the statement of the receipts of that year, the item called *recette extérieure*, viz. the contributions laid upon the foreign countries; though that article is stated in the receipts of the year 9 at 22 millions of livres (880,000l. sterling), and for the year 11, at 20 millions (800,000l. sterling.) The receipts of the year 11 are estimated at 589

millions and a half, and the expences at the same sum.

The prncipal articles of expence are the dividendsof the national debt, and the annuities, which amount to 64 millions (2,560,000l. sterling), which said dividends are only the third part of what they amounted to before the revolution; the expences of the war department amounting to 243 millions (9,720,000l.) those of the navy, 126 millions (5,040,000l. sterling); and those of the several departments, amongst which we observe the pensions to be 20 millions (or 800,000l. sterling), the discounts of anticipations, 9 millions (or 360,000l. sterling) and a *fond de réserve* of 8 millions (or 320,000l. sterling.)

The sums necessary for balancing that expenditure, are to be found, according to the opposite estimate, in the produce of the several contributions to be levied upon the people, excepting 20 millions, for the abovementioned *recette extérieure.*

As no particulars are given of the several foreign contributions, forming that *recette extérieure*, it may be fairly presumed to be the double or the treble; there being no possibility of ascertaining the quota of each vassal government, so well squeezed by their good friend and ally, *la République, protectrice du*

monde. We cannot dismiss this subject, without recalling to the attention of our readers a fact which we know to have taken place last year. Barbé-Marbois, the minister of the treasury, was to receive, in virtue of the stipulation of a treaty, a considerable instalment from the Portuguese government. He had taken his measures in consequence; but applying one day to the Portuguese minister, he was not a little surprised, when a receipt of the said instalment, signed by the First Consul himself, was presented to him. This may account for no *extérieure recette* being to be found in the accounts of the year 10.

As there are certain articles of expenditure, which the reader is no doubt eager to know—we mean the expences of the new government, we looked to them with a particular degree of curiosity; but we could not find them in the estimates of the year 11, being comprehended with many others in a general article; but the accounts of the years 9 and 10 being made up, we discovered that in the year 9 the said charges were extremely moderate, the expences of the Consuls amounting only to 1,377,000 livres or (55,000l. sterling, and the tribunate, legislative body, and council of state, only to 1,030,000 livres, or 41,000l. sterling—a very cheap government, indeed! so cheap as might induce us to sup-

pose this to be a mis-statement. But in the year 10 (1802) the year when St. Cloud was fitted up with so much magnificence, we read in the accounts that the salary and secret expences of the Consuls amounted to 5,327,200 livres (or 213,000l. sterling.) The senate, which was not mentioned in the year 9, is brought into account, for a sum not less than 1,686,000 livres. The wages of those most noble independent peers of the French realm being now paid out of the treasury, the counsellors of state, tribunals, and legislators, have cost in that year 5 millions and a half: the whole amounting to more than 12 millions (or 480,000l. sterling.)

The modest expence of the Consul might, however, create some astonishment, had we not seen in a corner of the third supplement to No. 174, that there were 10 millions of *unforeseen expences*, upon which the Ministers of the finances, and the Minister of foreign relations, had a credit, independent of the sum fixed by the estimates for the service of their department.—This may account for it.

In the year 10, there was a credit of 300 millions of anticipations (something like our Exchequer bills) granted to the treasury, in order to provide for the exigencies of the treasury, and supply any deficiency or delay

in the produce of the contributions. In the year 11, a similar credit (but of 400 millions instead 300) has been opened on the contributions of the year 1804 in favour of the treasury. This proves clearly that there is a deficiency of 100 millions, or a difference expected in the receipts for that sum. But as it was necessary to make the people swallow the pill, they have made a pompous boast, that such was the flourishing state of the finances, that it was possible to make an abatement of 10 millions, or of one shilling in the pound, of the land tax—that is to say, let me borrow 100 millions more than the preceding year, and I will allow you for your complaisance a bonus of 10 per cent. upon the contributions!

It is said, that for the service of this year the bankers of the government, the GOLDSMIDS of Paris, have agreed to discount the Exchequer bills of Buonaparte at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.—How do they prove this to be the fact? they give a statement of the discounts paid during the year 10, at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$—$1\frac{3}{4}$—and 1 per cent. per month, for bills having from two to ten months to run.—This is what they call a flourishing state of national credit. (At the time of the battle of Marengo, the discount of bills of the same sort was at the rate of 5 per cent. per month.)

It is not in our power to state with precision the actual rate of the credit of government in France; but knowing from unquestionable authority, that the discount of anticipations in the best times of the monarchy, under M. Neckar himself, though fixed at 5 per cent. per ann. amounted nevertheless, with the commissions and accommodations, to 7 or 8 per cent. and often to 9: we doubt not but the discount will be as high in the year 11 as it was in the year 10.

This we give only as a sketch, leaving to Sir Francis D'Ivernois to explode and unravel the whole with his usual accuracy and discrimination.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have received and perused several reports of the Tribunes and Counsellors of State to the Legislative Body, in the progress of framing the budget into a law. The expences of the Consuls have been fixed at 50.000l. for the Second and Third Consuls; and the civil list of his majesty the First Consul is brought to the sum of 6 millions of livres (or 250,000l. sterling). When it is considered that the French ambassadors are paid out of another fund; that there are large sums allowed for the secret services of the Consuls, and the administrative expences of government; that the produce of the contributions of the gambling houses

(100,000l.) goes directly to the pockets of Monsieur and Madame Buonaparte, and that great part of the *recette exterieure* arrives to their shrine from abroad, it will be found that the amiable couple is much richer than our beloved and respected Sovereigns.—What a fine dream for the son of an Italian village attorney!

THE THEATRE.

Nothing is more absurd yet more common than indiscriminate commendation or abuse. I have frequently overheard two persons arguing in favour of the respective superiority of the Theatres Royal, neither of whom would allow the smallest degree of merit to the object of the other's veneration. Amidst the ardour of verbal altercation, some excuse may be found for warmth and prejudice; but what can be urged in favour of those whose writings issue from the press disfigured by prejudice and passion. A constant habit of attending the Theatres for many years, and a mind unbiassed by interest on either side, may perhaps justify my interesting myself in the contest.

Upon entering Drury-lane Theatre, the mind is forcibly impressed by the elegance

of the building. The taste displayed in the decorations, united to the loftiness of the building, gives an air of grandeur to the whole; while the medallions painted on the boxes agreeably recal the studies of our childhood; and, by alternately exercising the memory and fancy, afford a pleasing employment till the drawing up of the curtain. The attention is now probably called to the representation of one of those admirable comedies written at the beginning of the last century, when wit first began to escape from the shackles of licentiousness, and Thalia shed a glory around her unknown to succeeding times. But attention, ere long, begins to flag: a few parts are unexceptionably performed, but the rest in action, dress, and address, cast a shade upon the whole. Memory, that "fond tormentor" pictures the actors of other times, and the eye wanders round the house in search of more agreeable amusement. While the immense size of the building and the mist that usually hovers over the pit preclude distinct observation, and the spectator, though he may acknowledge the excellence of the piece, retires fatigued and disappointed.

Covent Garden Theatre on the contrary presents few charms at first sight, if we except the idea of comfort which the *tout ensemble* excites; for its decorations are gaudy

and void of taste; the curtain rises, and the spectator is presented with a modern comedy, in which all is unnatural, yet nothing new: but the parts are well adapted to the powers of the respective performers. A certain spirit and equality in the actors, and a commendable attention to the scenery and dresses, unite to gratify the audience. When the attention is withdrawn from the stage, the brilliant effect of the lights in the boxes, and the distinct manner in which the company can see and be seen, create a general satisfaction (in which I am convinced the actors find their account) and the spectator on retiring acknowledges the play to be "poor stuff;" but expresses his satisfaction at the pleasure of the evening.

From this hasty view of the merits of the two houses, it will be seen that the entertainment they afford is of the most opposite nature. At Covent garden we are not shocked by any obvious inequality of action; the company boasts great comic strength, and each actor seems to be in his proper place; which circumstances, aided by dexterity in shifting the scenes, and short intervals between the acts, compensate in the eyes of the multitude for the wretched comedies they perform. In short, at Covent Garden are represented bad plays well acted; at Drury-lane, good plays badly acted. It must be confessed that

there are performers at this latter theatre whose talents defy a l competition; but the illusion they produce is momentary.

> The eyes of men,
> After some well-grac'd Actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him who enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Drury-lane now sustains a heavy loss in the absence of Kemble. It is to be hoped that such an arrangement may shortly take place between him and the proprietors as shall gratify public expectation.

A HAPPY REVIEW.

In my youth I was careleſs and gay,
Freely joining in pleaſure's career;
'Twas the ſpring-time of life—it was May,
And ne'er thought of the date of the year.

But to vice's allurements not prone,
Buſy love whiſper'd ſoft in my ear:—
"There's no comfort in living alone,—
"And pray look to the date of the year."

My fond heart gave aſſent, beating high,
And acknowledg'd the maid that was dear:
Ready Hymen ſoon faſten'd the tie—
Ever bleſt be the date of that year!

Many ſummers roll'd on full of joy;
Many winters that never were drear:
And oft times or a girl or a boy
Gave delight to the date of the year.

Bred in harmony, virtue and truth,
Happy faces around me appear;
And the grateful affections of youth
Prove a balm to the date of the year:

While old friends, full of ſenſe, taſte, and knowledge,
Sweeten life with attachment ſincere;
And the ſtories of ſchool and of college
Seem improv'd from the date of the year.

Thus I've liv'd, till my hair is grown grey,
And ſtill pleaſantly move in my ſphere;
For December is chearful as May,
And content marks the date of the year.

TO A LADY,

On meeting her after many years ſeparation.

For thee, my Anna, once again,
I court a fickle Muses' aid;
For thee recal each chearful ſcene,
More chearful by remembrance made.

Oh, memory, deluſive power,
Too oft a treach'rous bitter foe;
Yet ſoothing ſtill the ſuff'ring hour,
" And ſoft'ning diſtant ſcenes of woe."

Back to my view recal the charm,
That erſt in youth's reproachleſs day
With rapture could the boſom warm,
And guiltleſs hopes with bliſs repay.

And as the mind ſhall trembling trace
The various pleaſures fled and gone;
Far above others ſhall it place
Thoſe which together we have known.

When days and months, and years roll'd on
In innocence and calm content;
Life's sorrowing moments yet unknown,
Or wrongs still oft'ner felt than meant;

The anxious hope for present gain,
The ceaseless toil for future wealth,
Ambition's plans, so weak and vain,
Or science dearly bought with health;

To us how useless all of these,
One only thought our minds employ'd,
While each the other strove to please,
And constant passion never cloy'd.

Beneath a parent's fostering care,
No clouded prospect dim'd the view,
Youth's eager footstep trod on air,
As pleasure beckon'd to pursue.

Years now roll on, and every year
In sorrow's lap fresh mis'ry throws,
Nurtures afresh the bitter tear
Which feeling on the wretch bestows.

A parent, friend, a form belov'd,
The ev'ry joy this world can give,
In sad succession far remov'd,
Alone in joint remembrance live.

O then thou blessing still confest,
Tho' disappointment mark thy flight,
Grant me a momentary rest,
And charm, tho' with a meteor light.

Shew to my mental sight again
That Anna deck'd with youthful grace;
Bid the fond vision charm my pain,
As fancy paints the warm embrace:

And when, subdued by age and care,
E'en fancy's spark extinguish'd lies,
Thou, Anna, wilt not scorn to share
The pang that marks my latest sighs.

G.

TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

As the *Arbiter Scriptorum*, you are, I presume, some very clever fellow appointed for that purpose—perhaps an Etonian; if so, it must remind you of our shewing up our exercises to the Assistant of the form we belonged to, whose fiat determined pleasure or pain: your situation seems precisely the same with the assistant; but unless you possess *nec non candoris minus*, with the *acer et acutus*, you will deter us young correspondents; and the only way we have to secure us a snug place in your literary vehicle is I believe, to make it your interest to oblige us.

Sir Robert Walpole said, (and perhaps said truly) 'that every man had his price,' meaning thereby, that make it his interest, and every man is your very humble servant. Now as you are acquainted no doubt with the vanity which, more or less, influences all degrees of people, you will naturally conclude that every correspondent wishes to see himself in print; particularly in a print such

as yours. When therefore a new correspondent offers himself, whose hand-writing is unknown to you, it is your interest to encourage him by a promise, that 'the favour of —— (whatever signature he may adopt) is received, and shall be *particularly* attended to as soon as possible.' This will not only gratify his vanity but insure his purchasing your paper till he reads his own happy effusion; of which I give the following anecdote in proof.

A young man of fashion, an acquaintance of mine, who has much of the *ludere cum calamo* about him, sent to you, soon after you broke loose, a specimen of his art in poetry, which you no sooner acknowledged than it was his constant daily inquiry of all his friends if they took in the PIC NIC; adding, that it was certainly the best written paper since the days of Addison and Steele; that all the literary people of fashion were engaged in furnishing materials for it; and that he himself was now and then a contributor to the entertainment; concluding with a reference to your acknowledgment of his last. These visits he continued for some weeks, eagerly perusing every paper that came out, till the enchanting moment arrived when his poetry appeared. He then began to double his encomiums and encouragement of the paper; and even car-

ried his enthusiasm so far, that whenever he found his friend hesitating about taking it in, offered to send it him, till he had actually expended I know not what, exclusively of taking in the paper regularly himself.

Thus you see, Sir, what a train of interrest is connected with your obliging young fashionable authors and correspondents. This no doubt you will infer is meant as a hint for favouring me with an insertion. But you may be assured that I shall be equally obliged by your continuing the paper for my amusement, whether what I may occasionally send you finds admission or not; being an old correspondent elsewhere, though a young one with you.

SEYMOUR.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

You must certainly be an old discontented batchelor, who never understood the real advantages to be derived from the society of females—or a vain, impertinent young coxcomb, who has not yet attained a proper knowledge of them. For unless you answer to one or other of these descriptions, I cannot account for the wretched abuse you suffered to be inserted in your last paper, against

women, in the form of some very indifferent Italian verses, which detail the old common-place resemblances to my sex, but with such a degree of inaccuracy, that the press itself seems to have been ashamed of the subject.

That women are changeable as the wind, that they are frail as glass, that they laugh whenever they can, and cry whenever they please, are such worn-out observations, that I am surprised you do not feel the imputation which must naturally follow the insertion of them. General reflections should be managed with great dexterity, or be accompanied with some striking originality of thought or expression to render them worthy of attention. Women, it is true, are no more exempt from observation or censure than the other sex. It is for their own advantage, as well as that of society, that they should be subject to it; and where their foibles are touched with a masterly hand, and under the influence of a benevolent spirit, every woman of understanding will be ready to approve the censure, and to enjoy the wit which may accompany it.—But I must confess, that I feel somewhat indignant, when the publications which profess to instruct the mind and improve the heart, are suffered to detail, in bad Italian, a vulgar abuse of that sex whom Milton, in good English, describes as Heaven's last best gift;

and that great poet may be supposed to have some knowledge of the subject, as he had been three times married!

In short, there is no excuse for you, unless you adopted a common-place attack on the female sex, in order to incite its advocates to come forward in a strain of original praise. For, after all, you must know, if you are qualified for your office, how much it is your interest to cultivate the good opinion and protection of the ladies; who, with all their follies and their foibles, are so often seen to predominate over the wisdom and the strength of mighty man.

BELINDA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The other day I happened to dine with a party, where there was an old gentleman, who declared he had kept a journal of all his transactions since he had left the university. The next morning a whim took me to commence a diary of my own, which I continued for three days, when I grew heartily tired of being the historian of such minutiæ. If you think it will be any entertainment to your readers to publish my three days' history, I permit you to enable them to laugh with me

or at me, just as they please; for which ever they are inclined to do, is an affair of supreme indifference to

Your very humble servant,
HENRY DELACOUR.

Thursday—Rose at twelve—my head ached confoundedly—felt I had had too much of Lord Tastely's burgundy—stomach out of order—ate some preserved fruit, and a biscuit—my coffee excellent!—still qualmy—drank half a glass of crème de barbade.

Two o'Clock——A little better—imagined an epigram, while I was combing my hair—made La Place write it down—during the time he was so employed, I brushed my own combs—broke a tooth out of every one of them. *Mem.* To send for half a dozen more to-day.

Six—Dressed—went to Boodle's—dined with Sir George Period—was bored to death with his politics—he pressed me to go down to the House, to second a motion he intended to make—declined it—told Sir George I hated speaking—he was amazed—he paid me several compliments upon my oratorical abilities, and said -he country reckoned me a promising young man.—I replied, I was sorry for it; that I had no desire to shine as a declaimer, (Sir George's looks expressed his astonish-

ment) and added, that sooner than make another speech, I would accept the Chiltern Hundreds—Sir George was piqued, and left me.—I drank a glass of claret, and went to the play.

The play—A full house—the play sentimental—I hate sentiment—modern dramatic writers seem to be unanimously of opinion, that people of condition are stupid, void of sense, honour, integrity, and humanity; while every gentle virtue, rectitude, charity, and benevolence, adorn persons of low birth, and no education!!—but I suppose writers are *themselves vulgar fellows*, or are compelled to write to please the galleries; perhaps both. —*Mem.* The men of fashion of almost all authors, are more like dashing citizens than gentlemen.—Left the theatre—looked in at Mrs. Puntwell's—lost all I hazarded—supped tête-à-tête with my protegée—gave her a pearl necklace—Des Coryphées in uncommonly good humour, and full of equivoque—she is absolutely the prettiest little French blonde I ever saw.

Friday——Went out late—paid several morning visits—every body out—unusual good fortune!—had nearly overturned my my curricle at the corner of Albemarle-street —called at the charming Viſcounteſs's—she was not at home—vexatious!—left a card at

old General Minden's—always fight shy of him, for fear of going through a German campaign.—Did not know what to do with myself—drove down to the House—grew interested in the debate—rose and spoke myself, at considerable length—was cheered all the time, particularly by the country gentlemen —very vain of it—found it hot—quitted the House, and left the task of replying, to any body who chose to take the trouble of doing it.—Had a boiled fowl at home—dressed and went to Lady Quaver's concert—the muſic composed by Dilettanti—some of it good!! —accompanied, on the violin, Lady Helena Brilliant, in an Italian air—Lady Helena sung exquisitely—I was overwhelmed with compliments upon my execution—made my escape to another part of the room.—Lord Flutter offered me his four boroughs for ninety thousand pounds—I have more than that sum in the Bank—if I buy them, I shall have six boroughs.—Returned home—went to bed, and dreamed I was created a viſcount.

Saturday—Rode in the Park—saw Lady Helena and the Hon. Mrs. Railer walking—got off my horse, and joined the party—Mrs. Railer made me laugh most liberally at most of my acquaintance—this I did with the better conscience, because I was sure that the next time any of them were in that lady's

company, they would have ample revenge, and laugh as heartily at me. Returned home —dressed—dined at Mrs. Throwster's—a capital dinner—Throwster deplorably long winded in describing his *spinning jennies*.—Matched my brown horse against an Arabian of Rupee's.—Went to the opera—found the stage crouded with people, whose faces I had never seen before—asked Des Coryphées if she knew who they were; she told me, a Swiss scene-shifter had informed her they were beaux-attornies, proctors, and stock-brokers—*immediately* returned to the pit.—The sentimental ladies perfect *nudes*—the prudes only half so—the more lively fair seemed to prefer the display of *determined contours* by drapery.—*Mem.* Never to marry a prude, or a sentimental woman—*Mem.* Lady Helena is neither the one nor the other. —Lady Helena with the charming Viscountess —instantly went to her ladyship's box—Lady Helena in delightful spirits.—*Mem.* She has a certain elegant playfulness of imagination, more agreeable than wit, and which fascinates all who hear her. She has vivacity without ill nature, and good humour without insipidity; her figure is gracefully pretty and light—there is more of sweetness and animation, than of beauty in her features—she has fine eyes, admirable teeth, and a head of hair

worthy the golden Venus herself.—*Mem.* I make these remarks every time I see her.

The Viscountess as gay as ever—she asked me to sup with her—went of course—Frank Airy of the party—the conversation animated and enchanting.—My coachman going to drive me to Des Coryphées'—pulled the check, and went home.

Not inclined to go to bed—looked in the fire for half an hour—tired of my ruminations, rang the bell, and retired to my chamber—went to bed—could not sleep—thought of my last night's dream of Lady Helena—slumbered without sleeping—my ideas floated—Des Coryphées' three thousand pounds—the boroughs—Lady Helena a viscountess.—Roused myself—summoned La Place—wrote a note in bed to my solicitor, desired him not to fail to breakfast with me in the morning—particularly ordered the note to be sent to him early—mused—Lord Flutter—ninety thousand pounds—Lady Helena—resolved to have the boroughs at all events—read Little's Poems, and fell asleep. E.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The present has justly been called the age of literary women, and it must rejoice every

liberal mind to find them released from the trammels of ignorance, and placed in the proud elevation to which, by their natural endowments, they are entitled. As I most sincerely respect literary acquirements in a female, so do I deeply regret their abuse; and sorry am I that so many occasions exist of calling forth that regret. The abuse however, of any proper measure can never be urged as an argument against it, and I earnestly disclaim any intention of reflecting, in the slightest degree, on those of the fair sex who have received a scholastic education. It cannot however, be denied, that learning in the heads of many women is like wine—a very little is sufficient; and if that quantity be exceeded, it renders them guilty of a thousand extravagances, which it is the object of the present paper to indicate and correct. The most varied and profound acquirements will not compensate the want of the more peculiar and appropriate attributes of the female character, though those amiable qualifications may doubtless receive an additional lustre from the embellishments of learning.

If a woman happen to be born a beauty, we all know how unnecessary, not to say unprecedented, it is to possess any other accomplishment. Clementine however, at an early age, gave indisputable indications that she would

never become a beauty; and her father, who was resolved she should be celebrated in some way or other, at length determined it should be by her literary acquirements. In pursuance of this determination, the necessary means of instruction were provided, and her progress was so rapid, that at the age of two and twenty, she knew a little of French, German, Latin, and Greek; was a tolerable proficient in poetry and Belles Lettres, and the more abstruse studies of logic, metaphysics, and theology: in short, she knew every thing slightly, and nothing thoroughly.

Amid such a variety of employments, it is not to be expected that she could trouble herself with domestic arrangements, which would only interfere with more important studies; and it became therefore an invariable regulation, that her scientific and erudite researches should never be interrupted with any extraneous pursuits.—Even a poor old harpsichord, which she occasionally used to teaze, and which retaliated by uttering the most pitiable sounds, was laid aside, as being beneath the attention of a studious mind.

The consequences of these unusual acquisitions soon manifested themselves in an overweening conceit of her own abilities, and an undisguised contempt for those of her parents, whom she acknowledged to be very worthy

people, but whom she could never respect, as they were without ideas; mere animal machines, *fruges consumere nati*. This contempt extended to the whole of her own sex, who returned it with the most scrupulous fidelity. The male part of the creation was treated with very little more ceremony, as she accused the men of a mean envy, or tasteless indifference to female abilities, together with a most unpardonable deficiency in personal attentions to herself. In vindication, however, of the gallantry of my own sex, I must repeat the assertion, that she could not fairly be termed a beauty;—but it will be more candid to leave the reader to determine. Her height, taken as the crow flies (as we say in the country), was nearly four feet; but allowing for sinuosities and projections in her form, it might be about twice as much: one of her shoulders, like a modern republic, by rejecting all legal restraint, raised itself to an unnatural pre-eminence, whence it proudly surveyed its humble but more dutiful neighbour. Her eyes seemed to have an affection for each other, and in order to make love without interruption, frequently made assignations beneath the bridge of her nose, where they were sometimes totally eclipsed, and whence they never wholly emerged. No one was better calculated than herself to form a

correct opinion of the importance of Dr. Jenner's discovery, as the small-pox had distributed its favors over her face with unexampled profusion and distinctness. It may, perhaps, appear invidious to mention a trifling inequality in the length of her legs, as it was completely supplied by a high heel, which proclaimed her approach afar off, by its agreeable stumping.

Theſe were the attractions to which the men, to her no small mortification and surprise, were blind. She thought it therefore moſt prudent to p ofess an averſion for what ſhe could never hope to obtain, and accordingly declared her utter contempt for flattery and marriage. Her time was now excluſively devoted to literary occupations; to the excluſion indeed of cleanliness, propriety, and good manners. She had long been a dabbler in theology, and a blind confidence in her own abilities soon entangled her in the doubts and darkness of scepticism, which a more intimate knowledge of the subject would have dispelled: and thus, through the usual progress of ignorance, arrogance, and misconception, ſhe became a free-thinker. Scepticism in her, however, it muſt be allowed, will admit of some apology; for, if ſhe contemplated her own form and features, it would require a ſtrong faith not to believe that they were the work of chance.

The world had received with great coolness, not to say total indifference, several of her compoſitions; and finding her own offspring thus unworthy of her attention, ſhe humanely adopted several fatherless eſſays and poems; that were wandering about the world, and treated them in every reſpect as her own. She has ſometimes carried this amiable philanthropy ſo far, as to refuſe ſurrendering theſe adopted children when claimed by their real parents, aſſerting that ſhe was the author of their exiſtence. She aſſumes in conſequence all the privileges and peculiarities of an author, and has frequent fits of literary abſtraction; in one of which ſhe went to a public rout in her night-cap and bed-gown; and I once ſaw her take ſeveral ſpoonfuls of ſnuff out of her ſnuff-box, put them into the tea-pot, make the tea, and drink it with the utmoſt compoſure. When ſhe meets with any intereſting paſſage, ſhe cannot reſiſt the temptation of acting it; and a ſentiment lately occurred in her reading, which muſt have excited her feelings in a very ſenſible manner, for ſhe threw her arms about with ſuch vehemence, that ſhe broke the knuckles of one hand againſt the fire-place, and ſeverely burnt the other in the candle.

But it is impoſſible to enumerate all the ludicrous and fluctuating abſurdities which her daily conduct evinces. Suffice it to ſay, that

she is exposed to universal ridicule, and that her parents bitterly lament having lavished so much time and expence on the cultivation of an ungrateful daughter, who repays them with supercilious contumacy. From an unchecked presumption of her own mental superiority, and from her being deprived of the sweet consolations of society and friendship, her parents have the additional mortification of beholding in that daughter, whom they expected to see an object of universal admiration, a despised, ridiculed, solitary, and unhappy being. H.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENT,

"A WELL WISHER."

We are not averse from receiving advice, when it is meant in friendship, and proffered with delicacy, as in the present case; though we shall not employ much time in replying, as we trust satisfactorily, to the contents of his paper.

The Well Wisher says, we do not attack the great *leading vices and follies of the age.* With submission, we would ask him, in what these vices and follies consist more than they have done for the last twenty years? We are more foolish, perhaps, but certainly not more wicked than our predeceſſors. We are inclined to think there is as much virtue,

both in private and public life, at this moment in London, as was ever known to exist in it at any period. Not so, we confess, with regard to the follies of life—they have made surprising shoots of late, and, if not vigorously repelled, will interrupt the growth of every useful as well as ornamental production of nature.

To have been the humble instrument of conveying shame or instruction to the offending mind, either through the medium of satire or of sober rebuke, affords us inexpressible pleasure; and hitherto we think our efforts have been directed, and not ineffectually, to that end. With respect to our not possessing the essential and distinguishing qualities of the Anti-Jacobin, we make answer, that when that work was undertaken, a most fearful *propensity* existed in all ranks of society, and a decided attack was made by a powerful crew, not only on the religion, but on the taste and the morals of the community: monarchy was to be thrown into disrepute, and the Government was openly assailed: though the country was engaged in a most distresing and novel warfare, opinion more than arms was to be combated; and, fortunately for England, a few highly-gifted individuals devoted their time and superior talents to effect the destruction of a monster,

that threatened to overthrow all social and political order. They achieved their purpose; they,

> With giant arm remov'd the folds of night,
> And dragg'd the hideous Jacobin to light.

With the united arms of reason, of satire, and of wit, these bold and unconquerable champions exposed the intentions, and detected the falsehoods of the conspirators against our national prosperity; and having performed this important duty, they unbuckled their armour, and returned to the tranquillity of their domestic occupations, with the reflection, the most grateful to the noble mind, of having contributed to serve mankind.

Should events unhappily again occur to call forth their unrivalled talents into action, we have no doubt but they will again engage in the service of their country. Though our exertions have not equalled theirs, they cannot be said to have been of an useless nature.

We have indeed directed our attentions to different objects—to catch the manners living as they rise—to check the flight of folly—to chasten general manners—to instruct the understanding—and to amend the heart.—

> Be this our honour, and be this our fame!

G.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A considerable alteration is about to take place in the Title, Character, and Management of this Paper; and our readers have now before them the last of the PIC NICS, that sprightly progeny, which have, we trust, contributed to the amusement, if not to the instruction, of the Public. This we are induced to hope, from the very flattering reception they have experienced, notwithstanding that, together with the name of the Society that gave birth to them, they inherited a portion of the odium which party and prejudice have industriously laboured to fix upon it.

That name, in general as little understood as it has been abundantly abused and ridiculed, would however ill agree with the graver tone and manner which the awful complexion of public affairs now obliges us to assume.

The plan of our present work was laid amidst scenes of gaiety and amusement, and founded upon hopes of political tranquillity; it was adapted to "the piping times of peace," and calculated to afford that recreation which the public mind, harassed and exhausted by ten long years of war and politics, seemed likely to seek in the more engaging paths of poetry and literature.

But the clouds which have been for some time gathering about the political horizon, and which have now accumulated so as to threaten Europe with a storm more desolating than she has yet experienced, have driven us from our purpose, and warned us of a more serious application of the talents at our command. When Britannia calls for support upon the valour and loyalty of her sons, we must not be the last to rally round her ensigns. We are prepared to render our services, not in the field, but in the CABINET, and our several abilities shall there be exerted to the utmost, to assert her honour, to vindicate her conduct, and to expose the folly and malignity of her enemies.

THE CABINET will therefore succeed to he PIC NIC on Saturday next; from which time it will be published weekly, at HATCHARD's, opposite *Albany Buildings (late York House), Piccadilly;* and may be procured from all the newsmen in town and country. It will be forwarded regularly to our present Subscribers, unless orders shall be received to the contrary.

Although the Editors of the CABINET will not be altogether the same as those of the present paper, yet we can assure our readers, that the gentlemen whose elegant productions have secured to us their va-

luable patronage, will exert themselves no less in the literary department of the CABINET; while, on the other hand, we have formed such connections, as will enable us to gratify our political readers with the best and earliest information on the subjects most interesting to them.

FINIS.

Exton, Printer, Great Portland-street.