

Surfacer Royal 1867

THE
MODERN PLUTARCH;

OR,

Universal Biography:

INCLUDING

Authentic Memoirs

OF

DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC CHARACTERS

OF ALL NATIONS, LIVING AND RECENTLY DECEASED,

WITH

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS.

VOL. III.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE DIRECTION OF SEVERAL LITERARY
GENTLEMEN.

"Hominem pagina nostra sapit."

MARTIAL.

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200

PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a book may be considered merely in the same light, as a prologue to a play. To the literary and theatrical amateur, they are objects of serious curiosity and attention; while, by the mob, they are passed over, as inconsequential and unimportant.

Dr. Johnson, who wisely preferred the suffrages of the "judicious few," to the obstreperous and indiscriminating applause of the multitude, was so well convinced of the advantages to be derived from a good preface, as to remark, that, if an author took care to introduce his work by an elegant and entertaining composition of that nature, it was not, nineteen times in twenty, of much consequence to him, how the work itself was executed.

In the minds of those who read prefaces, a well written one must certainly produce a prepossession in favour of the performance to which it belongs; and every one knows, that first impressions are of the utmost importance.

It has been said, that "good wine needs no bush;" from which certain critics have thought proper to infer, that a good book requires no preface. But we totally differ, as well from the assertion, as from the inference. Without a sign, the stranger might pass the best inn; and, without knowing where to obtain refreshment, the exhausted traveller might perish from want.

Thus

Thus, without a preface, the best of books might fail of attracting notice; and, for want of something like a bill of fare, the literary student might be deprived of a rich intellectual feast.

It is not our wish to boast, either of the elegance of our preface, or of the excellence of our book; but the public are already in possession of what they are to expect; and, from the avidity with which our former volumes are sought for, we have no reason to suppose that their contents have proved otherwise than satisfactory.

The times are big with important events; and, so far from contemplating an approaching scarcity of materials, we find new characters daily demanding our notice.

Political personages, from their immediate influence over the existing state of things, appear to claim a priority of attention. Amongst other distinguished men, whose actions will be found emblazoned in this portion of our work, Frederick William, successor of the immortal Frederick of Prussia, whose imposing attitude now spreads terror throughout the "GREAT NATION," makes a conspicuous figure.

Whilst, however, war and politics excite a universal interest, the promoters of literature, and the arts of peace, will not be found to have been neglected.

It is presumed, from the attention which is paid to morals—to a rectitude of principle, both political and religious—by the conductors of *The MODERN PLUTARCH*, that that work will be found highly worthy of recommendation, amongst the rising youth—the future worthies of Britain.

View
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286

MODERN
PLUTARCH.

THE LATE
DR. SAMUEL HORSELEY.
LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH's.

"Wouldst thou learn to die nobly, let thy vices die before thee ! Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death ; who, when the hour cometh, hath nothing to do but to expire ; who wisheth not for delay, when he hath no longer use for time."

DODSLEY.

NEVER, perhaps, within so short a period, has Britain had to mourn the loss of so many of her most valued sons, as have been consigned to the "dark and narrow house," during the last twelve months ! The pulpit, the bar, the senate, the navy, the army, have, each of them, lost one, or more, of their brightest ornaments. But as the bard says :—

"They have but fallen before us,
For one day we must fall."

OSSIAN.

Yet we cannot witness the successive departures of so many great men, without experiencing a melancholy sensation, which is scarcely dissipated by the consciousness, that our country is still inexhaustibly rich in talent, and in every species of mental worth.

The late bishop of St. Asaph's, whose recent demise has called forth these remarks, was so distinguished in his day, that it would be unpardonable were we not to offer some slight tribute to his memory.

Many of our divines, from low obscurity, have risen to eminence, and have attained the highest dignities of the church. But this was not the case with Dr. Horseley, who seems to have had somewhat of a legitimate claim to the honours of the cloth. His grandfather, though bred a dissenting divine, afterwards conformed to the church; and his father, of whom he was the eldest of three sons, was formerly minister of St. Martin's in the Fields.

Dr. Horseley was born about the year 1735; received the ground-work of his education at Westminster school; and thence removed to the University of Cambridge. While there, he applied himself most sedulously to the study of the mathematics; and of every writer in that science, both ancient and modern, he made himself completely master.—Having taken his degree of M. A. he accepted an invitation to go to Oxford, as private tutor to the Earl of Aylesford; and, at that university, he received the degree of LL. D.

In the year 1769, Dr. Horseley printed, at the Clarendon press, his edition of the *Inclinations of Apollonius*, a geometrical work of considerable value, though exceedingly abstruse.

Until

Until this period, mathematical learning had been in but little repute at Oxford; but, henceforward, it became more closely attended to, and Oxford is now scarcely inferior to her rival sister, in that great branch of human knowledge.

At Oxford, Dr. Horseley first conceived the design of publishing a complete edition of the works of Sir Isaac Newton; to which end he began to collect the necessary materials; but it was not until the year 1776, that he made sufficient progress to enable him to publish proposals for printing the work. In 1779, it made its appearance, in five quarto volumes, with an admirable dedication to the King, in Latin. The *literati*, however, were disappointed in their expectation of finding a copious memoir of Sir Isaac Newton prefixed to the work; an expectation which they had been induced to form, from the knowledge that the learned editor had made some progress in the life, and that he had conversed with Dr. Johnson on the subject, who advised him to write it in Latin, as best suited to the dignity of the prince of philosophers. Whether the Bishop of St. Asaph's may have left such an article amongst his papers we know not; if he have, we trust that it will not be withholden from the world.

On leaving Oxford, Dr. Horseley came to London, where he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; of which, in 1773, he was chosen secretary. He continued to hold that office, with much credit to himself and benefit to the scientific world, until the resignation of the late president, Sir John Pringle. That gentleman having been succeeded by Sir Joseph Banks, the mathematical and philosophical members of the Newtonian school were displeased at the extraordinary pre-

ference that was shewn to subjects, which, as they conceived, were of an inferior nature to those that ought, in their opinion, to occupy the attention of the first learned society in the world. Cabals it has been said, were formed by certain members of the old stamp, against the president and his friends; but of this we are not aware that any proof was ever brought forward. In the year 1784, however, the latter ventured upon a step, which could not fail to fan the smouldering fire into a flame. At the period here alluded to, the council thought proper to dismiss the learned Dr. Hutton from the office of Latin secretary for foreign correspondence, on the pretence, that it was improper for such a post to be filled by a person who did not reside in the metropolis. Irritated at this treatment of one of the ablest and most respectable of their body, the scientific members made several unsuccessful attempts to lessen the influence of the president, and to reinstate Dr. Hutton in his secretaryship. In this contest between philosophy and the *virtuosi*, Dr. Horseley made a most conspicuous figure; but, finding that his labours, and those of his learned associates were in vain, he forsook, as he forcibly expressed himself, "that temple, where philosophy once reigned, and where Newton had presided, as her officiating minister."

Dr. Horseley, soon after his settling in the metropolis, had the good fortune to be noticed by that observing and excellent prelate, Bishop Lowth, who invited him to become his domestic chaplain. About this time, from his close intimacy with Dr. Maty and other men of science, who were avowed socinians, he was somewhat suspected of being not quite orthodox in

in his principles; and a degree of surprise was expressed by many, that Bishop Lowth should afford him his patronage. Dr. Horseley, however, afterwards gave sufficient proofs of the injustice of the suspicion.

In the year 1774, he was presented by his patron to the rectories of St. Mary Newington and Albury, both in the county of Surrey; and, in the course of the year, he married a Miss Botham.

Dr. Aikin, in his Life of Dr. Priestley, informs us that that gentleman, in his publication of Hartleys' Theory, "had expressed some doubts as to the common hypothesis, that man possesses a soul, or immaterial substance, totally distinct from his body." For this opinion he had undergone obloquy as a favourer of atheism; but, as no personal imputation was of weight with him in the pursuit of what he thought to be the truth, he did not scruple, in 1777, to publish *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit*; in which he gave a history of the philosophical doctrine concerning the soul, and openly supported the *material* system, which makes it homogeneous with the body."—Dr. Aikin farther informs us, that, at this time, Dr. Priestley "also appeared in great force as the champion of the doctrine of philosophical necessity; a doctrine not less obnoxious to many, on account of its supposed effects on morality, than the former." A controversy ensued between Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price, in which the subject of this memoir seems to have felt some interest; as on the Good Friday of 1778, he preached a sermon, in which, with much force of argument, he endeavoured to reconcile the doctrine of divine providence with the free agency of man, and combated

the necessarian hypothesis with great success. This discourse was afterwards published.

Bishop Lowth, whose attentions to Dr. Horseley appear to have been unremitting, now appointed him arch-deacon of St. Alban's; and in 1782, he presented him to the valuable living of South Weald, in Essex.

Dr. Priestley published his *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*, in 1783; the chief object of which was, to overthrow the catholic doctrine respecting Christ's divinity. The unitarian party appeared greatly to triumph on the publication of this elaborate history. The vehemence of their exultations aroused the attentions of those who adhered to the orthodox confession, and Dr. Horseley seized upon the opportunity for shewing, not only the soundness of his faith, but his abilities for the most intricate branches of theological controversy. In his charge to the clergy of the arch-deaconry of St. Alban's, delivered in the summer of this year, he expressly controverted the socinian position—that the doctrine of the Trinity was not maintained by the Christian church in the first three centuries; and not only gave a flat contradiction to Dr. Priestley's assertion on this point, but charged him with having taken, without acknowledgment, the whole of his argument from Zwicker and other eminent socinians of the seventeenth century. This charge was printed, at the request of his reverend auditory, with an appendix, explaining and confirming the positions which it contained.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Aikin makes no mention of the disputes which ensued, farther than by saying that, "controversies upon theological topics multiplied

multiplied around him (Dr. Priestley) *to all of which he paid the attention they seemed to require.*" A former biographer of Dr. Horseley, however, states as follows : — " Dr. Priestley, whose pen is that of a ready writer, was not to be daunted at meeting with so formidable an antagonist; on the contrary, he rushed at once into the battle, with the impetuosity of a man who seemed to place all his reputation, as a combatant, upon the event of this contest. He, of course, instantly replied to the arch-deacon, in a series of letters, which contained all his former assertions, expressed in a more confident tone than before. Dr. Horseley was aware of the advantage which the precipitancy of his opponent had given him, and, therefore, in his answer, which was also in the epistolary form, he noticed the frequent slips in Greek quotation, and reference, which the doctor had made; and, with great adroitness, left it to the reader to judge whether so hasty and incautious an historian, was to be depended upon in a matter of such importance. — But he did not merely expose the doctor's mistakes. He followed up the attack by numerous proofs in behalf of the common belief, drawn from the early fathers of the church and the purest ecclesiastical historians. The display of reading and acute research in these letters is wonderful. The style is admirable; and though at times it assumes a lofty manner, yet the reader of taste finds himself charmed with the elegance of the language and the closeness of the reasoning. Dr. Priestley continued the combat, by another series of letters, to which the arch-deacon again replied. The controversy here closed on the part of the latter, who signified that it was an endless task to contend upon an exhausted topic, with one
who

who was never disposed to cease disputing till he had obtained the last word."

In 1789, our divine collected these tracts, and printed them in a volume, with some additions, particularly a sermon on the incarnation, which had been preached at Newington, on the Christmas day of 1785.

Previously to the publication of these tracts, however, Dr. Horseley acquired the notice of a new patron, in the person of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. That nobleman, without being personally known to the doctor, or receiving any application on his behalf, bestowed on him a prebend in the cathedral church of Gloucester. His lordship, in conferring this valuable preferment, simply gave the palm to merit, having resisted every request that had been made for the presentation.

In the following year, Dr. Horseley preached an ordination sermon in Gloucester cathedral, in which he strenuously maintained the position—that, on the cessation of miraculous gifts, human learning was substituted by divine appointment, as an essential qualification for the christian ministry. This ingenuous discourse, which was afterwards printed, by the command of Dr. Samuel Halifax, before whom it was preached, excited considerable notice, and some controversy.

On the translation of Dr. Smallwell, from the see of St. David's to that of Oxford, in the year 1788, Dr. Horseley was elevated to the episcopal bench. On this occasion, Lord Thurlow was again his steady and unsolicited patron, and brought him in in opposition to those candidates who were supported by ministerial influence.

Our divine had not long occupied a seat in the House of Lords, before he had an opportunity of displaying his eloquence and learning to great advantage. On Earl Stanhope's motion for a revision and reform of the canons of the church, he delivered a speech, which, at the same time that it afforded uncommon pleasure to the house, drew from the liberal-minded earl a very handsome encomium, notwithstanding its sentiments were in opposition to those of the honourable mover.

In the year 1790, when Dr. Priestley made so conspicuous a figure in the clamours which were raised for a repeal of the corporation and test acts, the Bishop of St. David's also took part in the dispute. A very spirited and eloquent pamphlet appeared, on the high church side of the question, entitled, *A Review of the Case of the Protestant Dissenters*. It was given to the public without a name; but the energy of its language, the general tenor of its opinions, and the cogency of its arguments, soon pointed out the reverend author.

In his primary charge, which he delivered to the clergy of his diocese, in the ensuing year, he maintained and enforced the old fashioned doctrine of *justification by faith alone*; and contended, that the too common practice of preaching mere *morality* was destructive of vital religion. The sentiments of this charge were not, of course adapted for *general* approbation. Much, indeed, might be said on both sides of the question; but it is one of those topics which have been so frequently discussed, and so frequently exhausted, that it would be scarcely possible, we conceive, to offer any thing new upon the subject. The question is one of those which we recommend to the consideration of
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the debating clubs, where the speakers, like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, though *refuted*, can still *argue*. That class of his lordship's hearers, which was composed of *evangelical* christians, were enraptured with the sentiments of this discourse; and others conceived that he had mistaken the doctrine of the gospel, on the subject of justification; while the unitarian dissenters were extremely irritated at the harsh terms in which their sect and creed were mentioned.

Several replies to his lordship's charge were published; but disdaining to break so many butterflies "upon the wheel," he declined entering into any contest on the subject.

His lordship's conduct in the see of St. David's was highly praiseworthy. That bishopric was distinguished by poverty, and ignorance. Many of the curacies did not exceed ten pounds *per annum*, and some of the churches were actually served for five. His lordship immediately determined on a reform of the various abuses which existed; and, as a preliminary step, he obtained an accurate and minute state of his diocese. He then gave notice to the beneficed clergy, who did not reside, that they would be compelled to a residence, or to allow their curates more liberal remuneration. By this means, he remedied the shameful abuse of one man serving several churches on the same day; limiting a curate to two only, and those within a moderate distance from each other. Having regulated the condition of the clergy, he proceeded to the adoption of a more strict course than had been hitherto adhered to, with respect to candidates for holy orders; admitting none without personally examining them himself, and looking very narrowly into the titles which they produced.

produced. Though vigilant, his lordship, was not the less kind. He encouraged his clergy to visit him during his stay in the country, which was usually for several months in the year, assisted them with his advice, and administered to their temporal necessities with a liberal and paternal hand. In his progress through the diocese, he frequently preached in the parish churches, especially on the days when the sacrament was administered, and bestowed considerable largesses upon the poor. At his episcopal palace, at Aberguilly, near Caermarthen, he kept a most hospitable table, to which the neighbouring gentry and clergy were always welcome; and he was a blessing to the poor, who followed him with grateful hearts, and parted from him with infinite reluctance.

On the 30th of January, 1793, his lordship was appointed to preach before the House of Lords; and, as the recent murder of the king of France was the general topic of conversation and pity, the Abbey was greatly crowded. To the admirable and eloquent discourse, which he delivered on that memorable occasion, he afterwards appended a long vindication of the character of Calvin, from the charge of being a friend of rebellion and regicide. Whatever may be thought by political partizans, of the notions on government which distinguish this sermon, its manly energy of diction, and spontaneous flow of eloquence must command admiration as long as a knowledge of the English language shall exist.

When our divine entered upon his office as Dean of Westminster, he found many things in the condition of that church which stood in great need of reformation. Among other things, the salaries of the minor canons
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and officers were extremely low, and by no means proportionate. His lordship, therefore, with a most commendable spirit of liberality, obtained for them an immediate advance of pecuniary remuneration, and then began to regulate the conduct and duty of the persons whom he had so materially assisted. It has been justly observed, that, had he set about a more exact discipline, without attending to the necessities of these men, they would, perhaps, have considered him as a severe task-master, and murmured at his regulations; but, as it was, he gained their esteem and gratitude; and we believe that no man ever filled the same station with so much popularity as his lordship.

In the year 1794, on the death of Bishop Thomas, he was translated from the see of St. David's to that of Rochester, on which occasion he resigned all his other church preferments.

It was, we believe, about the close of the year 1803, or early in 1804, on the death of Dr. Halifax, that Dr. Horseley was translated to the Bishopric of St. Asaph, which see his lordship held until his death, which took place on the 4th of October, 1806, at Brighton. He had been seized, a few days before with a bowel complaint, which baffled all medical skill.

In addition to the literary performances of his lordship which we have already noticed, he printed, in 1796, without his name, a most profound and elegant dissertation on the Latin and Greek prosodies, dedicated to Lord Thurlow; in which he evinced an uncommonly intimate knowledge of the nature and construction of the ancient languages, and proved himself a most powerful advocate for the use of the Greek ac-

cents. His lordship was also long and deeply engaged in a work upon the prophecies of the Old and New Testament, which, it is to be hoped, will in due time be given to the world. Bishop Horseley was likewise the author of some ingenious papers on mathematical subjects, various sermons on public occasions, and several episcopal charges.

One of his lordship's most recent publications was a sermon *On the Descent of Christ into Hell, and the Intermediate State*. The text is from 1st Epistle of Peter, 3d chapter, 18th, 19th, and 20th verses. The following extract from this very interesting discourse, in which the object of the learned prelate is to establish the truth of the third article of our religion, where it is declared, that, "as Christ died for us, and was buried, so also is it to be believed that he went down into hell," cannot fail of being an object of great curiosity to many of our readers. The only question, his lordship observes, that can possibly rise to a plain man's understanding, is, where or what the place may be, which is here called hell?

"The word hell," says the reverend author, "is so often applied in common speech, and in the English translation of the New Testament, to the place of torment, that the genuine meaning of the word, in which, however it is used in many passages of the English Bible, is almost forgotten; and the common people never hear of heli, but their thoughts are carried to that dismal place, *where the fallen angels are kept in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day*. But the word in its natural import, signifies only that invisible place, which is the appointed habitation of departed souls, in the interval between death

and the general resurrection. That such a place must be, is indisputable. For when man dieth, his soul dieth not ; but returneth unto him that gave it, to be disposed of at his will and pleasure ; which is clearly implied, in that admonition of our Saviour : ‘ Fear not them that kill the body, but cannot kill the soul.’ But the soul existing after death, and separated from the body, though of a nature immaterial, must be in some place. For however metaphysicians may talk of place, as one of the adjuncts of body, as if nothing but gross sensible body could be limited to place ; to exist without relation to place, seems to be one of the incommunicable perfections of the Divine Being ; and it is hardly to be conceived, that any created spirit, of however high an order, can be without locality ; or without such determination of its existence at any given time to some place, that it shall be true to say of it—*Here it is, and not elsewhere.* That such at least is the condition of the human soul, were it seasonable to go into so abstruse a disquisition, might be proved, I think, indisputably from Holy Writ.”

Our author labours to prove, that, into this invisible place, the soul of our Lord went at his death, and remained in it till his resurrection. One of his proofs is, the remarkable passage which he has chosen for his text, and which not only asserts the fact, but declines also the business upon which Christ descended into hell, or in which, at least, his soul was employed while it was there.

“ The interpretation of the whole passage turns upon the expression *spirits in prison* ; the sense of which I shall first, therefore, endeavour to ascertain, as the key to the meaning of the whole. It is hardly

necessary to mention, that *spirits* here can signify no other than the souls of men. For we read not of any preaching of Christ to any other race of beings than mankind. The Apostle's assertion, therefore, is this; that Christ *went and preached to the souls of men in prison*. The invisible mansion of departed spirits, though certainly not in a place of penal confinement to the good, is, nevertheless, in some respects, a prison. It is a place of seclusion from the external world; a place of unfinished happiness, consisting in rest, security, and hope, more than enjoyment. It is a place, which the souls of men never would have entered had not sin introduced death; and from which there is no exit, by natural means, for those who have entered. The deliverance of the saints from it, is to be effected by our Lord's power. It is described in the old Latin language, as a place inclosed within, an impassable fence; and in the poetical parts of scripture, it is represented as secured by gates of brass, which our Lord is to batter down; and barricaded with large massive iron bars, which he is to cut assunder: As a place of confinement, therefore, though not of punishment, it may well be called a prison. The original word, however, in the text of the Apostle, imparts not of necessity, so much as this; but merely a place of safe keeping; for so this passage might be rendered with great exactness. "*He went and preached to the spirits in safe keeping.*"

The whole of this sermon is highly worthy of attention from the christian reader.

Bishop Horseley, as before observed, died on the 4th of October; and, on the 15th his remains, (having previously been brought to London) were removed to

Queen Ann Street East, for interment in the family vault at Newington Butts. The cavalcade, on this occasion, was exceedingly plain, consisting only of a hearse and six, followed by three coaches and four, the chariot of the deceased closing the procession.

His lordship had been twice married. By his first lady he had two children; one only of whom is living, and is, we believe, in the church.

We have hitherto noticed only his lordship's theological, moral, and literary character. In politics, the zeal which he displayed in the agitation of public measures, and the peremptoriness with which he expressed his sentiments on the side of the established order of things, procured him many enemies. "Without endeavouring," says a former biographer of his lordship, "to extenuate any thing in his conduct that is reprehensible, let it be permitted for us to say, that his language has been often greatly misrepresented, and been made by his adversaries to express a meaning which the right reverend prelate holds in abhorrence. He has been too apt to express his sentiments in abstract propositions, which may be made, by artful men, to signify what never entered into his lordship's mind. Were we to act so generously, as to put the best construction upon his observations, and that certainly ought to be done, unless his own explanation proved decisive, in all probability, we should find here less occasion for censure and more for commendation."—For our own parts, we regarded Bishop Horseley as a staunch patriot, and a sound divine; as one who feared his God, honoured his king, and dreaded not what man could do unto him.

JOSEPH

JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN.



THE degeneracy of the English stage has long been a theme of universal lamentation amongst the amateurs of histrionic talent. The only rational mode of accounting for this degeneracy, appears to be from the circumstance, that our theatrical corps are chiefly composed of low-born, uneducated adventurers, who, thirsting for the gaudy honors of the sock and buskin, and anxious for what they conceive to be a life of idleness, heedlessly quit those pursuits for which nature originally intended them. Thus the profession of an actor—a profession, in itself respectable, liberal, and honorable—becomes disgraced, and those who would attend the theatres for edification, retire from them in disgust.

If no one were to be permitted upon the stage, but such as, like the subject of the following sketch, had received a regular education, our metropolitan theatres would stand higher in the public estimation, than otherwise it is possible for them to do.

Mr. Holman, to the boast of a classical education, unites that of an honorable family; being descended from Sir John Holman, Bart. of Workworth Castle, Banbury. It is not a very usual circumstance to find the declension of a family proceeding from its attach-

ment to the prosperous claimants of a throne; yet such is the case in the present instance, Mr. Holman being deprived of a considerable property, from a decided part which one of his ancestors took in promoting the Hanoverian succession in disobedience to his father, who, from religion and political inclination, was a warm espouser of the House of Stuart. This disunion of sentiments divided the father from the son, who fell in the battle of Dunblaine, in 1715. He left a son, Mr. Holman's grandfather, who failed in obtaining the property of his family, simply from being unable to produce the register of his father's birth, who had been christened at a Romish chapel. By this it appears, that the present representative of the family remains a victim of ill-fated royalty.

Mr. Holman's grandfather rendered considerable service to government, in the rebellion of 1745; and his father also was in the army, though we are unacquainted with the rank which he held.

Almost in his infancy, Mr. Holman evinced such talents as rendered it an indispensable duty in his friends, to furnish him with a complete literary education. At an early age he was therefore placed at the Soho academy, under the tuition of Dr. Barwis, and after his death, of Dr. Barrow, his successor. At that seminary his dramatic talents displayed themselves in the annual exhibitions of the plays of Shakespeare. The writer of this sketch has indeed been assured by a schoolfellow of Mr. Holman's—a gentleman of most correct theatrical taste—that his performances at the Soho school, were as much superior to those of the boy, Betty, the mock Roscius of the age, as those of the deceased Garrick, were to the third or fourth rate ac-

tors of his day. It is admitted, however, that Mr. Holman's talents, in the years of maturity, are not in proportion to those of his youth. No one, we are informed, by seeing Mr. Holman perform now, can form the slightest estimate of his boyish excellence. Mr. Garrick, who witnessed his representation of Hamlet, at one of the Soho exhibitions, expressed the warmest approbation of his juvenile talents; and so highly were they in general rated, that great eminence in the Thespian art was predicted, should he elect that for his profession: he, however, gave his attention to the church, till friends, whose opinions claimed respect, strongly recommended the pursuit which he ultimately adopted; and the requisites which he possesses for it, as well natural as acquired, fully justify both their advice and his decision.

From Soho school, in the year 1780, Mr. Holman removed to Queen's College, Oxford, where his literary exercises were rewarded with approbation, and his propriety of conduct acquired him general esteem. Indeed, since his stage life commenced, he has taken a degree at Oxford; and has frequently passed at the university, such time as he could spare from his professional avocations.

It was on the 26th of October, 1784, now full two and twenty years ago, that Mr. Holman made his first appearance on a public stage. This was at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden; and the character which he personated was that of Romeo. From Mr. Harris, whose liberality is well-known, he experienced every attention and advantage, there having been several rehearsals on the occasion, and particularly, a general one, in which the performers were all drest in
character,

character, and the house filled with private company. His reception, on the night of public performance, was so flattering, as to induce Mr. Harris immediately to engage him for three years, at a very handsome salary.

It is a contested point, whether the actor, who is himself most powerfully effected by the sentiments and feelings of the character which he assumes, is the most capable of presenting a correct imitation to his auditors. It has been observed, that there are very few examples on record, of actors or actresses that a very pathetic speech had so powerful an effect upon, as to cause a flood of tears to flow down their cheeks on the recital of it. This, however, was the case with the late celebrated Henderson; and the late Mrs. Pritchard's great sensibility sometimes choked all the fine powers of that eminent mistress in the art of acting: so also was it with the late Mr. Powell. Mr. Garrick differed from these, for even in parts where his manner of delivering himself, would almost have made stones weep, his eyes were dry as those of an unfeeling hypocrite. Lee Lewis, in his memoirs, in relating a conversation upon this subject, says:—"I wished to know, whether there might not be some physical cause of the singular sensibility of some, and the no less extraordinary absolute apathy of others; many possessing that happy command of features, that they can look sorrow and terror without suffering the ordinary effects, tears, to make their appearance. My friend expressed himself at as great loss to account for the different effects of the passion as I did; and, at the same time, told me of a more surprising phenomenon, which he had several times an opportunity of beholding on the stage.

That

That was of a man whose name was Henry Dunn, who never went on in a tragic character, let the night be ever so cold, but his face was all bedewed with sweat, and the farther he proceeded in the part the more disagreeable he made it to the audience: as from every pore, in his face alone, drop succeeded drop, till sometimes the stage was perceptibly wet with his unaccountable perspiration. Strange that a man of a thin habit of body should be thus afflicted, I may say, with a malady of this kind—This person played with Whitely, one season, and that sarcastical manager, whenever he cast Mr. Dunn a tragic part, used waggishly to say he was giving him a sudorific; no unapt expression you will say. But the mischief of it was, whatever pains poor Dunn took to make himself look his part with propriety, he was sure to have the marks of Indian ink entirely obliterated from his countenance, by the torrents that ran down so plentifully, while he was squeezing out his words. The tyrant, Richard III. was sure to lose the tip on his chin, as well as his formidable whiskers; a deprivation that made him consequently appear less terrible, and that before the second act was over. The good old Lear and Lúsignan were not less disfigured, by those powerful enemies to a clean face. Yet, when this man has represented Falstaff, and many other parts, where blank verse was excluded, a drop never started from him, even on a Midsummer night. Ye profound metaphysicians, ye learned of Warwick-Lane, with the whole body of well-informed natural philosophers, solve me this paradox."

Leaving the point undecided, we shall observe, that, whatever Mr. Holman's *real* feelings might be, in the personation of Romeo, he appeared to enter into the
full

full spirit of the character, and left nothing to wish for on the part of his auditors.

He afterwards played Chamont, Richard III. and all the leading characters in the drama, with that animation and effect, which could scarcely be hoped for from youth and inexperience.

At the expiration of three years, however, in consequence of a difference about an increase of salary, he left Covent-Garden Theatre, and visited Dublin; where, having played before, with much approbation, during an after season, he now made advantageous terms with Mr. Daly for the winter. It should be remarked, that, at the time of his first playing on the Irish stage, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Pope, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Aicken, &c. were also engaged. At this period, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Holman, played Hamlet several nights alternately; and though the two former had many admirers, Mr. Holman had also his share.

In Dublin, Mr. Holman formed a connexion with Miss Hughes, a young lady of great beauty, who, after having been the most elevated of the Cyprian damsels in that city, betook herself to the stage, and made her first appearance as Lady Townly. In resentment for an insult offered to this lady, he had a fracas behind the scenes with Mr. Dawson, which accelerated his departure, accompanied by the fair one, who, in Edinburgh, went by his name.

This lady may be regarded as one of the most fortunate of her sisterhood; as after having lived with Mr. Holman for some years, and borne him several children, she became the wife of a baronet, by whom she also has a family.

After

After performing one season in Scotland, Mr. Holman played at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. with considerable applause. He was re-engaged by Mr. Harris, and resumed his situation at Covent-Garden Theatre, with increased *eclat*.

He remained there for several years, taking the lead in tragedy, and serious and elegant comedy; until, as we have had occasion to mention, in our life of Mr. Incledon, in the season of 1800, a disagreement took place between the proprietors of the Theatre, and eight of their principal performers, at the head of whom was Mr. Holman. This disagreement, it will be recollected, proceeded from the performers having been deprived of their customary orders of admission—in the enlargement of the fine of five pounds, for refusing a character, to thirty pounds—and in the advance of benefit-charges from one hundred and forty pounds, to one hundred and sixty pounds. After much contention, these differences were settled by the arbitration of the Lord Chamberlain, in favor of the proprietors; and with the exception of Mr. Holman, the whole of the refractory performers were re-engaged. Whether the non-engagement of this gentleman proceeded from the want of an offer on the part of the managers, or from a refusal on his own part, we are not acquainted.

Mr. Holman having thus quitted the theatre which had first given his talents to the public, performed a few nights at the Haymarket, and then accepted of an engagement for the ensuing winter from the manager of the Dublin Theatre, who made the same offer to all, or any of the performers who might leave Covent-Garden in consequence of the above-mentioned disagreement.

About

About this time Mr. Holman formed a matrimonial connexion with a Miss Hamilton, a young lady of family and fortune. Such was his success in Dublin, that in 1802-3, he purchased a share in that theatre, and divided the management with Mr. Jones. In consequence of the distracted state of Ireland, which, at that time was suffering all the horrors of a rebellion, it was necessary that the theatrical performances should take place in the day time; and, agreeably to martial law, in order that the entertainments might be concluded before eight o'clock in the evening, they commenced at one in the afternoon.—It was scarcely to be expected, that at a time when personal safety was unknown, the receipts of a theatre should be very great. Mr. Holman found them exceedingly inadequate to his expenditure; a circumstance which made him extremely willing to relinquish a claim, which in better times, had been the ruin of many excellent performers. We are inclined to think that the loss of Mr. Holman in this speculation, was something considerable.

On his resignation, however, as a proprietor, he did not retire from the theatre, but continued in the exercise of his functions as manager, an office which he holds, we believe, to the present time.

We have hitherto contemplated Mr. Holman, as an actor only. In that light, he must be considered as endowed, both by nature and education, with every requisite and capability for attaining the highest excellence in his art. He is by no means confined in his performances, as he is equally successful in tragedy, and sentimental and genteel comedy. He appears, indeed, when upon the stage, to be vain of the manly elegance

elegance of his person. His faults seem to proceed from too great a portion of animation, and exuberance of fancy; yet, such are his excellencies, that we should willingly hail his return to the London stage, in preference to some of the miserable beings, who, at present, insult every feeling of delicacy and taste.

In regarding Mr. Holman as a dramatic author, we perceive less to praise. He had previously assisted, we are informed, in the production of several pieces; but it was not until the year 1790, that he ventured to appear as a writer. His opera of *Abroad and at Home*, which was performed at Covent Garden, about the year 1794 or 1795, was his first piece; and it met with much deserved success. It was originally called the *King's Bench*, but was prohibited under that title by the Lord Chamberlain. *The Votary of Wealth*, a comedy, appeared in 1799; but its reception was not equal to that of the opera. After this, in the summer of the same year, was produced the *Red Cross Knights*, a play. This was an alteration, or rather a miserable mutilation, of Schiller's wild but interesting tragedy of the *Robbers*. Mr. Holman, we understand, had translated, or adapted the German drama to the English stage, retaining its original title; but in consequence of the pernicious sentiments of the composition, the chamberlain very properly refused to sanction it. Mr. Holman had intended this for Covent Garden; but, finding it impossible to do any thing with it there, and not liking entirely to lose his trouble, he converted it into an opera, and also converting the *Robbers* into so many Red Cross Knights—a metamorphosis as extraordinary as any in Ovid—he procured it to be brought

out at the Hay-Market. By the aid of some very charming music, it had a tolerable run during the season. In the following summer (that of 1800) Mr. Holman produced another opera at the Haymarket, entitled, *What a Blunder*, which excited but little attention. His last piece was the comedy of *Love gives the Alarm*, which was played for the first and last time at Covent-Garden, in the season of 1804. The managers of Drury-Lane Theatre were to have been favored with this precious effusion of negligence and of haste; but the author having, instead thereof, sent them a piece, which, for political reasons, was rejected, he, taking this rejection in dudgeon, sent the promised drama to Mr. Harris, who immediately put it into rehearsal. An Irish character, intended for Johnstone, was consequently much curtailed. So decisive—and indeed so deservedly decisive—was the condemnation which *Love gives the Alarm* experienced, that it was not suffered to be repeated.

This piece was reported to have been the production of a few weeks labor; but it has been pretty well ascertained, that it was several months in preparation.

We know not whether Mr. Holman's ill success, on the above occasion has deterred him from farther exertion; but he has not since endeavored to retrieve his dramatic failure.

JEROME BUONAPARTE.

IN the preface to the first volume of THE MODERN PLUTARCH, the following sentence occurs:—"Plutarch wrote only the lives of *great* men; but our purpose is more comprehensive, as it embraces those of all ranks and nations, who by their virtues, or their vices, are entitled to praise or reprehension, to fame or notoriety, to panegyric or invective." The "*vices*" of Master Jerome Buonaparte, *alias* his Royal Highness PRINCE Jerome Buonaparte, member of the Legion of Honour, Rear-admiral of the French Fleet, &c. &c. &c. certainly entitle him to a sufficient portion of notoriety, to excuse us for introducing him to the acquaintance of our readers.

The genealogy of the *respectable* family of Buonaparte has been already duly noticed in our memoir of the *soi-disant* emperor of the French, [*vide* Vol. II. of THE MODERN PLUTARCH, p. 203:] it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it.

Jerome Buonaparte, who is the younger brother of Napoleon, was born in 1785; and from the *res angusta domi*, his education was by no means of the most splendid stamp. At the age of ten, he could neither read nor write; but as, at that period, he is said to have been an errand-boy at an inn, at Marseilles, he

was most probably very well acquainted with the *vulgar* tongue.

According to the statement of *La Sainte Famille*, in the year 1796, when the *great* Buonaparte had brought himself into notice, he sent Jerome to a public school at Basle, in Switzerland, under the care of his sister and brother-in-law, Bacchiochi, then settled in that city in a petty cotton manufactory.

When Buonaparte, by dint of hypocrisy and murder, had succeeded in obtaining the consulship; when he had made one of his brothers a negociator, another a minister, and a third a colonel, he selected the navy, for the sphere in which young Jerry might display his transcendent talents. He was therefore placed under the particular care of Admiral Gantheaume, who is said to have considered himself as *greatly honoured*, by being *promoted* to the tutorship of such a *hopeful* and *distinguished* youth.

Master Jerry accompanied Admiral Gantheaume during his voyage from Brest to Toulon, in the spring of 1801; and in his attempt during the summer of the same year, to land some troops on the African shore, as succours to General Menou in Egypt.

Gantheaume's voyage, it will be recollected, was neither of the most brilliant, nor of the most successful description; and perhaps it was a fortunate circumstance for him, that the embryo *Prince* happened to be under his care. It afforded the means, by bedaubing the one brother with flattery, to mitigate the consular anger of the other. 'The *illustrious* pupil was mentioned in Gantheaume's dispatches, "as a young sea officer, who *promised* to be an ornament to his profession; and whose *great talents*, and *undaunted courage* would

would reflect *great honour* on the French navy."—How well Gantheaume's prediction has been *fulfilled* will hereafter be seen.

Jerome, we are told, at the early age of sixteen, was plunged into vice, and exhibited ignominious proofs of early depravity. It is *said*, too—but thank heaven, we are not under the necessity of believing *all* that is said—that the *promising ornament* of his profession had given proof of his *undaunted courage*, by bravely keeping his bed during the whole of the voyage.

It has been shrewdly remarked, however, "that those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned;" and that, as Master Jerry has had some "*lucky escapes*" from the latter fate, it has been inferred, that he is reserved for the former.

We are here forcibly reminded of a very curious fragment, said to have been found among the papers of the late M. de la Harpe; and, from its great curiosity, we shall submit the substance of it to the reader. It is understood to have been written by La Harpe himself.—"It seems to me but yesterday," says that writer, "though it was at the beginning of the year 1788. We were at dinner with one of the brethren of the academy, a man of high rank and genius. The company was numerous and mixed, courtiers, lawyers, men of learning, academicians, &c. At the desert, the wines of Malvoisie and Constantia, added to the gaiety of polite society that sort of freedom which does not adhere too strictly to its rules; we were already arrived at that point when it was allowable to say any thing to excite mirth. Chantfort had read to us some of his impious and licentious tales, and the

ladies of rank had listened to them without having recourse to the fan. Then followed a deluge of loose jests against religion. One cited a passage from the *Pucelle*, another recollected and applauded these philosophical lines of Diderot. 'The intestines of the last priest shall form a rope to strangle the last king;' another got up and holding a full glass in his hand, said, *yes, gentlemen, I am as sure there is a God as I am that Homer was a fool*; and in truth he was as sure of one as of the other. The conversation then took a grave turn, and was occupied chiefly by the praises of Voltaire, and the revolution he had occasioned in the human mind, and all looked with anxious expectation to the happy era when superstition and fanaticism should yield to philosophy.

"One alone of the company had taken no part in all the pleasure of this conversation, and had even occasionally hazarded some sarcasms on our delightful enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, a man of amiable though singular character, but unfortunately fascinated by the reveries of the *illuminati*. He took up the conversation in the most serious manner. 'Be satisfied, gentlemen,' said he, 'you will all see the great and sublime revolution which you desire so much, you know I am something of a prophet, and I repeat it again, you will see it.' He was answered by the hack-nied phrase *one need not be a great conjuror to see that*. 'Well,' continued he, 'perhaps one must be one a little for what I am a going to tell you. Do you know what will happen from this revolution; what will happen from it to you, all who are now present, what will be its immediate consequence?' 'Let us hear,' said Condorcet with his usual *naïve* and sarcastic

castic smile) a philosopher is never sorry to meet a prophet.' 'You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon; you will die of poison which you will swallow to avoid the stroke of the executioner of poison, which that *age of felicity* will compel you to carry always about with you.'

"The self-appointed prophet then proceeded to point out distinctly the different deaths that awaited Messrs. Vico d'Azyr, Bailly, Malesherbes, and Roucher; on which they all exclaimed, 'we shall then surely be under the yoke of the Turks and Tartars.' 'No,' (replied Cazotte,) 'you will then be under the sole dominion of philosophy and reason. Those who will treat you in this manner will have every moment the same phrases in their mouths which you have been retailing for an hour; they will repeat your maxims, and will cite, like you, the verses of Diderot and La Pucelle.' They all whispered to one another, "you see he is mad, for he speaks all the time with the greatest gravity."——I (says La Harpe) now took up the conversation myself—'Here are abundance of miracles, but you take no notice of me.' 'You will be the object of a miracle not less extraordinary, you will then be a Christian.' This produced exclamations. 'Oh! (replied Chamfort,) I am comforted if we are not to die till La Harpe is a Christian; we shall all be immortal.'——After proceeding to describe the cruelties inflicted by the authors of the revolution on all persons, without distinction of rank or sex, the frantic prophet concluded with the fate of the king. On this the master of the house rose abruptly from the table, and all the company with him; he went towards M. Cazotte, and said to him, with much emotion in his manner,

manner, 'My dear Cazotte, we have had too much of this mournful pleasantry; you have pushed it too far.' Cazotte made no answer, and was going to retire, when Madame Grammont, willing to put an end to the gravity of the conversation, and give it a gayer turn, going towards him, said, 'Mr. Prophet, you have told all our own good fortunes, but you tell us nothing of your own.' He was silent some time, with his eyes fixed on the ground. 'Madam, have you never read the siege of Jerusalem, in Josephus?' 'Yes, Sir, surely; who has not? But proceed as if I had not. 'Well, Madam, during the siege, a man went round the ramparts for seven successive days, in sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying continually with a loud and mournful voice, *woe to Jerusalem*, and on the seventh day he cried *woe to Jerusalem* and to myself, and at the instant he was crushed to pieces by a large stone thrown by the machines of the enemy.' After this answer, M. Cazotte bowed, and went away."

Most people, we believe, on perusing the above account, will regret that the respective members of the Buonaparte family were not present at the recorded conversation; as, in that case, they might have been informed of the different fates attending those illustrious personages. It might then have been seen, which, *if any of them*, had been born to the good fortune of attaining an old age, and dying in his bed; which of them was destined for the scaffold or the gallows; which of them was to be torn in pieces by a justly incensed populace; and which of them, to close his life of infamy, would become his own executioner.

On returning to Master Jerry, whose probable fate

has already been pointed at, we find, that, after the preliminaries of peace had already been signed, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. At that time, Admiral Villaret Joyeuse was sent with a fleet and an army to St. Domingo, and Jerome accompanied him as one of his *aides-de-camp*. On his arrival at the place of destination, Joyeuse appears to have eclipsed even Ganteaume in the art of adaptation. He sent his first dispatches from St. Domingo to France by Master Jerome, "to whose *uncommon skill*, both as a naval and military officer, he confidently referred for whatever the government should think proper to know concerning the expedition to St. Domingo."—Joyeuse seems to have obtained his end by this stroke of flattery, as Buonaparte conferred upon him the captain-generalship of Martinique. Jerome, too, was rewarded for his *uncommon skill* and industry, by being made a captain; and, having been presented with a corvette, he was sent out with confidential dispatches to his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc, at Cape François. "On his arrival at the Cape," says a recent publication, which, to use a vulgar phrase, tells lies as fast as a horse can gallop, "daily torments and executions were the order of the day; and he found so much delight in the improvements invented by the hellish genius of a republican officer, Grenier, to prolong their suffering, that he presented him with a ring worth twelve thousand livres; while he sent to prison another officer, who forgot to call him up one morning when 262 of the negroes were half burnt before they were sawed to pieces."

We know that the most horrible enormities have been exercised by the French in St. Domingo; yet, as
far

far as relates to Jerome Buonaparte, it is not without considerable reluctance that we receive the above account. Farther on, he observes, "we are told, that, on his arrival, his *virtuous* sister, Madame Le Clerc, had presented him with a beautiful mulatto woman for a mistress, to keep him *sage*, as she said : this girl was descended from respectable parents, and had received a better education than was common in St. Domingo since the revolution." Considering the general manners of the French women, we find no great difficulty in swallowing this ; but humanity revolts when we are told, that, "one afternoon, in a fit of jealousy, Jerome ordered her to be devoured alive by some famished blood-hounds, which he always kept for his entertainment, and was present to see his atrocious orders executed !!!" If this be not straining the point a *little* too far ; or, in other words, if it be not painting the Devil blacker than he is, we know not to what lengths some writers may be permitted to go. But, it is added, "this abomination surprised even Madame Le Clerc, who, *as a punishment, did not admit her brother to her table the day following.*" We have not, however, according to our *faithful* historian, yet reached the climax of Jerome's infamy ; for he proceeds to inform us, that "a brother of this unfortunate girl, a lieutenant in the republican service, being refused the satisfaction that he demanded for this crime, in despair deserted to the blacks, but was recaptured, and condemned by General Le Clerc to be shot from the mouth of a cannon. Every thing that the fancy or passion of Jerome fixed upon, he put into requisition for his use. The day after the murder of one mistress, he *sent orders* to the daughter of a white planter *to fill up*
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the vacant place; she, however, preferred poison to the embraces of such a young monster; but by disappointing his vile passion, she caused the death of her father, and the ruin of her family; the former being shot at the denunciation of Jerome, who accused him of corresponding with the negroes, and his property was confiscated for the use of the republic, or rather of the Buonaparte family."

All this, perhaps, may be very passable, from the writer who could *seriously* assert, that Lucien Buonaparte, when minister of the home department, wrote to citizen Lalande, "*to stop the eclipse of the moon until his arrival!*"—*Risum teneatis amici!*

Another anecdote of Jerome Buonaparte, more generally accredited, is, that, while at St. Domingo, he one day observed an American merchant in an elegant English phaeton, drawn by four English horses, and that he immediately ordered him to descend. On the refusal of the American, four of General Le Clerc's guides dragged him from his carriage, which Jerome afterwards appropriated to his own use. It is said that, after the renewal of the war with England, when Jerome deserted over to the American continent, the merchant cited him before one of the tribunals of that country.

While in America, Jerome Buonaparte took up his residence at Baltimore, where he became acquainted with Miss Patterson, the daughter of an eminent merchant of that place. A marriage was the consequence of this intimacy, a circumstance which deeply offended the great man in France. It was indeed long before the disgrace of Master Jerry could be obliterated. At length, after much negociation, he was peremptorily ordered

dered to leave his rib behind him, and return to Europe, as the only means of being restored to fraternal favour. But the young gentleman, assuming a virtue, though he had it not, refusing to obey the former part of the mandate, set sail for France, accompanied by Miss Betsy Patterson, alias Mrs. Jerome Buonaparte. Not judging it expedient to thrust himself and his wife, all at once, into the *honoured* presence, he landed in Holland; and, as strict orders had been issued to prohibit the landing of the said Elizabeth Patterson, commonly called Madame Jerome Buonaparte, in any of the ports in the territory of France, he proceeded alone to throw himself at the footstool of his *Majesty*. We cannot presume to say how far his inclination might have influenced him on this occasion; but, certain it is, he neither obtained an invitation for his wife to come to Paris, nor did he take the trouble of going back to Holland to look after, or console her; and it is now understood, that he is on the eve of being married to a certain German princess.

Mrs. Buonaparte, not finding her amiable spouse return, and preferring an English *accoucheur* to a Dutch one, came over to this country; and, having been most gallantly handed on shore by one of the most accomplished *beaux* of the age, she proceeded to London, where she experienced numerous civilities from various quarters. After a time, the lady took up her abode at Camberwell, where she had the felicity of giving to the world a young Buonaparte. Fully recovered from her accouchment, poor Betsy Patterson returned to America, *re infecta*.

Much British sympathy has been bestowed upon this "forlorn fair one," though, in our humble opinion, without

without its being at all merited by its object. In all probability, Miss Patterson was influenced by a "vain and pitiful ambition" of becoming allied to the infamous usurper of the Bourbon throne; for, according to every account which we have heard of the person and manners of Master Jerry, he is far more likely to excite disgust than desire: had she been the daughter of a *British*, instead of an American merchant, she would have known that her father was a far more estimable character than any blood-stained usurper in existence. She seems, however, to have been worthy of the husband of her choice; for, if report be accurate, her detestation of the English was equal to that of her admired hero; and, amongst her domestics, she was as great a tyrant as the self-elected emperor is amongst his slaves.

Jerome Buonaparte, having succeeded in making his peace with his brother, was sent out upon a predatory excursion, under Admiral Guillaumez, as commander of the *Veteran*, an 84 gun ship. While on his cruise, he had many "hair breadth 'scapes" from falling into the hands of the English; but, as he had had the good luck to assist in the destruction of a few of our merchantmen, his return to France was hailed with the greatest *eclat*. It is indeed no wonder, that the *Moniteur*, which, on Jerome's retreat to America, had asserted that he had sunk an English ship of superior force, should *make much of a little*, on his burning eight or nine ships of the Quebec convoy. On the latter occasion, however, the official journal quite forgot to state the signal *valour* of Master Jerome, in running away from an English ship, the *Gibraltar*; and that, had it not been for an accident which befel that

ship, almost at the moment that she was up with the Veteran, he would have had the honour of being conducted to an English prison.

Such was the *extacy* with which our naval hero was received at St. Cloud, that, shortly after his arrival, his illustrious brother admitted him to the rank—from which he had hitherto been excluded—of a *royal highness*; invested him with the great ribbon of the legion of honour; and promoted him to the rank of rear-admiral of the French fleet.

By abandoning his wife—a crime most congenial to the feelings of the *great* Buonaparte—Master Jerry now appeared to be in full possession of the *royal* favour. He has been permitted to accompany the *illustrious* emperor on his continental tour; has been promised the hand, as has been already stated, of a princess of the house of Wirtemburgh; and may perhaps be permitted the honour of fleshing his sword among the Prussians, under the immediate eye of “*THE FIRST WARRIOR OF THE AGE!*”

Jerome, as far as we can learn, is not behind hand with the rest of the family in extravagance. While at Jamaica, he is said to have worn a very elegant watch, set with diamonds, which he boasted, to an English officer, cost only the trifle of 10,000 *louis d'or*: perhaps, however, the real value of the watch might be 10,000 *livres*, and the *livres* grew into *louis d'or*, on the tongue of the reporter of this piece of extravagance. But, as the watch was a present from Napoleon, the probability is, that it cost the *donor* nothing but the trouble of stealing.

We know not what his salary is as a rear-admiral; nor what income he is entitled to as a member of the
legion

legion of honour; but we understand that his yearly pension, before marriage, amounted to 600,000 *livres*, (about 25,000*l.* or rather more); while 1,500,000 *livres* were allotted for a hotel, and two estates in the country, as his future establishment; and 1,000,000 of *livres* were deposited in foreign banks for his use.

Should Buonaparte prove successful in the campaign now just commencing—against which the prayers of every civilised nation must daily arise—we doubt not that some kingdom, perhaps Spain, will be fixed upon, over which little Jerry may exercise his regal sway. Should the French arms, on the contrary, experience any signal defeat—an event, for the accomplishment of which our daily orisons are most ardently poured—there is reason to suppose that the whole family of the Buonapartes would speedily be reduced to their native insignificance; and that *his royal highness* PRINCE Jerome, member of the legion of honour, rear-admiral of the French fleet, &c. &c. &c. &c. might again be found in his original occupation—that of an errand boy at an inn, or a helper in a stable!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES SHAW,

LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THAT active and esteemed magistrate, Mr. Shaw, who is now on the eve of resigning the chief civic honours of the metropolis, is a native of Airshire, in Scotland; and, as far as we have been able to learn, is the first North Briton who ever attained the honour of being chosen lord mayor of London.

"Considering that Great Britain is the emporium of the wealth of the whole world," observes a contemporary writer, "that this wealth united in a focus, in the city of London, gives action to the industry and intelligence of all civilized nations, and that, so united, it presents a phenomenon unparalleled in history; it becomes a point of obvious curiosity to know, what are the means by which this assemblage of wealth is brought together, and who are the agents by whom it is directed?" The shortest, and the most simple answer, which can be given to the former part of this question is, that unremitting industry, judicious speculation, and a spirit of enterprize, are the surest means of accumulating wealth. With respect to the latter part of the question, we answer, that the agents

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W. Marshall del.

by whom this wealth is directed, are chiefly the citizens of London.

Characters of this description, howsoever they may chance to be sneered at by the ignorant, or looked down upon by the proud and conceited offspring of impoverished nobility, are amongst the most respectable in the universe. For charity, benevolence, and every virtue which adorns humanity, where shall we find more illustrious examples than amongst the merchants of London? The subscription-books at Lloyd's will be found to present a fairer list of patriotic and philanthropic worthies, than is to be met with in any other part of the world. The names of Angerstein, of Goldsmid, and of many others, are indelibly engraven on the hearts of thousands, who have quaffed the rich stream of their country.

The historic annals of London record the names of many, who have risen to opulence and honour by dint of industry alone; without the slightest patrimonial inheritance, without a friend to foster their earlier years, and without the least apparent means of ushering themselves into notice. Mr. Shaw, however, is not one of those. Unlike the great Whittington, his fate was not decided by the chiming of the city bells.

Mr. Shaw was born in the month of August, 1764. Intended, we believe, from his birth, for a commercial life, he received an appropriate education; and, for several years, has enjoyed considerable eminence in the mercantile line.

His first appearance as a public character was in the spring of the year 1798; a period which will be long remembered with exultation, from the circumstance of its having given birth to the volunteer system. Mr. Shaw

was then unanimously chosen to command the corps which was raised by the ward Portsoken, where he resided. On the resignation of Sir Benjamin Hamet, in the autumn of the same year, he was elected alderman of that ward.

It must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, that on the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, in the year 1802, the volunteers were disbanded. On the wisdom of this measure, so highly creditable to the foresight of the Addingtonian ministry, it would be a work of supererogation, at this time, to expatiate. It has been justly observed, in a recently written tract, that, "at war with an enemy who can command the resources of a population more than four times our number, it is preposterous to suppose we can be secure by any other means," than that of the volunteers.—"Mr. Wyndham," says the same writer, "even admits this necessity, enamoured as he is of his favourite regular army, and his recourse to the *levy en masse*. It is remarkable, by the way, that this gentleman should have no mediocrity in his ideas; he is always either above or below his subject; he scorns that happy medium which is sought after by all men of real wisdom. His military plan is formed of the two extremities of his means: but what man of sober judgment would quit the volunteer system, even at its most imperfect state, for an armed rabble, without leaders, and without any pretensions to regularity."

The renewal of the war, however, or rather, as it has been with more propriety termed, the termination of a hollow-armed truce, soon rendered it expedient again to assemble the voluntary defenders of their country. The indignant spirit of the nation was roused,

ed, the sons of Britain again seized their arms; and, at that moment, thousands were ready to exclaim:—

“ Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In freedom's temple born;
Dress our pale cheek, in timid smile,
To hail a master in the isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

“ No! tho' destruction o'er the land,
Come pouring as the flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

“ For gold, let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gair;
Unbrib'd, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

“ If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-colour,
Or footstep of invaders rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore.—

“ Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where, charging, furious squadrons ride,
To conquer, or to die.”

So general was the patriotic flame, that, in the course of a few months, no fewer than four hundred thousand volunteers appeared in arms. Mr. Shaw was not

not backward upon this occasion, but, with a zeal which reflected much credit upon his character, he assembled the young men of his ward in the parish church, where he harangued them upon the duty which they owed to themselves, to their families, and to their country, with such effect, that in a few days the books of enrolment were complete, and the sum of five thousand pounds were subscribed to support the establishment.

The subject of this memoir was again unanimously chosen to the principal command of the Portsoken corps; and, although the ward does not contain more than five thousand inhabitants, he was, on the birthday of his Majesty, immediately subsequent to its formation, enabled to appear at the head of four hundred men.

We must here beg leave to direct the attention of the military reader to the following passage, contained in a recent "*Defence of the Volunteer System, in Opposition to Mr. Windham's Idea of that Force.*"—"If means are taken to appoint active and clever young men to the volunteer corps, as officers, and the inspecting generals will open a wide field for their ambition, a very essential difference will very soon be discovered. I hope then to see the men taught all the duties of light troops, and to be made to understand the manner of annoying an enemy in small parties, in an enclosed country, as well as to act with steadiness and correctness in extending lines and deep columns; to see the officers have opportunities of exercising their activity and judgment in all real points of real service; to see a proper attention paid to the equipment and
internal

internal management of the corps; that they be ready upon all occasions to take the field, provided with every article necessary to the performance of their duty, and the preservation of their health."

On the Midsummer day of 1803, Mr. Shaw was elected one of the sheriffs of Middlesex; and, in consequence of his incompatibility of filling that office, and of retaining his military appointment, he resigned the command of his regiment to Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Pratt.

It was at the general election of 1802, that Sir Francis Burdett, by means of a colourable majority, was returned as one of the members of parliament for the county of Middlesex. It was afterwards determined, by a committee of the house of commons, that Sir Francis had not been duly elected, and that Mr. Mainwaring, the opposing candidate, was disqualified to sit, by the operation of the treating-act. It was not until 1804 that this decision took place; and Sir Francis, not deterred by his failure, again started as the opponent of the younger Mainwaring. The consequent election took place during the time of Mr. Shaw's sheriffalty; and the arduous duties which, on that occasion, he had to perform, will be long and well remembered. The enormities of a Middlesex mob—of a mob in the interest of such a partizan as Sir Francis Burdett—cannot be forgotten. The lowest, and many of the most infamous descriptions, are computed to have been almost daily collected around the hustings at Brentford, or, in terrific bodies, assembled in its environs. By the personal exertions of Mr. Shaw, however, and of his colleague, Sir William Leighton,
every

every riotous attempt was baffled, and the election was conducted to its close with the utmost candour, liberality, and justice.

At the Michaelmas of 1804, Mr. Shaw, as a matter of course, retired from the office of sheriff.

In 1805. he was elected to the chief magistracy of the city; and it is considered that, in modern times, the brilliancy and magnificence of the day of his inauguration have never been exceeded. On that day the illustrious Pitt visited Guildhall for the last time.

The city of London has always been distinguished by the richness, if not by the splendour, of its festivals; and his lordship has seemed anxious that it should not degenerate during his mayoralty. At the Easter anniversary, 1806, he had the honour of entertaining, at the mansion-house, the Prince of Wales, and all his royal brothers; and, by a remarkable coincidence, the whole of the late and present administration: also all the foreign ministers, and other foreigners of distinction, at the English court. The female part of the company was likewise pre-eminently distinguished, by its numbers, its beauty, and its splendour.

His lordship has also given sumptuous entertainments to our gallant naval heroes, and to Mr. Erskine (our ambassador to America), and the American ministers in this country. Such entertainments at once display the liberality and patriotism of the individual, and place his rank, as chief magistrate of the city, in an exalted point of view.

The anxiety of his lordship to support the dignity of his high office, and to preserve the rights of the city unimpaired,

unimpaired, was eminently conspicuous in his successful struggle to obtain that place which his situation demanded, at the funeral of the departed Nelson. That persevering firmness, which was at length rewarded by his Majesty's patent of precedence, will ever be remembered by his fellow-citizens with pride and gratitude. Their sense of his lordship's conduct is admirably shewn by the following unanimous resolution of the court of aldermen: —

“ At a court of the mayor and aldermen, held on Tuesday, the 28th of January, 1806, and in the forty-sixth year of the reign of George the Third, of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, &c.

“ RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

“ That the thanks of this court be given to the Right Honourable James Shaw, lord-mayor, for his judicious arrangement of this city's part of the public procession of the 8th and 9th instant, in honour of the late Lord Viscount Nelson; for that manly, temperate, and persevering conduct, that procured him a warrant under the King's seal manual, to hold in the procession, on the 9th instant, the place due to the chief magistrate, viz. that of the first subject of the realm; for the perfect concert in which he acted with the committee of the other branch of the corporation; for his excellent disposition and brilliant display of the military force of this city; for his polite attention to all the members of this court, and to every other person with whom he had intercourse upon that solemn occasion; and for his liberal entertainments, that, at his mansion-house, on the 9th instant, when his hospitable table was attended by the municipal authorities

of

of the city, and honoured by an assemblage of eminent persons, rendered dear to his fellow-citizens by the great services performed for their country, in the honourable professions of the NAVY and ARMY.

“WOODTHORPE.”

It has been remarked, that although the period of the mayoralty of his lordship has been productive of the most important events to England, and indeed to Europe, we have to congratulate ourselves that no civic emergencies have arisen, of sufficient magnitude, to render magisterial measures necessary. Yet, by the means of his own temperate, impartial, and dignified conduct, he has been most singularly fortunate in preserving the utmost harmony and good understanding between his fellow-citizens, amidst these contentions and that difference of opinion, which too frequently occur in the heat of political agitations, amongst the subjects of a free government.

Mr. Coombe, while filling the civic chair, obtained much credit for the length of time which he devoted to the duties of his office; for the impartiality, humanity, and good sense, which marked his magisterial decisions. The same degree of credit is due to his lordship; and it may be added, that, upon all occasions, he not only evinces a sound, manly, and enlightened understanding, but is, moreover, rendered conspicuous by the noblest sentiments of integrity and honour.

In private life, we are informed, his lordship is sociable, friendly, and generous; quick in his temper, but so perfectly good-natured, that he has never been known to harbour anger or malice against any human being.

being. Life, he has been heard to say, is much too short for the indulgence of the angry passions. This is a saying worthy of an ancient, from whom, probably, it may have been derived.

In addition to the temporary, though highly honourable office, of lord-mayor, Mr. Shaw is president of St. Bartholomew's hospital, and a director of the West India Dock and Imperial Insurance companies.

It was not until late years, that the citizens of London, even of the most opulent classes, had attained any particular polish, or love for the fine arts. At present, many of them vie with the first nobility of the realm, in the elegance of their manners, in their love of literature, and in their taste in, and patronage of, those arts for which ancient Greece and Rome were formerly unrivalled. Mr. Angerstein has, at present, one of the most choice and valuable collections of paintings in the kingdom, or, perhaps, in the world; and we could mention many, who, from their classical knowledge, might rank with silk gowns and lawn sleeves. Mr. Shaw, with a laudable anxiety, for the credit and honour of the city, has found time, amidst his numerous avocations, to pay considerable attention to literature; and, having procured a vote of the corporation for that purpose, he has laid the foundation of an elegant library at the Mansion-house. We should hope, from that spirit of liberality which characterizes the citizens of London, that this library may be, one day, amongst the proudest boasts of the country.

We have only to observe, that, at the moment of preparing this article for the press, his lordship is canvassing the city of London, with the view of succeed-

ing his friend, Sir J. W. Anderson, as one of its representatives in parliament. From the very honourable and faithful manner in which his lordship has conducted himself in his magisterial capacity, there is every reason to presume that he would be equally sedulous and attentive as a senator ; on which ground he possesses our most cordial wishes for his success.

His lordship is to be succeeded, in the civic chair, by Sir William Leighton, the former colleague of Mr. Shaw, in the sheriffalty of Middlesex.

MRS. PARSONS.

TO our female readers, in particular, we are persuaded that the following account of Mrs. Parsons, a lady who has contributed so much to their amusement, as a novel-writer, will be very acceptable.

Mr. Canning, M. P. author of "*The Pilot that weathered the Storm*," and many other elegant literary *merceaux*, has devoted one of his papers, in the "*Microcosm*," to prove that Novel, styled by some the younger sister of Romance, is precisely the same personage; the merciless giants of former times being now converted into austere guardians, while the dragons of old are softened down into maiden aunts. This is an ingenious hypothesis, and certainly not without foundation. It may be added, that many of our modern authors of novels and romances have no more respect for virtue or delicacy, than some of our ancient fictions had for consistency and propriety.

" Loud groans the press with such incongruence,
 Outraging nature, feeling, virtue, sense ;
 With limping lines, each tugging on a brother,
 Like hounds ill-coupled tugging at each other,
 With prose that flounders at one knows not what,
 Like nags between a canter and a trot ;
 Stuff'd full of mysteries and hair-breadth 'scapes,
 Intrigues, adulteries, fornications, rapes—

And scenes so big with giant wonder fraught,
 You'd swear the night-mare had inspir'd each thought:
 Such are the horrors of each goblin'd tale,
 They make old Rawhead at himself turn pale;
 Printers, compositors, and devils too,
 See, as they print, their office-lamp burn blue,
 And hear, (for conscience will be heard at last,)
 Groans of starv'd authors howling in each blast."

Well may the satyrist exclaim:—

"—— my blood boils with more than common rage.
 To see these paltry scribblers of the age,
 Lard their lean lines of sentiment and rant,
 With scraps of modern philosophic cant."

But Mrs. Parsons is not like some of those

"—— novel-writing misses,
 Who teach e'en babes to dream of nuptial kisses;"

Nor like others,

"—— scribbling for the day.
 Too proud to learn, and much too proud to pray,
 By modern candour and false feeling led.
 May dare to censure what they never read."

This lady's productions, we believe, have been uniformly on the side of virtue, morality, and religion.

Ladies, even when on the wrong side of fifty or sixty, are frequently averse from making their age public; and, on that account, we are unable to announce the exact year, month, day, hour, minute, and second of Mrs. Parsons's birth. She is now, however, considerably advanced in the vale of life.

Miss

Miss Phelps, for that was her maiden name, was the only daughter of Mr. Phelps, a wine-merchant, in Plymouth, Devonshire. She was destined, in early life, to be the domestic matron, rather than the studious author. When very young, she married Mr. Parsons, a turpentine-merchant, at Stonehouse, near Plymouth, by whom she had a numerous family. Of these, four daughters are all who survive: one of them is married to a Norwegian, and another to a London merchant; the third is married to a military officer, and the fourth to a gentleman of rank and fortune at Copenhagen. In the beginning of the present war, Mrs. Parsons lost a very promising youth by the yellow fever, off St. Domingo; about three or four years ago, she followed to the grave the remains of a most amiable daughter, the wife of an eminent surgeon; and, in 1804, her last surviving son, a brave and deserving young officer, just appointed to the command of his Majesty's gun-vessel, the *Hecate*, unhappily perished in a gale of wind off Whitstable bay.

Until the breaking out of the American war, "when brother against brother fought," Mr. and Mrs. Parsons lived in much happiness and affluence. At that time, Mr. Parsons, having contracts with government for naval stores, had ships in America waiting to be loaded: of these, on account of the breaking out of disturbances, two were detained in the country, and two were under the necessity of slipping out and running home in ballast. This of course occasioned a heavy loss and disappointment, and was the first blow to his prosperity. To fulfil his contracts, he was compelled to resort to the London markets at great disadvantage.

In consequence of these unfavourable circumstances, Mr. Parsons found it expedient to remove his family from Stonehouse to the neighbourhood of London, near Bow-bridge. He accordingly occupied the house formerly known as the Bow China House; and, at this place, he built warehouses and several dwellings for workmen, and erected stills and other expensive works nearly to the amount of his remaining capital. For three years he had every prospect of success; but about the expiration of that time, in 1782, a dreadful fire broke out in the still-house, then filled with spirits of turpentine, tar, pitch, and other combustibles, which soon destroyed all the buildings and their contents. The flames unfortunately communicated to a large quantity of stores which had been rolled out from distant warehouses, for the purpose of being shipped the next tide, and entirely consumed them; and, in all probability, the town of Bow was preserved from the conflagration, by the orders which Mrs. Parsons gave, to pull down the workmens' houses, and stifle the fire. Mr. Parsons happened to be in town, and returned only to witness his entire ruin; for, unhappily, the still-houses and annexed buildings, and the stores which had been drawn round them, for the convenience of being shipped in a few hours, had no claims on the Insurance Office, only the warehouses and goods in them being insured. This dreadful blow, and a consequent combination of distressing events, compelled Mr. Parsons to relinquish business.

A few months previously to the fatal accident, in which nearly their all had been consumed, they had the misfortune to lose their eldest son in Jamaica. He was a most amiable young man, about eighteen
years

years of age, and had just been made a captain of marines. Thus domestic sorrows, added to the loss of property, had an effect upon the spirits of Mr. Parsons which he never recovered.

Fortune, however, did not wholly desert Mrs. Parsons; for her husband gained an appointment at St. James's, in the Lord Chamberlain's department, and soon after, through the favour of the Marchioness of Salisbury, she also obtained a small place in the same department, which we believe she still holds.

Notwithstanding these favourable events, the health of Mr. Parsons, visibly declined. The total loss of a handsome fortune, his anxiety for the provision of seven or eight children who had been born to happier prospects, consciousness of his broken constitution and of his inability to leave any thing for his family, occasioned a languor and depression of spirits which brought on a paralytic affection. Under this infliction of Providence he languished for nearly three years, when a second stroke terminated his existence.

Mrs. Parsons was now left with a young family, wholly unprovided for and dependent on her exertions for their future subsistence. In circumstances like these, the feelings of a mother must be painfully acute. Involved in pecuniary difficulties, and deprived by death of the best friend that woman can possess, her only resource was to offer herself as a literary candidate for public favour. Thus it appears to have been imperious necessity, and not inclination or vanity, that led Mrs. Parsons to take up the pen. The first avowed production, which appeared in 1794, was entitled, *Memoirs of Miss Meredith*, in two volumes. It had the good fortune to be viewed with a favourable eye by the public;

public; and, from the encouragement which she received, she was induced to proceed in her laudable exertions.

It would be a waste of time to analyze, or to make any extracts from her numerous publications, as every novel-reader is more intimately acquainted with them, than we can profess ourselves to be. Since the year 1791, however, Mrs. Parsons has produced the following works:—The Errors of Education, 3 vols.; The Castle of Wolfenbach, 2 vols.; Ellen and Julia, 2 vols.; Lucy, 3 vols.; The Voluntary Exile, 5 vols.; Woman as she should be, 4 vols.; The Girl of the Mountain, 4 vols.; Women as they are, 4 vols.; The Mysterious Warning, 4 vols.; An Old Friend with a New Face, 3 vols.; Anecdotes of two well-known Families, 3 vols.; The Valley of St. Gothard, 3 vols.; The Miser and his Family, 4 vols.; The Peasant of Ardenne Forest, 4 vols.; The Mysterious Visits, 4 vols.; Murray House, 3 vols.; Love and Gratitude; or, Traits of the Human Heart (a translation from the French, 3 vols.

From those which have been enumerated it will be seen that Mrs. Parsons has produced, at least, the immense number of sixty volumes; but, in addition to these we are informed that she has written *The Wise-ones Bubbled*; or, *Lovers Triumphant*, in two volumes; and another novel, entitled, *Rosetta*, both of them anonymously.

Mrs. Parsons's literary talents have not been entirely confined to novel-writing; as, for the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks, and Mr. Hull of Covent-Garden Theatre, she some years ago altered an afterpiece from Moliere, called *Intrigues of a Morning*. Of the

merits of this piece, we are not enabled to speak ; but, from the circumstance of its having been long since "shelved," it is presumed that they were not of the first order.

In reflecting on the laudable purpose, for which this lady's pen has so long been almost unremittingly occupied, every person of a liberal and a feeling mind, must breathe a warm wish for her prosperity and happiness.

THE LATE
LORD THURLOW.

"Sola nobilitas virtus."

THERE is more credit in being the founder, than the descendant, of a noble family. The latter may be an imbecile and contemptible blockhead; while the former, almost invariably, must be distinguished by his virtues or his talents. The former ought to be, *non sibi, sed patriæ*; while the latter is, too frequently, *non patriæ, sed sibi*. The descendant of a great man is a nobleman only by reflection.

Lord Thurlow, who has recently been added to our list of departed worthies, was a striking instance of the superiority of talents over birth. Conscious of the one, and regardless of the other, he attained the honours due to both.

According to traditionary accounts, his lordship's family is said to be descended from the celebrated Thurloe, the secretary to Oliver Cromwell; but, if so, the heralds have omitted the circumstance, for it is not mentioned in the peerage. Indeed, the story does not appear by Lord Thurlow himself; for, being one day asked, while Lord High Chancellor, if he were not descended from the great Secretary Thurloe, he replied,
—"There

—"There were two of that name in my country, Sir; the one Thurloe the statesman, the other Thurlow the carrier.—I am descended from the latter."

The Reverend Thomas Thurlow, vicar of Ashfield, an obscure village in the county of Suffolk, married Elizabeth Smith, of that place, by whom he had Edward, the late lord; Thomas, who died bishop of Durham, May 27, 1791, aged 56; and John, a manufacturer at Norwich, and one of the aldermen of that city, who died March 4, 1782. The vicar himself died in the year 1762.

Edward, the subject of this memoir, was born at Ashfield, in the year 1735; and, having been initiated in the rudimental parts of education by his father, he was removed to Cambridge, and entered of Caius College, under the tuition of Dr. Smith, the late master. While there, his conduct is said to have been so irregular, and his spirit so haughty and unbending, as often to provoke academic censure. The frequency with which that censure was administered, is reported to have had no other effect upon his mind, naturally untractable, than to produce occasions for stricter discipline. His behaviour at length became so obnoxious, that it was hinted to him in tolerably plain terms, that a voluntary departure from Cambridge would be a prudent step, as the only means of preventing the highest punishment which a university can inflict. He, therefore, like many great men, who *resign* in order to avoid being *turned out*, quitted College without taking any degree, and repaired to the metropolis. In that sink of vice and iniquity, as it is termed by some of our rigid moralists, it is not to be supposed that his manners underwent any very speedy amendment. However,

ever, after wasting a considerable portion of time, and exhausting his finances, he engaged, at the entreaty of his friends, in the study of the law, and accordingly entered himself of the Inner Temple.

It has been considered by many, that, of all the learned professions, the law affords the fairest prospect for the promotion of unpatronized talents. Certainly it does so, where the youthful candidate happens to possess an ample portion of confidence, alias, impudence; but of all places in the world, we believe the bar to be the most ungenial soil for the growth of *modest* merit. But modesty is a virtue which Lord Thurlow is thought never to have been troubled with; in him, therefore, the choice of the law, for a profession, was a prudent choice.

Little we believe is known of the manner in which our student passed his time in his new situation; but we have heard it asserted by his contemporaries, that there was nothing either in his application or his conversation, that warranted any expectation of future celebrity. Even long after he had been called to the bar, he was condemned to painful silence: he continued unknown and unnoticed, and consequently unemployed.

The first cause in which he had an opportunity of signalizing himself, was one in which the late Earl of Winchelsea and Mr. Luke Robinson were concerned. But that which led the way to an extensive practice, to affluence, and to honour, was the celebrated Douglas cause. Several of the great lawyers of the day having refused the drudgery of arranging and stating the case of Mr. Archibald Douglas, afterwards Lord Douglas, in his great legal contest with the Duke of Hamilton, one of them proposed to offer it to Mr. Thurlow, then

then in the bar of the coffee-house where the business was transacting. Mr. Thurlow, dreaming neither of briefs, big-wigs, nor wool-sacks, was at that moment in all probability amusing himself with the conversation—perhaps the endearments—of Miss Harvey, the lady who was afterwards “as the wife of his bosom.” However, the proposal was made and accepted, and the task, which was a very complex and important one, was executed in so masterly a manner, as to obtain for our barrister a very high degree of applause.

About this time he also acquired the favour and patronage of Lord Weymouth, who brought him into parliament; and, from that moment, the path to honours and emoluments lay smooth before him. In the year 1762, he was appointed one of his Majesty’s counsel; in March, 1770, he was made solicitor-general; and in January 1771, he succeeded Sir William De Grey as attorney-general.

It is here worthy of remark, that the university of Cambridge never named him, according to usual custom, one of its standing counsel. Whether this neglect proceeded from a recollection of his former conduct, or from his having left college without having taken a degree, is uncertain.

Mr. Thurlow was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Tamworth, in Staffordshire; and, during the time which he sat in the house of commons, he was greatly respected by both sides for the candour and talents which he universally displayed. He there became a firm and undaunted supporter of the measures of the existing administration, and perhaps no man was ever called upon to defend a more unpopular one. His eloquence, promptitude, and re-

solution, were found to be of such vast service to Lord North, against the numerous and powerful adversaries of that nobleman, that, in return, he gave him the great seal. This event, which, as an era in Lord Thurlow's life, took place in the month of June, 1773; at which time he was created a peer, by the title of Baron Thurlow, of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk.

His lordship, during the remainder of the North administration, continued a uniform and able defender of the measures of government; and, as a proof of the universal esteem in which he was holden by all parties, he was expressly requested, by the new ministry, to retain the seals. He accordingly held the chancellorship during the short-lived administration of Lord Shelburne; but he never cordially united with that nobleman.

In the month of April, 1783, when the coalition ministry assumed the reins, he resigned, and the seals were put into commission; but, in the month of December following, on the commencement of the administration of Mr. Pitt, of whom he was then considered as a sort of political tutor, he was re-appointed to the chancellorship. From that period until June, 1792, his lordship gave his firm and able support to the cabinet. A marked difference of opinion between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow at length rendered the resignation of one or the other of those statesmen unavoidable. His lordship accordingly delivered up the great seal, in a manner, and in terms which are said to have affected his Majesty very forcibly.

On entering on the high office of chancellor, Lord Thurlow is considered as having shewn a firmness and an integrity, rarely equalled. It had been usual with

former chancellors on their advancement, to make considerable alteration in the officers of their court, with a view to serve their dependents, or to oblige their ministerial friends; the commissioners of bankrupts, in particular, were almost always changed. On the present occasion, however, scarcely any changes were made: one person only is said to have been dismissed, which he owed to his own imprudence, in soliciting the influence of his lordship's mistress. Lord Thurlow, though inflexibly just, is universally known to have been harsh, and almost brutal, in his manners; and we have heard this circumstance related in a manner which certainly reflected but little credit on the feeling or liberality of his lordship. At the same time we cannot but admit the propriety of discountenancing every thing like petticoat influence—particularly from an *illegitimate* quarter.

Every one must be aware that the situation of the chancellor in the house of lords, in his capacity of speaker, is not only of great importance, but of peculiar delicacy, and requiring much address. The pillars of the constitution, as they consequentially conceive themselves to be, are generally fraught with lofty, not to say vain sentiments, and feel but little inclination to bend to the authority of a man whom they have been accustomed to look down upon amongst the herd of practitioners in the inferior courts. On one occasion, but we are not certain whether it was in the house, a certain duke so far forgot himself, as to reflect upon the meanness of Lord Thurlow's birth. The severely sarcastic answer which his grace received, allusive to his own family arms, was most acutely

felt, and effectually operated to prevent a renewal of the insult.

The official powers of the speaker are very great, yet they had seldom been exercised over a debate in restraining the exuberances of the noble orators; the consequence of which was, that they frequently wandered wide from the question, besides committing other irregularities inconsistent with the dignity of so august an assembly. Lord Thurlow determined to exert himself in reforming these abuses, and to shew that a chancellor ought to be looked up to with deference, instead of sitting, as had been too often the case, a mere cypher. His interference in the debate, to preserve order, and to confine the members immediately to the point, excited considerable surprise and dissatisfaction: at length the Duke of Grafton, feeling himself hurt at a check which he had experienced, remonstrated against it with great sharpness; for this his grace received an instant correction in terms which were pointedly severe, yet spiritedly decorous; and from that moment the chancellor's authority rose to its proper level in the house of lords.

Lord Thurlow, notwithstanding his harshness and severity, was by no means without the virtue of benevolence. Though he had not experienced the most urbane treatment from the university of Cambridge, and though, on his advancement in rank and practice, the heads of the university declined to nominate him as one of its standing counsel, he appears to have entertained no spirit of rancour against them. On the contrary, when he came to the chancellorship, he remembered his old tutor, as well as his college associates,

ates, and conferred favours upon them which they certainly had no right to expect. The following anecdote is illustrative of this assertion :—" While at college, he was often too licentious with his tongue, and entering once into a dispute with an elective and temporary officer, he was asked whether he knew that he was talking to the *dean*?—Yes, Mr. Dean, replied Mr. Thurlow ; and never afterwards saw him without reiterating '*Mr. Dean ! Mr. Dean !*' which set them at variance. When he became attorney-general, they met by accident ; and he addressed his old friend, *unwittingly*, with '*How do you do, Mr. Dean ?*' which so hurt the *cantab* that he left the room without making any reply. On his obtaining the office of lord chancellor, he took an opportunity of meeting once more his quondam acquaintance, and again addressed him with '*How do you do, Mr. Dean ?*' '*My lord,*' replied the other, sullenly, '*I am not now a dean, and therefore I do not deserve that title.*' '*But you are a dean,*' said his lordship ; '*and to satisfy you that it is so, read this paper, by which you will find that you are dean of ——— : and I am so convinced that you will do honour to the appointment, that I am sorry any part of my conduct should have given offence to so good a man.*'

Another anecdote, which redounds highly to the honour of Lord Thurlow, relates to Dr. Johnson. The health of that great man being in a declining state, he was advised by his physicians to repair to the continent. To enable him to do this with some degree of comfort, he wished to obtain an increase of one hundred pounds to his annual pension, for one year only. This was at the time when Lord Thurlow held the seals, and,

and, through him, the application for this increase was necessary to be made. His Lordship having taken the requisite steps, it became his painful duty to announce to the Doctor, that his request could not be complied with. He did this in the most delicate manner, and at the same time, made an offer to Dr. Johnson of five hundred pounds, from his own private purse. The greatness of Dr. Johnson's mind would not permit him to accept of this liberal offer; but the benevolence of Lord Thurlow was not the less conspicuous.

The manner in which he conferred the first preferment upon the late Bishop of St. Asaph, then Archdeacon of St. Alban's, also deserves to be recorded. His lordship, on returning from a visit, enquired of his friend if he could lend him any thing to amuse him on his way home in the chariot. A pamphlet, which his friend mentioned as being written by a Dr. Horsey, in refutation of Dr. Priestley's theological principles, was immediately handed to him. His lordship was so much pleased with this tract, that, on the first living which fell within his presentation, he sent for Dr. Horsey, of whom he had not the slightest personal knowledge, and, though surrounded by a host of supplicants, he presented it to the doctor as a token of his admiration of his talents and principles.

After these instances of honourable benevolence, it is painful to relate his lordship's conduct to one of his own children. Lord Thurlow, it is well known, was never married; but he lived for many years with a Miss, or Mrs. Harvey. By that lady we believe he had three daughters, who are all living. Every possible attention was paid to their education, and they were considered among the most elegant and accomplished

plished women of the age. One of them, the eldest, unfortunately married against her father's will. The object of her choice was a Mr. Brown. Lord Thurlow was so much displeased at the match, which he considered to be far beneath his daughter's pretensions, that he forbid her his house, and it was only by dint of stratagem that she ever again entered the paternal roof. Mrs. Brown, having at length succeeded in gaining her father's forgiveness, attended him with the most sedulous care, during a long period of illness. It was natural to expect that her filial duty would have obliterated the remembrance of her former errors, and that she would at least have been an equal sharer in the last bequests of her father. This, however, was not the case; for, while her sisters received seventy thousand pounds each, she was cut off with the pittance of fifty pounds a month, and that upon the hard condition of never living with her husband again.

As a public character, Lord Thurlow was universally respected. As an orator he possessed great powers; and, though devoid of the more winning graces, which steal into the heart, and captivate the soul, he impressed conviction on the mind, by a select arrangement of words, a dignity of utterance, a close and logical mode of argument, and a singular expressiveness of countenance. Coarse language at times used to escape him; and some facetious barristers have pretended to observe an oath quivering on his lips, while sitting upon the bench; but we are not aware that the unmannerly stranger was ever suffered to escape the portal, though the retention was perhaps a painful exertion. The failings of his lordship may be considered as having arisen from a defect in his early

early education, and from the peculiar cast of his mind. His great characteristics were steadiness, uniformity, and inflexibility, which often proceeded to a length that, in others, would have been termed obstinacy. When his opinion was once fixed, no man could shake him from his purpose; with that spirit of determination, however, was united a powerful principle of integrity. The times in which he lived were extremely critical, and he had to encounter many events of a very difficult and arduous nature; yet, in the high office of Lord Chancellor, perhaps no one ever obtained such a degree of popularity as Lord Thurlow. Indeed, in all the situations which he filled, he conducted himself in such a manner that no enemy could find an occasion to fasten any suspicion upon him. Though a stranger to gentleness in voice or manner, he possessed a capacious and liberal mind. In the disposal of preferments, his chief regard ever was to merit; and he was frequently known to resist the influence of his ministerial associates, in order to bring in those whom he supposed to be better qualified for the vacant offices.

One of the most interesting periods of Lord Thurlow's life, was the epoch of the King's illness. His speeches on the regency question will ever remain upon record as the most special memorial of unshaken rectitude; and that declaration which he made in the House of Peers—"When I forsake my King in the hour of his distress, may my God forsake me," will never be obliterated from the memory of those who heard it. His integrity on that occasion was indeed conspicuous; and he had the rare satisfaction of receiving, for his reward, the grateful acknowledgments
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of both prince and people. No wonder that his royal patron should be deeply affected, when, at the commencement of last war, Lord Thurlow found himself compelled to resign the seals. Doubtless his Majesty could not but recollect at that moment the services which the Ex-Chancellor had rendered him in the awful season when he was, as it were, shut out from society and oppressed with the most severe of human maladies.

From the period of Lord Thurlow's retirement in 1792, he has lived mostly in private; but, although out of office, he was frequently consulted on state affairs by his Majesty; and, on every occasion of moment, the Prince of Wales also had recourse to his advice. Though withdrawn from administration, the superiority of Lord Thurlow's mind, prevented him from joining the ranks of opposition.

His lordship, although he rented a house, and maintained a regular establishment, in St. James's Square, never slept in town; but on leaving the House of Peers, instantly proceeded to his residence near Dulwich in Surrey.

At the period of his death, which took place on the 12th of September, his lordship was at Brighton. He had been afflicted with the gout for several years, and he died of a lethargy proceeding from a slight affection of that disease.

His lordship's full titles were—Lord Thurlow, Baron of Ashfield, and Lord Thurlow, Baron of Thurlow, in the county of Suffolk. Dying without male issue, he has been succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, Edward Thurlow, Esq. now in the

26th year of his age) eldest son of his lordship the late Lord Bishop of Durham ; but the barony of Thurlow of Ashfield, having been limited to the male heirs of his lordship's body, is extinct.

HARVEY CHRISTIAN COMBE, ESQ.

Alderman, and M. P. for the city of London.

" Good gentlemen, I must agree
That ye are proper judges of the weather,
And judges, too, of the highways,
Hares, pheasants, partridges, and jays;
And eke, the art of tanning leather.

" But as for *sovereigns* and dominion,
'Tis too sublime for your opinion."

WALCOTT.

MR. ALDERMAN COMBE is one of those gentlemen whose lives may be related in a very few words. He is a native of Hampshire; he was born in the year 1752 or 1753; and is the eldest son of the late Mr. Combe, of Andover, who, to a landed estate of 500*l.* *per annum*, added the profits arising from an extensive practice as an attorney. His two younger brothers chose the honourable profession of arms: each of them obtained the command of a company; and one of them, in the gallant defence of his country, found the grave of a hero.—Christian, the subject of this memoir, after receiving an appropriate mercantile education, was placed under the care of his relation, the

late Mr. Boyce Trees, a respectable and opulent corn-factor, in London. He was, at an early period of life, distinguished by his assiduity, industry, and talents; and, which is worthy of remark, Mr. Rudd, of Great Queen-Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a professional gentleman of great worth and acuteness, at that time hailed him as a future representative and lord mayor of London. Mr. Combe probably had but little idea of the accomplishment of such a prediction.

By marrying his first cousin, however, Miss Kitty Trees, he became the son-in-law of his uncle; and, on the death of that gentleman, he succeeded to the whole of his business, and to a considerable part of his estate. He now found himself very comfortably situated, as to pecuniary concerns; but he felt an anxiousness to move in a more extended sphere. He accordingly entered into a partnership with two gentlemen, one of them connected with him by marriage, and the other by friendship; and, in the course of a few years, the concern in which they had embarked, was estimated as the fifth, if not the fourth house of the kind in London. We believe it is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Combe is a porter brewer. In the year 1804, the house in which he is concerned paid the duty on 87,700 gallons of beer; and we believe that 152,500 gallons were the greatest quantity brewed by any house in the same year.

At length, the popularity of his manners, and the respectability of his situation, pointed Mr. Combe out as a fit person to become a member of the corporation of London. On this occasion, we believe, he was introduced by his friend, the late Mr. Sawbridge, then the respectable alderman of the Langbourn ward.

In the year 1790, Mr. Combe appeared as the opponent of Mr. Lushington, in a contest to represent the city ; but, after a sharp struggle, the latter prevailed. In 1796, however, he succeeded in obtaining a seat in parliament.

It is customary to put the two eldest aldermen in nomination, as fit persons to serve the high and honourable office of lord mayor ; from whom it is also customary with the court of aldermen to elect the senior of the two. In 1799, Mr. Combe was expected to be returned ; but the court of aldermen thought proper to break through their usual custom, and returned a junior alderman in preference to him. In 1800, however, he was put in nomination in conjunction with the late alderman Skinner, who had served the office before ; and, as that gentleman declined the honour, and at the same time paid the highest eulogium to the character and abilities of Mr. Combe, he, of course, was received. The manner in which he conducted himself during his mayoralty, reflected high honour both on himself and the office ; and, so much satisfaction had he given, even to many of those who had before opposed him, that, at the time of election for the ensuing year, he was again proposed. The intended honour, however, he declined.—The year in which Mr. Combe served as lord mayor, was that in which, from the extraordinary dearness of bread, the metropolis was threatened with a renewal of the riots of 1780. This, by the energy and promptitude of his lordship, was happily prevented.

On the revival of the volunteer system, in 1802, alderman Combe had the honour of being chosen cap-

tain commandant of the Aldgate *corps*. We understand that, on this occasion, the alderman went through a course of drilling himself, before he undertook to teach others; and he is now considered to be a most excellent officer. Subsequently to his appointment as captain commandant of the Aldgate volunteers, he received a majority in alderman Newman's regiment; and is now, we believe, lieutenant-colonel commandant of a battalion.

At one time, Mr. Combe was certainly very unpopular with a great part of the citizens, otherwise so formidable an opposition would not have been made to his election as lord mayor, nor to his military appointment. The only reason which we can venture to assign for his unpopularity is, that his political principles, which are decidedly those of whiggism, were disapproved.

However, as we have before stated, the satisfaction which he gave while filling the civic chair, was such as to obtain the applause of many even of his former opponents; and, by his attention, activity, and perseverance as a military officer, he materially increased the number of his friends. This proved of material advantage to him; as, at the general election of 1802, when there were no less than seven candidates for the representation of the city of London, his name stood at the head of the poll. At the *present* election he was equally fortunate, having 2294 votes, while the late lord mayor, the second upon the poll, had 2275. It must be observed, however, that the number of suffrages which he obtained at this election, was inferior to that of 1802, notwithstanding at that period there were seven candidates, and, in the contest now just decided,

decided, there were only six. He had 1083 more votes in the former, than in the latter instance.

Mr. Combe's parliamentary conduct has of course been conformable to his political principles, which we have already stated to be those of whiggism. He was a decided opponent of the late war, not only as to the manner in which it originated, but as to the mode in which it was carried on; and, in many of the divisions during Mr. Pitt's administration, his name is to be found upon the opposition lists. On the 17th of December, 1796, Mr. Fox made the following very pointed motion:—"That his Majesty's ministers having authorized and directed at different times, without the consent, and during the sitting, of parliament, the issue of various sums of money for the service of his imperial Majesty, and also for the service of the army under the Prince of Condé, have acted contrary to their duty, and to the trust reposed in them, and have thereby violated the constitutional privileges of the House." At this period, Mr. Combe, though but just become a member of parliament, *in obedience to the instructions of his constituents*, who had met that day in the common hall of the city of London, seconded the motion. "He voted with Mr. Fox," he said "as a friend to human happiness, which was best secured by political liberty; and this evening he came down, to use the phrase of the right honourable gentleman, impregnated with the sense of his constituents, which was this day so firmly and decidedly given by the common hall."

It is here necessary to observe, that Mr. Combe has uniformly expressed the utmost deference for the opinion of his constituents, the livery of London; has
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placed it paramount to his own; and has affected to consider it as his duty to vote in compliance with their instructions, howsoever they might happen to be at variance with his own sentiments. We cannot, nor ever could, perceive the propriety of such conduct; it is worse than that of a mercenary barrister who harangues from the directions of his client; and, because he is paid for it, labours

“ To gloss the wrong, pervert the right,
“ And change the face of reason quite.”

If, on political questions, a man be incompetent to act from his own judgment, he is totally unfit to be elected a member of parliament. The means of information, within the reach of a member, are generally far superior to those of his constituents, the mass of whom is almost uniformly composed of men of narrow views, and of confined education. The livery of London, though possessing the privilege of electing their representatives, are not, it must be confessed, the most *enlightened* part of the nation. The conduct of Alderman Curtis, forms, in this respect, a marked and honourable contrast to that of Mr. Combe. Whatever may be the intellectual capacity of the former gentleman, he, on the soundest constitutional principles, disdains to be the mere tool or automaton of the people. In this he has the illustrious Burke for a precedent, who, when charged with neglecting the instructions of his constituents, elegantly and forcibly observed, “ That he had been chosen, along with others, to be a pillar of the state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for his levity and versatility, and of no

use but to indicate the shifting of every fashionable gale."

We know not what Mr. Combe's opinion may be, as to the principle of the original income tax; but in 1803, at the *express request of his constituents*, he opposed it; two of his colleagues voting in favour of the measure, in opposition to their instructions.

It was in the same year, we believe, that the *general defence act* was brought forward, and it received the cordial support of Mr. Combe. He justly observed, "that every man in the country ought to go forth when the exercise of the king's prerogative called upon him. There should be no exemptions but on the ground of inability. From one end to the other, the city of London," added he, "were not only ready, but anxious to know how they could come forward with most effect. If there was any apprehension, it arose from the probability of embarrassment by the myriads the city would pour out. In every ward, parish, and street, the people were waiting with impatience until his Majesty should point out the means of organizing their courage."

Mr. Combe, in the spring of 1805, in common with his colleagues in parliament, received the thanks of the common hall for his vote respecting Lord Melville. On that occasion, the city members declared themselves decidedly of opinion, that the supposed malversation of that nobleman, while treasurer of the navy, demanded immediate investigation; and they accordingly formed a portion of the celebrated majority of *one* against him. The required "investigation" took place; and, not *very much* to the credit of the "majority of *one*,"

one," Lord Melville was acquitted of all the charges against him.

By his wife, whom we have already mentioned, Mr. Combe has a family of ten children, most of whom are females. His eldest son, after having been educated at Eton, acts in a double capacity—of a defender of his country, as an officer of the Westminster light horse, and an ornament of the city as one of its principal traders.

In private life, Mr. Combe is spoken of as a good husband and a fond father. He is frank, hospitable, and open. He has revived the ancient custom of treating guests, of the most illustrious rank, with rump of beef and porter. It is not long since that he had the honour of entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, &c. &c. on which occasion the *stoker*, apparelled in a white cap and jacket, broiled the steaks on his polished iron shovel, and served them up, *hot and hot*, on a table placed in the brewhouse, and very appositely covered with *hop-sacks*! Pewter trenchers were at the same time laid for the party, while they were regaled with brown-stout from wooden mugs.

Mr. Combe, though a citizen, is a member of several fashionable clubs, particularly Brookes's, which is chiefly frequented by the opposition. He is said to be an excellent whist-player, but never suffers his amusements to interfere with any of his duties, either official or domestic.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, &c.

ALTHOUGH it may not abound with adventures, the life of a man, whose labours have been devoted to the promotion of science, must ever excite an interest in the liberal bosom. Sir Joseph Banks is included in this description of persons, and we therefore proceed to lay the following brief sketch of his public character before our readers.

Sir Joseph's paternal grandfather is understood to have been the descendant of a noble Swedish family. Having settled in England, he acquired an ample fortune by the reputable practice of an honourable profession. His son (the father of Sir Joseph) was a respectable country gentleman, who resided chiefly on his estate in Lincolnshire; in which county the subject of this memoir was born, about the year 1740.

After a suitable preparatory education at Eton school, Sir Joseph was sent to the university of Oxford, where he made considerable progress in every branch of useful knowledge. The study of natural history, however, engaged his most particular attention; and, at a very early age, he conceived an ardent ambition to promote the advancement of that science. The period was favourable for his exertions, for natural history was rapidly acquiring popularity, and was making
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hasty strides to attain that ground, which, for the preceding hundred years, had been almost exclusively possessed by natural philosophy. Linnæus and Buffon had led the way; and their votaries were spreading over every part of the civilized world. Nor were the more unexplored regions of the globe neglected. Barbadoes, Jamaica, Virginia, &c. had been illustrated by the labours of English naturalists, with a success sufficient to excite others to rival, by similar undertakings, the praise which they had gained.

Accordingly, with a mind burning for discovery, Sir Joseph Banks, when he left the university in 1763, went on a voyage across the Atlantic, to the coasts of Newfoundland and Labradore. In this voyage, which was attended with considerable danger and difficulty, he succeeded in collecting some very valuable objects of natural history, which now adorn his cabinet.

The voyages of Anson, Byron, and Wallis had increased rather than allayed the thirst for naval and scientific discovery. Early, therefore, in the year 1768, it was resolved to send out Lieutenant Cook to pursue still farther the discoveries which had been already made in the South Seas, and, for the benefit of astronomy, to observe, in the latitude of Otaheite, an unexpected transit of Venus under the sun's disk. For this service, the admiralty purchased the *Endeavour* bark, and fitted her out in all respects fit for such a voyage, conferring the command on Lieutenant Cook, who was a member of the Royal Society. Mr. Charles Green was appointed astronomer. Sir Joseph Banks resolved to sail with Mr. Cook; but, far from soliciting any accommodation that might occasion expence to government, he contributed freely out of his own purse

purse towards the general purposes of the expedition. As his director in natural history, and as the companion of his researches during the voyage, he engaged Dr. Solander, of the British Museum, a Swedish gentleman, whose great scientific merit had recommended him to patronage in England. He took with him two draftsmen, one to delineate views and figures, the other to paint subjects of natural history; and these, with a secretary and four servants, formed the whole of his suite. The instructions of Mr. Cook were, to proceed to Otaheite; and, after having made the necessary astronomical observations, to sail on discoveries in the Pacific Ocean, to explore the coast of New Zealand, and thence to return to England. The progress of this voyage is too well known to render any detailed account of it necessary in this place. The *Endeavour* sailed from Deptford on the 2d of July, 1768, and, on the 11th of April, 1769, she arrived at Otaheite. In the passage to Madeira, Sir Joseph and his companion discovered many marine animals hitherto undescribed by any naturalist. At Madeira, and as they sailed on to Rio Janeiro, their vigilance was amply repaid by new observations and specimens in natural history. At the latter place, however, their curiosity was much disappointed by the jealousy of the Portuguese, who had forbidden such researches as they were most anxious to make. On the coast of Terra del Fuego, in an excursion to view the natural productions of the country, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander nearly perished by a storm of snow. With extreme difficulty, with the loss of three persons who had accompanied them, and after passing a night on land amidst the storm, in worse than the agonies of death,

death, they at last made their way back to the beach, and got on board.

Sir Joseph Banks continued at Otaheite and the contiguous islands about three months; and, by his prudence, benignity, vigilance, and spirited activity, contributed to prevent dissensions and disorder, and to promote mutual harmony between the inhabitants and the English.

Having completed the service on which he was sent to Otaheite, Mr. Cook sailed from thence; and, at the end of six weeks, made the coast of New Zealand, which he accurately surveyed, and discovered it to be two large islands; he sailed between them, and named the passage Cook's Straits. The acquisitions in natural and artificial curiosities which Sir Joseph Banks here made, were numerous; yet the plants and animals were less various than, for such an extent of country, might have been expected.

On the last day of March, 1770, Mr. Cook took his departure from these islands; and on the 19th of April anchored in a bay on the coast of New Holland. The shore appearing to abound with a great variety of shrubs and plants, he gave it the name of Botany Bay. Indeed, the treasures of botanical objects that it afforded, were truly rich. Some new species in zoology were likewise observed. Mr. Cook continued his course along shore, exploring the coast, until the 10th of June, when at eleven at night the ship suddenly struck with great violence on a rock: she fortunately beat over it, but was found so extremely leaky, that with three pumps she could not be kept free. At daylight the next morning, land was discovered at the distance of eight leagues; but, on their approach, the
3 shore,

shore, for a considerable distance, was bounded by reefs of coral rock, over which a tremendous surf constantly broke. It was impossible for them to anchor without the danger of perishing by shipwreck, and the only expedient left was to foder a sail and draw it under the ship's bottom, which in a short time had the desired effect, and reduced the leak so much as to make it necessary to work only one pump. On the 14th, the weather being moderate, Mr. Cook stood in, and anchored about two miles from the shore. Upon exploring the coast, a small harbour was discovered, into which they ran the ship; and, as it had given them relief in the time of their distress, Mr. Cook named the river, after his ship, Endeavour river. Here the ship was hove down to stop the leak; but while this was doing, a considerable quantity of water was unfortunately admitted, by which a part of Sir Joseph Banks's collection of specimens was entirely spoiled, and it was with the greatest anxiety and trouble that the remainder of them was saved. In advancing northward along the coast, many shells and marine productions of unknown species were gathered in occasional visits to the shore; and the discovery of the Kangaroo made an interesting addition to the history of quadrupeds. Having made several new astronomical observations, they left this coast in the month of August, 1770, and steered for New Guinea. The remainder of their voyage was through known seas. Having explored the whole eastern coast of New Holland, Mr. Cook took possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, under the appellation of New South Wales. Our travellers proceeded thence to the island of Timor; and then to Batavia; where, from its

noxious climate, the whole of the crew, excepting an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, who got drunk every day, were afflicted with a severe illness. Seven of them died at the settlement; and twenty-three more in the course of the next six weeks after their departure. Neither Sir Joseph Banks nor Dr. Solander escaped without a serious attack.

At length, on the 12th of July, 1771, the Endeavour came to an anchor in the Downs. Sir Joseph, as might naturally be expected, on his arrival in London, experienced the most flattering attentions from every quarter. From the perils which he had gone through, the invaluable information he had obtained, and from the specimens which he had brought home, for the enrichment of natural history, he was looked up to as above most other young men of rank and fortune.

Without attempting to detract, in the slightest degree, from Sir Joseph's merit as a traveller, we shall in this place quote some very pertinent remarks from a letter of the late Dr. Beattie:—"I am very apt," says he, "to be distrustful of our modern travellers, when I find them, after a three months residence in a country of whose language they know next to nothing, explaining the moral and religious notions of the people, in such a way as to favour the licentious theories of the age. I give them full credit for what they tell us of plants and minerals, and winds and tides; those things are obvious enough, and no knowledge of strange languages is necessary to make one understand them; but as the morality of actions depends on the motives that give rise to them, and as it is impossible to understand the motives and principles of national customs, unless you thoroughly understand the language of the people,
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I should suspect that not one in ten thousand of our ordinary travellers, is qualified to decide upon the moral sentiments of a new-discovered country. There is not one French author that seems to have any tolerable knowledge of the English government, or of the character of the English nation; they ascribe to us sentiments which we never entertained; they draw from our ordinary behaviour conclusions directly contrary to truth; how then is it to be supposed that Mr. Banks and Mr. Solander could understand the customs, the religion, government, and morals, of the people of Otaheite?"

Soon after Sir Joseph's return to England, a new expedition of discovery was sent out, in which it was at first his wish to embark; but, from private motives we believe, he was afterwards induced to decline it. However, by his directions and assistance, he materially promoted the success of the voyage.

Some time subsequently to this, Sir Joseph, accompanied by his friend Dr. Solander, hired a vessel, and went to Iceland, then much spoken of as containing numbers of natural curiosities. In the course of the voyage, our travellers visited the Hebrides, or Orkney Islands, where they discovered the columnar stratifications of the rock surrounding the caves of Staffa, a phenomenon till then unobserved by naturalists. No sooner, however, had it been made known, in a description by Sir Joseph Banks, than it became famous amongst men of science throughout Europe. In Iceland, the volcanic mountain, the siliceous rocks, the arctic plants and animals, and the hot springs, were carefully surveyed. Amongst the latter, which have always commanded the admiration both of the native
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and the stranger, is the water-spout of Geyser, which is found in the neighbourhood of Scatholt, the capital of the island. Mr. Olafsen, a native of Iceland, and member of the academy of sciences at Copenhagen, who lately visited Geyser with a scientific friend, has furnished the following particulars relative to this singular spring:—"At the moment of our arrival at Geyser, the water filled the bason, and overflowed all the sides. Immediately after, a subterraneous noise was heard, which was the signal for the rushing of the water. In an instant it began to spout, but at this time rose only to the height of about sixty feet. The spouting ceased suddenly, and was frequently renewed at intervals of a few minutes. Its violence diminished gradually, till the bason was entirely emptied. In this situation it continued for a moment, but the vapour and heat of the crater (the water is boiling hot,) prevented us from seeing the bottom. We contrived, however, by means of a plummet, to measure the depth of the bason, which we found to be seventy-two feet. The diameter at the orifice was fifty-seven feet, and at or near the bottom only eighteen, so that it appeared to contract gradually, and terminate in the form of a funnel. We again threw our plummet, with the hope of sounding some of the holes that afforded a passage to the water, at first gently, and then with violence. No sooner, however, had the lead reached the bottom, than a body of boiling water was spouted up from the rock, which fortunately did us no injury. Notwithstanding this disappointment, we threw it again, but another spout of water obliged us to retreat with precipitation. Our guide was dreadfully terrified, for it is the opinion of the Icelanders that no man is permitted

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ted to examine these mysterious places, because the powerful spirits who reside in them will punish the rash mortal who attempts to dive into their secrets. But it is evident that the agitation of the air in the little openings at the bottom, must derange the ordinary course of the water, always ready to shoot up the moment the air is displaced. We several times renewed our attempts to find with the plummet the small openings at the bottom, but in vain. Whether the lead was too large, the holes had a crooked direction, or from whatever other cause it proceeded, we were unable to decide. After the spoutings of which we have spoken, and those by our sounding lead removing the air which obstructed the passage of the water, the Geyser continued tranquil during the whole night; the water rose gradually, and the basen was not full till four o'clock in the morning. We continued in the neighbourhood, that we might have an opportunity of witnessing the force of the spout, to ascertain which we had thrown several flags and other stones into the basen. At length the spoutings were announced by a hollow noise under our feet, like the reports of a cannon heard at a distance. Five reports succeeded each other; the second louder than the first, the third than the second, and so on, as if the cannon was gradually approaching. We at the same time heard the earth shake, as if about to quake and burst. Immediately upon the sixth report, the first spout was thrown, which rose to a great height, and after that, every report was the signal for a new spout, in each of which the water was thrown to a greater height than in the preceding. The flags and stones which we had thrown into the basen, were darted up in a thousand pieces, even to a greater height than

than the pillars of water, which terminated always in a point. We had taken the precaution to station ourselves on the side from whence the wind blew, that we might not be incommoded by the thick smoke which would have obstructed our view on the other side. From the commencement we had observed, that at every spout the water which was in the bason was raised, and by this motion overflowed on all sides of the crater, but in a greater degree on the north side, where the water fell into a little valley, and formed a rivulet, which, at a considerable distance from the fountain-head, preserves such a degree of heat, that the feet of those animals who inadvertently pass through it, are often severely burnt."

In his voyage to Iceland, Sir Joseph Banks, we believe, was also accompanied by Dr. Von Troil, a Danish clergyman of great merit; and thus the government of Denmark was enabled to profit by our philosophical adventurer. It is scarcely necessary to say, that a rich harvest of information, and of new specimens, compensated for the toils and expence of their labours.

Sir Joseph, after his return from Iceland, passed his time, for some years, chiefly in London, or at his seat in Lincolnshire. He associated with men of letters, and with persons of rank and fashion; corresponded with eminent naturalists in almost every part of the globe; assisted at the meetings of the royal society; and, from time to time, continued greatly to augment his very fine collection.

At length, when Sir John Pringle retired from the presidency of the Royal Society, in the year 1777, the honour

honour of succeeding him was conferred upon Sir Joseph Banks.

Here, before we offer any remarks upon the conduct of Sir Joseph, or mention the subsequent schism which took place in the Royal Society, we shall take leave to introduce a brief sketch of the origin of that institution, as given in a recent publication of considerable respectability:—"This society took its rise from the private meetings of a few distinguished characters, who at the close of the civil wars, retired to the university of Oxford, to seek repose in the shades of peaceful life, and to enjoy the benefit of literary conversation. To these a few members of the university were added. It does not appear that any thing was then intended beyond a friendly meeting of literary men, or that they professed any higher aim than their own edification. The subject of their attention was philosophy, and of that species, which, by tracing causes to their effects, and by renouncing abstract reasonings, for the observations of the senses and matters of fact, is called experimental. The meeting was adjourned to Gresham College, London, in 1638. The civil commotions which succeeded, interrupted their progress; but on the restoration of Charles II. the society met with fresh ardour; persons of rank were added to the list of members, and it flourished under the protection of the king. Sir Isaac Newton becoming its president, likewise drew upon it the notice of all Europe. It was incorporated in 1663. It is governed by a president and council, consisting of twenty-one fellows. The two secretaries conduct the correspondence, register all experiments, and publish the transactions. Members are elected upon the recommendation of
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three fellows; their names and qualifications are posted in the room, and, after ten minutes, a ballot takes place, in which two-thirds of the fellows present must be in their favour. Upon election, five guineas are to be paid, and afterwards thirteen shillings a quarter, or, twenty guineas paid at once, discharges the members from future payments. No strangers can be present at the meetings without the permission of the president and fellows present. The business of the society, at its ordinary meetings, commences by the minuting secretary reading the minutes he has made of the proceedings at the last week's meeting, noting the strangers, the ballots for candidates, the admissions, and presents, if any; and lastly, a very neat and circumstantial detail of the contents and particulars of such new communications and papers as were read at the last meeting. These minutes are always heard with great pleasure and attention, as embracing a clear and comprehensive account of the papers, separated from their extraneous and less material parts, and are commonly better adapted for understanding the subjects than the papers themselves; for which reason, it would be, perhaps, an acceptable service, to have the whole collection of these minutes of papers published in a separate work, especially those of the present and last minuting secretaries, which we have often attended to with much pleasure and improvement.—The minutes of the former meeting having thus been gone through, the other, or reading secretary, begins, and reads at full length such other papers as have been communicated to the society, either by its members or strangers, till the clock strikes nine, when he is immediately stopped, and the meeting is concluded. In this

way the whole routine of business, at the ordinary meetings, is conducted. The next most material duty of the society, is to select and publish the best and fittest of the papers that have thus been read at the weekly sittings. For this purpose, and for managing the other concerns of the society, a committee of members meet once a month, when the papers are re-considered, and selected for publication, by ballot; those that are not deemed worthy that honour, are deposited with the archives of the society. The selected papers are then delivered to the reading secretary for publication, he having the charge of that business.—Notwithstanding this official determination of the fate of the papers, the society disclaims all responsibility as to the accuracy or merit of those that are thus published, holding their several authors alone accountable for them in these respects, equally as if they had published the papers themselves in separate works.

The Royal Society holds its meetings, from the beginning of November till the conclusion of Trinity Term, every Thursday evening, from eight till nine o'clock, in a suite of apartments on the left hand side of the entrance to Somerset-house. It possesses a large library, illustrative of the respective branches of science.

A catalogue of the books which Sir Joseph's library contains, in four octavo volumes, has been printed within these few years. Scarcely a book, of any use or authority in natural history, appears to be wanting; but, what is very remarkable, the catalogue, from the title-page to the end, abounds in instances of incorrect latinity, and in glaring errors in bibliographical erudition.

It was in the year 1778, that the duties of president of this venerable institution devolved upon Sir Joseph Banks.

Banks. The election to the office is annual ; but, for the succeeding three or four years, the fellows of the society considered themselves too fortunate in such a president to think of changing him. At length, however, discontents began to arise against him, even amongst some of the most eminent members. "It was said," observes a contemporary writer, "that Science herself had never been more signally insulted, than by the elevation of a mere *amateur* to occupy the chair once filled by Newton. It was alledged, that he dishonoured the Society, by introducing into the management of its affairs, the low intrigues, the unmanly calumnies, the whispering artifices of a weak and corrupted court, or of a scene of wretched political cabal. It was affirmed that he strove, by various arts, to arrogate to himself exclusively the power of introducing new members into the society ; and by this means to fill it with ignorant and trifling men of wealth and rank ; while the *inventor* in art, the *discoverer* in science, the *teacher of knowledge*, whose lessons could confer on every understanding, new powers of keen and rapid intelligence, were to be driven away with scorn, because they might happen to be schoolmasters, tradesmen, country physicians, or persons exercising, as men of letters, an influence of all others the most beneficent and important over the tides of human knowledge and the course of public opinion. It was urged, in a tone of mingled indignation and sorrow, that his hostility to mathematical science threatened to bring it into discredit and neglect in the Society, over which he was suffered to preside ; and that foreigners would hence be allowed to snatch from Englishmen that palm of mathematical excellence, which had

had been theirs ever since the discovery of fluxions by Newton. It was sarcastically observed, that he possessed no scientific merits, but such as depended merely on *bodily labour*, and the *expenditure of money*. It was said, that he affected to be the despot of the Society, without having any thing of that genuine superiority of science and talents which might indeed have invested him with effective despotism."

We have heard it asserted that, howsoever respectable the persons from whom these complaints came might be, and howsoever deep and general the impression which they made, they were palpably unjust. From Sir Joseph's enthusiastic preference to natural history, it is not, however, improbable, that much jealousy against him was excited. Sir Joseph's predilection is thus pleasantly alluded to by the *soi disant* Pindar :—

" Gods ! if amidst some grand debate,
All for the good of our great state,
A moth should flutter, would the man sit quiet ?
Forgetting state affairs, the knight
Would seize his hat with wild delight,
And, chacing, make the most infernal riot :
O'erturning benches, statesmen, ev'ry thing,
To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing !"

It had been generally considered, as well upon the continent as in England, that the Royal Society was not sufficiently select in its admission of members. D'Alembert, the French philosopher, was accustomed to ask such of his acquaintance as might be coming to this country, if they wished to become members of the Royal Society; adding, sarcastically, that if they thought it an honour, he could easily procure it for them.

them. To remove this evil, therefore, the first principle which Sir Joseph thought proper to adopt, was, "that all persons of fair moral character, and decent manners, who had eminently distinguished themselves by discoveries or inventions of high importance in any of those branches of art or science which it was the professed object of the Society to cultivate, ought, whatever their condition in life, to be gladly received among its members;" but in the next place he was of opinion, that "of those who were merely lovers of art or science, and had made no remarkably ingenious contributions to their improvement, none ought to be hastily received into the Royal Society, whose rank and fortune were not such as to reflect on that Society and its pursuits a degree of new splendour, as well as to endow them with the means of promoting its views, on fit occasions, by extraordinary expence."

By these regulations, which cannot be considered otherwise than as strictly proper, has the conduct of Sir Joseph Banks, with respect to the admission of members, been ever chiefly guided.

It is possible also, that the sagacity of Sir Joseph Banks perceived, in the innovators of that day, the future promulgators of the new philosophy, of atheism, and all its alarming consequences, which has since distracted the half of mankind. It was his duty to preserve the Royal Society from such intruders; and, by adopting a strictness of enquiry, with this view, it is by no means unlikely that he might give offence even to men of real worth and talents.

Notwithstanding the laudable exertions of Sir Joseph Banks, the discontents of certain members broke out into open dissention. We had occasion to men-

tion, in our memoirs of the late Bishop of St. Asaph's, that the learned Dr. Hutton was dismissed from the office of Latin Secretary for foreign correspondence, on the pretence that it was improper for such a post to be filled by a person who did not reside in the metropolis. The friends of the Dr. attributed his dismissal to the disingenuous practices of the President. On the other hand, the adherents of Sir Joseph accused Dr. Hutton of having neglected the duties of his office. The Dr. explained and defended his conduct, and a vote of the Society fully approved his defence. Sir Joseph now found himself reduced to the necessity either of relinquishing his office in disgrace, or of obtaining such support as should effectually humble the exultation of the mal-contents. By his friends, therefore, it was moved in a very full meeting of the Society, on the evening of January 8, 1784, *that this Society do approve of Sir Joseph Banks for a President, and will support him.* This motion was strenuously opposed by the opposite party; and it was in the long and earnest debate which ensued, that Dr. Horsley, in a strain of eloquence that rivalled the finest effusions of the ancients, delivered the celebrated speech, to which, in the life of that prelate, we alluded. "Sir, said he, in concluding, "we shall have one remedy in our power, if all others fail. If other remedies should fail, we can at last *secede*. Sir, when the hour of secession comes, the President will be left with his train of feeble *amateurs*, and that toy (pointing to the mace) upon the table—the *ghost* of that Society, in which philosophy once reigned, and Newton presided as her minister."

Notwithstanding the energetic eloquence of Dr.

Horsley, the motion which had been made in favour of Sir Joseph Banks was adopted by a very large majority. A demand was afterwards made, that Dr. Hutton should be restored to his former office; but this was overruled, and the Society returned, with added zeal and unanimity, to the prosecution of its proper labours.

Since that period the Society has risen in eminence; and its volumes of transactions, regularly published, have been filled with memoirs exhibiting the best methods of analytical and inductive investigations in almost every department of physical science. Foreigners now find, that honorary admission into the Royal Society is open only to transcendent scientific merit; and the names which, of late years, have been added to the list of its members, are unquestionably amongst the most illustrious of which philosophy can boast.

Sir Joseph Banks, in the year 1801, suffered himself, certainly not much to his credit, to be elected a member of the National Institute of France. We will not insult our readers by animadverting on the characters of the men, to whose degrading level Sir Joseph ought to have known better than to reduce himself.

It is not merely in presiding at the meetings at the Royal Society, and in directing the transactions of its business in the council, that we are to contemplate the character of Sir Joseph. For many years his house has been a scene of hospitality and scientific information. Every Sunday evening, during the sitting of parliament, and the ordinary meetings of the Royal Society, his apartments are open, not only to his own immediate scientific friends, but to every person of respectability who may be properly introduced. At these

these meetings it rarely happens that some new curiosity, either of nature or art, does not appear on the tables to engage the attention of the company. His library, and his collection of specimens are open to all whose studies and manners render them worthy of such a favour.

Science is indebted to Sir Joseph in many respects. Almost all the voyages of discovery, and the travels with the same view, which have been undertaken within these last five-and-twenty years, by natives of England, have been more or less promoted by his encouragement and instructions. The African association owes its origin, in a great measure, to his cares; and Ledyard, Lucas, and Houghton, were by him chiefly patronized and prepared for their journeys. To the liberality of his conduct we are likewise considerably indebted for the publicity which the valuable travels of Mr. Mungo Parke have experienced. Some reports have recently been circulated, inducing a belief that that gentleman, who was sent out on his first journey with Sir Joseph's approbation, has been killed by the savages; there is reason to believe that the rumour is unfounded, and we hope that Britain may yet further profit by his indefatigable exertions. It was at the request of Sir Joseph Banks that the papers and collections of D'Entrecasteaux's voyage in search of La Perouse, which had fallen into the hands of the British Government, were restored to France.

Sir John Sinclair is said to have considerably availed himself of the advice and encouragement of Sir Joseph Banks, in his completion of his statistical account of Scotland. The Board of Agriculture is like-

wise said to have had its utility greatly increased by the counsels of the President of the Royal Society.

In his person, Sir Joseph is tall, well built, and manly, with a countenance indicative of benignity and intelligence. He has been for some years very much afflicted with the gout, but in other respects, though nearly seventy years of age, he usually enjoys good health. His manners are polite, and his conversation rich in instructive information; frank, engaging, unaffected, without levity, yet endowed with sufficient vivacity.

This gentleman's labours have not been unrewarded. He was created a baronet about the time that he accepted the presidency of the Royal Society. Since that period, he has had the more exalted honour of being introduced, as an effective member, into his Majesty's Privy Council. In the installation of Sir Joseph Banks, as a knight of the Bath,---an order usually bestowed on none but peers, princes, or commanders in the navy or army, distinguished by illustrious services,---literature and science were graced, and the man of modest worth was rewarded.

THE LATE

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

“Earth repossesses what to man she gave,
And the free spirit mounts on wings of fire.”

THIS distinguished writer, whose elegant, though melancholy productions, have operated as a charm upon many of our mournful hours, is no more. Omitting the locality, we may be permitted to apostrophise her, in the words of her own beautiful sonnet, *To the Shade of Burns*:—

“Mute is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime !
Who amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great nature taught to ‘build the lofty rhyme,’
And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,
Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood,
Fired with the love of freedom—not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune : but a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing parasite is best approv'd,
Was not for thee.——Indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit ; and no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate, worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them “the liberty it loved.”

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The life of Charlotte Smith was a life of toil, of anxiety, and of distress. A few gleams of sunshine occasionally darted through the gloom, but they only served to illumine the sombre aspect of her fate. She was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, a gentleman possessed of considerable estates in the counties of Surrey and Sussex; and her mother, whose maiden name was Towers, was no less distinguished for her personal charms, than for the qualities of her heart and understanding. Unfortunately for her children, she died, when the subject of this memoir, the eldest, was little more than three years old. In consequence of this event, Mr. Turner, who is said to have been a man of some literary taste, and of keen sensibility, placed his children under the care of their mother's sister; and, with the view of dissipating his sorrow, he for some time left England. On his return, Miss Turner, and her brother and sister, were removed from the immediate care of their aunt, to receive the benefit of public instruction; and, when Charlotte was about ten years old, Mr. Turner sold his estate at Stoke, near Guildford; after which his family resided at his house in Sussex, or occasionally in London, for the purpose of having masters to attend his daughters, while his son was placed at Westminster School.

Much of Miss Turner's time was now consumed in the pursuit of what are considered as polite accomplishments; but, whether her instructors had been ill-chosen, or whether her studies were too soon interrupted, certain it is, that her progress was not adequate to the expectations which had been formed. In music, on which the greatest expence was lavished, she attained but a slight degree of skill; and, though she sedulously

dulously devoted herself to drawing, the shortness of her sight prevented her from acquiring a proficiency in the art. She has been heard to regret the time thus employed, and to wish that she had rather been directed in useful reading, and in the study of other languages, as well as in the French, which she had learned in her childish years.

Charlotte, indeed, seems very early to have imbibed a love for reading. Notwithstanding her other studies, she passed whole days in that amusement. Mr. Turner cherished and encouraged the talents which he thought he perceived in his daughter; but her aunt regarded her devotion to books as a waste of time, and absolutely prohibited such as were most likely to flatter the taste of a young person. This restriction rather increased than allayed the passion; and, consequently, Miss Turner seized, with indiscriminating avidity, every literary production that fell in her way. By this means, she acquired a superficial acquaintance with various subjects; a circumstance which probably led her, in subsequent periods, more minutely to investigate them. Thus, Mrs. Smith was more indebted for her success in the world of letters, to curiosity and perseverance, than to any regularity of literary study.

At an age when most girls are at school, Miss Turner was taken a great deal into company; and it is said, that almost all the gaiety which she ever partook of, was between her twelfth and fifteenth year. Of the dissipations of London, however, she was no admirer. The society with which she mingled was of a fashionable description; yet, with the mind of a poet, she preferred to wander amongst the romantic beauties of nature, with which that part of Sussex where her father

father lived, abounded. But the time drew near, when, from those "loved scenes," she was to be removed. Mr. Turner married a second wife, with a large fortune; and conceiving that his daughters, the elder of whom had attained her fifteenth year, might object to the authority of a step-mother, he suffered them to remain, for some months, under the protection of their aunt. Charlotte, however, the immediate subject of our consideration, was soon after seen and admired by Mr. Smith, the son of a West-India merchant, of considerable fortune, who was also an India Director. At first, the father of her lover objected to her extreme youth; but, on farther acquaintance, his objection ceased, and the projected union was accomplished. Mrs. Smith, as we are told, now exchanged the pure air of her native country for a residence, made needlessly splendid, in one of the closest and most disagreeable lanes in the city of London.

In her seventeenth year, Mrs. Smith became a mother. Her father-in-law, having buried his second wife, was a widower. Much of her time was dedicated to his amusement; and, after a certain period, she consented that her child should almost constantly reside with him. The second year of her marriage gave birth to a second son; but, from the period of that event, only a few days had elapsed, before her first child was carried off by a sore throat. This may be regarded as an important epoch in her history. It formed the commencement of those sorrows and anxieties which pursued her through life. Such was the malignity of the disorder which prevailed in her family, that, with the exception of herself, and the new-born infant, no one escaped its attack; and that infant, though

though he survived ten years, suffered so much in this early state of his existence, for the want of the care which is then so indispensibly necessary, that his feeble and declining health embittered the life of his mother, who is said to have loved him with more than ordinary tenderness.

The severe affliction which we have just noticed, rendered the house in the city more irksome than ever to Mrs. Smith; and she removed to a small one, at a little distance from town. Her sister was occasionally with her; but, as her husband was much in the city, she passed a great deal of her time alone, occupied solely by her family, which was now increased to three children. It was then that her taste for reading revived; and, as she had a small library, it afforded much solace to her weary hours. Those who know the value of books, may indeed exclaim, with the ancient philosopher, that they are never less alone, than when alone. Mrs. Smith's studies, however, did not interfere with the care of her children, for she nursed them all herself, and usually read while she rocked the cradle of one, and had, perhaps, another sleeping on her lap.

After some removals to different houses in the neighbourhood of London, Mr. Smith's father, who had now married as a third wife, that aunt of Mrs. Smith's who had brought her up, purchased for his son a house, with about a hundred acres of land around it, called Lys Farm, in Hampshire. The senior Mr. Smith, in consequence, though far advanced in life, undertook the entire management of the West-India business. At this place the family of Mrs. Smith, which was increased to five sons and three daughters,

was occasionally increased by some orphan nephews and neices of her husband; and, in consequence of so many cares and a large establishment,—for Mr. Smith had launched into farming with more avidity than judgment, and had purchased other parcels of land—her time was so much occupied, that but little leisure was left her for those pursuits in which she most delighted. Surrounding circumstances, and the unavoidable expences which were incurred, though perhaps injudiciously, rendered her extremely unhappy; and when a few hours of the solitude which she had learned to love was allowed her, her thoughts and feelings were expressed in some of those exquisite sonnets, which have since acquired her so much deserved reputation. Like many other productions of the muse, they were not at first intended for the public eye: nor, until many years after their composition, had they been seen even by her most intimate friends.

More than one family loss had agonized her mind. Her own father had been dead several years; and the death of her father-in-law, which took place in the year 1776, was an irrecoverable blow. He had always expressed particular affection towards her; as a proof of which, when he died, he appointed her, with his widow and his son, executrix to his will; a measure which, her being a wife, rendered ineffectual as to any present power. Unfortunately, his will, as is too frequently the case with such instruments, though it provided for all Mrs. Smith's children then born, was complex and confused; and, as the trustees refused to act, much inconvenience of course ensued. Whoever was to blame, Mrs. Smith and her children, now nine in number, were finally the sufferers,

Mr.

Mr. Smith, in the year 1782, served the office of sheriff for the county of Southampton; but, in the following year, a melancholy reverse presented itself. Mr. Smith's affairs became in so deranged a state, that his personal liberty was implicated, and his estate in Hampshire was under the necessity of being sold. In these trying moments, when even those who were termed *friends*, those "insects of a summer's day," deserted her, Mrs. Smith's fortitude never forsook her. Of her relations, her brother only never for a moment relaxed in his tenderness and attention toward her.

For seven months she was tortured by the chicanery of the law, and by the turpitude of some of its professors; and, during a part of that distressing period, she also shared the imprisonment of her husband. No wonder that, in a poetical mind, like hers, her agonized feelings should have given birth to the following pathetic effusion, allusive to her beloved children:—

"Sighing I see yon little group at play,
By sorrow yet untouched, unhurt by care;
While free and sportive they enjoy the day
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
O, happy age!—when Hope's unbounded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth;
E'er yet they feel the thorns that, lurking, lay,
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth;
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And, to deaf pride, misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate, how many fears
Oppress my heart and fill my eyes with tears."

Now was the time that Mrs. Smith first turned her thoughts to the press. She thought it possible, that

her simple and unassuming offerings at the shrine of poesy, might be disposed of, so as to afford a slight pecuniary resource. Impressed with this idea, she transcribed fourteen or fifteen sonnets, and offered them personally to the late Mr. Dodsley, of Pall-mall. That gentleman did not act towards her with his accustomed liberality; as, slightly regarding the manuscript, he assured her, that for such things there was no sale; that the public were satiated with shepherds and shepherdesses, and that he must decline offering money for the poems. He added, however, that he should not object to print them, if, should any profit arise, he might take it for his pains; and, should there be none, there would be no great harm done. This *generous* offer was of course declined, and Mrs. Smith returned disconsolate to her melancholy home. Her brother was not more successful, in his application to Messrs. Dilly in the Poultry: one of those gentlemen perused one or two of the sonnets, declared he had no opinion of their success, and wholly declined any treaty respecting them. Mrs. Smith, through the interposition of an acquaintance, was now induced to address herself to Mr. Hayley. That gentleman was then known to her only by name, though he resided within seven miles of her father's house in Sussex, and had long been considered as an author of some celebrity. Mr. Hayley, whose poetical taste we believe has never been called in question, was struck with the unaffected pathos of the productions; and, with that wish to oblige, and to foster unassuming merit, by which he has been uniformly distinguished, he allowed his name to be used by the writer in a dedication. With this encouragement Mrs. Smith returned to Mr. Dodsley, and agreed with him for the publication of the
sonnets

sonnets on her own account. The publication was in a quarto size. The first edition was speedily sold; a second was called for; and the profits were happily such as to relieve the writer from her present solicitude, and to enable her to look forward, with fortitude, to the moment when her husband's affairs might assume a more favourable aspect.

The following sonnet, which was the first in the collection, served as an elegant introduction, and must be considered as impressively characteristic of her feelings and situation :

" The partial Muse, has, from my earliest hours
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread ;
And still, with sportive hand, has snatch'd wild flowers
To weave fantastic garlands for my head :
But far, far happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art ;
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart.
For still she bids soft Pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the ills she knows not to remove,
Points every pang, and deepens every sigh
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love.
Ah ! then how dear the Muse's favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best---who feel it most."

The following, addressed "*To Fancy*," is equally characteristic and beautiful:—

" Thee, Queen of Shadows !—shall I still invoke,
Still love the scene, thy sportive pencil drew,
When on mine eyes the early radiance broke,
Which shew'd the beauties rather than the true !
Alas ! long since those glowing tints are dead,
And now 'tis thine in darkest hues to dress
The spot where pale experience hangs her head,
O'er the sad grave of murder'd happiness !

Thro' thy false medium, then, no longer view'd
May fancied pain and fancied pleasure fly ;
And I as from me all my dreams depart,
Be to my wayward destiny subdu'd ;
Nor seek perfection with a poet's eye,
Nor suffer anguish with a poet's heart."

After a considerable length of time had been consumed, an arrangement was made, through the interposition of a court of law; and the estate and effects of the deceased Mr. Smith having been put into trust, the relations of his son consented to his being liberated. The legal instrument was at length signed; and, after the most distressing solicitude, Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction of beholding her husband freed from his confinement. She immediately accompanied him into Sussex, where her children remained under the care of their maternal uncle. We should do violence to our feelings, were we not to transcribe the following passage from a letter which she sent to one of her friends upon this occasion:—"It was on the 2d day of July that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts have, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the wall of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprize, I remained dressed, watching at my window, and expected every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air of a summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one
night

night on the road) we passed over the heath of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view. I beheld once more the fields where I had passed my happiest days, and, amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strewn, perceived with delight the beloved groupe, from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from calamity."

The pleasing prospect which seemed to have presented itself, vanished like a summer's cloud, and all again was dark. To preserve his freedom so recently acquired, Mr. Smith was under the necessity of making an immediate retreat to the continent, and thither, ignorant of the language, he was attended by his wife. This new persecution, it should be observed, also proceeded from a *friend*. On account of her presence being requisite in England, Mrs. Smith remained only one day with her husband at Dieppe. She returned in the same packet that had carried her over, and was at home before her absence had been noticed. All her efforts were now to be renewed, and another interval of melancholy was to be endured, while in circumstances which rendered her exertions both hazardous and painful, (she being in an advanced state of pregnancy) she thought to arrange the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs. Her negociations proving fruitless, Mr. Smith was under the necessity of remaining abroad; and, becoming acquainted with some English gentlemen, he was persuaded to hire a large but comfortable chateau in upper Normandy, which had been

the residence, some time before of a noble Scotch family. The furniture is said to have been purchased at five times its value, and Mrs. Smith with her children were directed to repair thither. Of her journey she thus writes :—" My voyage was without accident ; but of my subsequent journey, in a dark night of October, through the dismal howlings and almost impassable chasms of a Norman cross-road ; I could give a most tremendous account. My children fatigued almost to death, harassed by sea-sickness, and astonished at the strange noises of the French postillions, whose language they did not understand, crept close to me, while I carefully suppressed the doubts I entertained whether it were possible for us to reach, without some fatal accident, the place of our destination. In the situation I then was, it was a miracle that my constitution resisted, not merely the fatigues of the journey, with so many little beings clinging about me, (the youngest, whom I bore in my arms, scarce two years old) but the inconveniences that awaited my arrival at our new abode, in which no accommodation was prepared for my weary charge and me."

Mrs. Smith was doomed to pass a severe winter in this melancholy exile ; and as an unusual scarcity of fuel prevailed, her situation, with a number of helpless children around her, may be more easily conceived than described. The period of her accouchement approached, and she was at a distance from all proper assistance and accommodation. This, added to the melancholy reflexions with which she regarded the probable increase of her family, nearly overwhelmed her spirits ; and, impressed with the idea, that she should not survive the approaching hour, for several weeks

weeks she never parted with her children of an evening, without a presage that they should meet no more. But contrary to her melancholy forebodings, she recovered more speedily from her confinement than in the days of her prosperity and indulgence; and, what added to her comfort in this dreary residence, was, that, in the midst of deprivations to which they had been but little accustomed, her whole family continued in the uninterrupted possession of health. From their insulated situation, however, their expences were oppressively great; and, from a variety of circumstances Mrs. Smith's return to England was considered as expedient. She accordingly sent her three eldest sons before her, and followed with seven children, the youngest of whom was scarcely two months old. On her they were now to depend for support, and she was likewise charged with the negociation of her husband's affairs. Happily she was more successful than before; and many weeks had not elapsed before she had the pleasure of receiving the father of her children, at his house in Sussex. But this situation proved too expensive, and they subsequently removed to the old family house of the Mills at Woolbeding, a village once the residence of Otway. It was there that her sonnet *To the River Avon* was written.

It was about this period, or shortly after, that her eldest son left her to go out as a writer to Bengal; and, if we be correctly informed it was to him that she then addressed the following sonnet, as *To a Young Man entering the World*.

Go, now, ingenuous youth!—The trying hour
Is come: the world demands that thou should'st go
To active life: there titles, wealth and power,
May all be purchas'd—yet I joy to know

Thou

Thou wilt not pay their price.—The base controul,
 Of petty despots in their pendant reign,
 Already hast thou felt;—and high disdain
 Of tyrants is imprinted on thy soul—
 Not, where mistaken glory, in the field
 Rears her red-banner, be thou ever found;
 But, against proud-oppression raise the shield
 Of patriot daring—so shalt thou renown'd
 For the best virtues live; or that denied
 May'st die, as Hampden or as Sydney died!"

Soon after the departure of her eldest son for India, a fatal fever deprived her also of the second, after only a few hours illness; and all the others were affected by the same dreadful distemper, which nearly cost the lives of two of them.

Mrs. Smith endeavoured to alleviate her distress, by again having recourse to the pen; but distrusting her powers in the composition of original prose, she attempted the translation of a little French novel, written by the Abbé Prevost, which she had begun as an exercise in Normandy. This being published without a name, fetched her but a very trivial sum. She next applied herself to the selection of extraordinary stories, from authenticated trials as recorded in a set of books in old French, entitled, *Les Causes Célèbres*. From the nature of the original performance it necessarily cost her a great deal of trouble, which was aggravated from the circumstances under which the translation was executed. When she had completed her task, she published it under the title of *The Romance of Real Life*, but obtained a very inconsiderable remuneration.

Mr. Smith again found it necessary to go abroad; and whether he have ever returned, or whether he be at present living, we are incompetent to assert.

Mrs. Smith, who may now be considered as an author by profession, resided with her children in a small cottage, in another part of Sussex; where, her time being less interrupted, she enlarged and corrected her collection of sonnets, which were published, for the third time, embellished with plates, by subscription. During her residence in this cottage, she also, in the course of eight months, composed the novel of *Emmeline*; which was followed, in about a twelvemonth, by *Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lakes*. Whilst engaged in the latter work she was under the necessity of leaving her peaceful abode, and of making new attempts to settle those affairs which the persons employed to arrange, seemed to study only how to entangle and perplex. During this period, she solely supported herself and family by her industry; for, of the interest of her own fortune, but a small share remained annually, and even that was irregularly paid. Though no longer in the absolute seclusion of a cottage, Mrs. Smith devoted herself entirely to her children, and to that species of labour by which she could most effectually assist them. She now considered herself in the place of both parents; and notwithstanding her health began to suffer considerably, while she beheld her offspring healthy and happy, her labour was the labour of pleasure and of love.

From the year 1791 till 1793, Mrs. Smith's time was occupied in preparing materials, and in the composition of the novels of *Celestina*, *Desmond*, and the *Old Manor House*; all of which had the good fortune to experience a highly favourable reception from the public; but, whatever were her success and perseverance as a writer, the task which she had undertaken

was,

was, notwithstanding the filial succours of her son in India, more than she could execute. Years passed on, but the persons entrusted with the property made no progress in disembarassing the estate of her children's grandfather; but, on the contrary, gave it up to the plunder of West India agents.

Another misfortune now awaited her. In the month of September, 1793, her third son, who served as an ensign in the 24th regiment, lost his leg before Dunkirk. It would be an impious reflection upon the Supreme Being, to consider that any of his creatures are unjustly afflicted or punished; but certainly it is not within "mortal ken," to perceive the cause of those heavy chastisements which fall upon some of the unfortunate children of humanity. The sufferings of the virtuous, and the prosperity of the wicked, appear as presumptive proofs of a future day of retribution. Mrs. Smith's sufferings were not yet at an end. Scarcely had her mind become tranquillized, after the distressing accident of her son, when a more weighty calamity befel her in the death of her second and most beloved daughter, who expired within two years of her marriage, to a man whose knowledge of her worth, and consequent anguish at her loss, are said to have rendered the survivor's fate most deserving of commiseration. "How lovely and how beloved she was," says Mrs. Smith, "those only who knew her can tell. In the midst of perplexity and distress, till the loss of my child, which fell like the hand of death upon me, I could yet exert my faculties; and, in the consciousness of resource which they afforded to me, experience a sentiment not dissimilar to that of the Medea of Corneille,

noille, who replied to the enquiry of her confidant—
where now are your resources?—[IN MYSELF!]

The death of this beloved daughter did not pass un-
 honoured by the muse. Mrs. Smith's feelings on this
 melancholy occasion, were sweetly expressed in the
 following beautiful sonnet, entitled *Snow-drops*, which
 was afterwards published in her second volume of
 poems:—

“ Wun heralds of the sun and summer gale !
 That seem just fallen from infant zephyr's wing ;
 Not now, as once, with heart reviv'd I hail
 Your modest buds that for the brow of spring
 Form the first simple garland—Now no more
 Escaping for a moment all my cares,
 Shall I, with pensive, silent, step explore
 The woods yet leafless ; where to chilling airs
 You green and pencil'd blossoms, trembling, wave.
 Ah, ye soft, transient, children of the ground,
 More fair was she on whose untimely grave
 Flow my unceasing tears ! Their varied round
 The seasons go ; while I through all repine :
 For fix'd regret, and hopeless grief are mine.”

The property of Mrs. Smith's children, left to them
 by their grandfather, had now been holden in trust
 ever since the year 1784 ; but so little attention had
 been paid to their interest, that the estate seemed
 every year to diminish in value. Mrs. Smith, two
 years after the death of her daughter, again repaired to
 London, in the hope of obtaining redress. She re-
 mained there for some time ; but, wearied and baffled
 by a series of iniquitous proceedings, she was about to
 relinquish her efforts, and return to her family, when
 an unexpected event gave a turn to her affairs. The
 brother-

brother-in-law of Mr. Smith, the claims of whose family had been the principal excuse for the detention of his father's effects, made offers of accommodation. The compromise was, of course, too desirable to be declined; but her finances were not in a state to enable her to comply with the terms. In this dilemma, she stated the situation of the business to a certain nobleman, to whose benevolence her family had been previously indebted; and, by his assistance, she was enabled to avail herself of the tendered proposal. For eighteen months, the artificial delays of the law protracted the business; but it was at length settled with all the certainty with which West India affairs are capable, and Mrs. Smith had the delightful satisfaction of seeing her children restored to their rights.

Since that period, the stream of life has flowed more smoothly, though her injured health never recovered its pristine tone.

Towards the close of the year 1796, Mrs. Smith produced her last novel, entitled *Marchmont*; the object of which was to inculcate the virtue of fortitude. Harassed, as the author had been, by certain members of the legal profession, it was perhaps perfectly natural that, in a performance of this nature, her feelings towards them, should be expressed with some degree of asperity. We cannot say, however, that she succeeded in producing that horror at their crimes, in the mind of the reader, which she laboured to excite. The late Dr. Bisset, in alluding to this novel, observes, that "Mrs. Smith, indeed, appears to have fancied that when she was describing attorneys and bailiffs, she was equaling Fielding's Murphy and Mr. Bondum. She did *say* that they were very bad; Fielding did not

say

say what they were, but *shewed* what they were."—The novel of Marchmont, though possessing but little either of incident or interest, contained some scraps of excellent poetry, which were afterwards copied into her second volume of Elegiac Sonnets. The following Ode, supposed to have been written, under the ruins of Rufus's castle, in the Isle of Portland, affords an impressive specimen of the sublime:—

"Chaotic pile of barren stone,
That nature's hurrying hand has thrown,
Half finished, from the troubled waves;
On whose rude brow the rifted tower
Has frown'd, through many a stormy hour,
On this drear site of tempest-beaten graves.

Sure desolation loves to shroud,
Its giant form within the cloud,
That hovers round thy rugged head;
And as through broken vaults beneath,
The future storms low-muttering breathe,
Hears the complaining voices of the dead.

Here marks the fiend with eager eyes,
Far out at sea the fogs arise
That dimly shade the beacon'd strand,
And listens the portentous roar,
Of sulien waves, as on the shore,
Monotonous, they burst, and tell the storm at hand.

* * * * *

Hence the dire spirit oft surveys
The ship, that to the western bays,
With favouring gales pursues its course,
Then calls the vapour dark that blinds
The pilot—calls the felon winds,
That heave the billows with resistless force.

Commixing with the blotted skies,
High and more high the wild waves rise,
Till, as impetuous torrents urge,
Driven on yon fatal bank accurst,
The vessel's massy timbers burst,
And the crew sinks beneath the infuriate surge."

In the course of 1797 Mrs. Smith published her long expected second volume of elegiac sonnets and other poems. To this volume, which strongly indicated the sombre cast of her mind, she prefixed her portrait, with the following appropriate inscription beneath:—

—————"Time since you saw me last,
And heavy hours, with time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

In the course of this memoir, we have already introduced two or three specimens from the volume here noticed; and shall therefore only observe, that it did her equal credit with the former.

Mrs. Smith was afterwards employed, for some time, in the translation of a French novel; but, on learning that another lady was engaged in the same pursuit, and had made considerable progress, she declined entering into a competition.

About two years ago, we believe, Mrs. Smith commenced writing a new *History of England, in a Series of Letters to a young Lady*. She had considerably advanced in the task; but finding that the work would necessarily extend beyond the limits which she had at first prescribed, and that her delicate and declining health would not permit her to pay that attention to it
which

which was requisite, she put it into the hands of a female friend, to continue and conclude. It has recently been published, and will probably be found a pleasing addition to the library of youthful females, for whom it was chiefly intended.

Though Mrs. Smith was the author of many novels—amongst which, *Desmond*, and *The Old Manor House*, hold the highest rank—we conceive that her fame will rest upon her merit as a poet. Her poems are of a melancholy cast—a circumstance which may be accounted for from the almost peculiar severity of her fate—but they possess an exquisiteness of pathos, scarcely to be excelled in the English language.

Mrs. Smith died in the month of October, in the present year, at the village of Tilford, near Farnham, in Surrey. She had endured a lingering and painful illness, with the utmost fortitude, retaining her admirable faculties to the last.—The following lines to this amiable and unfortunate woman, though not of the first order of merit, are yet worthy of preservation:—

“Dull is each songster of the silent grove,
And hush'd is Philomel's desponding strain;
Nature no longer wears a look of love,
And winter 'gins her melancholy reign.

Leafless the bough where once the linnet sat,
And tuneful sang the tedious hours away;
While in some hollow nook the moping bat,
Reluctant bids a long farewell to day.

But when sweet spring renews the flowing scene,
They “try again the long-forgotten strain;”
Heedless, poor birds, of storms and tempests keen,
And ceaseless sing till winter comes again.

So, to Death's dreary realms for ever fled,
Charlotte ! thy wounded soul shall bleed no more :
Shall feel no evils in thine earthy bed,
For all the cares of stormy life are o'er.

Yet tho' awhile unstrung thy plaintive lyre,
Thou, too, shalt live in joyous spring again,
Shalt hail thy Maker with redoubled fire,
And sing his glory in a ceaseless strain."



Sir Sydney Smith.



R. B. Sheridan Esq.

REAR-ADMIRAL

SIR WILLIAM SYDNEY SMITH.

IT has been too much the fashion in the course of modern warfare, to consider the French arms, under the direction of Buonaparte as invincible: and it is undoubtedly to this idea, industriously instilled into the minds of his followers, that the uncommon successes of the present sovereign of France must in a great measure be attributed. To the honour of our country, it was reserved for a native of England to be the first to expose the fallacy of this opinion. The shattered walls of Acre, defended by a handful of British seamen, witnessed the discomfiture of that redoubted chieftain himself, as the plains of Egypt and of Calabria have since beheld the defeat of his armies by British troops, far inferior in number to their antagonists. 'Tis this opposition, this disappointment and disgrace, that have inflamed the mind of the ruler of France with such unextinguishable animosity against our favoured island; 'tis these that have provoked him to swear the destruction of this last-remaining bulwark of prostrate Europe. Vain, however, must be all his attempts, as long as Britain continues to nourish within her bosom a race of heroes, and knows how to reward their merits; as long as her Moiras, her Hutchinsons, her Stu-

arts, lead her hardy soldiers to combat; as long as her Collingwoods, her Duckworths, her Strachans, her Hoods, her Smiths, and a hundred more, inspire her gallant seamen with the resolution to conquer or to die.

Sir William Sydney Smith, the subject of the present memoir, is the son of Captain Smith, who was bred to the military profession, and in the early part of the war of 1756, was aid-du-camp to Lord George Sackville. His mother was Miss Mary Wilkinson, daughter of Pinkney Wilkinson, Esq. an opulent merchant, who had another daughter married to the father of the late Lord Camelford. The union between Sir Sydney's father and mother took place in 1760, but being effected without the consent of Mr. Wilkinson, the great property left by that gentleman devolved on Lady Camelford.

Our hero was born in the year 1764, and received the first rudiments of his education at Tunbridge school, then kept by Mr. Knox. In 1773 he was sent to Bath, where he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Morgan. In 1777, at the early age of thirteen, he commenced his maritime career, and not long afterwards was removed into the *Sandwich*, commanded by Captain Young. Previous to his embarkation, he had gone through a course of maritime studies, and had accordingly been rated for some time as belonging to the service.

In 1780, he received his first promotion to the rank of lieutenant, as fifth of the *Alcide* of 74 guns, commanded by Sir Charles Thompson. Mr. Smith did not remain in the rank of lieutenant more than two years, and being advanced to that of commander, was appointed

appointed to the *Fury* sloop, of 18 guns, on the Jamaica station. Still continuing in that quarter, he was again promoted on the 7th of May, 1783, to be a post-captain, and commissioned to the *Nemesis* of 28 guns. A general peace having been, by this time, concluded, the *Nemesis* was soon afterwards ordered to England, where she was immediately paid off.

After an irksome inactivity of five years, Captain Smith, with the permission of his own government, entered, in 1788, into the service of Sweden, on the expectation of a rupture between that country and Russia. His conduct during the war which succeeded in the north, was such as to bring his character into general notice; but it was in the action commonly called the Battle of the Gallies, that he more particularly distinguished himself. This action was fought on the 9th of July 1790. The Swedish fleet was commanded by the king in person, and that of Russia by the Prince of Nassau. The engagement continued twenty-four hours, with the intermission of a short space at midnight, when darkness imposed a temporary armistice. Five frigates, fifteen gallies, and 23 smaller vessels, were taken or destroyed by the Swedes, who computed the number of their prisoners at 4500, including 210 officers. In consequence of the pre-eminent valour displayed by Captain Smith, in this successful conflict, he was complimented with the Grand Cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword; and as this advantage was quickly succeeded by a peace between the contending powers, he had the additional honour of receiving the insignia of the order from his own sovereign at St. James's.

During the short period which intervened between
the

the Swedish war, and that in which Europe was involved by the French revolution, Sir Sydney following the impulse of his enterprising mind, became a volunteer in the navy of Turkey. This he however soon exchanged for that of his native country; for, towards the conclusion of the siege of Toulon, he repaired thither, and made a tender of his services to Lord Hood, by whom they were readily accepted. The successes of the republican army besieging the city, and the misconduct and treachery of his allies the Neapolitans and Spaniards, having obliged Lord Hood to adopt the resolution of evacuating the place; a plan was therefore formed for destroying such ships as could not be carried away, as well as the magazines and the arsenal. The Spanish admiral Langara undertook to give the necessary directions for destroying such as lay in the inner harbour, and to scuttle and sink the two powder vessels, which contained all the powder of the different French ships, as well as that belonging to the distant magazines within the enemy's reach. While the British fleet was busily engaged in embarking the troops, and such of the loyal inhabitants of Toulon as dreaded the vengeance of the republicans, the Spanish admiral neglected to fulfil what he had engaged to perform.

Sir Sydney Smith had volunteered his services to burn the rest of the ships and the arsenal: that hazardous duty was entrusted to him, and he executed it in such a manner as to justify his appointment to the arduous task. He proceeded at night, with the Swallow tender, accompanied by three English and three Spanish gun-boats, to the arsenal, where he was to wait for a given signal to commence the conflagration.

On

On entering the dock-yard, he found the gates well secured, though the workmen manifested their hostile intentions by substituting the tri-coloured for the white cockade; and 600 galley-slaves, all of whom were either unchained, or employed in freeing themselves from their irons, seemed bent on resistance. Unwilling to deprive these wretches of the only chance of escaping the dangers with which they were threatened, Sir Sydney gave them no interruption, but took the precaution to point the guns of the Swallow tender so as to enfilade the quay, on which they must have landed in order to attack him.

During these preparations, the enemy kept up a cross fire of shot and shells from the neighbouring hills: but, so far from having the intended effect, this powerfully seconded the operations of Sir Sydney's brave followers, by contributing to keep the galley-slaves in awe, and confining the republican party in the town to their own houses; while, on the other hand, the British sailors, instead of being confused by the fire, pursued their work with steadiness, and distributed their combustibles without much interruption from the enemy's efforts.

Meanwhile a great number of the besiegers kept drawing down the hill towards the dock-yard wall, animating each other's enthusiasm by shouts and republican songs; and when the night closed, they approached so near as to pour in a quick but irregular fire both of musquetry and artillery. Discharges of grape, however, kept them at bay, and prevented their advancing near enough to discover the weakness of the English force. Other precautions were necessary to guard against the jacobins within. As a defence against these,
a boat

a boat was so stationed as to flank the wall on the outside; and within two field pieces were pointed against the wicket usually frequented by the workmen. The fire-ship, which was not ready when Sir Sydney began his preparations, was now towed into the great arsenal, and immediately placed across the tier of men of war lying there. Her arrival promised to ensure their destruction; and the additional force of men and guns contributed to keep the galley-slaves in subjection. Their murmurs and tumultuous debates now ceased, and no sound was heard among them but the noise of the hammer clanking against their irons, from which they were eagerly striving to set themselves free.

Sir Sydney now anxiously waited for the signal, and no sooner was it made than the combustibles were lighted, and the flames rose rapidly, though the stillness of the air was not favourable to the diffusion of the fire. The light of the conflagration rendered his little party distinct objects of aim, and made the enemy redouble their discharge. But Vulcan having been fired, her guns, which, on both sides, were pointed toward the places most likely to be forced, went off as the flames reached them, and checked the approach of the enemy; but their shouts and republican songs continued to be heard, till a momentary cessation of hostilities was produced by the explosion of several thousand barrels of powder in the Isis frigate in the inner road. The Spaniards, instead of scuttling and sinking that vessel, had, as it afterwards appeared, treacherously set her on fire. The violence of the shock, and a shower of flaming timber threatened to overwhelm the whole flotilla, but fortunately

nately only one gun-boat, and one of the ships' boats, were destroyed. Both were blown to pieces; in one an officer and three men perished; the whole crew of the other were taken up alive.

This accident, while it did little damage to Sir Sydney's flotilla, contributed greatly to appal the enemy, who only saw its terrific effects, without being conscious of their cause, or knowing what other dangers of a new and horrible nature might be in store for them.

Having completed all the conflagration within his reach, Sir Sydney perceived, to his astonishment, that the Spaniards had not set fire to any of the ships in the bason before the town. He therefore hastened thither with the boats under his command; but to his extreme mortification, he found the boom at the entrance laid across, and was obliged to desist from his attempts to cut it, by the repeated volleys of musketry directed towards his boats from the flag ship and the wall of the royal battery. He therefore proceeded to burn the *Hero* and *Themistocle* prison-ships in the inner road, after disembarking all the men. Scarcely was this service effected, when the explosion of a second powder-ship took place, by means equally unsuspected and perfidious, with a shock even greater than the first, and again threatened the whole detachment with destruction; but the lives of Sir Sydney and the gallant men who accompanied him, were providentially saved from the imminent danger in which they were thus a second time placed.

Having now set fire to every thing within their reach, exhausted their combustible preparation and their strength to such a degree that the men absolutely dropped at the oars, Sir Sydney and his daring companions directed

directed their course to join the fleet, proceeding first to the place appointed for the embarkation of the troops, where they took off as many as the boats could carry. Ten ships of the line and several frigates were destroyed, but the damage sustained by the enemy was at first supposed more severe than it afterwards appeared to have been. The grand magazines on shore escaped the ravages of the fire; the only buildings destroyed being some of the smaller store-houses.

By the daring intrepidity and ability which Sir Sydney Smith displayed in this arduous undertaking, he recommended himself so strongly to the notice of the Admiralty, that in 1794 he was appointed to the *Diamond* frigate of 38 guns. In this ship, as one of the squadron under Sir Edward Pellew, he assisted on the 27th of October, the same year, in capturing the *Revolutionnaire*, of 44 guns.

At the beginning of 1795, he sailed from Falmouth with a squadron of frigates under the orders of Sir John Borlase Warren. On the 3d of January the commodore detached Sir Sydney to reconnoitre Brest harbour, while he himself remained at some distance with the rest of the squadron. The wind being to the eastward, the *Diamond* was obliged to beat up. About two o'clock in the afternoon, three sail were observed working up, and were soon perceived to be French men of war, one of which soon afterwards anchored between Brest and Ushant. At five the *Diamond* was also obliged to anchor within two miles of her, to wait for the flood-tide. At eleven Sir Sydney again weighed, and passed within half a mile of the French ship, which he distinctly perceived to be of the line, under jury top-masts, and much disabled. About

two in the morning of the 4th, the *Diamond* was well up with the entrance of Brest harbour, where a frigate was lying at anchor. The ebb tide making down before it was day-light, Sir Sydney was obliged to keep under sail to prevent getting to leeward or creating suspicion, and he continued to stand across the harbour, often within musket-shot of the enemy. At day-light he stood close in, and having satisfied himself that the French fleet was at sea, he bore away to rejoin the commodore. A corvette which was coming out of Brest hove to, and made a signal, which, not being answered by the *Diamond*, she hauled her wind and worked in again. Sir Sydney afterwards passed within hail of the line of battle ship, which was still at anchor: she appeared to have no upper deck guns mounted, and very leaky. He asked her commander, in French, if he wanted any assistance; to which he replied that he did not, adding, that he had been dismasted in a heavy gale, and had parted from the French fleet three days before. Some other conversation passed, on which Sir Sydney crowded sail, and stood out to sea. He had so completely deceived the Frenchmen by the manner in which he had disguised his ship, that they had not the smallest suspicion of her being an English man of war. The ability with which he executed this commission proved him to be as well qualified for delicate, as for daring enterprises.

On the 4th of July he distinguished himself greatly in a bold but ineffectual attempt on two French ships, with their convoy, under the batteries of La Hogue. He had at this time under his orders the *Sybille* of 40, and the *Syren* of 32 guns, and continuing on the same station, he had the satisfaction in the month of Sep-

tember to destroy L'Assemblée Nationale, corvette of 22 guns, which the squadron fell in with on the morning of the 2d. A chase of three quarters of an hour brought him within gun-shot of her. She endeavoured to elude his pursuit in the rocks before Treguier, but the attempt proved fatal ; she struck, and soon after filling, fell over. Sir Sydney, with that generous humanity by which his conduct has on every occasion been distinguished, immediately ceased firing, and dispatched the boats of the several ships to the relief of her crew. Her own boats, which were towing her, saved as many as they could contain, but those of the English vessels were not able to preserve more than nine. About twenty perished, exclusive of the captain, who was washed off the wreck a few minutes before the arrival of the English. The swell was so great that the vessel soon went to pieces.

The genius of this officer appears, from his first entrance into the service, to have impelled him to the most arduous and desperate enterprizes. Fortune too seems to have favored his inclination ; and though she has denied him the opportunity of enriching himself by capturing vessels in regular combat, she has afforded occasions for conflicts less advantageous, but certainly not less honorable to his country or to himself. Such was the attack which, accompanied by the Liberty brig and the Aristocrat lugger, he made, on the 17th of March, 1796, on a convoy consisting of a corvette, four brigs, two sloops, and three luggers, which had taken shelter in the small port of Herqui, near Cape Trebel. Notwithstanding the narrowness and intricacy of the channel, Sir Sydney stood in and attacked the enemy's batteries, which were most gallantly

lantly stormed, and carried by a party of seamen and marines. The vessels were all burned except an armed lugger. In this daring attack two seamen were killed, and five wounded.

His career of glory was now destined to experience a temporary interruption. Being stationed off Havre de Grace, he went with the boats of his squadron on a reconnoitring expedition, and on the 18th of April captured a French lugger privateer, which, by the strong setting of the tide into the harbour, was driven above the forts. In this situation he remained the whole night, and at the dawn of day the French discovering the French lugger in tow of the English boats; an alarm was instantly given, and another lugger of superior force was warped out against the prize. This vessel he engaged for a considerable time, but her metal was so much heavier as to render all resistance unavailing, and he had the mortification to be obliged to surrender with nineteen of his companions. The Diamond was meanwhile prevented from affording any assistance to her brave commander by the dead calm which prevailed during the whole of the unfortunate transaction. The officers immediately sent a flag of truce to enquire whether Sir Sydney was wounded, and to request that he might be treated with kindness. The governor replied that Sir Sydney was well, and that he should experience the utmost humanity and attention.

This promise, however, the French government was very far from ratifying. The mischief to their marine, of which he had been the instrument at Toulon, and his subsequent activity in annoying their coast, had rendered Sir Sydney particularly obnoxious to the

8
rulers of France, who obstinately refused to exchange their prisoner. The history of his confinement for two years in a French prison, and of his extraordinary escape, is said to have been drawn up a short time after his return to London, by an intelligent French gentleman, who collected his information from the lips of Sir Sydney himself. From these interesting particulars he drew up the following narrative, which he presented to Sir Sydney, who allowed its veracity, and at the same time expressed his admiration of the fidelity with which the memory of his friend had enabled him to relate the whole of the circumstances.

"When I was taken at sea, said the gallant commodore, I was accompanied by my secretary and M. de Tr——, a French gentleman, who had emigrated from his country, and who, it had been agreed, was to pass for my servant, in the hope of saving his life in that disguise. Nor were our expectations frustrated: for John (as I called him) was lucky enough to escape all suspicion.

"On my arrival in France, I was treated at first with unexampled rigour, and was told that I ought to be tried under a military commission, and shot as a spy. The government, however, gave orders for my removal to Paris, where I was sent to the Abbaye, and, together with my two companions in misfortune, was kept a close prisoner.

"Meanwhile, the means of escape were the constant objects on which we employed our minds. The window of our prison was toward the street, and from this circumstance we derived a hope sooner or later to effect our object. We already contrived to carry on a tacit and regular correspondence, by means of signs with

with some women, who could see us from their apartments, and who seemed to take the most lively interest in our fate. They proposed themselves to assist in facilitating my liberation; an offer which I accepted with pleasure: and it is my duty to confess, that notwithstanding the enormous expences occasioned by their fruitless attempts, they have no less claim to my gratitude. Till the time of my departure, in which, however, they had no share, their whole employment was endeavouring to serve me, and they had the address, at all times, to deceive the vigilance of my keepers. On both sides we used borrowed names under which we corresponded, theirs being taken from the ancient mythology; so that I had now a direct communication with Thalia, Melpomene, and Clio.

At length I was removed to the Temple, where my three muses soon contrived means of intelligence, and every day offered me new schemes of effecting my escape. At first I eagerly accepted them all, though reflection soon destroyed the hopes to which the love of liberty had given birth. I was resolved not to leave my secretary in prison, and still less poor John, whose safety was more dear to me than my own emancipation.

“ In the Temple, John was allowed to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty. He was lightly dressed as an English jockey, and knew how to assume the manners that correspond with that character. Every one was fond of John, who drank and fraternized with the turnkeys, and made love to the keeper's daughter, who was persuaded he would marry her; and as the little English jockey was not supposed to have received a very brilliant education, he had learnt by means of

study, sufficiently to mutilate his native tongue. John appeared very attentive and eager in my service, and always spoke to his master in a very respectful manner. I scolded him from time to time *with much gravity*; and he played his part so well, that I frequently surprised myself forgetting the friend, and seriously giving orders to the valet. At length John's wife, madame de Tr—, a very interesting lady, arrived at Paris, and made the most uncommon exertion to liberate us from our captivity. She dared not come, however, to the Temple, for fear of discovery; but from a neighbouring house she daily beheld her husband, who, as he walked to and fro, enjoyed alike in secret, the pleasure of contemplating the friend of his bosom. Madame de Tr—— now communicated a plan for delivering us from prison to a sensible and courageous young man of her acquaintance, who immediately acceded to it without hesitation. This Frenchman, who was sincerely attached to his country, said to madame de Tr——, I will serve Sir Sydney Smith with pleasure, because I believe the English government intend to restore Louis XVIII. to the throne; but if the commodore is to fight against France, and not for the king of France, heaven forbid I should assist him!"

"Ch. L'Oiseau (for that was the name our young friend assumed) was connected with the agents of the king, then confined in the Temple, and with whom he was always contriving means of escape. It was intended we should all get off together. M. La Vilhernois being condemned only to a year's imprisonment, was resolved not to quit his present situation; but his brother and Duverne de Presle were to follow our example. Had our scheme succeeded, this Duverne

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would

would, perhaps, have ceased to be an honest man; for till then he had conducted himself as such. His condition must now be truly deplorable, for I do not think him formed by nature for the commission of crimes.

“Every thing was now prepared for the execution of our project. The means proposed by Ch. L'Oiseau appeared practicable, and we resolved to adopt them. A hole twelve feet long was to be made in a cellar adjoining to the prison, and the apartments to which the cellar belonged were at our disposal. Mademoiselle D——, rejecting every prudential consideration, generously came to reside there for a week, and being young, the other lodgers attributed to her alone the frequent visits of Ch. L'Oiseau. Thus every thing seemed to favour our wishes. No one in the house in question seemed to have any suspicions; and the amiable little child mademoiselle D—— had with her, and who was only seven years old, was so far from betraying our secret, that she always beat a little drum and made a noise while the work was going on in the cellar.

“Meanwhile L'Oiseau had continued his labours a considerable time without any appearance of day-light, and he was apprehensive he had attempted the opening considerably too low. It was necessary, therefore, that the wall should be sounded; and for this purpose a mason was required. Madame de Tr—— recommended one, and Ch. L'Oiseau undertook to bring him, and to detain him in the cellar till we had escaped, which was to take place that very day. The worthy mason perceived the object was to save some of the victims of misfortune, and came without hesitation.

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He only said, 'If I am arrested, take care of my poor children.'

"But what a misfortune now frustrated all our hopes! Though the wall was sounded with the greatest precaution, the last stone fell out, and rolled into the garden of the Temple. The sentinel perceived it—the alarm was given—the guard arrived—and all was discovered. Fortunately, however, our friends had time to make their escape, and none of them were taken.

"They had, indeed, taken their measures with the greatest care; and when the commissioners of the Bureau Central came to examine the cellar and apartment, they found only a few pieces of furniture, trunks filled with logs of wood and hay, and the hats with tri-coloured cockades, provided for our flight, as those we wore were black.

"This first attempt, though extremely well conducted, having failed, I wrote," continued Sir Sydney, "to Madame de Tr——, both to console her and our young friend, who was miserable at having foundered just as he was going into port. We were so far, however, from suffering ourselves to be discouraged, that we still continued to form new schemes for our deliverance. The keeper perceived it, and I was frequently so open as to acknowledge the fact. 'Commodore,' said he, 'your friends are desirous of liberating you, and they only discharge their duty. I also am doing mine in watching you still more narrowly.' Though this keeper was a man of unparalleled severity, yet he never departed from the rules of civility and politeness. He treated all the prisoners with kindness, and even piqued himself on his generosity. Various proposals were made

made to him, but he rejected them all, watched us the more closely, and preserved the profoundest silence. One day when I dined with him, he perceived that I fixed my attention on a window then partly open, and which looked into the street. I saw his uneasiness, and it amused me: however, to put an end to it, I said to him, laughing, 'I know what you are thinking of; but fear not. It is now three o'clock. I will make a truce with you till midnight; and I give you my word of honour, that till that time, even were the doors open, I would not escape. When that hour is past, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'your word is a safer bond than my bars and bolts: till midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy.' When we rose from table, the keeper took me aside, and speaking with warmth, said, 'Commodore, the Boulevard is not far. If you are inclined to take the air there, I will conduct you.' My astonishment was extreme; nor could I conceive how this man, who appeared so severe, and so unsteady, should thus suddenly persuade himself to make me such a proposal. I accepted it, however, and in the evening we went out. From that time forward this confidence always continued. Whenever I was desirous to enjoy perfect liberty, I offered him a *suspension of arms* till a certain hour. This my generous enemy never refused: but when the armistice was at an end his vigilance was unbounded. Every post was examined; and if the government ordered that I should be kept close, the order was enforced with the greatest care. Thus I was again free to contrive and prepare for my escape, and he to treat me with the utmost rigour. This man had a very accurate idea of
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the obligations of honour. He often said to me, 'Were you even under sentence of death, I would permit you to go out on your parole, because I should be certain of your return. Many very honest prisoners; and I myself among the rest, would not return in the like case; but an officer, and especially an officer of distinction, holds his honour dearer than his life. I know it to be a fact, commodore; and therefore I should be less uneasy, if you desired the gates to be always open.' My keeper was right. While I enjoyed my liberty, I endeavoured even to lose sight of the idea of my escape; and I should have been averse to employ for that object means that had occurred to my imagination during my hours of liberty. One day I received a letter containing matter of the greatest importance, which I had the strongest desire to read; but as its contents related to my intended deliverance, I asked to return to my room, and break off the truce. The keeper, however, refused, saying, with a laugh, that he wanted to take some sleep. Accordingly he lay down, and I postponed the perusal of my letter till the evening. Meanwhile no opportunity of flight offered; on the contrary, the Directory ordered me to be treated with rigour. The keeper punctually obeyed all the orders he received; and he who the preceding evening had granted me the greatest liberty, now doubled my guard, in order to exercise a more perfect vigilance.

"Among the prisoners was a man condemned for certain political offences to ten years confinement, and whom all the other prisoners suspected of the detestable capacity of a spy upon his companions. Their suspicions, indeed, appeared to have some foundation, and I
felt

felt the greater anxiety on account of my friend John. I was, however, fortunate enough soon after to obtain his liberty. An exchange of prisoners being about to take place, I applied to have my servant included in the cartel; and though this request might easily have been refused, fortunately no difficulty arose, and it was granted. When the day of his departure arrived, my kind and affectionate friend could scarcely be prevailed on to leave me; till at length he yielded to my most earnest entreaties. We parted with tears in our eyes, which to me were the tears of pleasure, because my friend was leaving a situation of the greatest danger. The amiable jockey was regretted by every one: our turnkeys drank a good journey to him; nor could the girl he had courted help weeping for his departure; whilst her mother, who thought John a very good youth, hoped she should one day call him her son-in-law. I was soon informed of his arrival in London; and this circumstance rendered my life less painful. I should have been happy to have also exchanged my secretary; but as he had no other dangers to encounter than those which were common to us both, he always rejected the idea, considering it as a violation of that friendship, of which he has given me so many proofs.

"On the 4th of September, 1797, (18th Fructidor) the rigour of my confinement was still further increased. The keeper, whose name was Lasne, was displaced: I was again kept close prisoner; and, together with my liberty, lost the hopes of a peace, which I had thought approaching, and which this event must contribute to postpone. At this time a proposal was made to me for my escape, which I adopted as my last resource.

source. The plan was to have forged orders drawn up for my removal to another prison, and thus to carry me off. A French gentleman, M. de Phelipeaux, a man of equal intrepidity and generosity, offered to execute this enterprize. The order then being accurately imitated, and, by means of a bribe, the real stamp of the minister's signature procured, nothing remained but to find men bold enough to put this plan into execution. Phelipeaux and Ch. L'Oiseau would have eagerly undertaken it; but both being known, and even notorious at the temple, it was absolutely necessary to employ others. Messrs B—— and L——, therefore, both men of tried courage, accepted the office with pleasure and alacrity. With this order, then, they came to the Temple; Mr. B—— in the dress of an adjutant, and M. L—— as an officer. The keeper having perused the order, and attentively examined the minister's signature, went into another room, leaving my two deliverers for some time in the most cruel uncertainty and suspense. At length he returned, accompanied by the registrar (or greffier) of the prison, and ordered me to be called. When the registrar informed me of the orders of the Directory, I pretended to be very much concerned at it; but the adjutant assured me, in the most serious manner, 'that the government were very far from intending to aggravate my misfortune, and that I should be very comfortable at the place whither he was ordered to conduct me.' I expressed my gratitude to all the servants employed about the prison, and, as you may imagine, was not long in packing up my clothes.

"At my return, the registrar observed, that at least six men from the guard must accompany me; and the adjutant, without being the least confounded, acquiesced.

anced in the justice of the remark, and gave orders for them to be called out; but *on reflection*, and remembering, as it were, the laws of chivalry, and of honour, he addressed me, saying, 'Commodore, you are an officer. I am an officer also. Your parole will be enough. Give me that, and I have no need of an escort.' Sir, replied I, if that is sufficient, I swear upon the faith of an officer, to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me. Every one applauded this noble action, while I confess I had myself great difficulty to avoid smiling. The keeper now asked for a discharge, and the registrar gave the book to Mr. B—— who boldly signed it with a proper flourish, *L'Oger, adjudant-general*. Meanwhile I employed the attention of the turnkeys, and loaded them with favours, to prevent them from having time to reflect; nor indeed did they seem to have any other thought than their own advantage. The registrar and keeper accompanied us as far as the second court; and at length the last gate was opened, and we left them after a long interchange of ceremony and politeness.

"We instantly entered a hackney-coach, and the adjudant ordered the coachman to drive to the Fauxbourg of St. Germain. But the stupid fellow had not gone a hundred paces before he broke his wheel against a post, and hurt an unfortunate passenger; and this unlucky incident brought a croud around us. We were very angry at the injury the poor fellow sustained. We quitted the coach, took our portmanteaus in our hands, and went off in an instant. Though the people observed us much, they did not say a word to us, only abusing the coachman; and when our driver demanded his fare, Mr. L——, through an inadvertence that

might have caused us to be arrested, gave him a double louis d'or.

"Having separated when we quitted the carriage, I arrived at the appointed rendezvous with only my secretary and M. de Phelipeaux, who had joined us near the prison; and though I was very desirous of waiting for my two friends, to thank and take my leave of them, M. de Phelipeaux observed, there was not a moment to be lost. I therefore postponed till another opportunity my expressions of gratitude to my deliverers; and we immediately set off for Rouen, where M. R—— had made every preparation for our reception.

"At Rouen we were obliged to stay several days; and as our passports were perfectly regular, we did not take much care to conceal ourselves, but in the evening we walked about the town, or took the air on the banks of the Seine. At length, every thing being ready for us to cross the Channel, we quitted Rouen, and without encountering any further dangers, I arrived in London, together with my secretary and my friend M. de Phelipeaux, who could not prevail on himself to leave us."

Sir Sydney was received by his countrymen with that acclamation which a meritorious officer never fails to obtain. His escape was considered as a miracle which most who heard of it scarcely knew how to credit. His sovereign treated him with the warmest affection, and not only conferred on him marked attention at his public presentation, but honoured him with an immediate private interview at Buckingham-house.

More substantial marks of favour were not wanting. The very next month Sir Sydney was appointed to the
Tigre

Tigre of 80 guns, and in November sailed for the Mediterranean, to assume a distinct command, as an established commodore on the coast of Egypt.

Sir Sydney now entered upon a career, by which his former conduct, brilliant as it had been, was thrown into the shade. He repaired to Constantinople to hasten the measures which the Porte was concerting for the expulsion of the French from Egypt. Their general, Buonaparte, being informed that his arrival was to be the signal for offensive operations, resolved to anticipate them, and to march to Syria to destroy the preparations which Ghezzar, who had been nominated Pacha of Egypt by the Grand Signior, was there making. He accordingly marched with great rapidity towards that province, reduced the Fort of El Arisch, and took Jaffa by storm, after which he directed his course towards Acre, the residence of Ghezzar.

Meanwhile Sir Sydney, finding that the Porte was not yet prepared to make any efficient attempt for the recovery of Egypt, proceeded to the coast, and being apprized of the first movements of Buonaparte, endeavoured to check his career by attacking Alexandria, which he bombarded, without farther injury to the French than the destruction of two transports. After this fruitless enterprize, he sailed to the assistance of the Pacha of Syria, who at first entertained no idea of defending himself in Acre, anxious only to secure his retreat, and to convey away his women and treasure. The commodore anchored in the road of Caiffa, with the *Tigre*, *Theseus*, and *Alliance* frigate, two days before the enemy made his appearance. In this interval the utmost exertions were made by Captain Miller of

the *Theseus*, and Sir Sydney's friend, Colonel Plielipeaux, who accompanied him in this expedition, to put the place in a better state of defence, so that it might withstand the attack of an European army. The presence of a British naval force appeared to encourage the Pacha and his troops, and to decide them to make a vigorous resistance.

The enemy's advanced guard was discovered at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the night of March the 17th, by the *Tigre's* guard-boats: these troops not expecting to find a naval force of any description in Syria, took up their ground close to the water-side, and were consequently exposed to the fire of grape-shot from the boats, which put them to the rout the instant it opened upon them, and obliged them to retire precipitately up the mount. The main body of the army finding the road between the sea and Mount Carmel thus exposed, came in by that of Nazareth, and invested the town of Acre to the east.

As the enemy returned the fire of the English by musquetry only, it was evident they had not brought cannon with them, which was therefore to be expected by sea, and measures were accordingly taken by Sir Sydney for intercepting them: the *Theseus* was already detached off Jaffa (Joppa). The enemy's flotilla, which came in from sea, fell in with and captured the *Torride*, and was coming round Mount Carmel, when it was discovered from the *Tigre*, consisting of a corvette and nine sail of gun-vessels: on seeing the English, they instantly hauled off. The ships immediately made sail after them; their guns soon reached them, and seven struck.

These gun-boats were loaded, besides their own complement,

plement, with battering cannon, ammunition, and every kind of siege equipage, for Buonaparte's army before Acre. The corvette, containing that general's private property, and two smaller vessels, escaped, since it became an object to secure the prizes, without chasing further; their cargoes, destined for the siege of Acre, being much wanted for its defence. The prizes were accordingly anchored off the town, manned from the ships, and immediately employed in harassing the enemy's posts, impeding his approaches, and covering the ships' boats sent further in shore to cut off his supplies of provisions conveyed coastwise.

The check which the French army had met with, and the loss of their heavy cannon and stores, made Buonaparte draw back his out-posts, and encamp his army on an insulated height, which borders the sea at about a mile distance. After taking possession of Saffet, Nazareth, and Scheffam, in order to clear the passes on the road to Damascus; Buonaparte reconnoitred Acre more accurately with his officers of artillery and engineers, and determined to attack the front on the east of the town. On the 20th of March the trench was opened, at 900 feet from the place. The French pushed their works at first with so much activity, that the ninth day after the opening of the trench, they had 12 pieces of cannon and four mortars mounted, and played with such effect as to pierce the tower, while a branch of the mine had been pushed on to blow up the counterscarp. The mine was sprung, but it only made a hole in the glacis: the French thought the counterscarp injured. The ditch, which had been badly reconnoitred, had appeared but of little depth: the ardour of the grenadiers, and the contempt with which

the taking of Jaffa had inspired them for this kind of fortification, did not suffer them to hesitate. Instead, however, of finding every obstacle smoothed and levelled, they were stopped by a ditch of fifteen feet, of which scarcely half was filled up by the rubbish of the breach: they plunged into it, placed ladders, climbed the breach, but found themselves separated by the counterscarp from the troops which were to support them. The officers who headed the attack, under a most dreadful fire, perished. The Turks, who had abandoned the tower, re-entered it, and the French retreated to their trenches.

During this time, the ships under Sir Sydney Smith had been forced to sea in a heavy gale, excepting the Alliance and Prize gun-boats, which fortunately rode out the storm. On his return, he found that Captain Wilmot had been indefatigable, in mounting the prize guns, under the direction of Colonel Phelipeaux, and that the fire had slackened that of the enemy; as there was much to be apprehended from the effect of the mine, which led under the counterscarp, a sortie was determined on; the seamen and marines were to force their way into it, while the Turkish troops attacked the enemy's trenches on the right and left. The sally took place just before day-light, on the morning of the 9th of April; the impetuosity and noise of the Turks rendered the attempt to surprise the enemy abortive, though in other respects they displayed great valour. Lieutenant Wright of the Tigre, who commanded the seamen pioneers, notwithstanding he received two shots in his right arm as he advanced, entered the mine with the pikemen, and proceeded to the bottom of it, where he verified its direction, and destroyed all he could in
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its then state, by pulling down the supporters. Major Douglas of the marines, to whom Sir Sydney Smith had given the necessary rank of colonel, to enable him to command the Turkish officers of that rank, supported the seamen in this desperate service with great gallantry, under the encreased fire of the enemy, bringing off Lieutenant Wright, who had scarcely strength left to get out of the enemy's trench, from which they were not dislodged; with the rest of the wounded. The only officer killed on this occasion, was Major Oldfield, of the marines, an officer of distinguished merit.

About the first of May, Buonaparte was strengthened by the arrival of some pieces of battering artillery, three 24-pounders, brought by the frigates under Vice-admiral Perée to Jaffa, and six 18-pounders sent from Damietta: these pieces were immediately planted against the town, and the siege was carried on with redoubled vigour.—At this period the French met with a great loss in General Caffarelli, one of their principal engineers, who died of the wounds he had received a few days before. They continued to batter in breach with progressive success, and nine several times attempted to storm, but were as often beaten back with immense slaughter. Sir Sydney Smith had been long anxiously looking for a reinforcement. The delay in its arrival being occasioned by Hassan Bey's having originally received directions to join Sir Sydney in Egypt, he was obliged to be very peremptory in the repetition of his orders to join him at Acre; it was not, however, till the evening of the 31st day of the siege, that his fleet of corvettes and transports made its appearance. The approach of this additional strength

strength was the signal to Buonaparte for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes to get possession of the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold; the flanking fire of the English from afloat, was as usual plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements, and traverses of sufficient thickness to protect him from it. The guns that could be worked to the greatest advantage, were a French brass 18-pounder, in the light-house castle, manned from the *Theseus*, under the direction of Mr. Scroder, master's mate; and the last mounted 24-pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*, under the direction of Mr. Jones, midshipman. These guns being at grape distance of the head of the attacking column, added to the Turkish musquetry, did great execution. The *Tigre's* two 68-pound carronades, mounted in two gorges lying in the mole, and worked under the direction of Mr. Bray, carpenter of the *Tigre*, threw shells into the centre of this column with evident effect, and checked it considerably. Still, however, the enemy gained ground, and made a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower; the upper part being entirely battered down, and the ruins in the ditch forming the ascent by which they mounted. Day-light shewed the French standard on the outer angle of the tower. The fire of the besieged was much slackened, in comparison to that of the besiegers, and the flanking fire was become of less effect, the enemy having covered themselves in this lodgment, and the approach to it, by two traverses across the ditch; which they had constructed under the

the fire that had been opposed to them during the whole night, and which were now seen composed of sand-bags, and the bodies of their dead built in with them, their bayonets being only visible above them. Hassan Bey's troops were in the boats, though as yet but half way in shore. This was a most critical point of the contest; an effort was necessary to preserve the place for a short time till their arrival. Sir Sydney Smith accordingly landed the boats at the Mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes.

On this occasion, we may suppose the hero of Acre addressing his gallant followers in the words which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of our fifth Henry :

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with the English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled ox
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wide and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof:
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn to even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!

The companions of Sir Sydney proved themselves worthy of such a leader, and even eclipsed all the achievements of their forefathers on the plains of Palestine. The effect produced by the arrival of a reinforcement of such men, at so critical a moment, is not to be described. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, knew no bounds. Many fugitives returned with them to the breach, which they found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however, ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the parties serving as a breast-work for both; the muzzles of their musquets touching, and the spear-heads of the standards locked. Ghezzar Pacha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man coming behind them, pulled them down with violence; saying, if any harm happened to his English friends, all was lost. This amicable contest, as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot; and time was gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan Bey's troops. Sir Sydney Smith had now to combat the Pacha's repugnance to admit any troops but his Albanians into the garden of his seraglio, which had become a very important post, as occupying the terreplein of the rampart. There were not above 200 of the 1000 Albanians

ans left alive. This was no time for debate, and Sir Sydney over-ruled his objections by introducing the Chifflic regiment of 1000 men, armed with bayonets, disciplined after the European method. The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and there being consequently enough to defend the breach, Sir Sydney proposed to the Pacha, to get rid of the object of his jealousy, by opening the gates, to let them sally, and take the assailants in flank; he readily complied, and Sir Sydney gave directions to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel, or nearest trench, and there fortify himself by shifting the parapet outwards. This order being clearly understood, the gates were opened, and the turks rushed out: but they were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back to the town with loss. Mr. Bray, however, as usual, protected the town gates efficaciously with grape from the 68-pounders. The sortie had this good effect, that it obliged the enemy to expose themselves above their parapets, so that the flanking fire brought down numbers of them, and drew their force from the breach, consequently, the small number remaining on the lodgment were killed, or dispersed by hand-grenades. The enemy began a new breach, by an incessant fire directed to the southward of the lodgment, every shot knocking down whole sheets of wall, much less solid than that of the tower, on which they had expended so much time and ammunition.

The group of generals and aid-de-camps which the shells from the 68-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now assembled on Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount. Buonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semi-

circle: his gesticulations indicated a renewal of attack, and his dispatching an officer to the camp, shewed that he waited only for a reinforcement. Sir Sydney Smith gave directions for Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in shoal water to the southward, and made the Tigre's signal to weigh and join the Theseus to the northward. A little before sun-set, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The Pacha's idea was not to defend the brink at this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pacha's garden, where, in a few minutes, the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet; the rest retreated precipitately; and the commanding officer, (General Lasne) who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, was carried off wounded by a musket-shot. General Rombaud was killed. Much confusion arose in the town from the actual entry of the enemy, it having been impossible, nay, impolitic, to give previous information to every one of the mode of defence adopted, lest the enemy should come to a knowledge of it by means of their numerous emissaries.

The English uniform, which had hitherto served as a rallying point for the old garrison, wherever it appeared, was now in the dusk mistaken for French, the newly-arrived Turks not distinguishing between one hat and another in the croud, and thus many a severe blow of a sabre was parried by the English officers, some of whom

whom had nearly lost their lives, as they were forcing their way through a torrent of fugitives. Calm was restored by the Pacha's exertions, and thus the contest of twenty-five hours ended, both parties being so fatigued as to be unable to move.

After several ineffectual assaults, the enemy had no alternative left but a precipitate retreat, which was put in execution in the night between the 20th and 21st. The battering train of artillery (except the carriages, which were burnt) fell into the hands of the English, amounting to 23 pieces. The howitzers, and medium twelve-pounders, originally conveyed by land with much difficulty, and successfully employed to make the first breach, were embarked in the country vessels at Jaffa, to be conveyed coastwise, together with the worst among the two thousand wounded, which embarrassed the march of the army. This operation was to be expected; Sir Sydney took care, therefore, to be between Jaffa and Damietta before the French army could reach the former place. The vessels being hurried to sea, without seamen to navigate them, and the wounded being in want of every necessary, even water and provisions, they steered straight to his Majesty's ships, in full confidence of receiving the succours of humanity, in which they were not disappointed.

Thus terminated this remarkable siege, which continued without intermission for sixty days, and in which the hitherto victorious Corsican, at the head of 13,000 men, was baffled in his repeated and desperate attempts to make himself master of an almost defenceless town, by a handful of English seamen; and was at length obliged to return with disgrace, with the loss

of one-fourth of his men, and all his artillery. That of the British, in killed, wounded, drowned, and prisoners, amounted to 216.

According to the custom of the Turks, the heads of thirteen French generals, and three hundred officers, who fell into their hands, were forwarded to the Grand Signior, in the front of whose palace they were publicly exposed. Seven bags full of the ears of French soldiers killed in Syria were likewise sent him. On receiving intelligence of the meritorious services of Sir Sydney, the emperor sent him an aigrette, and sable fur, similar to that presented to Lord Nelson, worth twenty-five thousand piastres. Nor did his countrymen withhold the applause due to his gallantry. His Majesty himself, on the opening of the next session of parliament, noticed the heroism of this officer, and the advantage which the nation had derived from his success. The gratitude of both branches of the legislature was expressed in a vote of thanks to Sir Sydney, and to the British officers, seamen, and troops, under his command.

After leaving every necessary assistance with the Turkish army for its future operations against the French, Sir Sydney Smith repaired to the different islands in the Archipelago, and Constantinople, to refit his little squadron, and to concert with the Ottoman Porte on the most effectual measures to extirpate the French totally out of Egypt. In the mean time Buonaparte had advanced with the greater part of his army and attacked that of the Turks in their entrenched camp before Aboukir, which, after a most desperate and bloody conflict, was stormed and carried, together with the fort of Aboukir. The carnage was dreadful on both sides;

sides; the greater part of the Turkish army perished, either by the sword, or were drowned in attempting to get off to the vessels in the bay. The French army also suffered a considerable loss; amongst the slain were several of its principal officers.

Sir Sydney Smith, who had just arrived in the bay, was witness to this defeat, without having it in his power to render the Turks the least assistance. Towards the end of October, a considerable reinforcement of troops and ships had arrived from Constantinople: this accession of strength determined Sir Sydney to proceed to the mouth of the Damietta branch of the Nile, and to make an attack on it to draw the attention of the enemy that way, which, as had been agreed with the Grand Vizir, would leave him more at liberty to advance with the grand army on the side of the desert. For this purpose, the coast was sounded, and the pass to Damietta marked with buoys and gun-boats. The attack was begun by the Tigre's gun-boats with great resolution, and the Turks took possession of a ruined castle, from which the enemy in vain attempted to dislodge them. On the first of November, the troops were disembarked; at first a considerable advantage was gained over the French, and they were completely routed; but the impetuosity of Osman Aga, and the troops he commanded as a corps de reserve, who rushed imprudently forward in pursuit of the fugitives before they were commanded, soon turned the fate of the day. The French availed themselves of their superior tactics, rushed on the Turks with such fury, that they were thrown into the utmost confusion and disorder, fled to the water side, and throwing themselves in-

to the sea, implored the assistance of the boats, which with some difficulty and danger, saved all those who were not taken prisoners.

Buonaparte had now left Egypt, and Kleber, who, after his departure, had assumed the command of the French troops, was induced, by the hopeless situation in which he found himself, to agree to evacuate Egypt on condition of obtaining a safe-conduct to France. A convention to this effect was signed between that general and the Porte, and by Sir Sydney Smith on the part of Great Britain, the ally of that power.

By an accident greatly to be deplored, a number of letters from French officers to their government were about this time intercepted. In these the state of their army in Egypt was represented in such a light as to induce a persuasion that the enemy must be obliged to submit to the most unfavourable terms. In consequence of this unhappy discovery, the British officers on that station received directions not to treat with the French unless they should acknowledge themselves prisoners of war. The ministers denied the authority of Sir Sydney to conclude the convention of El Arisch, which they refused to ratify, and Lord Keith peremptorily informed Kleber that a passage to France would not be allowed.

This intelligence roused the drooping courage of the foe, who was now rendered desperate by necessity, and prepared anew to dispute the possession of the country he had so lately been willing to evacuate. Whether Sir Sydney was or was not furnished with powers to treat, it soon became evident how politic it would have been to have ratified his convention, the violation of
which

which incurred an expenditure of many millions of treasure, and the loss of many thousands of lives, in the expedition which it was afterwards found necessary to send out for the re-conquest of Egypt.

No sooner was Sir Sydney informed of the disapproval of the treaty by his government, than he gave notice of the rupture to the French general at Cairo. On the faith of the convention the Turkish army had advanced as far as Heliopolis, where the French accordingly met, and totally defeated it. Sir Sydney's honourable frankness towards the enemy so much displeased the Turks, that, on the arrival of a British army to co-operate in the reduction of Egypt, the Captain Pacha insisted, says Sir Robert Wilson, on the recall of Sir Sydney Smith, the saviour of the Turkish empire. The Turks probably never forgave that generous honesty which would not betray an enemy, and they attributed to him the defeat of the Grand Vizir at Heliopolis.

Notwithstanding the base calumnies which the enemy, whom Sir Sydney had foiled before Acre, thought fit to publish against his character, the French experienced various instances of the generous humanity of this truly *christian knight*, which they were themselves not backward to acknowledge. The publication to which we have alluded, is of a nature too curious, and the observations of Sir Robert Wilson upon it are too honourable to our hero to be omitted:—

*“The general in Chief to the Chief of the Etat
Major-General.*

“The commander of the English squadron before Acre having had the barbarity to embark on board a vessel
which

which was infected with the plague, the French prisoners made in the two Tartans laden with ammunition, which he took near Caiffa; having been remarked at the head of the barbarians, in the sortie which took place on the 18th, and the English flag having been at the same time flying over many towers in the place, the barbarous conduct which the besieged displayed in cutting off the heads of two volunteers which were killed, must be attributed to the English commander; a conduct which is very opposite to the honours which have been paid to English officers and soldiers found upon the field of battle and to the attentions which have been shewn to the wounded and to prisoners. The English being those who defend and provision Acre, the horrible conduct of Dgezzar, who caused to be strangled and thrown into water, with their hands tied behind their backs, more than two hundred christians. inhabitants of this country, among whom was the secretary of a French consul, must be equally attributed to this officer, since, from circumstances, the Pacha found himself entirely dependent upon him. This officer having besides refused to execute any of the articles of exchange established between the two powers, and his proposals in all the communications which have taken place, and his conduct since the time that he has been cruising here, having been that of a madman; my desire is, that you order the different commanders on the coast to give up all communication with the English fleet actually cruising in these seas."

(Signed)

"BUONAPARTE."

"Such accusations," says Sir Robert Wilson, "many perhaps will think too contemptible to be noticed,

but there are others who, infatuated with Buonaparte, instance grounds for recrimination. I therefore shall briefly observe, first as to the massacre of the christians, that Dgezzar Pacha, previous to the disembarkation of any individual from the English ships, caused thirty men in the French interest to be strangled, foreseeing that resistance would be made to the act, if not perpetrated before Sir Sidney's landing; that the embarkation of prisoners in vessels infected with the plague, is a ludicrous charge, for would Sir Sydney, in that case, have placed an English guard on board over them? So contrary, however, is the fact, that some French sick embarked afterwards at Jaffa, for Damietta, in eight or ten Tartans, having heard of the kind treatment their comrades experienced, stood out to the Tigre, then cruising off, and surrendered themselves. The charge of cutting off the heads of dead men is frivolous; besides, how could Sir Sydney, in his situation, abolish the practice? and it is urged with some effrontery by the man who, a short time since, butchered in cold blood near four thousand Turks. The abusive part is too low to be noticed; but I will exalt the victorious adversary of Buonaparte even higher than his character has yet reached, by relating, that when Sir Sydney found that the French had raised the siege of Acre, he sailed for Jaffa, off which place he stood close in with the shore, and saw a body of the enemy filing into the town. Immediately he cannonaded what he supposed was an enemy, and his shot evidently did considerable execution; at last, by his glass, he perceived that the column he was attacking consisted only of wounded and sick men riding on camels; almost all

of

of the soldiers having bandages on some of their limbs; when he directly ordered the firing to cease, and allowed the whole convoy to pass on unmolested:—a trait which must secure for him the gratitude of Frenchmen, and the love of his own countrymen."

Many other instances of the philanthropy and benevolence of Sir Sydney Smith, even to his enemies, during his command in the Mediterranean, might be adduced, but the following shall suffice. An account published by the French themselves, stated, that in September, 1800, a flag of truce arrived at Barcelona from Port Mahon, bringing thither more than one hundred prisoners, Spaniards, Ligurians, and French, rescued by our countrymen from the cruel hands of the Turks. Among these captives was M. Thevenard, whose father resided at Toulon. He had belonged to the French army in Egypt; his brother had fallen in the battle of Aboukir; and he himself had languished in captivity for some time, till Sir Sydney became apprized of his distressed situation. He immediately made every exertion to procure his release, and with success; but his generosity did not stop here: he supplied him with necessaries, with money, with recommendations to various persons at Constantinople, and afterwards caused him to be conveyed to Rhodes in a vessel purposely equipped for his use. The conduct of Sir Sydney on this occasion was acknowledged with the utmost gratitude by the French, and the following letter, selected from among many others equally benevolent, was published in the French papers:—

*Copy of a Letter from Commodore Sir Sidney Smith
to Captain Gabriel Thevenard.*

" On board the Tigre, June 15, 1800.

" M. Thevenard is requested to come and dine with Sir Sydney Smith on board the Tigre, this day, at three o'clock. Sir Sydney takes the liberty to send some clothes, which he supposes a person just escaped from prison may require. The great-coat is not of the best; but, excepting English naval uniforms, it is the only one on board the Tigre, and the same Sir Sydney wore during his journey from the Temple, till he reached the sea. It will have done good service if it again serves a similar purpose, by restoring another son to the arms of his aged father, dying with chagrin."

How different this from the treatment he had himself experienced when under similar circumstances!

In 1801, when a powerful British military force was sent to Egypt, Sir Sydney Smith was one of the naval officers appointed to co-operate with the army, at the head of a detachment of seamen, and the commander-in-chief bore the most honourable testimony to his merits, as having been " indefatigable in his exertions to forward the service on which he was employed." In this service he received a wound, in the battle of the 21st of March; which proved fatal to the lamented Abercromby, but it was not of material as to deprive his brave colleagues of his assistance.

Being soon afterwards prevented, by the jealousy of the Turks, from any farther participation in this contest,

contest, Sir Sydney returned to England. On his arrival, the corporation of London, whose public-spirited remuneration of naval valour should not be passed over unnoticed, resolved to bestow on him the freedom of the city, and to accompany it with the present of a valuable sword. Accordingly, on the 7th of December, 1801, the hero attended at Guildhall, to be invested with the civic privileges of which he had been deemed worthy, and to receive the symbol of valour he had so justly merited. On this occasion the chamberlain addressed him in the following terms:—

“ Sir Sydney Smith, I give you joy in the name of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common-council assembled, and present you the thanks of the court for your gallant and successful defence of St. Jean d’Acre, against the desperate attack of the French army under the command of General Buonaparte: and, as a farther testimony of the sense the court entertains of your great display of valour on that occasion, I have the honour to present you with the freedom of the city, and this sword. (*Sir Sydney received the sword, and pressed it with fervour to his lips*). I will not, Sir, attempt a panegyric upon an action to which the first oratorical powers in the most eloquent assemblies have been confessed unequal; but I cannot help exulting on this happy occasion at the vast national reputation acquired by your conduct at the head of a handful of Britons, in repulsing him who has been justly styled the Alexander of the day, surrounded by a host of conquerors till then deemed invincible. By this splendid achievement you frustrated the designs of the foe on our eastern territories,
prevented

prevented the overthrow of the Ottoman power in Asia, the downfall of its throne in Europe, and prepared the way for that treaty of peace, which, it is devoutly to be wished, may long preserve the tranquillity of the universe, and promote friendship and good-will among all nations. It must be highly gratifying to every lover of his country that this event should have happened on the very spot where a gallant English monarch formerly displayed such prodigies of valour, that a celebrated historian recording his actions, struck with the stupendous instances of prowess displayed by that heroic prince, suddenly exclaimed, 'Am I writing history or romance?' Had, Sir, that historian survived to have witnessed what has recently happened at St. Jean d'Acre, he would have exultingly resigned his doubts, and generously have confessed, that actions no less extraordinary than those performed by the gallant Cœur de Lion have been achieved by Sir Sydney Smith."

Peace now produced a temporary suspension of the active professional exertions of our hero, who, at the general election in 1802, aspired for the first time to a seat in the House of Commons. After canvassing Rochester, which had chosen Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and a great number of other celebrated naval commanders, for its representatives, he determined to become a candidate. He attained the object of his ambition, for, at the conclusion of the election, his name stood at the head of the poll.

On the renewal of hostilities in the following year, Sir Sydney was appointed to the *Antelope* of 50 guns, with the command of a flying squadron. In April, 1804, he received the appointment of colonel of marines.

rines. On the 16th of the following month he had a smart action with a French flotilla which had left Flushing for the purpose of forming a junction with that at Ostend; but, notwithstanding the vigorous measures adopted by the commodore, and the squadron under his command, the greatest part of their vessels reached the place of their destination; a circumstance which could only be imputed to the disadvantages to which the English ships were subjected in consequence of the shallowness of the water, and the effect of the enemy's battering and field-artillery on shore. By these causes he was prevented from taking possession of several of the enemy's vessels which had struck their colours. One, however, was captured, and three schooners and a schuyt were sunk. The loss sustained by the British squadron amounted to 13 killed and 32 wounded.

It was probably the disappointment he experienced in this instance that led him to direct his thoughts toward the construction of vessels capable of acting in shallow water, and fit for transporting artillery and troops, for, in September following, we find him at Dover, making experiments with two vessels of his own contrivance, called the Gemini and Cancer, which were said perfectly to answer all the purposes for which they were designed.

On the 9th of November, 1805, Sir Sydney attained to the rank of rear-admiral of the Blue. Early the following year he hoisted his flag on board the *Pompée*, of 80 guns, one of the ships he had himself been instrumental in carrying away from Toulon in 1793. In her he proceeded to the Mediterranean, where Lord Collingwood placed a small squadron under his orders to annoy the French in their newly-conquered kingdom of Naples.

Naples. On his arrival, he had the satisfaction to find that the gallant Prince of Hesse still held out in the fortress of Gaeta; but being without succour, Sir Sydney's first care was to supply him with the most essential articles for the defence of that important place. Conceiving that he could best co-operate with the governor by drawing off some of the attacking force to Naples, the rear-admiral proceeded thither in the *Pompée*, accompanied by the *Excellent*, *Intrepid*, and *Athenian*. The city was just then illuminated on account of Joseph Buonaparte proclaiming himself king of the Two Sicilies. "It would have been easy," says Sir Sydney, "To have interrupted this ceremony and shew of festivity; but I considered that the unfortunate inhabitants had evil enough on them; that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign, and its fugitive inhabitants, would be no gratification if it should be found a heap of ruins, ashes, and bones; and that as I had no force to land and keep order in case of the French army retiring to the fortresses, I should leave an opulent city a prey to the licentious part of the community, who would not fail to profit by the confusion the flames would occasion." Swayed by these motives of genuine humanity, the rear-admiral would not suffer a single gun to be fired; but no such consideration prevented his attempting to dislodge the French garrison from Capri, the possession of which was of considerable importance to the enemy. He accordingly summoned the commandant to surrender, and on his refusal, a party of seamen and marines were landed. In the conflict which ensued, the French commandant fell, on which the second in command thought fit to accept the terms proposed by Sir Sydney.

A capitulation was signed, and the garrison was allowed to march out and pass over to Massa, on the Neapolitan coast, with every honour of war, after the interment of their former brave commander.

Since the acquisition of this important post, Sir Sydney has continued on the same station, engaged either in co-operating with the army on shore, or in annoying the enemy's coast wherever opportunity offered: and there can be no doubt, that every occasion which fortune may present of adding new glories to the well-earned reputation of the British flag, and of entwining new garlands for his own brow, will be eagerly seized by the Hero of Acre.

MR. MASQUERIER.

WHILE the surrounding nations are crippled in their talents, plundered of their treasures, desolated in their prospects; and all the lovely and peaceful arts flying in turn, as from the *exterminating* angel, one little spot of earth, favoured by nature, and let us hope not without the peculiar protection of nature's God—one small insulated part of the civilized world, is still open to the fugitives, still free to foster and afford a yet secure retreat, to every order, class, and character of genius, whether alien or native.

PAINTING is unquestionably entitled to the second place of honour, even if we cannot, in strict propriety, allow her a first, amongst the charming arts: and perhaps there has not been any period at which the country stood in a more proud position, with respect to her pencil, than at the present. Biography has already paid ample tribute to the most eminent masters in this attractive art; insomuch, that the exertions of their respective genius are not better known by their own canvass, than by the recording pages of their historians; and any attempt to add to *their* fame would be a mere work of supererogation.

It will occasionally be among our gratifications, therefore, to bring forward the *rising* hopes and talents

of the country, of whatever nature, but more especially in the beautiful arts; amongst which, Painting, as has already been noticed, comes to our candour and admiration under a thousand interesting forms.

Perhaps portrait-painting, as chiefly exhibiting the "human face divine," comes nearer to the heart of man than any other. We shall, at present, offer a brief memoir of a very ingenious young artist in this way—Mr. Masquerier—who has given fair promise of improvable and happy talents, and who has, in numerous instances, made that promise good.

In the reign of Louis the 14th Mr. Masquerier's family, which were extremely respectable, were, from religious motives, induced to leave la Rochelle, in France, being Protestants, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by that sovereign. The subject of our present memoir was born October 5th, 1778, in the King's-Road, Chelsea. Soon after, his mother removed to Kensington, where he passed the first ten years of his life. Even at this early period he discovered a love of the pencil: and a sketch, done in his ninth year, is still remaining, which, so far from being destitute of merit, gave promise of those powerful talents which he has since displayed.

In 1789 he went over to France with his mother. A few months after their arrival in Paris, the ever-to-be-remembered revolution began; and our young artist witnessed the most remarkable events that occurred, during four of the most important years in the annals of the world.

The writer of this article has seen a drawing of Mr. Masquerier, exhibiting the taking of the Bastille on the 14th July, 1789; and another of the battle of
August

August 1792, in which he ran the risk of his life, having been, when the battle began, in a building adjoining the Thuilleries, from whence he was obliged to make his escape during that dreadful period of havoc and horror.

While at Paris, Mr. Masquerier was admitted a student of the academy, and though one of the youngest, was distinguished for his knowledge of anatomy, and for his accuracy of drawing the human figure; an excellence which may be considered as a characteristic of his pencil.

The state of the French capital rendering it impossible for Mr. Masquerier any longer to continue his studies in Paris, he accepted the kind invitation of his uncle, returned to London, after a residence of upwards of four years on the continent, and passed his time till 1800 under the hospitable roof of this relative, who is a man of considerable fortune, and a very respectable gentleman. He now entered the Royal Academy in Somerset-house, where he began early to deserve and to share its honours: he soon obtained a medal, and was adjudged four others, by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in the Adelphi.

In 1800, the adventurous genius of Mr. Masquerier took him again to Paris, where he drew his celebrated portrait of Buonaparte reviewing his guards; the whole of which is entitled to the general admiration it received. It was exhibited in Piccadilly with astonishing success, having been seen by more than thirty thousand persons! The portrait of the Emperor of the French is considered, even to this day, as the most vivid and exact likeness ever yet taken of that

celebrated, and we may truly add, wonderful character.

A short time after Mr. Masquerier's return to England, he made an excursion to Ireland, on a visit to his friend Mr. Alexander, the late chairman of the Ways and Means in the House of Commons. The peace of 1802 taking place while Mr. M. was there, he embraced the opportunity of again going to Paris, to see his mother, then residentary there. On his return to London, he pursued his profession, at a house fitted up and well calculated for that purpose, in Edward-street, Portman-square, where his success has been rapid and well-merited. He has painted numbers distinguished for their genius, their rank, and their beauty.

The excellent resemblance he has made of the Marchioness of Donegal, of which there is a fine print by Cardon, and that of Lady Hamilton, are well known. Those of the Dowager Countess of Macclesfield and Lady Langham, are also striking portraitures of their minds as well as persons. The same may be said of the likenesses of Lords de Blaquiere and Newark, the Right Honourable Sir William Grant, (Master of the Rolls,) Major Scott Waring, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Skeffington, not forgetting his truly characteristic similitude of Warren Hastings, Esq. which is one of his most finished performances.

We understand that Mr. Masquerier's colours are mostly prepared by himself, from the discovery of a very ingenious chymical friend. They seem to possess equal brilliancy, and more durability, than those usually in practice.

Upon

Upon the whole, as a painter, Mr. Masquerier must undoubtedly be ranked amongst the very first class of rising artists, still advancing nearer and nearer the point, of which genius is justly and naturally ambitious. He has a claim to the higher praise of integrity and personal worth as a man; and from the union of these qualities, the natural results are, public fame and private esteem.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY LORD SIDMOUTH.

"Sidmouth——though low that head is laid
That called thee from thy native shade,
And gave thee second birth;
Gave thee, the sweets of power and place,
The tufted robe——the gilded mace,
And rear'd thy puny worth :

"Think how his mantle wrapped thee round;
Is one of equal value found,
Amongst thy *new* compeers ?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens-stuff,
Once laughed to scorn by blue and buff,
Hide thee from Windham's jeers ?

ANON.

A SKETCH of the life of Lord Sidmouth, a nobleman who has filled the high offices of First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. necessarily involves the account of an important era in our political history. In tracing the events which led to his lordship's attainment of power, our grand aim shall be, as far as our knowledge extends, to impart information to the reader, and to enable him to estimate the character of a man, who, from humble birth and station,

station, has been invested with some of the highest honors of the state. On these premises, it became our duty to abide by the dictates of truth and justice, rather than by those of political partiality.

The father of Lord Sidmouth, of plebeian rank, died in the spring of the year 1790. This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his third degree of M. D. on the 4th of January, 1744. He first resided at Reading, in Berkshire, where he kept a private madhouse; and where he married a Miss Hiley, from whose father the brother of Lord Sidmouth takes one of his christian names. He at length became a physician of great eminence, and by his professional exertions, succeeded in amassing a large fortune. His mind, however, was not wholly occupied by medical researches; he entered considerably into the subject of politics; and, as his tenets therein were congenial with those of the late Earl of Chatham, whose physician he then was, he was employed by his lordship in a negociation with the Earl of Bute, respecting the ex-minister's return to power. Though this negociation did not succeed in bringing the Earl of Bute and Lord Chatham into office together, yet it laid the foundation for the future greatness of the Addingtons; since it improved the intimacy between the doctor and the latter nobleman to the day of his death. Sir James Wright was the plenipotentiary of the Earl of Bute on the above subject; and as the two ambassadors could not agree upon the precise verbal terms said to have been in the first proposal made use of, Dr. Addington resorted to the pen, and wrote a short pamphlet concerning the whole affair. This, with a little tract on the scurvy, was all
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the doctor ever wrote for the press, except in the way of a paragraph now and then in the newspapers.

Henry Addington, the immediate subject of this memoir, was born, we believe, in the year 1756, and was sent to Cheam school, under the care of the Reverend Mr. Gilpin. He was next sent with his brother John Hiley to Winchester school, where Dr. Wharton presided; and while there, a little incident occurred which proved that Henry was possessed of a natural goodness of heart, with no inconsiderable portion of fortitude. Several of the boys had been guilty of depredations in the neighbouring orchards, and various complaints thereof had been made to the master. One day, when Dr. Wharton had taken an excursion on horseback, he perceived at a distance several of his pupils engaged in the predatory act which we have mentioned. The doctor immediately proceeded to the spot, but, as his approach had been descried, the young plunderers had the good luck to effect their escape; one of them, however, accidentally dropping his hat in the flight. The hat was secured; and as it bore the initials H. A. the doctor was resolved to make an example of its owner. A boy, whose name corresponded with those initials, and who was strongly suspected of being guilty, was accordingly brought up for punishment, which he would unquestionably have received, had not young Addington advanced "with trembling step, and downcast eye," exclaiming, "Pray, Sir, do not hurt him—it is my hat." After an avowal so heroic, it would be a libel on the good sense of the master to suppose that any punishment was inflicted.

From Winchester school the two brothers were removed to Oxford. From the transaction which we
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have related to have taken place between Dr. Addington and the late Earl of Chatham, it is easy to conceive that a considerable intimacy must have subsisted between the families; accordingly we trace the sons of the earl and of the doctor sedulously cultivating a friendship which was drawn still closer by their becoming members of the society of Lincoln's-Inn, and eating commonly in the same hall. One of the first briefs, if not the very first, which Mr. Pitt ever received, was from Mr. Petrie, in the case of the famous Cricklade election. We are uncertain as to the progress Mr. Addington made in the way of his profession, but there is little doubt that in the dry study of the law, he might, in a reasonable time, have obtained a silk gown, and perhaps a seat on the bench as a Welch or puisne judge.—There was a wig, however, more inviting than the forensic, and the way which his young friend was opening for him, flattered him, that, at no very distant period, he should be able to try how it would fit his head.

Mr. Addington's first seat in the House of Commons was for Devizes, and it was not long before an opportunity presented itself for eliciting a display of his powers. This opportunity was furnished by the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox. Mr. Addington afterwards strongly opposed the India Bill of the latter gentleman, and thereby contributed his assistance to raise his friend, Mr. Pitt, to the eminent station which he so long held, and through which he almost exclusively owed his own advancement.

On the promotion of Mr. Grenville to a peerage, the chair of the House of Commons became vacant, and Mr. Addington was elected to fill it. His nomination

nation was by the Marquis of Graham, and his majority over Sir Gilbert Elliot was 74 ; the numbers being, for him 215, against him 141. In addressing the King upon this occasion, Mr. Addington distinguished himself by his modesty, a virtue for which, we think, he has not always been famed : he observed " That he felt himself unequal to the arduous task which the partiality of that house had imposed upon him ; and hoped his Majesty would be pleased, by his royal disapprobation of their present choice, to afford his faithful Commons an opportunity of electing a person better qualified to discharge the duties of an office so important."

On the assembling of a new parliament a few months after, Mr. Addington was unanimously re-elected to the office of Speaker, and an event soon occurred which gave him an opportunity of exercising that power of discrimination which to him seems to have been " Nature's best gift." The assiduity and judgment which he displayed in his researches after precedents, and his clear stating of them to the committee, proving that an impeachment, as in the case of Warren Hastings, Esq. then before the House, would exist after the dissolution of Parliament, gained him great respect. The manner in which he pointed out the close connection in principle between impeachments and writs of error, excited the admiration of most of the law members ; and the whole House could not but be pleased with his conduct as Speaker throughout, since it was not only strictly constitutional, but calculated also to add to the dignity and importance of the third branch of the legislature, by securing to it the exercise of its own rights and privileges. He proved, in

many instances, his zeal to preserve the franchises of the House over which he presided ; for, upon the peers in 1791 making a slight alteration in a bill intended to amend the 8th of Anne, respecting the reward to be given on the conviction of felons, he caused the bill to be thrown out, by referring to a precedent on the Journals, where a similar bill had been rejected because it affected the revenue.

The chair of the House of Commons, a seat of no slight honour, was at length resigned by Mr. Addington, for a much higher station.—At the time when Mr. Pitt undertook to unite the kingdoms of Great-Britain and Ireland, it was much feared that almost insurmountable difficulties would be opposed to that union on the part of the Irish Roman Catholics. To obviate this, Mr. Pitt, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Cornwallis, gave it to be understood to the chiefs of that party, that if they would assist in carrying the measure, the government would, immediately after the Union, concede to the Catholics such advantages as would be almost equivalent to a complete emancipation. The King does not appear to have been consulted by his ministers respecting this engagement. As soon, therefore, as his Majesty was informed that it was in agitation to bring this proposition before Parliament, he declared that he never would consent to pass such an act, so directly contrary to his coronation oath,—“ *to maintain, to the utmost of his power, the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law.*” On this Mr. Pitt and his friends resigned.

The catholic question, however, we conceive to have been rather the ostensible, than the real, cause of Mr.

Pitt's resignation. Mr. Pitt's health had been for some time extremely deranged, which had obliged him to go, during the summer of 1800, to Bath, to re-establish it. Mr. Addington's friends (after he became minister) gave it out, that about that time Mr. Pitt had intimated to the King, that in case his own health would not permit him to continue to direct his Majesty's government, no person was, in his opinion, so proper to conduct it as Mr. Addington, the then Speaker of the House of Commons. Be this as it may, it is certain that in the course of the summer the King shewed a very marked attention towards Mr. Addington, first at Windsor, and afterwards at Weymouth, where he had frequent and long conversations with his Majesty, who, when he found himself under the necessity of changing his administration, sent for Mr. Addington, and offered him the place of First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Addington requested permission to consult Mr. Pitt, who advised him to accept it. Mr. Addington observed on this occasion, that he was about to leave a most honourable and permanent situation, for one which was uncertain and dangerous: Mr. Pitt endeavoured to dissipate his alarms. Mr. Addington alledged his want of experience in the new career which was laid open to him; but his fears were appeased by Mr. Pitt's assurances of assisting him with his advice.

The general belief is, that Mr. Pitt's primary motive for resignation was, that, considering a peace as necessary for the welfare of the country, he thought it most advisable that the negociation of it should be left to another administration. The government of France had changed, but the sentiments of the French remained nearly the same. Mr. Pitt had been declared, by
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the Convention of France "an enemy to the human race!" and it was said that the French would not treat with him. Mr. Addington was thought adequate to the negotiation; and his objections having been done away, that gentleman proceeded to form a new administration. Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Windham, were replaced by Lords St. Vincent, Hawkesbury, and Hobart, (now Earl of Buckinghamshire.) Lord Hawkesbury, who was Master of the Mint, wished to resign; but Mr. Pitt advised him to remain, and to accept the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, promising him the assistance of his counsel and support. Lord Loughborough, (the then Chancellor) would have willingly remained; but going to see Lord Eldon, he found that the latter had already received a letter from the King, with the offer of the Seals of the Court of Chancery; and on his return home, he himself received a letter from his Majesty, containing his dismissal, but at the same time granting him an Earldom, (with remainder to his nephew,) and the rank of an earl's daughter to his niece.

Whether the emancipation of the Catholics really occasioned Mr. Pitt to retire from the helm of state, is not now the question. However, he kept his word so well with the new ministers, that even after his resignation he opened the budget for the year 1801; was constantly consulted during the negotiations for a peace; approved the preliminaries; and, during the discussions in parliament on the treaty of Amiens, after Lord Hawkesbury had in a very detailed speech justified all the articles of it, Mr. Pitt gave his entire acquiescence to his arguments. Whatever might be Mr. Pitt's real opinion, the palm of wisdom, as well as that of magnanimity,

magnanimity, was due to Mr. Windham, for his just and manly sentiments respecting this degrading treaty of Amiens, "in which," says a political writer of much eminence, "a weak minister, the veriest baby in politics that ever amused itself with the coral of the state, surrendered the honour and security of his country, the independence of Europe, and the lives and property of some of our best friends and firmest allies (the Royalists in la Vendee) to the most inveterate enemy which this and other nations ever had to encounter; and to the most merciless usurper that ever bathed himself in the blood of his slaves, or that ever tyrannized over any portion of mankind."

It must be well remembered that, as Mr. Windham expressed himself, the wax had scarcely had time to cool upon the treaty of peace, before the war recommenced; and it soon became manifest that it was the wish of the country that Mr. Pitt should again take a share in the administration. To this object a common friend of both parties opened a kind of negociation; but it was not attended with success. Every one spoke of this affair according to his attachment to the one or the other party. It is, however, unfounded, that Mr. Pitt had consented to leave Lord Grenville out of the administration; on the contrary, he insisted that the seals of the Foreign department should again be confided to his lordship. Moreover, Mr. Pitt shewed no eagerness to re-enter the Cabinet. He declared that, in such a momentous crisis, it would be indecorous to embarrass the government by an unseasonable opposition. He protested that he would not consent to force himself into power; observing, that if his Majesty should see occasion for his services, it
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was easy to signify to him his royal commands. Lord Spencer gave the same example of moderation; and repaired to his country seat to form a corps of Volunteers for the national defence. Mr. Pitt did the same; and as his place of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports gave considerable influence, he soon found himself at the head of 7000 men, whom he exercised and manœuvred with a science and activity very unusual with a person not trained to military tactics. His attention was next drawn to the defence of the river Thames; and it was from his counsels and recommendations that a few frigates, and some armed Indiamen, were stationed at the mouth of the river, for the defence of this important post.

In spite of this moderation in the conduct of the principal members of the former administration, it is not to be doubted that they would have returned to office, if Mr. Addington would have consented to retire. The emancipation of the Irish Catholics was no longer a question, for it had become evident that the majority of that description of persons was perfectly indifferent to the measure. The King was, however, unwilling to give up Mr. Addington. He found himself more at his ease, and exercised his kingly functions with less restraint, than heretofore. Mr. Addington considered himself bound in gratitude to obey the orders of his Majesty, who had conferred upon him so many favours, and shewn him such undisguised attachment.

From this exposition, we cannot refrain from admiring the moderation, wisdom, and patriotism of Mr. Pitt. His friends, however, were rather displeased at his not exerting the whole force of his influence and

talents

talents in forming an opposition against the existing administration, which could not fail to be successful; but this reasoning is far from conclusive; Mr. Pitt himself, about twenty years before, had shewn the example that it is not so easy as some imagine to overturn an administration supported by the King. Mr. Pitt had then a great majority of votes in the House of Commons; yet he remained at his post, and public affairs proceeded without interruption. The parliament was dissolved; a new election took place; and the nation by its suffrages approved his Majesty's choice, and the conduct of ministers. Nevertheless, some among the subalterns, who called themselves Mr. Pitt's friends, shewed a disposition less noble and prudent than marked the conduct of their patron. More anxious for places than the prosperity of their country, they were not deterred from raising a tempest, provided they could fish in troubled waters.

Such was the situation of affairs when the King became seriously ill. As there was reason to fear that this malady was the same as had attacked him fifteen years before, Mr. Pitt was the more desirous to abstain from any systematic opposition to Mr. Addington's administration. He observed, that it was to be apprehended that such an attempt would tend to agitate the King's mind, and endanger the public tranquillity. He satisfied himself, as occasion required, with giving his opinion on certain bills in parliament; and his advice was frequently followed. In spite, therefore, of the opposition of several noble families, the ministers might have continued to keep their places, if on a sudden the heads of the Opposition, those who had heretofore been the loudest in declaiming against the measures

measures and principles of Mr. Fox, had not shewn a disposition to join in his views, and to partake of the loaves and fishes with him and his friends. A sort of political shame, however, rendered the term *coalition* obnoxious: *co-operation* was the cant phrase. "*Each party had the same ends; each pursued the same road to attain them; nothing was more natural!*" By this means it was attempted to elude the odium which must have resulted from such an heterogeneous union. "When we reflect on this new coalition between the Grenville party and Mr. Fox and his friends," observes a certain anti-jacobinical writer, "our astonishment increases beyond measure. These parties were the very antipodes of each other; during the whole course of the last eventful war, on every leading question, on every principle, on the French revolution, and lastly, on the peace of Amiens, their sentiments were opposite as the poles. Mr. Fox held up the regicides of France to the admiration of Europe; publicly adopted and proclaimed their grand principle of the *sovereignty of the people*, whence all their subsequent opinions and acts were almost necessary deductions; reprobated the war as unjust and unnecessary; systematically opposed every measure of the ministers for prosecuting it with success; declared his joy at the peace of Amiens, not because he thought it safe or honourable to his country, but because it was a glorious peace for *France!* paid his adorations at the consular shrine; and, lastly, on the renewal of hostilities, steady and consistent once in his life, he pleaded with eloquence and energy the cause of Buonaparte, and pretty plainly insinuated that he had justice on his side! To say that Lord Grenville, Mr. Windham, and their friends, did

did the reverse of all this, is to say only that which is notorious to the whole world."

To consolidate, and to render irresistible, an opposition already so formidable, nothing remained but to engage Mr. Pitt to act in concert. He at length consented to do so; but without entering into any engagement with the different parties as to the consequences which might result from their joint efforts. The Opposition, thus constituted, it produced the desired effect. The ministers, perceiving their influence in parliament to decline daily, tendered their resignations to the King. His Majesty, whose health had been some time progressively amending, observed to the chancellor, that he had long expected the event that had just happened, and that his health was sufficiently re-established to cause no apprehension of any unfavourable return of his indisposition. On the 7th of May, 1804, Mr. Pitt was sent for by the King, who offered him the situation which he had formerly held; and desired he would form a new administration. On the following day, Mr. Pitt presented a list to the King, in which he had selected all the names in the kingdom most distinguished for their talents. Mr. Fox, Lords Spencer and Grenville, and Mr. Windham, were among the number. The King refused to admit Mr. Fox into the administration; Mr. Pitt was going to make some representations on the subject; but his Majesty observed, that it appeared a contradiction that a person should be proposed to him as one of his ministers whom the cabinet, (of which Mr. Pitt was at that time a member) had recommended to be struck off the roll of his privy counsellors, on account of the principles which he had avowed, and his speeches in parliament.

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Mr. Pitt had nothing further to say. He then proposed to Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville, and some others, to take part in the new administration ; but, although scarcely a month had elapsed since the new opposition had connected themselves with Mr. Fox, and that many of them had been in strict alliance with Mr. Pitt upwards of fifteen years, they conceived themselves bound in honour to follow the fortune of Mr. Fox. Mr. Pitt now became sole master of the field of battle ; and he who for a long time had been urged to join the opposition to turn out Mr. Addington, became sole possessor of the spoils, which he distributed among his friends. Thus, those who had laid the foundation of this opposition, who had cemented it by different coalitions, and who had already anticipated the disposal of the great offices of state among their own connections, now found their hopes frustrated, with no one but themselves to blame.

The Addington ministry had been obnoxious, as well to the lighter shafts of ridicule as to the more serious attacks of political writers ; but it was mostly admitted to be of a *well-meaning* nature. The writer in the *Anti-jacobin*, whom we have before quoted, thus expresses himself upon the subject :—" No administration, perhaps, possessed a greater portion of good personal qualities, of public integrity, and of fairness of intention ; nor was it, in its subordinate parts, destitute of talent ; but he who ought to have instilled life, spirit, and vigour, into the whole body, was, unfortunately, himself devoid of those endowments and qualifications, which are at all times essential in a Prime Minister, and were at the present critical period indispensably necessary ; hence, with this deficiency

ciency in its leader, the administration was destitute of energy and decision. It is a singular fact, which will not fail to be noticed by the historian of the times, that, though Mr. Addington was certainly a sound member, and a staunch friend, of the established church, he nevertheless wanted resolution to act up to his principles, and to do for the church all that his situation enabled him to do; and suffered in this, as in many other instances, the advice of those who were not competent to advise him, to controul his own sentiments and wishes; at least this is the most favourable construction we can put upon the neglect which we deplore; sad effects of a temporising and wavering policy! Justice requires us to add, that Mr. Addington's departure from office has been attended with circumstances highly creditable to his feelings and to his character."

Of those who composed the preceding administration, Mr. Pitt retained the Chancellor, the Duke of Portland, Lords Hawkesbury, Chatham, Westmoreland, and Castlereagh; and admitted into the cabinet with himself, Lords Melville, Camden, Harrowby, Mulgrave, and the Duke of Montrose. The Opposition, who were left in the back ground, being frustrated in their attempt, appeared disposed to contest the King's prerogative in the choice of his ministers; but this right was so well established, as being essential to the constitution, that all the speeches and pamphlets published on the occasion evaporated in smoke; and the idea which was attempted to be enforced, that it was the duty of the King not to oppose any one individual's being a part of his cabinet, soon appeared not only futile, but ridiculous. Mr. Pitt commenced his
administration

administration by introducing a bill into the House of Commons for regulating the establishment of the Volunteer corps. The opposition, which was almost hopeless, took this opportunity to summon all its forces against this measure, but in vain; and during some very acrimonious debates which arose out of the discussion of this bill, Mr. Pitt, perceiving that the opposition entertained hopes of gaining a triumph over him in the conflict, used some very remarkable expressions, which produced a considerable effect.—

"Suppose for a moment, says this able minister, "that this bill was thrown out; my antagonists would not approach nearer to the object of their wishes. If they could get rid of the bill, they cannot get rid of me. I am resolved not to quit my post so long as I enjoy the confidence of his Majesty, and of his faithful subjects; and the repeated attacks of my adversaries shall only increase my energy, and the means of my defence. In respect to the King's prerogative, it is well known that I have always maintained it; and the attempt to dispute the right of his Majesty in the choice of his ministers, is, in effect, to destroy one of the most fundamental principles of our constitution, which *still remains monarchical.*" Mr. Pitt then launched out into some warm eulogiums of his noble relations among the Grenville party. "I remember," says he, "with pleasure and satisfaction, their declaration in my favour, and I was always grateful for the partiality they have shewn me. Having a better opinion of me than I have of myself they pressed me to resume my station; they solicited me to join them *without stipulation or conditions*; and publicly declared that this circumstance alone would inspire general confidence.

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I am sure that I have done nothing to alter their good opinion of me ; and they can alone explain why I no longer enjoy that regard which I have always held in such high estimation." Being unable to shake Mr. Pitt, the opposition next attempted to weaken his administration, by ruining his colleague and friend Lord Melville. This nobleman had been successively Treasurer of the Navy during eighteen years ; Secretary of State for the Home Department eight years ; Secretary of State for the War Department three years ; and afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty. He had, besides, and at the same time, the direction of the affairs of Scotland, as well as the controul over the Indian affairs during eight years ; so that he had had the superintendence of three or four principal departments for several years. But the capacity of his genius, the clearness of his understanding, the method and regularity in his conduct of business, made that easy to him which in another would have been found impossible. He had filled all the functions of these departments with the greatest success, and had rendered the greatest service to the state. Why then attack a person of this description ? His integrity was equal to his talents, and he seemed invulnerable.—What did the opposition do ? It was found advisable to scrutinize into the conduct of his deputy, who, it was said, had enriched himself greatly, by converting the public money to his own profit, while he was Treasurer of the Navy. Lord Melville was accused of conniving at this management, and even of participating in the profits. It was alledged that he had employed 10,000*l.* of the funds of his department to the illegal means of corruption. His lordship had himself declared that
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this sum had been appropriated to secret services, which he neither could nor ought to reveal; but it was not admitted that he had the right to do so. Very long debates arose in the House of Commons on this subject, and, as we have seen, the result was, a formal impeachment of Lord Melville before the House of Lords. We have seen also the result of that impeachment;—a result as disgraceful to the original instigators of the impeachment, as it was honourable to the intended victim.

Mr. Addington, in the mean time, by the mediation of some common friends, had become reconciled to Mr. Pitt, had been re-admitted into the administration, made a peer of the realm by the title of Viscount Sidmouth, and appointed President of the Council, (17th January, 1805). But this reconciliation appears to have been neither cordial nor sincere on his part. His friends in the lower house of parliament very frequently voted against Mr. Pitt, on those occasions which were known to be nearest his heart, and particularly in the affair of Lord Melville. Lord Sidmouth perceiving that he ought no longer to continue in office, made a voluntary resignation of his place on the 5th of July following.

His lordship remained in somewhat an inactive state until after the lamented demise of his first friend and patron Mr. Pitt. On the recollection of this event, so deeply interesting to Britain, we cannot but make a solemn pause. The moment was alarming, was awful in the extreme. England, at that instant, received a shock which she has not yet recovered. Ages, perhaps, may pass away before another star, so bright and

so particular, may illumine the sphere of European politics! Never, by the British patriot, ought the name of Pitt to be pronounced without a sigh of veneration and regret.

Yes, honour'd shade ! whilst near thy grave
The letter'd sage, the chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim ;
O'er thy cold corse—the public tear,
Congeal'd, a chrystal shrine shall rear,
Unsullied as thy fame !!

Lord Sidmouth, as we have already stated, remained in a somewhat inactive state until the formation of the new ministry which took place subsequently to the death of Mr. Pitt. At that period his lordship was invested with the honourable office of Keeper of the Privy Seal, which he continued to fill until the final extinction of that other great luminary, Mr. Fox. Of that gentleman it has been justly observed, that, if ever there was a character thrown away in early life, by being prematurely urged into publicity, Charles Fox was that character : if ever the most valuable gifts of nature were rendered unavailing by notorious dissipation, and want of morals, they were those bestowed upon Charles Fox : if ever any ambition was constantly deluded by hope, but hope, evanescent and fleeting, it was the ambition of this eminent statesman : he was permitted to touch authority, but not to grasp it : he wore it for an instant, but could not call it his own ; and when, apparently, he might have continued to enjoy it, he was seated in office, not to give importance to his life, but dignity to his death : his friends were called to lament his loss, while his country, looking wistfully

wistfully for the services he had performed, rested her hopes on those which she gave him credit for the ability of performing.

The principal change, it will be recollected, which took place in the Cabinet, after the death of Mr. Fox, was the appointment of Lord Howick as his successor. Amongst the minor shiftings and changes, however, Lord Sidmouth, instead of Keeper of the Privy Seal, became President of the Council; a post of honour which he now enjoys.

We have thus, in attempting a sketch of Lord Sidmouth's life, endeavoured also to exhibit the more prominent features of those administrations of which he has formed a part. To his credit it should be observed, that, while First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he refrained from some of those measures which had been considered objectionable in his predecessor; and, towards literary men who devoted their labours to the service of the state, a spirit of greater liberality was evinced, during the administration of Mr. Addington, than during that of Mr. Pitt. In other respects, however, his conduct was not so praiseworthy. His almost unbounded *liberality* towards his own immediate friends and relations; in appointing his son to the clerkship of the Pells, &c. subjected him to much odium, and to much severity of censure. The superior mind of Mr. Pitt would not have descended to such proceedings. Mr. Pitt, indeed, rewarded his friends; but he did not lavish the favours of the state upon worthless or insignificant objects. Lord Sidmouth's, or rather Mr. Addington's, prosecution of the poor tinman, was certainly a work of supererogation which might well have been spared! It

was being righteous *over-much*. His lordship, in his political career, seems not to have kept pace with the presage which might have been formed of him from the little incident which took place at Winchester school. Such a proceeding in a *boy* was great, was heroic, was magnanimous; but as a *man*, his lordship seems incapable of any *great* action. Yet we give him full credit for *meaning* well. In private life we believe he is truly amiable. In the united qualities of husband, father, brother, and friend, he is universally esteemed; but we are by no means of opinion that heaven ever intended him to figure as a first rate politician.

THE LATE

DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

" 'Twas said of old, the Thracian bard
 Could tame the wild, subdue the hard,
 For rocks obey'd his will:
 By music pass'd hell's dreadful bounds,
 He trod Elysium's flow'ry grounds,
 Pleas'd Nature own'd his skill."

IT has been observed, that the ideas which were entertained by the ancients of the powers of music, of the charms and fascination of sounds, must have been different, from the impression which it made upon their minds, to that which is practised, however varied the instruments, elaborate the execution, and refined the melodies, by the composers of modern times. With the ancients, a bard, who swept the lyre, and raised his song, was considered as a personage inspired by the gods, to resound their praises, to glorify their actions, and to extol the wonders of the mysteries of creation; and as their subjects were sublime, so were their professions esteemed to be sacred. As their characters were considered to partake of a divine nature, and as they were the soul and embellishment

of festivals and games, it is not to be wondered at that they were considered as possessing celestial attributes, and hence, that they were distinguished by the willing homage of all ranks and descriptions of men. Elevated above rules, and soaring beyond the reach of imitation, the rhapsodist displayed his skill in the simple and unaffected modulation of his lyre, and in the plaintive sweetness and energetic tone and compass of his voice. His looks, venerable from age, and expression; his action, dignified and graceful; his dress, loose and flowing; and his whole frame, at once lively and impassioned, represented him to the eye, and to the understanding, as a something that, approaching nearer to the divinity than to man, partook of the essence of the former, and enforced, as it were, the adoration of the latter. In the early ages of music, the instruments which produced it were few in number, sufficient for the purposes of expression, but not for the abuses of execution; ascending by a progressive and a regular scale, rather than by those tortuous and artificial combinations by which discord is introduced, to be resolved into a perfection of sounds. When we read of the effects that have been produced by this enchanting science, as described by Homer and the philosophers of Greece, the enthusiasm which it inspired in some, and the delight which it gave to all, we must either discredit their authorities, or suppose it capable of more supernatural influence than it possesses in the present days of fastidiousness and pride.

We have been led to these remarks by contemplating the extraordinary merit and progress of the late Dr. Arnold, certainly one of the greatest composers of his day.

This gentleman, to whom the science of music was so greatly indebted, was born on the 10th of August, 1740, and had the honour of being answered for at the font by the late Princess Amelia. Of his common school education we know nothing; but he acquired the rudiments of musical science, first under the care of the late Mr. Gates, and subsequently under that of his successor Dr. Nares. So highly was he esteemed by the former gentleman, that, at his death, he bequeathed him a handsome legacy, and the reversion of a very good estate, which, however, he did not live to enjoy.

Mr. Arnold's parents, induced by the proofs which he afforded of an early genius, placed him, at the usual age of admission, in the King's chapel; to which he was introduced under the immediate patronage of the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. What might be his progress, or his application, in this celebrated musical seminary, we know not, but we have not heard of any authenticated instances of juvenile productions which are calculated from their singularity to astonish or alarm credulity. When he left his masters, his course seems to have been marked by unremitting application to study, and by persevering attention to scientific research; and, from his steady cultivation of the seeds of knowledge, rose that accomplished genius, which, while a long tide of fashion lasted, astonished the world, and which, when that fashion subsided, still charmed the votaries of the old, and improved the followers of a newer, style.

By some means, his talents attracted the notice of Mr. Beard, who was then one of the managers of Covent-garden Theatre; and, about the year 1763, he became

became composer for that house. The success which his operatic effusions experienced excited a spirit of emulation in his breast, and he looked forward to greater undertakings, to more daring and lofty flights. The yet unrivalled Handel had quitted this nether sphere in the year 1759, without leaving an Elisha on whom his mantle might fall. The death of that great man had left a chasm in the musical field; but it was not easy to bend the bow of Ulysses. Even to fail, in a great effort, was considered by Dr. Johnson as honourable; and Mr. Arnold, with that confidence which genius is frequently found to inspire, resolved to enter the lists. Accordingly, in 1767 he brought forward the sacred drama of *The Cure of Saul*, from the pen of the late Dr. Brown. This Oratorio was no sooner heard than the name of the composer was established. The musical world listened with amazement to this energetic production of a genius of twenty-seven years growth. Jealousy and envy were, as usual, active in depreciation, but a success so unlimited attended him, that the work was allowed by the public voice, as well as by all the candid members of the profession, to be by far the most grand and able production that had appeared since the time of Handel.

With equal applause, and with increasing reputation, Mr. Arnold successively produced the oratorios of *Abimelech*, the *Resurrection*, and the *Prodigal Son*. During the intervals of these productions, he brought forward many less durable, but more profitable works; several of which are still the standing favourites amongst our English operas. The oratorios here mentioned, were performed during several seasons, at the Theatres-Royal, Haymarket, and Covent-Garden, under

der his own management and direction. The first of them, if we are correctly informed, was brought out at the little Theatre; and, from the success which it experienced, the composer was induced to try his power of attraction at a larger house.

In the year 1769, the enterprising spirit of Mr. Arnold led him to the purchase of Marybone gardens, then the property of Mr. Pinto. To the antiquarian reader, some account of this once celebrated spot may perhaps be acceptable. Marybone gardens, the site of which is now occupied by Beaumont-street, part of Devonshire-street, and part of Devonshire-place, were originally situated at the back of Oxford-house, now a boarding-school, in High-street. In the reign of Queen Anne there had been a noted tavern in this place, with bowling-greens, much frequented by persons of the first rank. It afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by Gay the scene of Macheath's debauches. About the year 1740, Marybone-gardens were famed for public breakfasts and evening concerts, some of the first singers being generally engaged, and fireworks frequently exhibited. In this place, when it came into the hands of Mr. Arnold, a stage was erected, and many beautiful burlettas of his composition were performed by the first singers of the day; amongst whom were Miss Catley, Miss Brown, afterwards Mrs. Cargill, Miss Harper, now Mrs. Banister, Mrs. Barthelman, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thomas, the late Mr. Charles Banister, and Mr. Reinhold. It was during the time that Marybone gardens were under the direction of Mr. Arnold, that a burletta entitled *Love and Madness*, founded on the well-remembered affair of Parson Hackman and Miss Rea, from the pen of the
unfortunate

unfortunate Chatterton, was brought forward. For a long time Mr. Arnold's exertions were crowned with great success; and that success might have continued much longer, had he not, with a view to increase the attraction of the place, involved himself in new expences. He engaged the celebrated Torri, whose brilliant fire-works have never been equalled in this country, at a very high salary. That gentleman's pyrotechnic display operated somewhat like the gala nights at Vauxhall,—on the nights of his exhibition the gardens were crowded to an overflow; but, when burlettas only were presented, they were nearly deserted. Fireworks, however, unlike the exertions of mental intellect, soon lost their novelty; and as nothing equally attractive could be brought forward as a substitute, the place fell into decay, and, at the expiration of the lease, Mr. Arnold retired from the concern a considerable loser.

In the year 1771, Mr. Arnold married Miss Napier, the only daughter of Dr. Napier, an eminent physician, and a lineal descendant of the far-famed Lord Napier, of Marcheston, the inventor of logarithms, whose life has been written with much elegance by that Mæcenas of modern times the present Earl of Buchan. With this lady he received a considerable fortune. Mrs. Arnold, we believe, is still living, together with a son and two daughters, all of them respectably settled in life.

In 1773, his oratorio of the *Prodigal Son* was performed, at the particular request of the stewards at the installation of Lord North at Oxford. The handsome manner in which this request was complied with produced the composer an equally handsome offer of
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an honorary degree in the University; and, although he declined that as a compliment which he knew himself so well qualified to obtain by a regular and scientific gradation, it still excited the desire of academic honours, which he immediately sought and obtained. His exercise on this occasion was *Hughes's Power of Harmony*, a poem well adapted to the display of his versatile talents.

Dr. Arnold, at the expiration of the Marybone lease, returned to Covent-garden Theatre, a part of which property the senior Mr. Colman had about that time purchased. Though no judge of music himself, satisfied with the merit of Dr. Arnold, he gave him ample encouragement; and, so attached was the doctor to the interests of his patron, that, when Mr. Colman purchased Foote's theatre in the Haymarket, he went with him to conduct the musical department; though, by such a step, he relinquished more than half of his yearly emoluments. He continued in that situation for many years; maintained a close friendship with Mr. Colman till the period of that unhappy derangement which closed the life of our dramatist; and continued to be essentially serviceable to the present manager of the Haymarket theatre till the last moments of his own life.

On the 1st of March, 1783, Dr. Arnold succeeded Dr. Nares, as organist and composer to his Majesty's chapel at St. James's. Whilst holding that appointment, he furnished a considerable number of church services and anthems, which, though little known to the world in general, are amongst the most estimable and lasting of his works.

Dr. Arnold was next appointed one of the sub-directors

rectors of the grand performances at the commemoration of Handel, at Westminster Abbey, the first of which took place either in 1784 or 1785, and was presented with a medal, which his Majesty has graciously permitted the sub-directors to wear at all times, as a mark of his royal approbation.

Throughout life Dr. Arnold felt a warm and earnest interest for the affairs of the Royal Society of Musicians, which now contributes the most handsome assistance to decayed musicians, and to their unprovided families. This institution, so laudable in its nature, may be considered as owing a great part of its present opulence to the zeal and liberality of Dr. Arnold. In a very early period of his life, when the society was yet in its infant state, and was struggling for existence against a course of ill success, he generously presented to it his oratorio of *The Cure of Saul*, then in the zenith of popular estimation; and this work effected that turn of fortune to which the institution is now indebted for its great and increasing success.

At one period, with the view of furnishing the public with additional entertainment, Dr. Arnold joined in improving and enlarging, as a theatre, the Lyceum in the Strand. Concerts were the species of entertainment originally proposed; but it has been said that he wished to revive his burlettas; which, being deemed a formidable opposition by the theatrical managers, their united interest prevented him from obtaining leave for opening the Lyceum, notwithstanding a considerable sum had been expended on the requisite alterations of the place.

When, in consequence of the last war, the progress of the Handelian commemorations was stopped, the annual

annual performances were continued, first at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, and afterwards at Whitehall chapel; and, as the noble directors declined the management on a smaller scale, the whole of the labour rested with the sub-directors. On these occasions, Dr. Arnold was ever the most active and indefatigable member. He filled the situation of conductor of these performances till within a year or two of his death, when the annual concert of the Royal Society of Musicians was incorporated with the King's concerts.

In the year 1786, under the immediate patronage, and by the particular desire, of his Majesty, Dr. Arnold undertook a magnificent edition of the works of Handel, in score, which he continued in one hundred and eighty numbers, forming thirty-six folio volumes. This work comprehended all the oratorios, anthems, operas, concertos, fugues, trios, duets, lessons, &c. excepting such Italian operas as were neither interesting nor vendible. From these, however, and the whole of Handel's works, he compiled two very fine oratorios—*The Redemption* and *Time and Truth*. Dr. Arnold certainly had a remarkable, and most happy facility in the adaptation of English words to foreign airs; and the world are indebted for a familiar acquaintance with a great part of the most beautiful of Handel's music, to his judgment and skill in this particular, by which he infused so much excellent music into our own language.

This was not the only musical publication in which Dr. Arnold was engaged, for, soon after its commencement, he published four volumes of cathedral music,

in continuation of the plan on which Dr. Boyce had furnished his elegant and estimable work.

Dr. Arnold, in 1789, became conductor of the Academy of Ancient Music; and, in 1793, on the death of Dr. Cooke, he was called to the organ of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Horsley, the late estimable and venerated bishop of St. Asaph's, then bishop of Rochester, and dean of Westminster, offered him that situation in so handsome a manner, that, although he declared himself unable to fulfil the duties of the station on account of his various professional avocations, yet was he requested to accept it on his own terms, and to perform the duty by deputy, whenever his convenience would not allow a personal attendance.

In 1796, he succeeded the late Dr. Philip Hayes, as conductor of the annual performances at St. Paul's, for the benefit of the sons of the clergy. This office brought with it no emoluments; but Dr. Arnold appears to have been uniformly happy in the opportunity of contributing to the relief of his fellow creatures. Almost innumerable are the hymns, anthems, &c. which, at different times, he composed for the various charitable institutions of the metropolis.

Dr. Arnold continued as superintendant of the musical department at the Haymarket until the period of his death, which took place on the 22d of October, 1802. His last composition was the *Sixty-third Letter*, a successful afterpiece of Mr. Oulton's.

To the musical amateur, we conceive that the following list of Dr. Arnold's compositions, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, will be highly acceptable:—

ORATORIOS.

The Cure of Saul; Abimelech; Redemption; the Resurrection; the Prodigal Son; Time and Truth; Elisha, (*performed with great applause at the Haymarket Theatre, during the Lent of 1802;*) Milton's Morning Hymn,—*never performed.*

ODES.

The Jesuits; the Haymakers; on the Queen's Birth-day; on the Prince of Wales's Birth-day; for the London Hospital; for the Sons of the Clergy; to Charity; for the Choral Fund; to Music; to Night; to Humanity; to Harmony; on Shakespeare; Odes for his Majesty's Birth-day—*never performed.*

SERENATAS.

Hercules and Omphale; Apollo; Theseus and Peleus.

OPERAS.

The Maid of the Mill; Rosamond; April Day; the Castle of Andalusia; Lilliput; the Son-in-Law; the Weathercock; Summer's Amusements; the Agreeable Surprise; the Dead Alive; Julius Cæsar; the Silver Tankard; True Blue; the Spanish Barber; the Blind Man; Tom Jones; the Prince of Arrogan; Two to One; Turk and no Turk; the Siege of Corzola; Inkle and Yarico; the Battle of Hexham; Gretna Green; the Basket Maker; Fire and Water; Hunt the Slipper; the Wedding Night; the Baron; the Female Dramatist; the Garland; the Surrender of Calais; the Mountaineers; the Shipwreck; Auld Robin Grey; Apollo turned Stroller; Who pays the Reckoning; the Portrait; Peeping Tom; the Enraged Musician; Arthur; the Maid and Mistress; New Spain; Throw Physic to the Dogs; Children in the

Wood; Cambro Britons; Italian Monk; False and True; the Hovel; Juvenile Amusements; the Veteran Tar; Wags of Windsor; the Sixty-third Letter.

BURLETTAS.

The Magnet; the Cure for Dotage; Don Quixotte; Love and Madness; the Madman.

PANTOMIMES.

Rape of Proserpine; Harlequin and Faustus; the Genius of Nonsense; Harlequin Teague; Hodgepodge; Mother Shipton; Here, and there, and every where; Obi, or Three-fingered Jack; Corsair; Fairy Revels.

MISCELLANIES.

Overtures, Concertos, Trios, Canzonets, Single Songs, Catches, Glees, and Lessons for the Harpsichord or Piano-Forte, beyond calculation.

IN MANUSCRIPT.

A Treatise on Thorough Bass; various Services and Anthems, composed for public charities, and for the immediate use of his Majesty's chapel.

Some years before his death, Dr. Arnold had a fall, when reaching a book in his library, which snapped a muscle near its insertion in the knee; and which, by occasioning a tedious confinement, brought on a long train of disorders, that preyed upon and undermined his constitution, which was naturally strong. His last scene was preceded by a long and painful illness. A complication of disorders, which baffled medical skill, subjected him to acute suffering; but he had that within him which sustained him at the approach of death, and he experienced those unremitting attentions from an affectionate wife and daughter which disarmed

armed disease of half its pains, and rendered his awful change easy and tranquil. He died with resigned composure, his last words being the purest sentiments of confidence and devotion.

Dr. Arnold's funeral was elegant, but not ostentatious ; it was such as his high character claimed, and the most gratifying honours were paid to his memory. The greatest croud assembled to see him consigned to his silent retreat, that had been seen for many years, at the Abbey. Dr. Smith, the residentiary of Westminster, desired to perform the ceremony ; and the three choirs of Westminster, St. Paul's, and the King's chapel, also requested permission to attend : they sung the service and the funeral anthem, and a new anthem composed for the occasion by Dr. Calcott ; the words, *I heard a voice from Heaven say, " Write---Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labours."* Nothing could exceed the awful grandeur and solemnity of the scene ; every body was in tears ; upwards of a hundred unbidden friends attended in deep mourning. The croud was so immense that the procession was stopped several times in its progress round the abbey : and during the interment, a mournful stillness prevailed, which indicated the universal regret that followed him.

Dr. Arnold was celebrated as a convivial character ; he presided at the glee club, we believe, from its commencement ; and belonged also to many other institutions of a public nature. Until attacked by illness, he was the spirit of every table, and exhilaration and mirth were the natural consequences of his company. Nor was he less distinguished by his charitable feelings, and by the manly virtue of independence. He

was respectful to his superiors in rank ; yet he spurned with a resolution from which arrogance shrunk dismayed, at insolence and pride.

Mr. Arnold, his son, about three years ago, married the daughter of Mr. Pye, the poet-laureat. This gentleman is a portrait and historical painter, besides which, he has often been before the public as the author of several dramatic pieces, novels, &c. the produce of his leisure hours. His first piece, entitled *Auld Robin Gray*, if we are correctly informed, was brought forward in the year 1794. *Who pays the Reckoning?* produced in 1795, was condemned, and not printed. *The Shipwreck*, brought out in 1799, experienced a happier fate ; but *The Irish Legacy*, in 1797, experienced the fate of *Who pays the Reckoning?* and was not printed. *The Veteran Tar*, in 1801, was tolerated for a few nights, but has been long since laid upon the shelf. Mr. Arnold's last dramatic piece was entitled *Foul Deeds will rise*. It was indeed a *foul deed* to bring such a piece before the public ; but as Scrub says, " there are secrets in all families," and we shall not attempt to withdraw the theatrical veil. It is requisite to observe, however, that the piece, technically speaking, was completely damned the first night, yet the nausea of the town was excited by its being thrust upon them for four nights longer.

Several years ago, Mr. Arnold, as we have been informed, contributed very largely to a periodical print entitled the *Tomahawk*, set on foot by the Crown and Anchor Association, for preserving property, &c. against Republicans and levellers. We are not certain, indeed, whether Mr. Arnold was not the conductor of this publication.

It must be a subject of regret with many, that that friendship which subsisted for a long series of years between Dr. Arnold and the two Colmans, should not have continued between the survivors. There were, as we have been told, some pecuniary differences between the doctor and the present manager, the settlement of which is said to have occasioned some unpleasant results to the latter. We should be happy to hear that every thing relating to the subject had been buried in oblivion.

Previously to the death of Dr. Arnold, one of his daughters had been married to a gentleman in the mercantile profession ; and we believe the other has since followed her example.

SIR SAMUEL HOOD.

THOUGH the professional merits of this gallant officer elevated him long since to a distinguished rank among the naval heroes of Britain, it cannot be denied that the late general election, coupled with his recent achievement, have acquired him a degree of popularity which he never before enjoyed. Much has been said, and with apparent justice, on the impropriety of naval and military officers being elected to seats in parliament, at the same time that the line of service in which they are engaged precludes the fulfilment of their senatorial duties, excepting perhaps at rare and transient intervals. On the other hand, however, it may be urged, and with much greater reason, that to exclude these men—men whose whole lives have been devoted to the service of their country, whose best blood has been spent in her cause—to exclude them, we say, from a participation in those privileges, to which all the rest of their fellow-subjects, possessing the requisite qualification, are permitted to aspire, would be the height of ingratitude and injustice. If, then, the ambition of a meritorious officer impels him to seek the honour of a seat in the legislative assembly of the nation, he has, in our opinion, a two-fold claim to that gratification. Should it be ob-

jected that such a member, if he hopes to rise in his profession, must obey the dictates of the minister of the day, we briefly reply : Refer to the parliamentary history of the country, and see how many examples of an independent and conscientious discharge of their legislative duties have been given by representatives both in the naval and military service.

These observations will not, it is presumed, be thought quite inapplicable in this place, and we are confident that they will coincide with the sentiments of the majority of the people of England, as clearly displayed in their conduct on every occasion. We shall now proceed to the biographical particulars of the gallant seaman, by whose recent election for the city of Westminster they were suggested.

This distinguished officer, the friend and companion of the immortal Nelson, is the son of Samuel Hood, Esq. of Kingsland, in the county of Dorset, and grandson of the Rev. Alexander Hood, minister of Dawlish, Somersetshire, elder brother of the father of Lords Hood and Bridport. He was born, we believe, about the year 1760 ; and he and his elder brother, bearing the same names as their two illustrious uncles, trod in the same steps as they had done to attain honours and distinction. Captain Alexander Hood fell, in 1798, in the arms of victory, in an engagement with the French ship *L'Hercule* of 74 guns ; but Sir Samuel will, we hope, be long spared to bind fresh laurels round his own brow, and to acquire new glory for his country.

We regret that we have not been able to obtain any authentic account of the early part of the professional career of our hero, but we strongly suspect that it
must

must have commenced under the auspices of his noble uncle Viscount Hood. In the year 1791 we find him commanding the *Juno*, of 32 guns, on the Jamaica station, and exhibiting a noble example of that humanity and intrepidity by which British seamen are so eminently distinguished. In the height of a gale of wind, which increased to a perfect hurricane, a raft was discovered from the *Juno's* mast-head, with three people upon it, over whom the waves broke every moment, so that it appeared nearly impossible to save them. Captain Hood immediately ordered out a boat to their assistance; but, though English sailors are not apt to shrink from danger, the boat's crew thinking it a vain attempt, shewed great reluctance to go; on which the captain, declaring that he never ordered any man upon a service on which he was afraid to venture himself, instantly leaped into the boat, pushed out of the harbour of St. Anne's, where the ship was lying, and with infinite difficulty rescued the poor sufferers from their perilous situation. No sooner was the House of Assembly at Jamaica made acquainted with this meritorious action, than it unanimously resolved to present Captain Hood with the sum of one hundred guineas, to purchase a sword, as a testimony of the high sense they entertained of his gallantry and humanity.

On his return from the West Indies, he served in the same ship after the commencement of the war with France, under his illustrious relative, Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean. Here, by the presence of mind of the commander and his officers, the *Juno* was preserved from falling into the hands of the enemy. Towards the conclusion of 1793, after the evacuation of Toulon,

Toulon, Captain Hood, ignorant of that event, sailed at night into the road, and not perceiving the allied fleet, he imagined that they had removed into the inner harbour. On this presumption, he actually entered the inner road, where the frigate struck on a shoal; she, however, fortunately got stern-way from a breeze which came down the harbour, and only the after-part of her keel remained aground. At this moment a boat came off from the shore: her crew, headed by two officers, went on board the *Juno*, favoured the delusion of the English, and attempted to decoy them into another branch of the harbour, where the ship might have been more easily secured. The remark of a midshipman, who observed their national cockades, put an end to the deceit. The Frenchmen, finding themselves discovered, exclaimed: "Don't be uneasy! the English are brave men, and we treat them well. The English admiral has been gone some time." This information may be easily supposed to have excited a considerable degree of alarm; but Mr. Weobly, the third lieutenant, observing that if the ship could be got under sail she might yet be saved, Captain Hood availed himself of the hint. The Frenchmen, who shewed a disposition to resist, were immediately forced below, a great number of Maltese seamen on board, who were going to join Lord Hood's fleet, were sent between decks to avoid the confusion which might otherwise have arisen from the difference of languages; every man was in an instant at his post; and every yard braced for casting. A favourable flow of wind assisted the efforts of Captain Hood and his gallant tars; the ship started from the shoal; and a breeze gave her way. She had scarcely got under sail, when a brig, which

which lay near her, and soon afterwards all the batteries, opened their fire upon her ; but it was fortunately deadened by the wetness of the weather. The wind still favouring, the Juno escaped with very little injury, after retaliating on the last fort she passed in clearing the harbour.

After this narrow escape, Captain Hood was engaged in the reduction of Corsica ; and in particular displayed great bravery in cannonading the tower of Mortello, in conjunction with Captain Young, of the Fortitude.

In 1796, Captain Hood was promoted to the Zealous, of 74 guns, and was the following year sent out to reinforce the Earl of St. Vincent, after his splendid victory over the Spanish fleet. By that noble admiral Captain Hood was directed to place himself under the orders of Rear-admiral Nelson, to whom he had given the command of a force destined to act against the island of Teneriffe. With this squadron Captain Hood came to an anchor on the 25th of July, 1797, a few miles to the northward of the town of Santa Cruz ; and the rear-admiral finding it impossible for the ships to approach sufficiently near the town to cannonade it with any effect, ordered a body of one thousand seamen and marines to be immediately landed, under the direction of Captains Troubridge, Hood, Thompson, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, who handsomely volunteered their services. At eleven o'clock, the men were all in the boats, and rowed towards the shore in six divisions. Captains Freemantle and Bowen, accompanied the rear-admiral to regulate the attack. At half-past one in the morning, the boats had approached the Mole-head within half gun-shot undiscovered,

covered, when the alarm bells suddenly rang, and a tremendous fire was opened from one end of the town to the other. The Fox cutter, with about 180 men on board, received a shot under water on her approaching the town, and instantly sunk: Lieutenant Gibson, her commander, and 96 men perished. The same melancholy fate befel the boat in which were Captain Bowen and his first lieutenant, who were saved. The night being extremely dark, the boats were unable to keep together; the rear-admiral, with Captains Thompson and Freemantle, and four or five boats, landed at the Mole, which they stormed and carried, although defended by four or five hundred men. Such a heavy fire of musketry and grape-shot was, however, kept up from the citadel, and the houses at the Mole-head, that it was impossible to advance. The whole party was, almost to a man, either killed or wounded, and the rear-admiral himself lost his right arm by a cannon shot. In the mean time, Captains Troubridge, Hood, Miller, and Waller, landed with many of the boats a little to the southward of the citadel, passing through a violent surf, which stove the boats, and wetted all the ammunition. Notwithstanding these difficulties, they pushed over the line-wall, and took possession of the town. Their force consisted of 80 marines, as many pikemen, and 180 small-armed seamen. Having formed in the great square of the town, Captain Troubridge determined to storm the citadel, but on his approach, he found it too strong to render such an attempt practicable. At day-light, finding that it would be impossible to make any farther impression on the town, Captain Troubridge sent Captain Hood with

a message to the governor, informing him, that if he should be permitted to embark his men without molestation, the squadron before the town would not injure it. The governor returned for answer, that he thought, in their situation, the English ought to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Captain Hood, with the true spirit of a British seaman, replied, that, unless the terms he had offered were accepted in five minutes, he would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet. This produced compliance on the part of the governor, Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez, who, with a generosity truly worthy of admiration, furnished the retreating invaders with a ratio of biscuit and wine, and at the same time intimated to the rear-admiral, that he was at liberty to send on shore, and purchase whatever refreshments the squadrons stood in need of, as long as they remained off the island.

On the failure of this attempt, Captain Hood rejoined the commander-in-chief off Cadiz. On the return of Admiral Nelson from England, in 1798, the *Zealous* was one of the ships dispatched by Lord St. Vincent, under the command of that enterprizing officer, to watch the motions of the French fleet that was then equipping at Toulon. With this squadron, every captain of which was animated with the same ardent zeal displayed by their gallant leader, Captain Hood twice proceeded in quest of the French to the shores of Egypt, and it was he who, on the 1st of August, had the satisfaction of first discovering the enemy's fleet in the bay of Aboukir. Notwithstanding their formidable appearance, and the advantages of their situation,
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the brave admiral immediately resolved to attack them. He hailed Captain Hood to enquire if he thought there was a sufficient depth of water for our ships between the enemy and the shore. Captain Hood coolly replied that he did not know, but with the admiral's permission he would lead in and try. The *Goliath*, however, being the fastest sailer, and having the start of the *Zealous*, first gained the post of honour. Captain Hood followed close, and took his station on the bows of the French ship *Guerrier*, with such judgment, that in twelve minutes his antagonist was totally dismasted. She was among the first of the hostile ships that were obliged to yield to British prowess.

On the morning of the 2d, the *Guillaume Tell* and *Genereux*, with two frigates, were the only remaining ships of the enemy's fleet that were not either taken or destroyed. Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded the former, perceiving that few, if any, of the British ships, were in a condition to make sail, cut his cable, and got under weigh. His example was followed by the *Genereux* and the frigates. The British admiral observing their intention to escape, directed the *Zealous* to intercept them. Unfortunately, none of the windward ships was in a condition to second this attempt to stop the fugitives. Captain Hood did all that could be done: as they passed him he received and returned the fire of each in succession. The damage he sustained prevented him from tacking, and the admiral, with his usual judgment, gave the signal of recal.

The glorious results of this conflict are too well known to need to be recapitulated here. For his exer-

tions, Captain Hood, in common with the other officers, received the thanks of both houses of parliament, and a gold medal emblematical of the achievement. When the victorious admiral left the Bay of Aboukir, on the 18th of August, he left Captain Hood with four sail of the line and two frigates to block up the port of Alexandria, and to intercept any supplies which might be sent to the French army.

In the year 1799, we find Captain Hood engaged in the expulsion of the French from the Neapolitan territory, and from an official letter of Lord Nelson, it appears, that he was landed from the squadron with a detachment to garrison Castel Nuovo, and to keep good order in Naples, which, in the words of his lordship, was at that time an arduous task. This was, however, executed by Captain Hood with such ability, that the admiral immediately afterwards adds, "No capital is now more quiet than Naples." For his zeal and good conduct on this occasion, the King of Naples conferred on him, with the approbation of his own sovereign, the rank of a commander of the order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit.

On his return from the Mediterranean to England, Captain Hood was removed to the *Courageux*, a fine new ship of 74 guns, in which he joined the Channel fleet, then commanded by the Earl of St. Vincent. In consequence of the general promotion of flag-officers, on the 1st of January, 1801, he was removed to the *Venerable*, of 74 guns, and in the month of June was sent to reinforce the squadron under the orders of Sir James Saumarez, off Cadiz.

On the 5th of July, Sir James having received intelligence that three French line of battle ships and a
frigate

frigate had been seen from Gibraltar, and had anchored off Algesiras, instantly made sail with his squadron to attack them. On the morning of the 6th the British ships opened Cabareta point, and discovered the enemy, who appeared to be warping close under the batteries. As they approached, the French opened their fire on the Venerable, which was led in a most gallant manner by Captain Hood; but the wind failing, he was obliged to anchor. After a severe conflict of five hours with the enemy's ships and batteries, Sir James was obliged to draw off his force, with the loss of the Hannibal of 74 guns, which struck under one of the batteries, and after a desperate resistance was obliged to surrender.

Captain Hood, with the rest of the squadron, proceeded to Gibraltar Bay, where the utmost exertions were made to repair the damages the ships had sustained. On the evening of the 12th, the enemy's ships were observed steering for the Streights, on which Sir James Saumarez immediately stood after them. With a squadron of five sail of the line, which had been disabled in action only five days before, the British admiral hesitated not a moment to attack by night a hostile force consisting of two ships of 112 guns, one of 94, three of 84, four of 74, four frigates, and a great number of gun-boats. The Real Carlos and San Her-menegildo, of 112 guns each, were blown up, and the San Antonio of 74 was taken. The pursuit was continued all night, and at day-light the Venerable was observed at no great distance from the French ship Formidable, which was standing towards the shoals of Comil. An action ensued, an account of which

was given by Captain Hood in the following letter to his commander :

" His Majesty's ship Venerable,

" at Sea, 13th July.

" Sir,

" You must have observed my giving chase to an enemy's line-of-battle ship at day-break this morning. At seven she hoisted French colours, and I could perceive her to be an 80-gun ship ; at half-past, being within point-blank shot, the enemy commenced firing his stern-chase guns, which I did not return for fear of retarding our progress, until the light and baffling airs threw the two ships broadside-to, within musket-shot, when a steady and warm conflict was kept up for an hour and a half, and we had closed within pistol-shot, the enemy principally directing his fire to our masts and rigging. I had the misfortune to perceive the main-mast to fall overboard, the fore and mizen-mast nearly in the same state, and since gone, the ship being near the shore, close to the castle of Sancti Petri, the enemy escaped. It was with much difficulty I was enabled to get the Venerable off, her cables and anchors all disabled, and it was only by the great exertions of the Thames, with the boats you sent me, she was saved, after being on shore some time. I shall have no occasion to comment on the bravery of the officers and ship's company in this action, who had, with much patience and perseverance, suffered great fatigue by their exertions to get the ship to sea, and not five hundred men able to go to quarters ; but I beg leave to add, I have been most ably supported by

Lieutenant

Lieutenant Lillicrap, second of the Venerable, (first absent) all the other officers and men, who have my warmest recommendation, and have to lament the loss of Mr. Williams, master, an excellent officer, with many other valuable people killed and wounded, a list of whom I have the honour to inclose.

"I am, &c.

"S. HOOD."

According to the list to which the gallant captain alludes, the Venerable had 18 men killed, and 87 wounded. Sir James Saumarez, in his letter to the admiralty on this occasion, says, "The highest praise is due to Captain Hood, the officers, and men, of the Venerable, for their spirit and gallantry in the action."

The suspension of hostilities a few months afterwards, put a period, for a time, to the professional exertions of Captain Hood. On their re-commencement, in 1803, he was appointed commander-in-chief on the Leeward-Island station, with the rank of commodore, and hoisted his broad pendant on board the Centaur, of 74 guns. On his arrival there, he concerted measures with Lieutenant-general Grinfield, for the reduction of the enemy's colonies, and St. Lucia was the first conquest achieved by their united exertions. They then directed their arms against the island of Tobago, and on its reduction, proceeded to the Dutch colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, which surrendered without making any resistance.

An expedition was planned against Surinam, and in April 1804, the gallant commodore proceeded to that colony with a squadron of small ships of war and transports,

transports, having on board nearly 2000 troops, commanded by Major-general Sir Charles Green. The governor, after a short resistance, acceded to terms of capitulation with the British commanders. The *Proserpine*, of 32 guns, and the *Pylades* corvette, of 18, were among the naval trophies of this conquest.

For these services Commodore Hood was honoured by his sovereign with the Order of the Bath, in October 1804; and about the same time married at Barbadoes the Hon. Miss M'Kenzie, daughter of Lord Seaforth, governor of that island.

It was not till May, 1805, that the honour conferred by his Majesty reached the gallant commodore. On that day he was invested with the Order of the Bath, at Antigua, by Lord Lavington, the governor. After the ceremony, his lordship addressed him in the following words:—

“ Commodore Sir Samuel Hood,

“ After the honour which you have this day received by command of his Majesty, no eulogy from me of those services which have so meritoriously obtained it, can enhance its value, or deserve your acceptance. But I cannot repress the expression of my own gratification, in being delegated by my sovereign to administer a mark of his royal favour to a gallant officer, the very name of whose family occurs in no page of our naval history without circumstances of celebrity and distinction. There wants no herald to proclaim the well-known, well-earned reputation, of the two chiefs of it, who are now enjoying an honourable repose from danger and fatigue, under the shade of those
honours

honours which the services of their past lives have so eminently merited. But your nearest and ever-to-be-lamented relative has secured to himself a place in the Temple of Fame, paramount to all the rank and titles which princes can confer, and which the King of Kings alone can bestow—the glory of sealing with his blood, in the arms of victory, a life spent in, and devoted to, the service of his king and country. May this period of renown, if ever it be destined for you, although the ultimate ambition of patriots and of heroes, be far, far distant, for the sake of that country, for the sake of every object which is dear to you—May your conduct, of which the harbour of Toulon and the bay of Aboukir were witnesses, be only the presage of your future trophies, and still more splendid achievements! And may you, in the mean time, after a safe and prosperous voyage, experience that auspicious reception from our gracious sovereign, which the best of masters will feel it to be due to a brave and faithful servant!”

On this occasion Sir Samuel received the congratulations of the inhabitants of the islands where he had commanded; accompanied with their thanks for the able manner in which he had provided for their interests. These testimonies could not fail to be extremely gratifying to his mind, and they are so honourable to his character that we cannot forbear to introduce one or two extracts. The letter transmitted to him from the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands, says: “The enemy’s ships of war and privateers have repeatedly learned, from mortifying experience, that their most formidable

formidable garrisons and batteries could afford them little or no protection from your boats, though placed almost in contact with them. The predatory squadron of Rochefort, possessed of so decided a superiority, has been greatly checked in its designs, not daring to detach itself, fearful of being cut off by your little squadron. The recollection of the *Juno* at Toulon, and of the *Zealous* at Aboukir, would convince this flying enemy that what naval skill could project, or valor possibly perform, they would have to encounter." In the address of the gentlemen deputed to convey to the gallant commodore the sentiments of the Board of Council for Antigua, we find this passage: "We are desired at the same time to express to you the high sense which the board entertains of your spirited conduct in keeping the seas with your very small squadron, during the many weeks that the naval strength of the enemy was so vastly superior to you; and to assure you that we have felt very sincerely for the mortification which a gallant and brave mind, like yours, must have experienced at your inability, with any regard to prudence, to seek and engage the enemy."

With these pleasing testimonials, Sir Samuel quitted the station where he had commanded with such honour, and returned, in the month of June, 1805, to England, where he soon afterwards received the appointment of colonel of the Woolwich division of Royal Marines.

At the beginning of the year 1806, Sir Samuel Hood was appointed to his former ship, the *Centaur*, and was dispatched with a small squadron, with directions

rections to take his station off Rochefort. Here he had remained some months when he received orders to return to England, for the purpose of being sent on foreign service, and nothing prevented his immediate compliance, but the want of an officer to whom to resign his command. While he was thus waiting the arrival of a successor, fortune, which had never placed him in any station without enabling him to add to his fame, afforded him an opportunity of snatching a few laurels before he quitted his post. The particulars of this affair, transmitted by Sir Samuel Hood to Sir Charles Cotton, then commanding the fleet off Brest, during the absence of the Earl of St. Vincent, are as follow :

“ Centaur, at Sea, 26th Sept. 1806.

“ Sir,

Yesterday morning, about one o'clock, I had the good fortune of falling in with a squadron of the enemy, standing to the westward; the squadron under my orders being then on the larboard tack, stretching in for Chasseron light-house, six or seven leagues from us, the Revenge to windward, and the Monarch to leeward, on the look-out, the latter ship first making the signal for an enemy, when I soon discovered seven sail to leeward of me, and considering them, in part, line-of-battle ships, the signal was made to form the line, and shortly after I observed them bearing up, making all sail, and running to the S. S. W. The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and the Monarch, from her position and good sailing, was enabled to keep nearly within gun-shot, a mile and a half, or little more, a-head of the Centaur, and the Mars on the starboard-bow. At day-light

we

we made them out five large French frigates and two corvettes, one of which bearing a broad-pendant; at five the *Monarch* fired a few chase-shot; and at six the weathermost frigate hauled more to the westward, in pursuit of which I dispatched the *Mars*; and one frigate, with the two corvettes, edged away to the south-east, the remaining three frigates keeping in close order, indicating the intention of supporting each other. At a quarter past ten, the *Monarch* opened her starboard guns on the enemy, when a heavy cannonading commenced, and, by the enemy's management of a running fight, they succeeded, in some measure, in crippling the *Monarch's* sails and rigging, before the *Centaur* could get up. At eleven we got within fair range of two, and opened our fire from the larboard guns, whilst the *Monarch* kept engaging the third ship, and about noon one of the two frigates struck, as did the one opposed to the *Monarch* shortly after.

It was just before this I received a severe wound in my right arm, (since amputated, and doing well, I hope,) which obliged me to leave the deck; the *Mars*, previous to this, had succeeded in capturing her chase, and, with her prize, hauled towards the *Centaur*, in chase of, and firing at, the French commodore's ship, and at three assisted in capturing her. Those ships of the enemy made an obstinate resistance, but the result was, as may well be supposed, attended with much slaughter, being crowded with troops, out of Rochefort the evening before.

I cannot add too much praise to Captain Lee, of the *Monarch*, for his gallant and officer-like conduct; but I am sorry to find his loss has been rather severe, the
swell

swell of the sea preventing, at times, the opening of the lower deck ports.

To Captain Lukin, of the *Mars*, I feel thankful for his steady conduct and attention; and I have also to express my satisfaction at the endeavours of Captains Boyles, King, Sir John Gore, and Masfield, to get up with the enemy, although they could not succeed. The *Revenge*, from being well to windward, became considerably a-stern after bearing up.

To Lieutenant Case, first of the *Centaur*, I have to add my approbation of his judicious conduct, before and after my leaving the deck, and I also feel much pleased at the steady exertions of all my officers, seamen, and marines.

I enclose herewith, a return of the killed and wounded, and also annex a list of the enemy's ships captured, and will make a return of the loss as soon as possible.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"SAM. HOOD."

From the return of the killed and wounded, it appears that in the three British ships engaged there were only 9 of the former and 32 of the latter.

The captured ships were as follow:—

La Gloire, of 46 guns, commanded by M. Soliel, capitaine de vaisseau, carrying a broad pendant.

L'Indefatigable, of 44 guns, commanded by M. Girardiers, capitaine de vaisseau.

La Minerve, of 44 guns, quite new, commanded by M. Colet, capitaine de fregate.

L'Armide, of 44 guns, two years old, commanded by M. Langlois, capitaine de fregate.

The prizes were remarkably fine ships, of large dimensions, mounting twenty-eight French 18-pounders on their main-decks, 30-pound carronades on their quarter decks and forecastles, and about 650 men (including troops) in each ship, full of stores, arms, ammunition, provisions, &c.

The ships that escaped were : *La Themis*, of 44 guns, *La Sylphe* and *La Lynx*, of 18 guns each.

This squadron was induced to leave Rochefort, under the idea that Sir Samuel Hood was gone into port, as he was not perceived on his old station, but fortunately he was cruising in the bay at the time. The troops on board the enemy's ships had no officer with them above the rank of a colonel, so that it is more than probable that they were destined to reinforce the West Indian colonies. At first sight, the result is only such as might be expected from an action between three English ships, of 74 guns, and four frigates ; but the disparity of force was by no means so considerable as it would appear. The French ships were of dimensions far superior to those of vessels of their class, and carried very heavy metal, in proportion to their size, having 18-pounders on their main decks, and 30-pound carronades on their quarter-decks and forecastles. The sea, too, ran so high, as to prevent the *Monarch*, the ship principally opposed to them, from opening her lower ports, and the troops on board the French frigates added much to the severity of their fire. Under these considerations, the enemy cannot be said to have been over-matched.

Sir Samuel lost his arm at the moment of extending it to give orders. The amputation did not take place till two hours after the wound was received, the sur-

geon hoping he might be able to save it ; but finding that to be impossible, the heroic commander submitted to the operation with the greatest fortitude. His official letter to Sir Charles Cotton was signed with his left hand. He immediately repaired with his prizes to Spithead. Hither his lady hastened to meet her brave husband, and, in her anxiety to see him, experienced an accident which was near proving fatal. In going on board the *Centaur*, she would not wait for the chair to be hoisted out as usual, but mounting the ship's side, her foot slipped, and she fell into the water. As it was quite dark, being three o'clock in the morning, much alarm was felt for her safety, but by the exertions which were instantly made, her ladyship was taken unhurt on board the ship.

The *Centaur* then proceeded to the Isle of Wight, and landed her brave commander at Ryde, where he resolved to remain till he should recover from his wound. Meanwhile, a dissolution of parliament having taken place, Sir Samuel was prevailed upon by his friends to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of Westminster. The success he experienced was such as to exceed the most sanguine expectations. His recent achievement, and the loss of his arm, contributed to procure him an uncommon share of popularity, and he was returned by a very great majority over the other two candidates.

The services of such an active officer as Sir Samuel Hood were too valuable to be dispensed with. He was accordingly nominated, early in December, to the command of a squadron of four sail of the line and several frigates, destined, according to public report for the Baltic, but which has just sailed (De-

ember 14th) in a contrary direction, and to what quarter of the globe it is bound we are yet to learn. It is, however, a reflection equally consolatory to the country and honourable to himself, that wherever this gallant officer may be called to serve, he will not only maintain the honour of the British flag, but, if opportunity offers, will add new rays to the naval glory of Britain.



Miss Smith.



Dr. Thornton.

MISS SMITH.

AMIDST all the fluctuations of fashion, the rapid successions of public pleasure, and the evanescent caprices of public taste, the theatre remains a source of permanent entertainment; subject, it must be confessed, to many changes in the drama, with respect to the character of its composition: sometimes rising too much into the bombast and fustian of tragedy, from the true sublime of that master-piece of human genius, in its more perfect state, and sometimes sinking into the lowest descents of farcical exhibitions, provocative of what is called the *broad gallery grins*, which are as opposite to the real effusions of Thalia, as are the unnatural flights to the dignity of Melpomene. These excesses, however, are to be imputed to dramatic authors and the public rather than to the performers, the latter always following the former. A good actor, however, is subject to less variation, the principles of the art being the same in all ages; and a hundred plays, written merely to the modes of the day, shall perish; while the actor, who plays a single character to nature and the heart, shall survive. We have been led into these general observations as prefatory to some illustrations, by applying them to an analysis of particular performers.

The amiable and interesting subject of the present memoir was born in Liverpool, on the 23d of October

1783, and educated chiefly by her attentive and affectionate mother, who is related to some of the first families in Ireland: Among these are the Nugents, Burns, Frenches, O'Kellys, and Dillons. Her father was Gerald Dillon, of Galloway. This lady forfeited very considerable family prospects by indulging her passion for the theatres; which, in defiance to all that could be urged, she cherished. That her child, however, might not be implicated in misfortune, she resolved not to train her up to a profession which had produced so much disaster and disappointment, so far as respected fortune, to herself. Our heroine's mother sometime after re-visited Dublin, in the hope of softening her offended relatives, in favour of her *un-offending* children; namely, the subject of the present article, and her brother, whom she placed at different respectable seminaries at Liverpool. Mr. Williams had been dead some years previously to these transactions, but his widow found her family still inexorable. After many fondly maternal, but vain appeals, she returned to England, and resumed the stage, as now the only means left for the provision of her family. The following year she engaged at the Salisbury theatre, and it was in that city that Miss Williams made her first attempt. She came forward in the part of Edward, in "Every one has his fault," and met with the most encouraging success. Her mother, who was herself an excellent actress, increased the interest of the piece by her performance of "Lady Eleanor Irwin." In 1793 Mrs. Williams was united to Mr. Smith, a very worthy man and respectable performer of the same theatre. They were afterwards engaged at Liverpool, and it was there that on acting in the "Children in the Wood,"

Wood," with very distinguished success, our heroine was permitted by her mother to continue on the stage; a permission from the result of which much public gratification has been derived, and much greater things may be expected. In order to give this child of promise a stronger claim to the regard and protection of her father-in-law, she was induced to resign her former name, and adopt that of this gentleman; as did her brother, an amiable young man, now in the West-Indies. At the early age of sixteen, she was engaged with Mr. Smith and her mother at Mr. Stanton's theatre at Lancaster. Here Miss Smith first hazarded parts of pith and moment, her first womanly attempt being Joanna, in Mr. Holcroft's "Deserted Daughter." By her management of this, her fame was considerably increased. She accepted an offer from Mr. S. Kemble, at Edinburgh; as did her mother and Mr. Smith. In this company they continued three years. But our heroine being kept in the back ground by those who had possession of the parts most adapted to her youth and talents, she conceived an aversion for the stage, and resigned all theatrical pursuits for a whole year; but the family expenses increasing, Mrs. Smith having then seven children, of her second marriage, though only one remains, a sense of filial duty, assisted, perhaps, by a longing, lingering look at the scenes, induced her to renew her exertions. She hereupon solicited and obtained an engagement with the well-remembered Tate Wilkinson, manager at York, and remained with him until he left the stage of life. Miss Smith has often been heard to bear testimony to the above-named gentleman, whom she has always represented as a worthy and estimable man.

As his son, the successor, could not at that time employ either Mr. or Mrs. Smith, and our heroine's love of their society was paramount to all other considerations, she accepted an offer from Mr. M'Cready, the liberal manager of Birmingham, where he maintains, and deservedly, a high character, both as a performer and a man. To the discernment and kindness of this gentleman, Miss Smith is indebted for great progress in her profession. He saw the value of the picture, and placed it in the best and fairest point of view. She hence procured an engagement at Bath, where every thing desirable attended her; for, in the proprietors of that theatre, she found friends the most valuable to her public fame; and, by the unvarying propriety of her conduct, was received and countenanced by the first circles, as well residents as visitors, of that celebrated city. It was there, also, her fine talents were called forth into exertions, highly favourable to her; and after playing with still increasing success, a few months, the proprietors of Covent-garden made her an offer, which, from gratitude and friendship, she declined; and, with the alacrity of a good and gratified mind, agreed to sign an article for four years longer.

This arrangement had not been made above a fortnight, when the attractive fame of Miss Smith induced Mr. Harris (who received from the Honourable John Byng---a man of taste and fashion---the most favourable report) to take a journey to Bath to see how far public report was justified. The characters on the first evening she represented, when this inspector-general sat in judgment upon her, were Juliana, in the "Honey Moon," and Lady Racket, in "Three Weeks

Weeks after Marriage." Mr. Harris professed himself so much pleased with her performance of both these, that he immediately proposed an engagement upon very liberal terms.

Advantageous as these terms unquestionably were, Miss Smith felt herself so happy in the distinguished kindness of her friends and patrons in Bath and Bristol, who vied with each other in marks of good-will, and the good opinion on which it was founded, that she still hesitated to accept them; nor would she, perhaps, after all have acceded, but that the near and dear consideration of rendering a tender mother and second father (testifying all the affection of a first) more independent, prevailed over every other consideration. In obedience to these filial impulses, she decided at length to sacrifice some of her feelings at the altar of her duty. On this occasion, the proprietors of the Bath theatre most handsomely consented to give up her articles; although it was obvious they sustained a severe temporary loss, as at that time Miss Smith was performing, and in general with equal spirit, the principal parts of both tragedy and comedy. Still, however, a difficult task remained—she had to bid a public who had honoured, and friends who had cherished her, *adieu*! To have attempted a *farewell address*, in the common routine, would have been impossible. A few formal sentiments in rhyme would not have done justice to her sensibility; for she "had that within surpassing shew." She therefore took leave of both cities through the medium of the public prints. Her last character in Bath was the lovely one of Belvidera, after which she recited, with a grace, energy, and variety, peculiarly her own, Collins's admirable

" Ode

"Ode on the Passions." The house was crowded in every part, and it is honourable to record, that, "rapt, inspir'd," as she was, by the united sensations of applause, gratitude, and a subject calculated to call forth every power of the mind, her feelings were wound up too highly, and towards the close of the ode, instead of representing Hope, Mirth, and Joy, she personified Grief, Melancholy, and Despair. Miss Smith's manner of reciting this exquisite little poem continues to give a real

"Feast of reason, and a flow of soul,"

whenever a repetition of it enriches the entertainments of Covent-garden theatre.

It is almost needless to add, that of this house she remains a prominent object; and is considered as one of the very first of our hopes and resources, in a profession, to the summit of which she is advancing; and towards which she makes some progress every time she comes before the public eye. When the admirable, long-unrivalled, and rarely, if ever, excelled, Siddons, shall make "a golden, glorious set," Miss Smith must prove a rising sun of great and growing lustre; and though the writer of this article is too much a lover of genius not to wish that the former-mentioned sublime performer may long continue to shine in her proper sphere, he cannot but be gratified to know, that the latter, who, both by nature and art, possesses in a wonderful degree many legitimate resemblances of her great prototype, has given splendid proof of contributing largely to the radiance of the British stage. The person of Miss Smith is extremely elegant, and possesses considerable dignity, though somewhat under

der the heroine stage-standard. But the well-remembered line of Churchill will apply in all cases of incontestible merit—

“ Pritchard’s genteel, and Garrick’s six feet high !”

Her figure is finely proportioned, and her features are uncommonly expressive. The likeness of her countenance to that of Mrs. Siddons is so obvious, as to strike every beholder; nor are her voice and movements less similar, though perfectly free from imitation.

In the late summer, Miss Smith received the tributes of the different audiences of Southampton, Birmingham, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Cheltenham. Each gave her reason to be well satisfied: at the capital of Caledonia, she met honours of a nature to make her justly proud, both of public patronage and of private distinction. Since her return to town in the present winter, she has made her appearance in her favourite character of *Portia*, to the welcome of all hands and hearts; and is now sustaining the principal female character in the last presented drama of the truly ingenious, and as truly amiable, son of her liberal friend Mr. Dimond of Bath. Her general performance of the character of *Clermont*, has claim to very high praise; but the scene in which the interview with the man who is the cause of a “ *Mother’s Vengeance*,” is almost beyond the reach of praise. Her silence, her emotions, now controuled, now discovered, her agitating deportment, her attempted composure, her grief, her compassion, her hope, and her despair, all taking their turns, and all manifested without scarcely the use of a word; and yet, where the most eloquent words seem
not

not to be wanted, display a richness of *feeling* as well as acting, that leave not a moment's doubt on the public mind of the high entertainment which may be reckoned upon from the *matured exertions* of this already excellent performer.

We have seen a little *Jeu de plume* on Miss Smith's performance of the uncongenial character of *Millwood* in "*George Barnwell*," acted at Birmingham. As it happens to "live in the memory," we will offer it in conclusion of this pleasing memoir.

IMPROMPTU,

On Miss Smith's performance of *Millwood* in "*George Barnwell*,"

AT THE THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

"When Smith assumes a *Millwood's* art,
'Tis plain she acts a borrow'd part;
Where not a lineament or feature
Pourtrays her own ingenuous nature;
A trial of her skill, to tell,
That genius can do all things well.

But when a *Juliet* she sighs,
Or when a *Desdemona* dies;
Performs a daughter, or a friend,
Her talents and her virtues blend;
'Tis then she plays a native part,
And acts immediate from the heart!"

THE REVEREND

THOMAS HAWEIS, LL. B. AND M. D.

FROM the circumstance of Dr. Haweis being one of the leading ministers amongst the Calvinistic methodists, and from his being one of the chief promoters of the Missionary Society, the following brief sketch of his life and character must prove interesting to a considerable portion of our readers.

This gentleman, who is a native of Cornwall, was educated at the free grammar school at Truro; and, after he had made sufficient progress in the classics, was apprenticed to an eminent surgeon and apothecary, with whom, on account of his fidelity and application, he served his time with great credit. At this time Mr. Samuel Walker was curate at Truro, and Mr. Haweis was so affected with the preaching and conduct of that exemplary man, that his whole mind became impressed with the love of religion, and the desire of being a minister of the gospel. He accordingly, with the consent of his friends, was duly entered of Christ's College, Cambridge, and at length took his degree of LL. B. When admitted to holy orders, he soon became distinguished as a capital preacher, particularly at Oxford, where he delivered a series of discourses, which, in 1760, he published under the title of *Evangelical Sermons*. Shortly after this, he became assist-

ant to Mr. Madan, at the chapel at the Lock Hospital, and about the same time was appointed chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon. Whilst he officiated at the Lock Hospital, the following extraordinary circumstance occurred:—A gentleman, who usually attended that place of worship, informed Mr. Madan that he had a living in his gift, which he wished to bestow upon some minister of Evangelical sentiments. Mr. Madan recommended Mr. Haweis, who was surprised at this generosity in a stranger. Some time after his being inducted to the living of Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, which he now holds, the patron thought proper to make a demand upon him for the presentation. An account of the affair got into print, and those who were prejudiced respecting the body of christians to whom Mr. Haweis belonged, exclaimed vehemently against both him and Mr. Madan. We believe, however, that their conduct was cleared up in a very satisfactory manner.

Mr. Haweis's next publication was a very useful and judicious commentary on the Scriptures, entitled, *The Evangelical Expositor*, in two folio volumes.

Having officiated as chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon for several years, without accepting of any emolument whatever, Mr. Haweis found himself at the death of her ladyship, nominated one of the principal trustees of her various chapels in town and country.

In the year 1795, the Methodists in conjunction with the dissenters, commenced a Missionary Society, with the view of propagating the gospel abroad. Such a design is doubtless highly commendable, and forms, in fact, a christian duty. But in this, as in all other
great

great undertakings, much prudence, wisdom, and humility are requisite. Whether these have been evidenced, in every proceeding of this society, is yet a matter of some doubt. The institution equally admits churchmen, and dissenters of every denomination; it pays no regard to differences of opinion on the inferior questions of church government, or the manner of public worship; but it receives no missionaries that are not firmly grounded in the essential doctrines of christianity, and is particularly marked by what are called evangelical sentiments.

At the recommendation of Mr. Haweis—who delivered a very impressive sermon at Spa-fields chapel, at the first public meeting of the Missionary Society,—the managers of the institution, passing by all the intermediate regions of barbarism, directed their first attention to the distant isles of the Southern Ocean. This was particularly recommended by Mr. Haweis, in a memorial which he read to the society, which, with the sermon, was afterwards printed in the collection of missionary papers. Some disappointment attended this first mission; and the probability we believe is, that the missionaries will ultimately be under the necessity of relinquishing their object. “We find it impossible,” says the compiler of the missionary transactions,” when writing of the natives of Otaheite, “to make those we have to do with sensible of their souls’ value, or indeed what their souls are; for the generality of them seem to conceive, that it is something out of them rather than in them; that it resides in the Po, or other world, or only comes at certain seasons, as when they dream, &c. When we endeavour to speak to them about the hidden man of

the heart, its nature, qualities, defilements, exposure to God's wrath, and way how to escape the same, they seldom fail to laugh, and treat it as an idle tale!" Nor is this, perhaps, quite unnatural. How is it possible for a simple, natural being, who only judges by immediate perception, to enter into the mystery of the fall and the redemption of man; the miraculous conception, and the many subordinate mysteries, which, by an unprepared mind, cannot be comprehended, much less believed? Would it not have been better, before any attempt was made to reason with the savages of the Southern Ocean upon the necessity of the soul's salvation, to convince them that they had a soul to be saved? Before they expatiated upon a state of final retribution hereafter, would they not have acted wisely in endeavouring to amend the lives of their pupils in this present sublunary state? Instead of teaching these poor creatures to fly to heaven, would it not have been preferable first to instruct them how to walk safely on earth? Christianity was not first taught to savages, but to people who already had an established religion, and a pure morality, which *prepared* them for that farther refinement, and greater degree of perfection, which our holy religion was intended to make known and to establish. With respect to the instruction of the savages, let them first have the common principles of morality inculcated; endeavour to convince them that it is for their interest to give up some individual enjoyment for the good of society, and to lose a little of to-day for the gain of to-morrow; inform them of the general belief of a future state, (which they are prepared to receive) and that it depends upon themselves, whether, in that future state, they shall be

be happy or miserable. In this there is nothing mysterious, or difficult to be comprehended; when it is also believed you may by degrees end, where, we are somewhat fearful, the missionaries are apt to begin.

To return to Mr. Haweis.—In the course of the same year that he preached his first sermon before the Missionary Society, he also obtained, from one of the Scotch universities, the degree of Doctor of Physic. It will be recollected that he was originally brought up to the practice of medicine; and, as it became his wish to give advice to the poor at their own habitations, and to attend consultations in the way of benevolence, his obtaining a physician's diploma was certainly highly laudable.

As a preacher, Dr. Haweis is eloquent and powerful; with a style perspicuous and elegant; never descending to that coarse method of illustration which is too frequently made use of by popular preachers, nor entertaining his congregation with quaint criticisms and ridiculous anecdotes. As an author, he is extremely well versed in the classics, and is master of an impressive, pious, and fervent style. In 1797 he published the life of that eminent and popular divine Mr. Romaine; a performance which did great credit to his talents as a biographer; and, in 1802-3 he produced an elaborate and extensive work upon church history, which is holden in high estimation amongst the numerous christians of his particular sect.

FREDERICK WILLIAM II.
KING OF PRUSSIA.

"Non si male nunc, et olim sic erit."

HORACE.

WHEN, at the commencement of our labours, we sketched the life of the most magnanimous of monarchs, Alexander of Russia, we indulged ourselves in the fond hope that his exertions, in aid of those of Austria, might check the despoiler of Europe in his mad career, and restore to suffering humanity the blessings of peace and tranquillity. Alas! our hope has not been realized. The soothing expectations of philanthropy have proved as evanescent as the visions of the night; the prospect of elysium has disappeared, and left behind one universal chaos!

Not that the Emperor of Russia has been blameable, for the melancholy disappointment which we have experienced: no! "*his* flocks and herds were safe;" yet did he lead his gallant bands to battle, himself the undaunted hero of the field. Had Austria and Prussia—degenerate Prussia—done their duty; had they emulated the conduct of the noble-minded Alexander, all might have been well. In that case, the disgraceful treaty of Presburg could never have been signed; instead

instead of returning as a proud conqueror to Paris, Buonaparte must have worn the chains of the captive, or have slunk to his polluted palace covered with the shame and disgrace of a defeated braggart: had Prussia, feeble-minded Prussia, performed her duty, the flower of her noble army—that army which had been formed under the auspices of the immortal Frederick, had been spared; the blood of her princes, the pride, the honour, and the glory of the land, would not have stained the insatiate sword of the destroyer; her capital would not have been plundered; the triumphant flag of devastation would not have floated on its turrets; its matrons and its virgins would not have been consigned to the foul embrace of the ravisher, nor would its royal master and his lovely consort have been compelled to seek for safety in flight and humiliating obscurity.

We have seen the Prussian monarch with the fate of Europe in his hand; we have seen him occupy a position so interesting, so important, so commanding, as would have enabled him to prove himself the political saviour of the continent; we have seen him, too—how mortifying the retrospect!—we have seen him descend from that interesting, that important, that commanding position, to be the mere tool of a mean tyrant who despised him! We have seen him tamely submit to an insolent violation of his territory; we have seen him hold back his promised aid from the cause of justice; we have seen him suffer the permitted scourge of humanity to return to his home, laden with trophies, and with spoils of war; we have seen him rapaciously seize upon the possessions of his best ally; and, dreadful retribution! we have seen him despoiled of his army,

of his wealth, of his power, and driven, an outcast and a fugitive, from the illustrious throne of his ancestors !

Such are the reflections which, from the present aspect of continental affairs, have been extorted from us. Against his Prussian majesty we certainly feel no enmity ; yet we cannot help regretting the false, the sordid policy, upon which he has acted ; and, were he the only sufferer for his follies, or his crimes, we could heave no sigh of commiseration for his fate. As it is, we must deeply lament the fall of the noble Duke of Brunswick, of the veteran Mollendorf, of the gallant Prince Louis, and of the numerous other officers and brave men, who sealed, with their blood, the triumph of the victor. And more than all this, perhaps, must we lament the ascendancy which France has gained by the disastrous issue of the campaign. Under Providence, our hopes again rest upon the aid of Russia. We are under no alarm lest *her* officers or soldiers should be corrupted, or be betrayed into a dereliction of their duty ; but we must be permitted to express a wish, that, in the farther progress of the war, the King of Prussia may not be suffered to enjoy any controul over the movements or dispositions of the army. We anxiously hope that the Russian monarch, instead of submitting to act as an auxiliary, may assume the part of a principal ; and that, under his direction solely, every arrangement may be formed and executed. We are led to this hope, from the melancholy specimen which we have witnessed, of the military preparation, provision, and management of the Prussian government.

It is highly worthy of remark, that Prussia, though
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the youngest monarchy in Europe (with the exception of Buonaparte's newly-erected kingdoms) has always maintained a respectability and consequence far beyond its territorial extent. The Marquisate of Brandenburg, from which the kingdom of Prussia has emanated, is only about 200 miles in length, and about 110 in width; but the present possessions of Prussia, (at least before the late campaign) in Silesia, Pomerania, &c. consist of about 25,300 English square miles; with a population, according to a recent estimate, of ten millions.

Before we proceed to the immediate subject of this memoir, it may not be irrelevant to observe, that no House in Germany has produced greater men, or Princes of more exalted merit, than that of Brandenburg. Some have been distinguished by their valour and military skill, which frequently placed them at the head of the armies of the empire; some have been no less distinguished for their consummate knowledge in politics, and skill in the arts of government; while others have been celebrated for their great learning, extensive science, and admirable eloquence—all which remarkable qualities they applied for the benefit of their subjects, and for the good of their dominions.

Previously to our entering on the life of the present monarch, and particularly at this interesting period, a succinct sketch of the origin and progressive aggrandizements of the Prussian government will, we conceive, materially assist the historical reader. The country of Prussia, properly so called, is bounded on the north by the Baltic, Lithuania, and Samogitia; on the east by Lithuania, on the south by Poland; and on the west by Pomerania and the Baltic; being
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in length about one hundred and sixty miles, and in width, at the broadest part, about ninety-six. The ancient history of Prussia is involved in obscurity. About three hundred years before the birth of Christ, the country was possessed by a Gothic nation, and, after that, by the Vandals, Sclavonians, &c. who at length united. For some time Prussia was under the dominion of the ancient Romans. That part of the country which lies beyond the Vistula, was conquered by Charlemagne; but, revolting from his yoke, the people soon became free, and remained so until they were brought under the government of Otho the Great, who compelled them to pay tribute, and to become Christians.

The Prussians were subsequently governed by their own counts, who, in process of time, obtained the title of margraves. The counts of Zollern, or Hohenzollern, of Swabian origin, having become Burgraves of Nuremberg, found means to convert the delegated power they had received from the empire into an hereditary sovereignty. On the extinction of the dukes of Meran, in the year 1248, the Burgrave, Frederick the Second, inherited their possessions in Franconia, which afterwards became the principalities of Anspach and Bayreuth. In the midst of an age when sovereigns were yet ignorant of the elements of political prosperity, the princes of the House of Hohenzollern soon found themselves in possession of an immense treasure for the time in which they lived. In 1415, we find the Burgrave, Frederick the Fifth, purchasing of the Emperor Sigismund, for the sum of 400,000 gold florins, the margraviate of Brandenburg, to which was annexed the electoral dignity. The first elector and
margrave

margrave of the house of Zollern, left to all the branches of his family the title of margrave, which produced such a rage for division, in order to provide for the younger princes, as threatened to reduce the rising power of the house of Brandenburg. This, however, was remedied by the will of the elector Albert, surnamed Achilles, who, in 1473, settled that the margraviate of Brandenburg, with all its dependencies, should be the indivisible inheritance of the first-born, and that the principalities in Franconia should be subject to no more than two reigning branches.

Treachery now proposed new aggrandisements for this house. After a war of thirteen years, after the number of villages in Prussia had been reduced from 21,000 to 8,013, the knights of the Teutonic order, finding themselves incapable of defending Prussia against the Poles, became vassals to the crown of Poland. But, impatient of controul, the knights again took up arms, and confided their fortunes to the margrave Albert, who, faithless to the knights, concluded a treaty with the Poles, by which he secured to himself and his descendants the possession of East Prussia as an hereditary duchy, a fief of the crown of Poland.

The elector, John Sigismund, who married the only daughter of the margrave Albert, obtained, in 1611, the government and investiture of Prussia, which he united, in 1618, to the electorate. About the same period, the extinction of the right line of the dukes of Cleves, opened to the electors of Brandenburg the succession to the duchy of Cleves, and to the counties of Mark and Ravensberg.

John Sigismund died in 1619, and was succeeded by his son, George William, who entered into the possession

session of the electorate at a very critical conjuncture, when the troubles of Bohemia had spread the flames of war through the empire, and threatened the safety of his dominions. His interests and his religion attached him to the Protestant cause; but his minister, Schavorzenberg, sold him to Austria. Gustavus Adolphus appeared with one thousand men, and four pieces of cannon, before the gates of Berlin. His demands were complied with, but whenever fortune smiled upon the arms of Austria, Sweden was betrayed by the elector. A natural consequence of such conduct was, that the Swedish and Austrian armies alternately carried fire, sword, pillage, famine, and disease into the states of Brandenburg.

In 1640, Frederick William, whom posterity has surnamed the Great Elector, ascended a throne surrounded with ensanguined ruins. His provinces were laid waste, or conquered; and the army was reduced to 3,600 infantry, 4,100 cavalry, and 2,700 garrison troops.

Faithful to the Swedish cause, he obtained, by the peace of Westphalia, the bishoprics of Minden, Halberstadt, and Caulin; the reversion of the archbishoprick of Magdeburgh, and the peaceful possession of Farther, or Eastern Pomerania, which devolved to his predecessor in 1637. But Sweden retained Hither Pomerania, with the fortress of Stettin, which commands the Oder, and opens a way to Berlin. Frederic William, therefore, considered the Swedes rather as odious masters, than generous benefactors; and developing that interested policy which king Frederic II. contented himself with imitating, he acted towards Poland and Sweden the part of an ally, ever making

new

demands, and ever proving unfaithful. In this he succeeded, at least, in part; the treaty of Oliva, in 1660, definitively secured to him the sovereignty of Prussia. Fifteen years of peace favoured the establishment of manufactures, the creation of a maritime commerce, and the formation of an admirable system of finance, which made amends for the smallness of the revenue. This prince had about two millions of subjects, from whom he received, according to authentic documents, the annual sum of 1,533,795 crowns.—The wars of Louis XIV. involved Frederick William in new combats, and afforded him an opportunity of proving himself a great general. The surprise of the Swedes near Rathenon, the victory of Fehrbettin, and the march into Prussia across the Frozen Gulf, called the Friche Haff, were the first of those actions by which the arms of Brandenburg acquired such reputation in Europe.

Frederick the First, who succeeded his father in the electorate of Brandenburg in 1688, improved and embellished his capital city of Berlin; to the territory descended to him from his ancestors he added the counties of Feckenburg and Ilhenstein, and the principality of Neufchatel; and filled part of those countries that were before but thinly peopled with inhabitants, who were invited thither by the kindness which he shewed, and the privileges which he granted to them. This prince conceived the resolution of assuming the royal dignity; and on the 18th of January, 1701, he, with his own hands, put the crown on his head, and on that of his consort, at Königsberg. It is related, but with what degree of accuracy we cannot pretend to vouch, that when his negotiation for regal

honours was in no very good train at the court of Vienna, he was advised by his minister there, in a letter written in cypher, to make use of the interest of a certain prince; but, the sense of the letter being mistaken, by their names beginning with the same letter, he, instead of the prince, had recourse to the father confessor, who was a jesuit; and so much was the jesuit struck with this honour done him by a protestant prince, that, by his own interest, and that of his order, he quickly accomplished all that was desired. Certain it is, that Frederick was soon after acknowledged, in his regal capacity, by all the courts, excepting that of Rome. His dignity was incontrovertibly established by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

His son, Frederick William the First, succeeded him in the year just mentioned. This prince augmented his army to 60,000 men. Political and military economy continually engaged his attention; and in his manners he was prudent, and laborious in his conduct. The war in the north, and the battle of Pultowa, afforded him the much wished for opportunity of driving the Swedes almost entirely out of Germany. The peace of 1720 secured to him, for the sum of two millions of crowns, the possession of hither Pomerania, as far as the banks of the Peeve, with the fortress of Stettin, and the islands of Usedom and Wottin; important acquisitions, as they rendered Prussia mistress of one of the mouths of the Oder, and opened the Baltic Sea to her commerce. Frederick William, who died in 1740, left to his successor 4,700,000 subjects, a revenue of 1,250,000*l.* sterling, and an army of 76,000 men.

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That illustrious monarch, Frederick II., who was born in 1712, was in the 49th year of his age when he mounted the throne. It was his to convince the house of Austria, that it had a rival in the empire of Germany itself. The two first wars of Silesia put him in possession of that rich province, which contained one million, one or two hundred thousand inhabitants; but which at Frederick's death had 1,582,000, and now numbers 2,048,000. He acquired peaceable possession of East Friezeland, a small tract, but of considerable importance, on account of the port of Embden; and in 1772, he seized, without striking a blow, West Prussia, and the district of Netze, a country, at that time, very ill cultivated, but which established the communication between ancient Prussia and Pomerania and Brandenburg. Frederick died possessed of a country comprising 10,000 square leagues, 5,830,000 subjects, 2,300,000 of whom he had himself acquired, a revenue of 5,000*l.* sterling, a treasury containing upward of 8,000,000*l.* in specie, and an army of 216,000 men. The second and third partition of Poland added to Prussia two new provinces, which were South Prussia and New West Prussia. In political statements these acquisitions were estimated at no more than 1652 square leagues, and two millions of inhabitants. But the last enumeration proved that South Prussia had a population of 1,387,000; New East Prussia cannot contain less than 870,000; Old East Prussia had, three years ago, 955,084; and West Prussia, together with the cities of Dantzic and Thorn, 794,000: thus the kingdom of Prussia alone contains four millions of inhabitants.

Frederick the Second, by victories often stained by injustice, and by an administration always prudent, had increased his power, and the means to preserve it, if not to augment it. His nephew and successor, Frederick William the Second, who began to reign in 1786, was destitute of talent as well as of virtues; yet, in a great measure, he made up by activity what was wanting in genius. He was a strange compound of the love of ease and of intrigue, with an equal passion for the luxuries of the harem and the fatigues of the camp. Nothing seemed too little or too great for the grasp of his inconsistent ambition. In his reign the Prussian army conquered Holland, in one campaign, with the loss of only 290 men; but it was defeated, in 1792, by the French *patriots*. This monarch enjoyed the principalities of Anspach and Bayreuth, with 480,000 inhabitants; and he acquired two millions and a half of new subjects; yet he died without respect, and without glory; much less rich, and, perhaps, less powerful, than his predecessor. His minister, the wise Herzberg, in vain predicted that the destruction of Poland, by taking away all barriers against the Russians would crush the politics of Prussia. This important consideration was overlooked, for the sake of obtaining desolated provinces, and two millions of subjects, whose fidelity was doubtful. It was indeed impossible that the Poles could be sincerely attached to the Prussian government; as, at the very moment when the King of Prussia was promising to support their liberty, he had planned, in concert with Russia, a most formidable opposition to its progress.

Notwithstanding the inglorious reign of the late king, Frederick William the Third, the present monarch

narch of Prussia, ascended the throne in 1793, with all possible advantage. Austria was weakened; and a crown so lately ducal, was enabled to rival the splendor of the Imperial diadem. England and Russia courted his alliance, while France, by money, promises and intrigues, asked nothing but his neutrality. All Europe waited with an anxious suspense for his determination:—loyalty, order, and religion, hoped every thing from his youth, from his rank, and from his former sentiments. Rebellion, however, triumphed; and the king listened to the perhaps not disinterested machiavelism of his ministry, and became the ally of regicides, who, after murdering their own king, yearly swore hatred to royalty, and avowedly plotted the destruction of all thrones, and the establishment of an universal republic.

The Count of Herzberg, the confidential minister of the great Frederick, entertained, as we have hinted before, a decided disapprobation of the new partition of Poland. On this occasion he took the liberty of expressing himself to the present king, in the following forcible terms:—"I confess, according to my notion, it is the greatest political fault that the three powers, Prussia in particular, could commit. The claim which they advance for the division of Poland is so odious, and so strongly reprobated, that it will remain an eternal blot on the reputation of the three sovereigns, will tarnish their names as long as history shall last, and I own I know not how they can reconcile it with their religion or their consciences. I have incurred your Majesty's displeasure, (on occasion of the convention of Reichenbach,) I was sacrificed to the court of Vienna, and I have withdrawn myself from affairs

of state, to which I had devoted myself, I believe, with success for fifty, or at least for thirty years." Herzberg here proceeded to state the dangers of a war with France, and proposed, as the only means of averting ruin, that the king should offer a peace with the French republic, as mediator, in the name of the allied powers. "If your Majesty," said he, "should approve this idea, I will undertake to carry it into execution with that activity which is natural to me, and which I have never failed to exert, by means of persons whom I would select, and memorials which I would compose for the belligerent powers. I would propose to them a general congress, like that of the peace of Westphalia, and there is every reason to presume, from the confidence all parties have in the known rectitude of my principles, that it would be accepted. I do not wish to resume my place in your Majesty's cabinet; I desire only to be admitted into it for a sufficient time to re-establish the safety, security, and weight of my country. I have lived too long not to wish for repose, after I have rendered it this service, and I ask no other reward. I foresee from the remembrance of what is past, that your Majesty will charge me with extreme presumption, and that this may increase your displeasure against me; but I choose rather to run this risk, than not to exert the last efforts of which I think myself capable, to save my country, and to serve a monarch with whom I have fallen into disgrace, but to whom I am not the less devoted. If your Majesty would trust to me, I would draw up memorials, without loss of time, exhibiting reasons of sufficient force to induce the two courts of London and Vienna to acknowledge the French republic, and make peace

with her on the footing I have proposed, &c.; and I have likewise some hope, that I could bring the French convention into this, by the arguments which I should lay before it, and to which it would more readily listen than if they came from any other minister than me, whose firmness and veracity it knows from the past; at the same time I will endeavour to make the court of Russia listen to reason, by forcible arguments to which she cannot refuse to submit. If these suggestions receive your Majesty's approbation, the memorials in question will be composed in a couple of days; and it will then depend on your Majesty whether I shall be near your person, to prepare daily the precise instructions for the foreign ministers, as I did with so much activity and success in the happy period between 1786, and the middle of 1791. To your Majesty it shall not cost a single penny. I will undertake the whole from motives of the most disinterested patriotism, and will retire the moment the present crisis is past. Your Majesty knows, by experience, whether others have served you better, more promptly, and at less expence, since my dismissal from the cabinet."

To this plain and expressive language, his Majesty returned the following laconic answer:—"There was a time when you fulfilled a duty in submitting to me your opinion respecting those affairs which I entrusted to your zeal. Now your diplomatic career is finished, I should have been glad if your discretion had spared me the trouble of advice, to which I pay regard only when I ask it. Leave to the ministers whom my confidence has placed over those concerns, which were once entrusted to your superintendency, the care of receiving my orders, and carrying them into execution.

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I know the value of patriotism, and I would wish to think that it alone prompted your offers. Yet it is possible, that self-love may have assumed its garb to your eyes, and deceived you with respect to your true motives; and I shall be glad if this hint puts you sufficiently upon your guard against your own feelings, so as to induce you to confine yourself within the sphere of your present duties, and save me the unpleasant task of repeating to you this counsel. With this I pray God to take you into his holy keeping. From the camp at Oppenheim, July 24, 1794.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

A short time previously to the date of the above letter, Cracow had surrendered to the Prussian forces on favourable conditions; but the people of Warsaw were highly enraged at a capitulation, where seven thousand men in arms, with fifty pieces of cannon, might have proved themselves worthy of a garrison. The King of Prussia next bent his course towards Warsaw, within a short distance of which he remained for a considerable time, apparently inactive. A corps of Russians also was stationed in the environs of that capital. By a singular dexterity, however, General Kosciusko eluded the Prussians; by a brave attack he defeated the Russians, and threw himself into Warsaw on the 11th and 12th of July. As Warsaw had no fortifications, a siege in form was not necessary to the Prussians; but as that part of the capital which was exposed to them was covered by an entrenched camp of the army of Kosciusko, it was absolutely requisite to attack it by storm. An attack was accordingly made on the 31st of July, by a heavy cannonade; and,
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in the course of that day, several hundreds of bombs were thrown into the city; but a dreadful fire, kept up on the besiegers by day and night, destroyed an incredible number. On this occasion, the King and the Prince Royal of Prussia were in every danger; and the action excited a most lively interest. The cannonading having ceased, the prince laid himself down to rest in a barn, with orders to be awakened at the first shot of the enemy. His orders were complied with; and no sooner had he mounted his horse, than one of the enemy's bombs burst, and destroyed the barn in which he had been lying but a few minutes before.

Either doubting of success in an actual attack, or from better motives, the King of Prussia now endeavoured to negotiate the surrender of the place. For that purpose he wrote to the King of Poland, but that monarch was unfavourable to the cession. General Kosciusko, with an army of 40,000 men, was resolved to defend himself to the last extremity; but the Prussians had carried several of the Polish redoubts, and were actually self-assured of the capture, when information was brought to the King, that an alarming insurrection, which defied all ordinary exertions to suppress it, had broken out in South Prussia. His Majesty, aware that without immediate relief, the confines of Silesia would be in danger of a complete conquest, determined on raising the siege of Warsaw, and accordingly moved to an advantageous position near Raczin, on the 6th of September, in order to take the most effectual measures that circumstances might require. At the moment when the intelligence first reached him, he issued a proclamation to the inhabitants.

ants of South Prussia, stating that they had been imposed upon by insidious intrigues, desiring them to resist the orders of the insurgents, and offering a general amnesty to such as should return to their allegiance. The result was, that many persons who had been misled implored the King's mercy; a force was stationed in the country, to be ready to act in case of future attempts; and the King of Prussia returned to Berlin. Some people, indeed, were of opinion, that an awe of Kosciusko's army, under the walls of Warsaw, had some effect on the Prussian monarch's determination to retire. Be this as it may, Kosciusko determined on the attempt to foment an insurrection in West Prussia, in hopes by that circumstance, added to the troubles in the South, to divert, effectually, the arms of his Prussian Majesty from the interior of Poland. In a short time it became visible that Kosciusko was intent on carrying the war beyond its first limits, and of attempting the recovery of some of the dismembered provinces, and not only of those, but even the capture of some provinces which had been subject to the house of Brandenburg for more than a century. The progress of the Poles in West Prussia was such, that, after the capture of Bamberg by General Madelinski, not only Dantzic, Thorn, Culm, and Graudentz, seemed on the point of being restored to the republic of Poland, but there was even room to apprehend that the Poles would penetrate into Pomerania, as far as Stettin. The subsequent misfortunes, however, of Kosciusko, and the fall of his country, preserved Prussia from the fate by which she was threatened.

“ Oh! bloodiest picture in the work of time,
Sagmatia fell, unwept, without a crime,

Found

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !”

The King of Prussia has never appeared great or magnanimous. His approval of the French revolution, his subsequent connexion with the regicides of that country, and his ill-advised, impolitic, and humiliating proposal to Louis the Eighteenth, to renounce his hereditary right in favor of a cruel and a bloody tyrant, the usurper of the throne of his ancestors, are stains which can never be wiped from his character. In the year 1799 he had an opportunity, as advantageous as honorable, to retrieve what he had lost in the opinion of a virtuous public, by a connexion with guilt in 1798; and to gratify his ambition or avarice, his love of power or of money, and at the same time to fulfil what was due to his birth, to his family, to his subjects, and to the civilised world. By joining his arms with those of England and Russia in Holland, when the arms of loyalty were victorious in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, and factions and civil wars distracted the country of rebellion, he might have restored his near relative, the Prince of Orange, to his hereditary rights, crushed the revolutionary monster in France, and have been justly revered as the defender, if not as the saviour, of the liberties of Europe. English subsidies would have enriched his treasury, and German provinces, not from the polluted source of usurpation, but from the grateful hands of a liberal policy, would have added new strength to the Prussian monarchy.

monarchy. This young prince had, besides, personal insults in a king to revenge. The Directory had had the audacity to send him, as a representative of the French Republic, the notorious *regicide* Sieyes. Those counsellors, or favourites who advised him not only not to resent the affront, but admit into his presence, into his closet, and to his table the crafty criminal, were fools or traitors, and not the friends either of monarchs, or of monarchy. The conduct of his ablest and most respected generals, on this occasion, must have convinced him, that, notwithstanding what Haugwitz said to the contrary, a murderer of one king was not in his place at the court of another, because they had all declined Sieyes's fraternity, although he was permitted to fraternise with their sovereign. But unfortunately this was not the last complaint of loyalty, nor the last victory of disaffection and rebellion in Prussia. The reception of Louis Buonaparte in 1800, and the honors shewn to this brother of an assassin and poisoner, who had usurped the throne of his king, was afflicting not only to the loyal, but caused even treachery itself to blush.

Led on by a sordid and pitiful ambition, the King of Prussia has, from time to time, submitted to the insults and encroachments of the French. It must be fresh in the recollection of every one, that, in the campaign of 1805-6,—that campaign which laid prostrate the pride of Austria, which led to the subversion of the Germanic empire, and to the farther subjugation of the continent, the King had it *again* in his power to render the most essential services to Europe and to the world at large. From a spirit of rapacity, and vainly hoping to profit by his disgraceful forbearance, he suffered the
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“golden, glorious opportunity” to pass, *and dearly has he paid for his folly!*

Even the celebrated manifesto, said to have been penned by M. Kotzebue, which his Prussian Majesty published at the commencement of the present campaign, proves him to be a mean, an avaricious, and a selfish character. He is *confessedly* all this. “It would be superfluous,” says he, “to enumerate all the good offices rendered to Napoleon by Prussia. *Prussia was the first power which acknowledged him. No promises, no threats could shake her neutrality.* During six years she acted as a *friendly* neighbour. She esteemed a brave nation which had ever acted generously by her, both in peace and war; and she did justice to the genius of her chief.”---Justice to the genius of Buonaparte! Is this the language of an independant sovereign!

“Fie on’t, oh fie! ’tis an unweeded garden!
Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely.
That it should come to this!”

“The remembrance of these times,” continues the manifesto, “is no longer retained by Napoleon. Prussia had suffered the attack on the electorate of Hanover. In this *she had countenanced an act of injustice*, therefore was it her first view to remedy it; she offered herself for it, instead of England, under the condition that the latter should cede it.”

At length, goaded to the utmost by that power to which she had so long been a “*friendly*” neighbour, Prussia demanded, that the French troops should immediately evacuate Germany; that France should oppose no obstacle to the formation of a northern confe-

deracy; that this confederation might embrace all the larger and smaller states not included in the fundamental act of the confederation of the Rhine; and that a negotiation should immediately be commenced for the adjustment of all objects in dispute, a preliminary article of which should be the restoration of three abbeys, and the separation of the town of Wesel from the French empire.—The fulfilment of these conditions, moderate as they were, was not to be expected from Buonaparte, and the proposal was therefore justly considered as the harbinger of immediate hostilities.

How different is the present from the past. Early in the year 1806, we beheld the Prussian monarch assuming, or at least wishing to assume, the high character of Mediator between Great Britain and France; next, acting in concert with the latter power, we saw him, in direct opposition to his own interests, shut his ports against the trade and shipping of England; with a spirit of rapacity almost worthy of the Corsican plunderer, we subsequently witnessed his unprincipled seizure and occupation of Hanover, the family possession of his best ally; and, to crown this extraordinary climax, we have seen him, after having for years submitted to the encroachments and insults of France, declare war against that power, to which he had fondly, though weakly and absurdly, looked up for protection and aggrandisement. This change in the conduct of Prussia appeared to diffuse a general pleasure among the other powers who were hostile to France---All---at least all who dared to express their sentiments, professed themselves willing to assist her; and the note of preparation, which sounded from every quarter, afforded ample proof of the sincerity of those professions. Europe

rope again indulged the hope, that the overgrown power of France was on the eve of being circumscribed within its proper limits; and, resting on the acknowledged high discipline of the Prussian troops, and on the patriotic spirit which appeared to actuate every class of the people, a favourable result of the approaching contest was confidently anticipated. As far as human judgment may be permitted to decide, in an affair of such moment, an expectation so well-founded could not have suffered a disappointment, had the prudence of the King been at all commensurate with his strength and resources. Too confident of his own power, he acted as though he thought it impossible that he should sustain a defeat. Instead of making security more secure, by awaiting the arrival of the Russians, he staked his all upon the issue of a single battle, and rashly ventured alone into the unequal contest! His folly here places itself in four distinct points of view: first, in giving battle to the French before the arrival of the Russians; secondly, (if he were determined on fighting singly) in not attacking the French at the earliest possible moment, before they had had time to assemble, concentrate, and form their line; thirdly, in permitting himself to be attacked by the French, instead of attacking them, as he had it in his power to do; and, fourthly, in not having made such dispositions, as, in the possibility of a defeat, might have enabled his army to rally at a given point, or at least to fall back, in order, upon its reinforcements. But, as already observed, not calculating on the possible contingency of defeat, and disdaining to share the honour of an anticipated victory with his ally, he neglected to secure even the requisite subsistence

ence for his troops, and many of his unfortunate soldiers subsequently became the victims of hunger and fatigue.—That the Prussians were overwhelmed by numbers is admitted; but that circumstance forms no excuse for the folly of their sovereign, who, there can be scarcely a doubt, was led into the glaring errors which he committed, by the fatal influence of French intrigue. What apology can he offer, to his country or to Europe, for keeping about him, so many years, the notorious Haugwitz, the notorious tool of the miscreant Talleyrand?

The details of the battle of Auerstadt, or of Jena, as the French term it, are known to every one; it is therefore unnecessary to quote them in this place. The attack was made, by the French, at three o'clock on the morning of the 14th of October; and the advance of the Prussians was prevented by some defiles which were in possession of the enemy. Both sides fought with the greatest courage and the most determined energy. Buonaparte directed the whole of the French operations; the king of Prussia led his troops in person, and had two horses shot under him; and most of the Prussian generals exposed themselves to the greatest dangers. It was the centre of both armies which was particularly engaged. The murderous fire of musketry and grape-shot swept away whole ranks of warriors. The conflict lasted till five in the afternoon; when Marshal Ney's division of ten thousand men, coming up fresh, is said to have decided the affair in favour of the French. It is known, however, *that treason was in the Prussian camp*; and that, in addition to the superiority of his numbers, Buonaparte owed his victory to his gold, and to his spies.

spies. No authentic statement of the killed or wounded, in this fatal battle, has ever appeared; but it is generally supposed, that from thirty thousand to forty thousand fell on each side. The veteran Duke of Brunswick had the misfortune to be wounded in the face, at the beginning of the action, while he was reconnoitering the enemy with a telescope, and it was found necessary to remove his highness from the field. That wound first deprived him of his sight; and, in addition to his mental sufferings for the loss of his territory, ultimately cost him his life. Many also of the Prussian generals were killed and wounded; amongst the latter of whom was the gallant Mollendorf, the favourite general of Frederick the Great.

From the complete route of his army, the King of Prussia was compelled to a precipitate retreat; and, for some time, both he and his royal consort were fugitives, whose place of abode was unknown. At length, however, his Prussian Majesty and the shattered remains of his army, succeeded in effecting a junction with the Russians in Poland.

The result of the battle of Auerstadt, was, that the French took formal possession of Berlin, the capital of the Prussian dominions. Here again the meanness, the selfishness, and the narrow-minded policy of the king were exhibited. No sooner had he attained his personal safety, than he solicited an armistice of *Buonaparte*; observing, in a proclamation which he published at Königsberg, that "he thought he might promise himself a good reception in this undertaking, as, during the battle, he had received a letter from the *Emperor Napoleon*, FULL OF FRIENDLY EXPRESSIONS."—How weak—how very weak must the King

of Prussia have been, to rely on the "FRIENDLY EXPRESSIONS" of Buonaparte!—It is even known, that Lucchesini, his minister, was also dispatched to the head-quarters of Buonaparte with the full powers to negotiate a peace. By the French government, he was for some time amused with the promise of favourable terms; but Talleyrand at length informed him that Buonaparte must avail himself of the unfortunate situation into which Prussia had fallen, in consequence of the battle of Auerstadt, to conclude a peace with Russia and England. Thus the basis of peace, which had been formally concluded were now set aside; and, instead of those, an armistice of the most humiliating nature, was proposed on the part of the French. To this armistice the King of Prussia agreed; but, before the period for ratification came, it was no longer in his power to fulfil the conditions expressed; for, as the French troops had advanced towards the Vistula, it was then impossible to arrest the march of the Russians, who saw their own frontiers threatened. In his proclamation, to which we have alluded, the King of Prussia mentions this necessity of withholding his ratification of the armistice; and that "*it only remained for his Majesty to solicit the courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg, to negotiate with him for the basis of a general peace, with the Emperor Napoleon.*"—This, we find his Majesty did. We can perceive nothing worthy of a king in this part of the proclamation;—nothing that can inspire us with confidence in the character or conduct of the Prussian monarch. His sordid policy, in so long submitting to the insults of the French, and in seizing upon Hanover, could only be equalled by the meanness with which he sued for peace.

peace. In his application to the English and Russian cabinets, he appears to have been weak enough to suppose, that Great Britain would restore the Cape, Buenos Ayres, &c.; and that Russia would concur in the re-establishment of the French influence at Constantinople, in order that he might regain possession of his capital.

Some recent military regulations, which the King of Prussia has issued, and an address to the inhabitants of Silesia, seem indeed to indicate that his spirit is not entirely gone; and we are willing to admit that he fought bravely at Auerstadt; yet we must really congratulate ourselves, that the Russians are in sufficient force on the other side of the Vistula, not only to oppose the French, but at the same time to controul the Prussians. The Emperor of Russia, we sincerely hope, will continue to act as a principal and not as an auxiliary in the momentous contest. The Russian army is, according to various concurrent accounts, in the highest state of health and discipline; whilst, on the other hand, the French are daily represented as melting away by disease, occasioned by the rigorous climate of Poland, to which they are unaccustomed. Even at the moment of preparing this article for the press, various rumours are in circulation, announcing a great and splendid victory to have been obtained by the Russians over the French. We have, however, been too frequently deceived in this way, for us to attach implicit credit to any rumour, howsoever congenial it may be to our wishes.

In private life, the King of Prussia was much beloved. His moral character, is such as would do honour to the most dutiful, affectionate, and tender, of
all

all sons, fathers, husbands, or brothers; and, had it not been for his unfortunate predilection in favour of the French, his ministers, courtiers, and subjects, would have been not only respected, but happy, had they taken their sovereign for their model. It was his daily custom to walk out for some hours, unescorted, attended only by an *aid-du-camp*, or accompanied by one of his brothers; and his subjects might approach him not only without fear, but with confidence. The simplicity and regularity of his life exhibited a striking contrast to that of his father and predecessor, and were by some considered as a reflection upon it. The order and economy of *his* reign, whilst the profusion and extravagance of his *father* were yet fresh in remembrance, were blamed by many, who looked upon them as littleness, and unbecoming covetousness, in a great prince, whose love of money, when young, they feared—and not without probability—might increase with age, and become avarice;—a passion which dishonoured the great Frederick, his grand uncle, whom the present king, in many things, affects to imitate.

His Majesty has been several years married to a beautiful and accomplished princess, of the house of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, a near relative of our beloved queen. According to Mr. Carr, and other travellers, her appearance exhibits (we *hope* we must not say *exhibited*) a perfect combination of grace and elegance. Her Prussian majesty was formerly supposed to be much in the French interest; but, latterly, quite the contrary. The abuse, indeed, with which she has been loaded by that monster to whom the noble spirit of chivalry has no charms, seems to favour this opinion.

---This

—This lovely woman, with all the amiable enthusiasm of a wife and of a mother, sent a present to her infant son on his birth-day—the day on which she heard of her husband's first successes against the French, saying:—*Rejoice, my boy! thy father has been victorious!*—Poor boy! he little knew that his father was on the eve of being hurled from all his greatness; of being expelled from his throne and his capital; of being driven forth a friendless wanderer on the earth!—We regret—deeply regret to add—the general belief, that this fascinating princess, overwhelmed by the misfortunes of her husband, has been removed, by death, from this scene of misery and devastation. If it be so—and we have yet some hopes of the contrary—she must be regarded as another of those victims to that hellish monster, whose name cannot be pronounced without a heavy and a bitter curse. *May the earth hide him!*

JOHN WALCOTT, M. D.

ALIAS

PETER PINDAR.

“—— every thing by starts, and nothing long;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.”

DRYDEN.

THIS well-known writer has certainly “a knack at rhyming;” notwithstanding which, we cannot class ourselves amongst his admirers; for we have ever firmly coincided in opinion with one of our true poets, that

“Obscenity to wit has no pretence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.”

That the writings of the *soi-disant* Pindar are *obscene* in the genuine acceptation of the word; that, in certain passages, they are also *blasphemous*, is an assertion which we defy his warmest eulogists to controvert. He never, surely, can have read the celebrated couplet of Pope;—or, having read it, he must have spurned the sentiment which it contains:—

“Perish the verse, how smooth so e’er it flow,
 That tends to make one virtuous man my foe.”

In

In presenting the following brief memoir of this author, however, it is not our intention to rake amongst filth, for the sake of exposing it to the world.

Dr. Walcott, *alias* Peter Pindar, we understand received his education at Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, near the spot where he was born. His schoolmaster, a quaker, was an exceedingly good scholar, and a man of the most amiable habits.

The uncle of Peter, an apothecary, was settled at Fowey, in Cornwall; and, under his auspices, the youth was brought up, with a view of succeeding him in the business. Under his uncle he acquired a tolerable share of medical knowledge; and, at his leisure hours, he is understood to have cultivated his mind by the perusal of the best modern writers: he also considerably improved himself in the art of drawing, to which he had shewn a very early propensity; and several sketches, now extant, prove the correctness and elegance of his taste.

As is common with the youthful mind, Peter felt an inclination to travel; and, on the appointment of Sir William Trelawney, one of his distant relations, to be Governor of Jamaica, about the year 1769, he wrung from his uncle his "slow consent," and obtained admission in the *suite* of the governor--In his voyage out, the ship touched at Madeira, where our young adventurer, enchanted with the beauties which Nature so luxuriantly exhibits in that Island, wrote some sonnets, which will deserve to live when all his political ribaldry shall be obsolete and forgotten.—Indeed, when we reflect upon the traditional accounts of the discovery of Madeira, it seems scarcely possible that an Englishman should visit that delightful spot, without

without feeling a sort of poetical inspiration. He may imagine himself to be treading upon that ground which was first trodden by Macham in the fourteenth century; and, meditating upon the unfortunate death of that voyager's mistress, he may fancy himself near her "lowly grave," where

" No flowers of transient bloom at eve,
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
Sweets to the sweet a long adieu!"

On his arrival at Jamaica, Mr. Walcott commenced surgeon, practised physic, and was actually nominated physician-general to the Island. A circumstance, however, occurred, that diverted him for some time from his medical career, and threw him into the arms of a profession, for which most certainly few men were ever less qualified — A short time after Mr. Walcott settled there, the incumbent of the most valuable living in Jamaica, paid the great debt of Nature. Whether Mr. Walcott's practice had not been sufficiently lucrative, or whether some other motive impelled him, we know not; but certain it is, that he regarded the vacant rectory with a wistful eye, and, as there was no clergyman at hand, to fill the place of the deceased, he actually officiated for a considerable time, reading the prayers of the church of England, and preaching occasionally. We have been told, that he had been previously ordained by the Bishop of London; but this statement cannot be otherwise than incorrect. The fact we believe to be, that, fearing he should be superseded by a regular clergyman, properly instituted to the living, he set out for England, carrying with him

strong

strong letters of recommendation to the Bishop of London, that he might not only be ordained, but also be appointed to the church which he had served. The bishop, however, refused to admit him; upon the ground, we believe, of his presumption in having performed the ministerial duties without a proper licence. It is possible, also, that there might be other objections, as we are not aware that Mr. Walcott's education had been sufficiently regular for the church. In consequence of his disappointment, we are told that he declined re-visiting his patients and parishioners in the West Indies. Another account, however, states, that he remained in Jamaica until the death of his patron, Sir William Trelawney; and that he returned to England with Lady Trelawney in his Majesty's frigate the *Lowestoffe*, Captain Carteret. Having stopped at Madeira in going out, he also put into Teneriffe on his return. He is said to have resided there for some time with the governor; in consequence of which, that island became the scene of several of his sonnets.

At all events, after his return to England, he obtained the degree of M. D. from one of the Scotch Universities, and went down to the place of his former residence. After living there for some time, he removed to Truro, where he practised for several years as a physician. About this time his uncle died, and left him nearly two thousand pounds.

Whilst he resided in Cornwall, Dr. Walcott had an opportunity of bringing forward to the world, an eminent natural genius, who, but for him, might have been buried in total oblivion, or at the most have been but a sign-painter in his native county. This per-

son was the celebrated Opie, now one of the first artists of the day. At the time alluded to, Opie was a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house carpenter, when in one of his rides through the village of St. Anne, Dr. Walcott accidentally met with some of his rude drawings in chalk. He beheld them with admiration, particularly his likenesses, which were so superior to what could be expected in such a place and from such a person, that the physician was induced to become his instructor and patron. This is certainly a trait in Dr. Walcott's character, which ought not to pass unnoticed or unpraised. He furnished the youth with materials, and gave him lessons, by which he profited in a most astonishing manner. Having made a rapid progress, Opie went to Exeter, where he acquired some knowledge of oil-painting. From that city he removed to London, studied under Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, as we have before observed, is now one of the most eminent artists of the age.

We are told, that the doctor's satirical vein shewed itself on various occasions in Cornwall; particularly in some *humourous* jokes, which he played off upon the late Mr. Rosewarne, of Truro, and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and that he was also engaged in some troublesome and expensive law-suits; one of which was with the corporation of Truro, relative to their right of putting upon him a parish apprentice. —We hope, for the doctor's own sake, that his "*jokes*" were nothing more than "*humourous*;" but we have heard strange tales upon this point. Yet, judging from the following sentiment, in one of his pieces published four or five years ago, we should suppose the soul of Peter to be averse from *cruelty*. The piece
here

here alluded to, is an Epistle to a Friend, who, with his wife and four children, flying from their native country America, from the persecutions of parents who had disapproved their marriage, were shipwrecked on a small island, near the gulph of Mexico; where, pleased with the situation, they adopted the resolution of passing the remainder of their days. Speaking of the children of his friend, Peter says:—

“ No wish is theirs, (forbid it heaven) to hurt,
To wound, and murder a poor wretch in sport;
To lift the tube of DEATH, with hostile eye,
And dash a fluttering victim from his sky;
To bait with writhing worms the barbarous hook,
And drag the sinny nation from their brook:
Justly forbid the cruelty to know,
And gather pleasure from the pangs of woe !”

Comparing his own state with that of his friend, he says:—

“ From thine, how diff'rent is my lot ! alas !
In calms of sunshine while thy moments pass,
Mine, 'midst the murky clouds that life deform,
Unequal rush, and mingle with the storm.
Fir'd with the love of rhyme, and, let me say,
Of virtue too, I pour'd the moral lay ;—
Much like St. Paul (who solemnly protests
He battled hard at Ephesus with *beasts*)
I've fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
And got half NOAH'S ark about my ears :
Nay worse ! (which all the COURTS of JUSTICE know,
Fought with the BRUTES of PATERNOSTER-ROW.”

Peter's mention of his law-suits, in the above lines, relates, we believe, to a contest, in which he was long engaged, with Messrs. Robinsons, Goulding, and Walker, who agreed, in 1794, to pay him an annuity of

240*l.* for the copy-right of his works. Unfortunately owing to some obscurity in drawing up the agreement, it was contended by one party, that it implied only those of the poet *already* published (apparently the most rational conclusion) whilst the others wished to include all that he might hereafter give to the world. The dispute, we believe, was at last settled by compromise.

Of Dr. Walcott's poetical productions, whilst he was engaged in the practice of physic, we have seen only one specimen. In the year 1776, when the Rev. Mr. Polwhele, well known by his poems, *History of Devonshire*, and many other publications, was at Truro school, he had given to him, for an evening exercise, to be translated into English, the following beautiful Latin epigram, on sleep:—

“Somne levis, quamquem certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupis te, tamen essi tori :
Alma quies, optata veni ; nam, sic, sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte, mori.”

Dr. Walcott, who was requested to give a translation of this, produced the following in the course of a few minutes:—

“Come, gentle Sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And, though Death's image, to my couch repair :
How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie ;
Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die !”

In consequence of the doctor's disputes at Truro, he found that part of the world disagreeable, and therefore resolved to quit it for a sphere which he deemed to be more congenial to his talents and disposition. He accordingly came to London, in which city, and at
Bath

Bath, he has since chiefly resided, and, we believe, has occasionally practised as a physician. He is considered as having a particularly intimate acquaintance with the theory of asthma, of which disease he once effected a cure upon himself. He is, indeed, regarded as a living instance, that, with skilful management, asthma is not fatal, even in its last and worst stages.—Dr. Walcott has also minutely investigated the structure of that delicate organ, the human ear.

It would be unnecessary to enumerate or particularize the respective works of Peter Pindar, which are generally known: but which, like the five-act farces of Reynolds, Dibdin, &c. will, the greater part of them at least, be unintelligible in the course of twenty years. We shall observe, however, that his first literary production was *An Epistle to the Reviewers*, published in 1782; a laughable piece of satire, and, in some instances, perhaps, discharged against fair game. His next performance was, *Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*; in which, though there was some portion of taste, elegance, and wit, a great want of candour, particularly respecting the paintings of Mr. West, appeared. In the year following, (1786) he published another set of Odes to the Royal Academicians, to which the same remark will apply.—About the same time, Peter published his *Lousiad*, a mock heroic poem, founded on the following incident:—His Majesty, one evening at supper, observed a human hair upon his plate amongst some green peas; and this offensive object occasioned a decree to be issued forth, that all the cooks, scullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, should have their heads shaved. Great murmurs were excited by this mandate; but the law, like that of the

Medes and Persians, was irrevocable. Peter, however, by virtue of the *licentia poetica*, changed the *hair* into a *living animal*.—Pindar's *Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.* the self sufficient attendant upon Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides; his *Bozzi and Piozzi*, in which the folly of tittle-tattle biographers is exposed; and his Description of the Royal Visit to Whitbread's Brewery, were all eminently successful in point of sale, though, in many points, highly exceptionable.

Peter's poetical effusions have not, of late years, been so attractive as formerly: many of them are, indeed, disgusting to the eye of decency, and can only be regarded as the dregs of debilitated lasciviousness. A work of his was in the press a year or two ago, whether it has yet been published we know not, the object of which was to ridicule the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*. So filthily indecent was the general tenor of this work, that we should think it would be turned from with disgust, even by the depraved inhabitants of a brothel!—It has been confidently asserted, however, that Peter Pindar is in the enjoyment of a pension.—Some yeras ago, he superintended a new edition of Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters*; and, more recently, has been employed in editing a selection of poems.

We have been assured—we really possess not the honour of his acquaintance—that, in his conversation, Peter exhibits neither that facetiousness nor acerbity which distinguish his works. His writings, we think, are very fairly estimated, in the following dialogue between a bookseller and an author, contained in a morally satiric work lately published:

" BOOKSELLER.

" But why so captious, since his lyric strains
Are heard but seldom—

" AUTHOR.

" ——— Still his verse remains :

Verse that has pav'd as broad a way to treason,
As Modern Justice, or Paine's Age of Reason.
Tho' weak the shafts of ridicule may be
'Gainst Reason's regular artillery,
Yet, like the reed the wily Indian spits
From brake or bush, it poisons what it hits.
How soon does virtue sink in his esteem
Who makes, or sees it made, a sportive theme?
Teach men to laugh at God as well as kings,
To scorn his laws, and scoff at sacred things;
Soon they become, by large and rapid strides,
A horde of atheists and of regicides.
E'en smile at vice, you make its powers expand,
And spread its poison thro' a tainted land.
Thus did the nation's favouring smiles infuse
Gross impudence; his Priapean muse—
For raise his merit to what pitch you will,
His was pre-eminence in writing ill;
Dar'd in low rhymes this well-known truth to scan,
'A monarch has the failings of a man.'
But right or wrong, to some it matters not,
Give food for laughter, and they care not what.

" BOOKSELLER.

" Has he not gain'd a never dying name?

" AUTHOR.

" Yes; doom'd to endless infamy and shame.
Still would his muse, in lyric strains, I ween,
Have wreath'd lewd laurels round his brows obscene,
Had not brave Gifford—hear, vile wits, and dread!
Broke at one blow his goose quill and his head.
Thus, when the sun, on some rank spot of earth,
Gives the gross phallus impudicus birth;

A fungus first, unheeded and unknown
It breeds that humour justly styled its own;
Sudden it bursts---the pointed fragments spread,
And forth the phallus rears its viscous head;
Stronger and stronger then its fumes exhale,
Till fœtid vapours dance upon the gales
Man turns aside; but flies, on sense intent,
Die in the vapour and increase the scent,
'Till some bold hand shall break its rancorous crown.
And kindly knock the public nuisance down."

The line, "Had not brave Gifford," &c. evidently alludes to an *engagement* which actually took place in a bookseller's shop in Piccadilly, about the year 1799 or 1800, between Pindar and Mr. William Gifford, author of the *Baviad* and *Maviad*, translator of Juvenal, &c. The subject of the quarrel is of too gross a nature to be noticed; but, whether the insinuations against Peter were founded in truth, or not, he had the worst of the contest; and, what is of more importance, he certainly has never written with spirit since.

THE LATE

MOST NOBLE CHARLES LENOX,

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

CHARLES LENOX, the first Duke of Richmond, was the natural son of King Charles the Second, by Louisa de Querouaille, a lady of great beauty and address, who was sent over to England by the ministry of Louis XIV., as hath been said, for the purpose of alluring the affections of that easy and amorous monarch, and of thereby securing him in the French interest. Charles created her Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Fareham, and Duchess of Portsmouth; and the French court conferred on her the title of Duchess of Augbigny, which was renewed to the late duke by the parliament of Paris in 1777.

Charles, the second Duke of Richmond, died in 1750, aged 49. He married one of the daughters and coheiresses of William Earl of Cadogan, by whom he had four sons and eight daughters.

Charles, the third duke, was born February 22, 1734-5, and succeeded his father in the titles and estates at the age of sixteen. He entered very early into the military profession, and displayed great intrepidity and talents at the battle of Minden, where his conduct procured him the particular approbation and

thanks of the commander in chief, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

In 1756, his grace took his seat in the House of Lords, and immediately associated himself with the Whig interest, then headed by the celebrated Duke of Newcastle.

Soon after the accession of his present Majesty, the Duke of Richmond became a very active and powerful opponent of the Earl of Bute, as he also was of his lordship's successor, Mr. George Grenville. That gentleman having thrown the American colonies into a ferment, and very nearly into an insurrection, by bringing in an act of parliament for laying a stamp-duty in those colonies, occasioned another change in administration. The Marquis of Rockingham became first lord of the treasury, and the Duke of Richmond was appointed secretary of state. One of the first steps of the new ministers was to repeal the offensive stamp-act, at the same time they had the caution to pass another bill for the better securing the dependence of the American colonies upon Great Britain. This administration, however, continued but a short period, during which, it must be allowed, several salutary measures were adopted, tending to alleviate the public burdens, and to secure the liberties of the people.

The Marquis of Rockingham was succeeded by the Duke of Grafton, and the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, took the office of the Duke of Richmond. Of this cabinet Mr. Pitt bore a part, and, by accepting the office of lord privy seal, with a peerage and a pension, lost a considerable portion of his well-earned popularity.

The Duke of Richmond was now a leading man in opposition, and he had the honour of being distinguished by the praises of that elegant but virulent writer, who, under the signature of Junius, attacked with singular power and success that ill-assorted administration. The Duke of Grafton was succeeded by Lord North, who renewed the trial of taxing the colonies, which produced a long and sanguinary contest, that ended in the independence of North America, and on the part of the mother country a national debt of one hundred and fifty millions.

The Duke of Richmond was a very powerful opponent of the ministry during the whole of the American war; and when Lord George Germaine, who was considered as in a great measure the author of it, was created a peer, his grace resisted his admission into the House of Lords in a very strong and pointed manner. After dwelling at great length upon his lordship's conduct at Minden, the duke said that "the loss of America was to be ascribed to the noble lord. Disaster, calamity, and disgrace, constantly pursued his measures."

About this time the duke, from his great zeal against the government in all that related to the contest, had nearly involved himself in a very serious affair of honour with Lord Rawdon, now Earl of Moira. The case was this. Isaac Haynes, an American, had been taken prisoner when Charleston fell into the hands of the British troops. This man then voluntarily took the oaths of allegiance to the British government, in consequence of which he obtained his liberty; but, notwithstanding his oaths, he again went over to the side of the Americans, and accepted the rank of

colonel of militia. Being afterwards taken in the act of corrupting a battalion in our service, he was tried by a court of enquiry, and executed, while Lord Rawdon held the command at Charleston.

A falsified account of this transaction was communicated to the Duke of Richmond, by a disaffected man at Plymouth, who is now a methodist preacher in or near the metropolis. The Duke too precipitately brought the matter before the lords in a motion for the papers relative to the execution of Haynes, but as the ministers had no papers, and the man according to every principle of justice merited his fate, the motion was negatived.

But, as the Duke of Richmond made some observations in the debate, with regard to Lord Rawdon, his lordship, by Lord Ligonier, demanded of the duke a public excuse in such manner, and in such language, as he (Lord Rawdon) should dictate. The note in which this requisition was made, concluded in the following spirited terms :—"If your Grace had rather abet your malignity with your sword, I shall rejoice in bringing the matter to that issue. Besides the consideration of my own wrongs, I shall think myself the avenger of my brother officers in America, to whose security you have given an oblique attaind, by your affected fears for the consequences of General Greene's proclamation."

The result of this correspondence was, that the duke very properly considering that he had been unwarily led into an error, made the following apology in his place in the House of Lords.

"I find that my motion for the enquiry into the execution of Isaac Haynes, has been considered as provoking

provoking a suspicion against Lord Rawdon's justice and humanity. I solemnly protest that I did not conceive that it could throw the most distant insinuation upon his lordship's conduct; nor did I ever mean to say any thing that could have that tendency. Since I learn that the matter is thought liable to bear a false construction, I declare that I am very sorry to have introduced it upon authority to which (at the time of making my motion) I said I could affix no degree of credit."

Thus terminated this dispute, which reflects credit on the spirit and high sense of honour of the one, and upon the caudour and good sense of the other noble personage. The conduct of the Duke of Richmond in his military career abroad, sufficiently vindicates his character from the imputation of pusillanimity; and his readiness to apologize in this instance, fully shews, that though in the warmth of debate he was but too apt to give way to his political feelings or prejudices, he was yet open to conviction, and ready to retract erroneous opinions and hasty expressions. Such an example ought to be held up to imitation; for if it were duly estimated and acted upon, the disgraceful practice of duelling would be banished from civilized society.

A few months after this affair, the Duke of Richmond came again into administration as master-general of the ordnance; on which occasion his grace also received the order of the garter. But this administration was soon dissolved, in consequence of the death of its leader, the Marquis of Rockingham. All the cabinet ministers resigned, except the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond, and General Conway. A coalition

was then formed between the majority of the Rockingham party, and Lord North. This strange junction so far succeeded as to occasion another change of ministers; and the Duke of Richmond became, in his turn, the leader of a new opposition, in which he was joined by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Charles Jenkinson, (now Earl of Liverpool,) and Mr. Dundas, (now Lord Melville.) This union of powerful talents, aided by joint influence, in less than three months drove the coalition party from the helm of state, and established an administration which continued, with very little change, eighteen years. The Duke of Richmond returned to his former office, as master-general of the ordnance; and soon after, we find him bringing forward his favourite plan for a parliamentary reform, on introducing which into the house of lords, his grace observed that "his reasons in favour of such a measure were grounded on the experience of twenty-six years, which, whether in or out of government, had equally convinced him that the restoration of a genuine house of commons, by a renovation of the rights of the people, was the only remedy against that system of corruption which had brought the nation to disgrace and poverty, and threatened it with the loss of liberty." His motion, however, was rejected by a considerable majority. The duke had distinguished himself greatly as the leader of the reforming party, and under his auspices was established the Constitutional Society, in connection and correspondence with which several committees were formed in various parts of the kingdom. All these committees, as they were formed, appointed delegates, who were to constitute a convention of the whole,

whole, for the purpose of carrying the favorite object of a parliamentary reform into effect. This convention chose the duke for their president, and he continued very active in the cause till the year 1784, when the meetings both of the town and country committees ceased, and all correspondence between them came to an end. The plan of the duke embraced the two principles of annual parliaments and the right of universal suffrage; of which it is needless perhaps to say more than this, that the basis is visionary in the extreme, and that if the plan were carried into practice it must unavoidably introduce continual and universal confusion.

Let any person consider what sort of legislators those men must be, whose election is no sooner determined than they must begin to make preparations for another. Besides this, we may ask how much public business could be properly done by a senate whose existence is limited within the narrow space of twelve months?

The idea is, in fact, so preposterous, and so incompatible with the complicated and important concerns always pressing forward for parliamentary consideration, that one cannot but wonder how it could have entered the head of a nobleman so experienced as the Duke of Richmond.

The scheme, however, obtained great popularity, not only in England, but in Ireland, where also committees were formed, particularly by the volunteers, to whom the Duke of Richmond addressed some letters on the subject, which have been printed, and certainly reflect considerable credit upon his literary talents, what-

ever may be thought of the soundness of his political opinions.

In his official character, as master-general of the ordnance, the duke distinguished himself by his celebrated plan for defending the coast, particularly the dock-yards. When the plan was agitated in the house of commons, on which occasion the Duke of Richmond was in the gallery, the two principal speakers in the debate, General Burgoyne and Mr. Fox, bestowed very high encomiums on his abilities and integrity. The general, after some observations on the measure, said, that the master-general of the ordnance was certainly a very able engineer; and he confessed to have received from him much information in that science whilst at that board. But he thought much more highly of his abilities in another point of view. The noble duke had evinced singular acuteness in stating every question hypothetically, in supposing cases which were scarcely possible, yet leading the judgment gradually and insensibly from one deduction to another, until the mind was brought at length to assent to propositions which it was predetermined to reject!"

This plan, however, brought upon the duke much illiberal invective from the ingenious author of "*Criticisms on the Rolliad*;" and it occasioned a serious affair between his grace and Colonel Debbiez, a very able engineer, who, being piqued at the rejection of his own plans, wrote a long letter to the duke in very petulant terms. This letter the colonel afterwards caused to be inserted in the *Gazetteer*, for which he was brought to a court-martial, on three charges adduced against him by the Duke of Richmond, who, however,

however, conducted himself during the prosecution with great moderation. The court found the colonel guilty on all the charges, and adjudged him to be suspended from his pay and duty as colonel of the royal engineers, for six calendar months.

But some blame is said to have attached to the master-general of the ordnance, with respect to the supply of proper ammunition to the army under the Duke of York in Flanders; though candour ought rather to attribute the fault, if there were any, to the officers in that department rather than to the head, who cannot be supposed to have had a personal view of the execution of his own orders.

Let this be as it may, the Duke of Richmond resigned his office in 1795, and the same year he obtained the command of the royal regiment of horse-guards, blue. Besides this rank, he was lord-lieutenant and custos-rotulorum of the county of Sussex, a field-marshal, high-steward of Chichester, colonel of the Sussex militia, and fellow of the Royal Society.

In the morning of December 21, 1790, just as the family were about to go to breakfast, a fire broke out at the duke's house in Privy-gardens, which quickly threatened the destruction of his entire property there; but by the uncommon exertions of a gentleman unknown, the most valuable and curious part was saved. During the rage of the fire, a favorite spaniel dog of the duke's was observed at the window of an apartment, jumping and endeavouring to make his way through the glass. His grace offering a reward to any person that would save him, a waterman, by means of ladders fastened together, mounted to the window, threw up the sash, and brought down the animal safe.

The duke gave the man ten guineas, and the Duke of York one, for this act of courage and humanity.

The pictures, and most of the numerous writings and curious books, were saved. At such a fire, the loss of property is not the highest consideration; science is often the greatest sufferer, because the extinction of the monuments of genius is irreparable.

After the Duke of Richmond had retired from public business, he resided principally at his seat of Goodwood, in Sussex, which he entirely rebuilt on an elegant scale. The grounds about it were also greatly improved by him; and he supported there a very extensive sporting establishment.

The Duchess of Richmond, whose character is represented as very amiable, died at Goodwood, November 5, 1796.

His grace was much afflicted with a bilious complaint many years, and he entertained an opinion that he had a particular disorder in his bowels, which was beyond the power of medical skill to discover or remove. He died at Goodwood December 27, 1806, and his body being opened according to his own direction, an ulcer was found in the stomach, and several stones in the gall-bladder. His grace's remains were privately interred in the family-vault in the cathedral of Chichester, the bishop of which, Dr. Buckner, who had been his domestic chaplain, attending to pay his last respects and official duty at the obsequies of his noble friend.

A little before the duke's death, some of the London newspapers, with a scandalous disregard of decency, reported that he had been for some years secretly married, and had a son, which proves totally unfounded;

unfounded; and his nephew, General Lenox, has taken the title of Duke of Richmond, and his seat, as such, in the house of peers.

The following is a correct outline of his grace's will: Miss Le Clerc, a *protegé* of the late duchess, is bequeathed 2000*l.* a year; to his grace's three girls, by Mrs. Bennett, his housekeeper, 10,000*l.* each; and to Mrs. Bennett, the estate at Earl's Court, Kensington; the estate of Itchenor is left to the second son of the present duke.

In private life, the late duke was truly an estimable man. His manners were elegant and condescending. He was a patron of the fine arts, and was attached to literary pursuits, as well as to the sports of the field. He was a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, and a fond relative, eager to promote comfort and advantage to all the branches of his family, and kind and indulgent to his domestics and other dependants.

THE LATE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS DUKE OF BEDFORD.

“ For him no more shall pomp display her charms,
 Nor ceremony greet him with a smile ;
 In flatt’ry veil’d, no more shall servile swarms
 Of sycophants attend him to beguile.”

ANON.

FRANCIS, the late duke of Bedford, was not the first of his family who met a premature death. Lord William Russell, of historical celebrity was beheaded in 1683 ; and the father of the late and present duke, the Marquis of Tavistock, died in the year 1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse. The last mentioned noblemen married the daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, who survived him but a short time, and by whom he left three sons, the late duke, the present possessor of the title, and Lord William Russell.

Francis, the immediate subject of our consideration, was born on the 23d of July, 1765 ; and on the death of his grandfather, in 1771, he succeeded to the title and fortunes of his family. His grace, we believe, received the first rudiments of his education at Loughborough House, a seminary at that time much

in fashion as a preparatory school. From Loughborough House he was removed, at an early period, to Westminster School, where, by the blow of a cricket ball, he became subject to an inveterate hernia, which proved the ultimate cause of his premature and lamented end.

His grace was distinguished by an excellent natural understanding, an uncommon vigour of mind; but it is understood, that his education had been somewhat neglected, and that, consequently, he was not very deeply skilled in classic lore. In earlier life, the sports of the turf, which formed the favourite pursuits of his grandfather, engaged his most earnest attention. It is thought, however, that his attachment to that noble animal the horse, and not a mere love of gambling, excited this *penchant* in his grace. It is not improbable, also, that the accurate and minute knowledge, which he thus acquired of the nature and qualities of the horse, led him to that laudable and spirited emulation, which he afterwards evinced for improving the breed of cattle, and for promoting the general encouragement of agriculture. His great instructor, was the late celebrated Mr. Bakewell.—Of this gentleman, who far outstripped his predecessors in the breed and management of domestic animals, it may be here proper to state that, so great was the fame of his Dishley rams, the sum paid for the use of one of them for a season was increased, from the common sum, to twenty-five guineas, and thence experienced a gradual rise, to nearly five hundred pounds! As an instance of singularly great emolument in this way, it may be mentioned, that his ram, named the *two-pounder*, earned his proprietor, in one season, eight hundred guineas; and

and taking into consideration his additional utility at home, he might be estimated as having produced the enormous total of twelve hundred guineas. At the sale by auction of the flocks of Mr. Paget, of Ibstock, (for many years a breeding confederate of Bakewell's) one bull produced four hundred guineas, and a sixth share of the same was, some time after, disposed of for one hundred. A two-year old heifer fetched eighty-four guineas; two hundred and eleven ewes and theave sheep brought three thousand three hundred and fifteen guineas, at an average price of seventeen guineas each; while one particular lot of ewes, in number five, was sold by themselves for three hundred and ten pounds. Mr. Bakewell once let a bull for the season to a certain gentleman who desired to improve his stock; the gentleman died in the interim; and so little account was taken of this high bred animal, that he was actually sold, with the rest of the effects, and obtained no more than eight pounds, having been purchased by a butcher, who slaughtered him, and sold his flesh at twopence halfpenny per pound. Bakewell laid his action, and recovered two hundred pounds for the bull, and fifty for the use of him during the season. Amongst his curiosities, Mr. Bakewell once shewed a visitor the rump and surloin of a cow, more than twenty years of age, which were four inches thick of fat; and yet the animal did not die completely fat. He also exhibited two pieces of bacon; one of a large boned hog, the other of his improved breed of very small bone: the latter was eleven inches thick to the bone, the former not half that thickness.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary skill of Mr.
Bakewell,

Bakewell, the Duke of Bedford soon equalled him; by many indeed, he is thought to have excelled him, as well in practice as in theory.—His grace's improvements in experimental farming are so well, and so generally known, as to render it unnecessary for us to enlarge upon them. Not only was he conversant with the different breeds of animals, and the attention which they required, but he well knew the culture of the soil, and the management of the crop; and might be said to have a general acquaintance with the entire circle of rural affairs, at a time when the public believed him to be absorbed in the pleasures and dissipations of youth, or the duties of rank and connection. If he were sometimes momentarily led astray by mistaken and interested men, who failed not to flock round a man of the duke's liberal disposition and character, his discernment and ability of decision were such, that their impressions were of short duration; and, in whatever his grace engaged, two qualities generally ensured success—a clear judgment, and indefatigable perseverance.

With respect to the politics of his grace, he was connected with Mr. Fox, from his first outset in public life, and was a firm and disinterested supporter of the Whig principles. It was long, however, before his grace could so far overcome his natural diffidence, as to be prevailed upon to speak in public. In private company the clearness of his judgment and the force of his expression, had excited the surprize of the best judges of eloquence, who were satisfied, long before he made the effort, that his grace possessed every requisite of a distinguished orator. What the persuasions of those opinions he most respected, could not

effect, was unexpectedly produced by a momentary glow of indignation; and it is remarkable that he commenced his career as a public speaker, by what is generally considered as the most difficult effort of an orator—a reply. In a debate in the House of Lords his grace imagined himself personally alluded to by one of the speakers. He rose, and defended himself and his party in an animated and able reply. From that period he occasionally spoke upon the most important questions that divided the house, and was constantly heard by his adversaries, with the most respectful attention.

His Grace opposed the late war from its commencement, as pregnant with misery and calamity. His statements on the finances of the country, occasionally made in the House of Peers, gave proof of an understanding fully competent to the arduous investigation, and profoundly versed in the complex detail. With the rest of the Whig party, he seceded from parliament in 1796, and was very seldom seen in the house till after the change of ministry, in the beginning of 1801. Though decidedly in opposition to what may be termed the genuine Pitt administration, his Grace, on the event of the peace, expressed himself with equal candour and dignity, relating to the conduct of their successors. He approved of what they *had done*, and gave them credit for what they professed it to be their intention *to do*. We now approach towards the last awful scene, which closed the sublunary existence of this valuable character. His death was occasioned by the strangulation of the hernia, which we have already noticed. He had for some days been indisposed with a cold, which it is supposed he increased by playing

Tennis, of which amusement he was extremely fond. This was on Friday, the 26th of February, 1802. In the afternoon of that day, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and some symptoms appeared which indicated that a part of the intestine was forced down. On this occasion Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, was sent for; and he arrived at Woburn about five o'clock on Saturday morning; but every effort to reduce the intestine proved unsuccessful. It was then his Grace's desire that Sir James Earl and Dr. Halifax should be sent for, who accordingly attended by five o'clock on the same afternoon. The endeavours of Sir James to replace the intestine were, however, not more successful than the former, and it was decided that an immediate operation was necessary. With a cheerfulness and fortitude which are rarely manifested on such occasions, his Grace agreed to submit; but requested a respite of two hours to make some necessary arrangements. That space of time he spent in his study, and sealed up two large packets directed to each of his brothers, Lord John and Lord William Russell. The painful operation was then performed, without a struggle and almost without a groan from the patient. After this his Grace appeared in some measure relieved, and enjoyed two hours' sleep. On Sunday at noon, however, some alarming symptoms appeared, which ended in a mortification; and on Monday his life was despaired of. His Grace retained his mental faculties, in full perfection to the last, and awaited his fate not only with resignation but with magnanimity. He conversed freely with his brothers and his solicitor, on the arrangements to take place on his decease; but when Lord Lauderdale (his most intimate

VOL. III.—NO. 17. 2 D

imate friend, who was himself in a very ill state of health, and had gone down to see him) requested admission, the duke obstinately refused, alleging that such a scene would be equally injurious to both. A little before his death, it is said, he seriously questioned his physicians respecting the period of his existence which might be still remaining; and on asking their opinion if he had yet half an hour to live, he was answered in the negative. He then raised his head, and desired his brother John might be immediately sent for; and after conversing with him for some time, and taking an affectionate leave of both his brothers, and Lord Holland, who was also present, he expired in the arms of his brother John, the present duke, at the hour of twelve, on Tuesday the 2d of March, 1802, in the 37th year of his age.

We have thus noticed the last moments of the late most noble Francis Duke of Bedford; but, were we to close here we should be guilty of an unpardonable insult to his memory, and to that of his distinguished and illustrious friend, the late Mr. Fox. We have sketched a faint outline of the duke's character and conduct; but it was for that senator to exhibit a complete and finished picture. Were we in this place to omit the splendid eulogy of Mr. Fox upon the late Duke of Bedford—one of the most brilliant and affecting specimens of British eloquence—we should tremble lest “the spirits of the wise,” should “sit in the clouds and mock us.”—Our departed senator, in rising to move for a new writ for Tavistock, rendered vacant by the present Duke taking his seat in the Upper House, thus expressed his impassioned feelings.—

“If

“ If the sad event which has recently occurred were only a private misfortune, however heavy, I should feel the impropriety of obtruding upon the house the feelings of private friendship, and would have sought some other opportunity of expressing those sentiments of gratitude and affection, which must be ever due from me to the memory of the excellent person whose loss gives occasion to the sort of motion of course, which I am about to make to the house. It is because I consider the death of the duke of Bedford as a great public calamity ; because the public itself seems so to consider it ; because, not in this town only, but in every part of the kingdom, the impression made by it seems to be the strongest, and most universal, that ever appeared upon the loss of a subject ; it is for these reasons that I presume to hope for the indulgence of the house if I deviate, in some degree from the common course, and introduce my motion in a manner which I must confess to be unusual on similar occasions. At the same time, I trust, Sir, that I shall not be suspected of any intention to abuse the indulgence which I may ask, by dwelling on the fondness of friendship, upon the various excellencies of the character to which I have alluded, much less by entering into a history of the several events of his life, which might serve to illustrate it. There was something in that character so peculiar and striking, and the just admiration which his virtues commanded was such, that to expatiate upon them in any detail is as unnecessary as upon this occasion would be improper. That he has been much lamented and generally, cannot be wondered at, for surely there never was a more just occasion of public sorrow. To lose such a man !—at

such a time!—so unexpectedly!—The particular stage of his life too in which we lost him, must add to every feeling of regret, and make the disappointment more severe and poignant to all thinking minds. Had he fallen at an earlier period, the public, to whom he could then, (comparatively speaking at least) be but little known, would rather have compassionated and condoled with the feelings of his friends and relations, than have been themselves very severely afflicted by his loss. It would have been suggested, and even we who are the most partial must have admitted, that the expectations raised by the dawn are not always realized in the meridian of life. If the fatal event had been postponed, the calamity might have been alleviated by the consideration, that mankind could not have looked forward for any length of time to the exercise of his virtues and talents. But he was snatched away at a moment when society might have been long benefited by his benevolence, his energy and his wisdom; when we had obtained a full certainty that the progress of his life would be more than answerable to the brightest hopes evinced from its outset; and when it might have been reasonably hoped, that, after having accomplished all the good of which it was capable, he would have descended not immaturely into the tomb. He had, on the one hand, lived long enough to have his character fully confirmed and established. while on the other, what remained of life seemed, according to all human expectations, to afford ample space and scope for the exercise of the virtues of which that character was composed. The tree was old enough to enable us to ascertain the quality of the fruit which it would bear, and at the same time young enough.

enough to promise many years of produce. The high rank and splendid fortune of the great man of whom I am speaking, though not circumstances which in themselves either can or ought to conciliate the regard and esteem of rational minds, are yet in so far considerable as an elevated situation, by making him who is placed in it more powerful and conspicuous, causes his virtues or vices to be more useful or injurious to society. In this case, the rank and wealth of the person are to be attended to in another and in a very different point of view. To appreciate his merits justly, we must consider, not only the advantages, but the disadvantages, connected with such circumstances. The dangers attending prosperity in general, and high situations in particular, the corrupting influence of flattery, to which men in such situations are more peculiarly exposed, have been the theme of moralists in all ages, and in all nations; but how are these dangers increased with respect to him who succeeds in his childhood to the first rank and fortune in a kingdom such as this, and who, having lost his parents, is never approached by any being, who is not represented to him as in some degree his inferior! Unless blessed with a heart uncommonly susceptible and disposed to virtue, how could he who has scarcely ever seen an equal, have a common feeling, and a just sympathy for the rest of mankind, who seem to have been formed rather *for* him, and as instruments of his gratification, than together *with* him for the general purposes of nature. Justly has the Roman satyrist remarked:—

Rarus enim fermé sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.

"This was precisely the case of the Duke of Bedford, nor do I know that his education was perfectly exempt from the defects usually belonging to such situations; but virtue found her own way, and on the very side where the danger was the greatest was her triumph most complete. From the flame of selfishness no man was ever so eminently free. No man put his own gratification so low, that of others so high, in his estimation. To contribute to the welfare of his fellow-citizens was the constant unremitted pursuit of his life, by his example and his beneficence to render them better, wiser, and happier. He truly loved the public; but not only the public, according to the usual acceptation of the word; not merely the body corporate (if I may so express myself) which bears that name, but man in his individual capacity; all who came within his notice and deserved his protection, were objects of his generous concern. From his station the sphere of acquaintance was larger than that of most other men; yet in this extended circle, few, very few, could be counted to whom he had not found some occasion to be serviceable. To be useful, whether to the public at large; whether to his relations and nearer friends, or even to any individual of his species, was the ruling passion of his life.

"He died, it is true in a state of celibacy, but if they may be called a man's children whose concerns are as dear to him as his own—to protect whom from evil, is the daily object of care—to promote whose welfare he exerts every faculty of which he is possessed; if such, I say, are to be esteemed our children, no man had ever a more numerous family, than the Duke of Bedford.

“Private friendships are not, I own, a fit topic for this house or any public assembly; but it is difficult for any one who had the honour and happiness to be his friend, not to advert (when speaking of such a man) to his conduct and behaviour in that interesting character. In his friendship, not only he was disinterested and sincere, but in him were to be found united all the characteristic excellencies which have ever distinguished the men most renowned for that most amiable of all virtues. Some are warm, but volatile and inconstant; he was warm too, but steady and unchangeable. Never once was he known to violate any of the duties of that sacred relation. Where his attachment was placed, there it remained, or rather there it grew; for it may be more truly said of this man than of any other that ever existed, that if he loved you at the beginning of the year, and you did nothing to forfeit his esteem, he would love you still more at the end of it. Such was the uniformly progressive state of his affections, no less than of his virtue and wisdom.

“It has happened to many, and he was certainly one of the number, to grow wiser as they advanced in years. Some have even improved in virtue, but it has generally been in that class of virtue only which consists in resisting the allurements of vice, and too often have their advantages been counterbalanced by the loss, or at least the diminution of that openness of heart, that warmth of feeling, that readiness of sympathy, that generosity of spirit, which have been reckoned among the characteristic attributes of youth. In this case it was far otherwise; endued by nature with an unexampled firmness of character, he could
bring

bring his mind to a more complete state of discipline than any man I ever knew. But he had, at the same time, such a comprehensive and just view of all moral questions, that he well knew to distinguish between those inclinations, which, if indulged, must be pernicious, and the feelings, which, if cultivated, might prove beneficial to mankind. All bad propensities, therefore, if any such he had, he completely conquered and suppressed, while on the other hand, no man ever studied the trade by which he was to get his bread—the profession by which he hoped to rise to wealth and honour—nor even the higher arts of poetry or eloquence, in pursuit of a fancied immortality, with more zeal and ardour than this excellent person cultivated the noble art of doing good to his fellow-creatures. In this pursuit, above all others, diligence is sure of success, and accordingly it would be difficult to find an example of any other man to whom so many individuals are indebted for happiness or comfort, or to whom the public at large owe more essential obligation.

“ So far was he from slackening or growing cold in these generous pursuits, that the only danger was, lest, notwithstanding his admirable good sense, and that remarkable soberness of character, which distinguished him, his munificence might, if he had lived, have engaged him in expences to which, even his princely fortune would have been found inadequate. Thus the only circumstance like a failing in this great character was, that while indulging his darling passion for making himself useful to others, he might be too regardless of future consequences to himself and family.

family. The love of utility was his darling, his ruling passion. Even in his recreations, (and he was by no means naturally averse to such as were suitable to his station in life) no less than in his graver hours, he so much loved to keep this grand object in view, that he seemed, by degrees, to grow weary of every amusement which was not, in some degree, connected with it. Agriculture he judged rightly to be the most useful of all sciences, and, more particularly, in the present state of affairs, he conceived it to be the department in which his services to his country might be most beneficial. To agriculture, therefore, he principally applied himself, nor can it be doubted but with his great capacity, activity and energy, he must have attained his object, and made himself eminently useful, in that most important branch of political economy. Of the particular degree of his merit, in this respect, how much the public is indebted to him—how much benefit it may still expect to derive from the effects of his unwearied diligence and splendid example, is a question upon which many members of this house can form a much more accurate judgment, than I can pretend to do. But his motive to these exertions I am competent to judge, and can affirm, without a doubt, that it was the same which actuated him throughout --an ardent desire to employ his faculties in the way, whatever it might be, in which he could most contribute to the good of his country, and the general interest of mankind.

“ With regard to his politics, I feel a great unwillingness to be wholly silent on the subject, and at the same time much difficulty in treating it with propriety, when,

when I consider to whom I am addressing myself. I am sensible that those principles upon which in any other place, I should not hesitate to pronounce an unqualified eulogium, may be thought by some, perhaps by the majority of this house, rather to stand in need of apology and exculpation, than to form a proper subject for panegyric. But even in this view, I may be allowed to offer a few words in favour of my departed friend. I believe few, if any, of us are so infatuated with the extreme notions of philosophy, as not to feel a partial veneration for the principles, some leaning even to the prejudices of the ancestors, especially if they were of any note, from whom we are respectively descended. Such biasses are always, as I suspect, favourable to the cause of patriotism and public virtue; I am sure, at least, that in Athens and Rome they were so considered. No man had ever less of family pride than the Duke of Bedford; but he had a great and just respect for his ancestors. Now if upon the principles to which I have alluded, it was in Rome thought excusable in one of the Claudii to have, in conformity with the general manners of their race, something too much of an aristocratic pride and haughtiness, surely in this country it is not unpardonable in a Russell to be zealously attached to the rights of the subject, and peculiarly tenacious of the popular parts of our constitution. It is excusable at least in one who remembers among his ancestors the great Earl of Bedford, the patron of Pym, and the friend of Hampden, to be an enthusiastic lover of liberty; nor is it to be wondered at if a descendant of Lord Russell should feel more than common horror
for

for arbitrary power, and a quick, perhaps even a jealous discernment, of any approach or tendency, in the system of government, to that dreaded evil. But whatever may be our differences in regard to principles, I trust there is no member of this house, who is not liberal enough to do justice to upright conduct even in a political adversary. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of those principles to which I have alluded, the political conduct of my much lamented friend must be allowed to have been manly, consistent, and sincere.

“It now remains for me to touch upon the last melancholy scene in which this excellent man was to be exhibited, and to all those who admire his character, let it be some consolation that his exit was in every respect conformable to his past life. I have already noticed that prosperity could not corrupt him. He had now to undergo a trial of an opposite nature. But in every instance he was alike true to his character, and in moments of extreme bodily pain and approaching dissolution, when it might be expected that a man's every feeling would be concentrated in his personal sufferings---his every thought occupied by the awful event impending---even in these moments, he put by all selfish considerations; kindness to his friends was the sentiment still uppermost in his mind, and he employed himself, to the last hour of his life, in making the most considerable arrangements for the happiness and comfort of those who were to survive him. While in the enjoyment of prosperity, he had learned and practised all those milder virtues which adversity alone is supposed capable of teaching; and in the hour of pain and approaching death, he had that calmness and

and serenity which are thought to belong exclusively to health of body, and a mind at ease.

“ If I have taken an unusual, and possibly an irregular course upon this extraordinary occasion, I am confident the house will pardon me. They will forgive something, no doubt, to the warmth of private friendship---to sentiments of gratitude, which I must feel, and, whenever I have an opportunity, must express to the latest hour of my life. But the consideration of public utility, to which I have so much adverted as the ruling principle in the mind of my friend, will weigh far more with them. They will in their wisdom acknowledge, that to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of great and meritorious individuals, is in effect an essential service to the community. It was not, therefore, for the purpose of performing the pious office of friendship, by fondly strewing flowers upon his tomb, that I have drawn your attention to the character of the Duke of Bedford: the motive that actuated me, is one more suitable to what were his views. It is that this great character may be strongly impressed upon the minds of all who hear me---that they may see it---that they may feel it---that they may discourse of it in their domestic circles---that they may speak of it to their children, and hold it up to the imitation of posterity. If he could now be sensible to what passes here below---sure I am, that nothing could give him so much satisfaction as to find that we are endeavoring to make his memory and example, as he took care his life should be, useful to mankind.

“ I will conclude, with applying to the present occasion, a beautiful passage from the speech of a very
young

young orator.* It may be thought, perhaps, to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth, to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry; but it is at least cheering and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be exemplified, is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. "Crime," says he, "is a curse only to the period in which it is successful, but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example as by its immediate effects."

In addition to the above, it is only sufficient to state, that his Grace's person was tall and well proportioned; that his countenance, corresponding with the frankness and liberality of his disposition, was handsome, and had a pleasing expression; that his external deportment was easy and unaffected; and that, in his dress, if he were inclined to any extreme, it was that of plainness. His manners were generally agreeable to all ranks of society; and he could adapt himself with equal ease to a circle of the first nobility, or to a company of graziers or farmers. His Grace, it must be well remembered, was never married, though some of the first families in the kingdom were known to be earnestly desirous of his alliance.

His brother, Lord John Russell, succeeded him in his title and estates; and to him also, the late duke bequeathed his chief personal property.

This nobleman, so suddenly and unexpectedly raised to ducal honours, was born on the 6th of July;

* Essay on the Progressive Improvements of Mankind; an oration delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge: December 17, 1798, by the Honourable William Lamb.

1766 ; and on the 21st of March 1786, before he had completed his twentieth year, he married, at Brussels, Georgiana Elizabeth, the second daughter of Viscount Torrington. This lady died on the 11th of October, 1801 ; leaving issue, Francis, now Marquis of Tavistock, born May 10, 1788 ; George William, born May 8, 1790 ; and John, born August 19, 1792.

His Grace, the present duke, has trodden, with laudable emulation, in the steps of his noble predecessor. Fully impressed with an idea of the excellent tendency, of the meetings which his much lamented brother had established at Woburn Abbey, he directed them to take place as usual in 1802 ; and at those of 1803, and subsequent years, he was present himself, giving particular attention to every circumstance of the conduct of the business, that it might in all respects proceed as formerly.

Shortly after the death of his brother, his Grace married a second time, Georgiana, the fifth daughter of the Duke of Gordon ; by whom he has three children ; the Duchess having very recently lain-in of a boy.

Very soon, after the accession to power of the present administration, his Grace, to the great and universal satisfaction of all parties, was appointed to the lord lieutenancy, or vice-royalship of Ireland. It has seldom happened, that, in point of rank and influence, this situation has been so admirably filled. The conciliating manners of his Grace have contributed to endear him to the mass of the people ; whilst the princely splendour which is kept up at Dublin Castle, is considered as having an important influence in retaining several families of rank and consequence in Ireland.

THE LATE

REV. HENRY HUNTER, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, &c.

" Ah—where shall now a widow'd-church behold
 One, who this dread privation may supply—
 A pastor form'd to raise a drooping fold,
 And bound the deluge of affliction's eye ?

For, not alone to doctrines, were confin'd
 The varied powers of his capacious thought ;
 But animating poesy refin'd
 Whate'er morality impressive taught."

ANON.

THE late learned, eloquent, and pious Dr. Hunter, who presided over the Scotch church at London Wall, for the long period of 31 years, was a native of Culross, a royal borough in Perthshire. He was born in the year 1741 : his ancestors were plain respectable tradespeople, zealous whigs and presbyterians of the old school, and, many of them, considerably above mediocrity in point of understanding. Indeed the facility with which education is generally acquired in Scotland, materially favors the expansion of the human intellect. Dr. Hunter's father filled the office of chief

chief magistrate of Culross in that difficult and trying year, 1745, when he acted with much prudence, moderation, and steadiness.

The life of a clergyman can seldom be expected to abound with incident. Our student discovered an early taste for classical learning and the belles lettres, which he sedulously cultivated at the university of Edinburgh. Having gone through the usual routine of an academical study, with the friendship and esteem of his fellow students, and the reputation of diligence and ability amongst the professors, he lost no time in preparing himself for admission into the ministry. In May 1764, he was licensed to preach, by the presbytery of Dunfermline; and in January 1766, was ordained at South Leith, where he continued to exercise his clerical office until August 1771, when he received an invitation to undertake the pastoral charge of the Scottish church, in London, already mentioned. There he continued to his death, greatly beloved and admired.

On his arrival in the capital, Dr. Hunter found a greater scope for his talents than he had heretofore enjoyed; and a number of literary productions which he successively offered to the public, experienced a distinguishingly favorable reception. His principal original work, is his *Sacred Biography*, a series of discourses on the lives of the patriarchs, in six volumes. This has been an uncommonly popular work, and has passed through several editions. It displays many marks of genius; beautiful passages and striking images constantly arrest the attention of the reader; and that easy flow of style, which distinguishes the whole of Dr. Hunter's performances, is found in its greatest excellence.

A volume of sermons, and some detached discourses, also added considerably to his reputation.

As a translator from the French, Dr. Hunter at least equals any that has yet appeared. If not the most correct, he was certainly the most eloquent translator of his day. His version of St. Pierre's *Studies of Nature*, has been universally read. The tone of sentiment in that author's work, was so correspondent to his own feelings, that he executed the translation as a pleasure rather than as a task, and St. Pierre himself very politely acknowledged his obligations to him;

Sonnini's travels is another work which Dr. Hunter published, at a later period, with almost equal success; and several other French writers owe their reputation in this country to his pen; amongst which may be mentioned Saurin's sermons.

The most splendid performance of this nature, however, which Dr. Hunter executed, was the large work of Lavater. The curious and ingenious speculations of that philosopher, soon after their publication, excited universal attention on the continent of Europe. The elegant and enthusiastic style in which they are written made a correspondent impression on his readers: every one became a physiognomist; and scarcely would a family even hire a servant without first finding proofs of his honesty in the lineaments described by Lavater. It must be confessed that, more or less, we are all naturally physiognomists; and, without venturing an opinion as to the justness or precision of Lavater's system, we think it must be regarded as far more pleasing, and far less eccentric, than Dr. Gaul's theory of Craniology; which had it not been for the war system of

Buonaparte, bade fair to render one half of the Germans fit inmates for mad-houses.

The expence of the plates which accompany Lavater's essays was very great; and, to secure the success which was requisite, it was only a translator of the first reputation that could be employed to render the work into English. The engravings for the English edition, were executed in a very high stile of excellence, by Holloway, who is now employed in making engravings from the cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court. Before Dr. Hunter commenced his labours, he paid a visit to the ingenious author in his native mountains. In him he found a congenial mind; and the simplicity of Lavater's manners, joined to his warm sensibility, was a new motive to his translator to undertake the extension of his fame. The very superb edition of Lavater, in English, is regarded as one of the finest books ever printed in this country, and sells at forty guineas a copy.

The applause which this, and indeed the whole of Dr. Hunter's works, were received, is a sufficient testimony of his literary abilities.

Some years before he died, he undertook a History of London; but illness, and some domestic misfortunes, prevented his giving it the finishing strokes. A young gentleman, a protégé of the Doctor, began the *continuation*; but it has not yet been concluded.

Dr. Hunter was, for several years, secretary to the Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland. In his religious sentiments, he adhered to the Calvinistic system, as set forth in the Confession of the Church of Scotland, framed by the assembly of divines, in 1640; but he was no bigot, neither

neither had he any of that austerity of manner which too frequently distinguishes the Calvinists.

That Dr. Hunter was a man of considerable learning and ingenuity, and a writer of no ordinary powers, must be evident from what we have advanced. He was also an elegant preacher; and his mode of prayer was perhaps the most solemn and impressive ever witnessed. But, if he were admired as a scholar, and as a pulpit orator, he was still more beloved and esteemed as a man. An unbounded flow of benevolence was his marked characteristic: any one who has ever seen him read a copy of affecting verses, must, from the tears which would have run down his cheeks, be enabled to judge of his taste and sensibility. But his benevolence was not confined to speculation or mere sentiment. In every society, and in every proposal for benevolent purposes, he was ready to take the lead; and his talents and address were well adapted to ensure the success of the undertaking, and to render the plan beneficial to the utmost. His distressed countrymen, who so often experienced his charitable assistance, have not yet ceased to lament their benefactor, the Secretary of the Scotch Corporation. As a social companion Dr. Hunter shone unrivalled. No greater inducement could be offered to a company than that he was to be of the party. A flow of good humour, and a succession of well-timed anecdotes, delighted every one; and when among a circle of his literary friends—of those amongst whom he could give a loose to his openness of soul, his brilliant flashes of wit, and apt classical quotations, rendered his conversation a pleasure of the highest order.

This estimable character closed his earthly career
on

on the 27th of October, 1802, at the Hot Wells, Bristol, in the 64th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was an inflammation of the lungs. His people, his friends, his acquaintances, every one who had even once had the pleasure of being in his company, lamented the man, whose like they never expected to find again.

THE HONORABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND

SHUTE BARRINGTON, LL.D.

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

JOHN SHUTE, the first Lord Barrington, was descended from ancestors of considerable reputation, several of whom served the kings of England with honor as commanders in the wars of Normandy, when that duchy was annexed to the English crown. His lordship's father was an eminent merchant in London, who having acquired a handsome fortune in trade, retired to Theobald's, in Hertfordshire, where Mr. Shute was born, in 1678. He received his education at Utrecht, where he acquired the reputation of being a good classical scholar, as appears from a philosophical dissertation *De Theocratia Civili*, which he printed there in 1697. On his return to England, he entered of the Inner Temple, and formed an intimacy with some of the greatest and most ingenious persons of that age, particularly Locke, Sir Peter King, Lord Somers, &c. He was zealously attached to the principles of the Revolution; in consequence of which he was made a commissioner of the customs, and had several other employments of honor and profit offered him, which he declined accepting, whilst the act for occasional conformity

conformity was in force, he being a conscientious dissenter from the established church. He was adopted, without his knowledge, by two gentlemen of good estates, Francis Barrington, of Tofts, in the county of Essex, Esq. pursuant to whose settlement he took the name of Barrington; and by John Wildman, of Becket, in the county of Berks, Esq. from a just persuasion of his inflexible attachment to the interest of religion and virtue in general, and the religious and civil liberties of his country. He was chosen into parliament by the town of Berwick, without any solicitation on his own part; and in 1720 was created a peer of Ireland, by George the First, for his eminent services and unshaken loyalty to the House of Hanover and the British constitution. This good and great man died almost suddenly in 1734, and was buried in the church of Shrivenham, in Berkshire, where a monument was soon after erected to his memory. Lord Barrington was deeply read in sacred literature, as appears from his *Miscellanea Sacra*, in 2 vols. 8vo. published in 1726, and reprinted, with additions, in 3 vols. in 1770. He also wrote another excellent work, entitled, "An Essay on the several dispensations of God to mankind." The exact picture of his mind appears in the advice which he gave to his son and heir just before his death.

"The study of morality," says his lordship, "is the noblest of all other; these eternal truths that regulate the conduct of God and man. This alone can be called the science of life; will instruct us how to act in this scene with happiness and usefulness; to leave it with composure, and be associated in a future and better state to the best moralists and philosophers that ever lived; to the wisest men, and the
greatest

greatest benefactors of mankind; to confessors and martyrs for truth and righteousness; to prophets and apostles; to cherubim and seraphim; to the Holy Spirit that searches and knows the deep things of God; to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant; and to God the judge of all, who is before all, above all, and in us all."*

Lord Barrington left behind him six sons; five of whom have risen to great eminence, in the service of their country, and in their respective professions.

William, viscount Barrington, the eldest son, distinguished himself, not only by his political talents, but for the excellence of his head, and the suavity and urbanity of his manners. He successively filled the offices of secretary of war, chancellor of the exchequer, treasurer of the navy, and post-master-general. Francis, the second son, died young. Major-general John Barrington, the third son, commanded at the reduction of Guadaloupe, and died in 1764. Daines, the fourth son, was bred to the law; became a bencher of the Middle Temple, and a Welch judge, which last situation he resigned some years before his death, in 1801. He was a good naturalist, and a diligent antiquary, as well as a sound constitutional lawyer. His quarto volume of *Miscellaneous Tracts*, and his numerous contributions to the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries, shew his talents to great advantage. The memory of admiral Samuel Barrington, the fifth son, stands honorably recorded in our naval history, by many actions of eminent skill and bravery, parti-

* Biog. Brit. Also Mackewen's Funeral Sermon on Lord Barrington,

cularly at the reduction of the island St. Lucia, in 1778; when, with a very inferior force, he repulsed the French admiral count D'Estaing. In 1782 he served under lord Howe, and had a considerable share in the memorable relief of Gibraltar. He died in 1800.

The only surviving son of the first lord Barrington is the venerable bishop of Durham, who was born at his father's seat in Hertfordshire, in 1733. He received his education at Eton school, from whence he removed to Merton college, Oxford. In the summer of 1756, he was appointed by the vice-chancellor to reconcile the scientific members of the university to the introduction of the arts, upon the celebrated donation of the Pomfret marbles; on which occasion he delivered a very elegant speech in the theatre, which gave great satisfaction to a numerous and learned auditory. In November following he entered into holy orders; and the next year completed his degrees in arts. At the accession of his present Majesty he was appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary; and in 1762, was installed a canon of Christ church, Oxford: on which occasion he took his degree of doctor in civil law.

In 1769, Dr. Barrington was advanced to the bishopric of Landaff; and soon after we find him distinguishing himself in his senatorial capacity, by bringing forward a bill for the effectual prevention of adultery, in the prohibition of the marriages of the criminal parties. So just a measure, and one called for by the increase of a most enormous evil in all ranks of life, one should have supposed could hardly be resisted, even by the vicious, without a blush; yet with regret must it be recorded, that the bill, after passing the House of
Lords

Lords without a division, experienced its death blow in the Commons.

In 1770 his lordship republished the valuable performance of his father, entitled *Miscellanea Sacra*, to which he made some excellent additions. In 1782 he was translated to the diocese of Salisbury, the cathedral of which city, as well as the episcopal palace, owe all their present renovated beauty to his exertions, taste, and munificence. On the death of Dr. Thurlow, in 1791, his lordship was translated to the bishopric of Durham; in which, as in each preceding station of the church, he has always watched over his clergy with the tenderness of a parent, and the vigilance of an overseer of Christ's flock. In this place it peculiarly behoves us to mention the laudable caution taken by the bishop of Durham, in examining into the characters and qualifications of candidates for holy orders: and we believe, that we are perfectly correct in stating, that he is the first bishop of the church of England who has particularly required some knowledge of the Hebrew language in those persons who are candidates for priest's orders. The bishop also, in his attention to the improvement of the younger clergy, most commendably adopted the plan of giving appropriate rewards to those candidates for deacons' and priests' orders, who had made the greatest proficiency in biblical learning. And here we are naturally called upon to notice the truly liberal manner in which the bishop of Durham has uniformly exercised the extensive right of patronage which he enjoys. We are persuaded that in no instance has he disposed of any preferment or benefice, without a due and primary regard being had to the merits of the person on whom it has been bestowed.

Thus much we are certain of, that in no part of the kingdom, nor by any single prelate, alive or dead, have there been so many able and deserving clergymen provided for, as in the diocese of Durham, during the episcopate of Dr. Barrington. To confirm this assertion, we need only mention the names of Dr. Burgess, the present exemplary bishop of St. David's, Dr. Paley,* Dr. Gray, Mr. Faber, Mr. Brewster, *cum multis aliis*; men who have pre-eminently distinguished themselves in the cause of truth, and the church of England.

The bishop of Durham has always been a liberal and active promoter of charitable institutions; and all others that have had for their object the public good. Among these we shall only notice the Society for bet-

* The dedication to the bishop of this excellent writer's last valuable work on *Natural Theology*, is so honourable to both parties, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving an extract in this place.

"Your lordship," says Dr. Paley, "wants not the testimony of a dedication; nor any testimony from me: I consult therefore the impulse of my own mind, when I declare, that in no respect has my intercourse with your lordship been more gratifying to me, than in the opportunities, which it has afforded me, of observing your earnest, active, and unwearied solicitude, for the advancement of substantial Christianity; a solicitude, nevertheless, accompanied with that candour of mind, which suffers no subordinate differences of opinion, when there is a coincidence in the main intention and object, to produce any alienation of esteem, or diminution of favor. It is fortunate for a country, and honorable to its government, when qualities and dispositions like these are placed in high and influencing stations. Such is the sincere judgment which I have formed of your lordship's character, and of its public value: my personal obligations I can never forget."

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tering the Condition of the Poor, in the widely extended branches of which patriotic institution he has taken the unwearied pains, and the reports of the society exhibit many valuable communications from his pen. His lordship has also been one of the principal promoters of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street; the School for the Indigent Blind, in St. George's Fields; the Society for carrying into effect his Majesty's Proclamation for promoting Piety and Virtue, &c. &c. On several occasions he has been a powerful and successful advocate for public charities from the pulpit, as well as being a liberal subscriber.

In his literary capacity the bishop of Durham's character is more confined, but not less respectable. His classical and theological attainments are of the most honorable kind; though he has not chosen to make any conspicuous figure in the world of letters as an author. However, the few pieces which he has published, possess intrinsic excellence. His style is chaste and vigorous; and he recommends the most important truths by arguments and eloquence, well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of his readers. He has published three or four sermons on public occasions; a Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Salisbury; some Episcopal charges; and in Mr. Bowyer's Conjectural Emendations on the New Testament, are some acute articles of criticism, which were the communication of bishop Barrington. As specimens of his lordship's manner of writing, we shall extract one or two passages from his charges to the clergy of the diocese of Durham. The first is from his primary charge in 1792, on the importance of the ministerial office.

“ From what I have observed in different parts of this address,” says his lordship, “ on some of the duties of a parish minister, it is easy to collect, that his office is of no trivial consequence in society. Indeed there cannot be imagined a more important function. His situation is distinguished by the most interesting duties, which may render him by turns, the teacher, the adviser, the friend, the guardian of his people. The faithful discharge of his duties will ensure respect; and the residence, the habitual intercourse which that fidelity implies, will add affection to his character. A responsibility for the intellectual improvement, the spiritual welfare, the eternal interest of his people, is a very awful consideration. To direct the unformed and ingenuous perceptions of the young; to reanimate the dormant sensibilities of the old; and to present to all ages and conditions, such a picture of truth, as may warn them against the deceitfulness of this world, and prepare them effectually for another; are objects sufficient to employ the ablest talents, and to interest the best feelings of our nature. An office which possesses so many means of public service, I need not add, requires for the due discharge of it, proportionate qualifications.”

The commencement of his lordship's charge in 1801, is peculiarly striking. “ A gracious Providence,” says he, “ has brought us to the beginning of a new century. We stand on an eminence, which gives us a near prospect of an ocean apparently subsiding into a calm, but covered with wreck, and still agitated by the tempest, that has filled it with the spoil of nations. When we consider that the awful Power ‘ which rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm,’ has not
only

only defended us from the calamitous effects of such complicated ruin, but has distinguished us by *other* eminent marks of favor, what a multitude of mixed emotions of triumph, gratitude, hope, and pious resolution crowd upon the mind! A national establishment of Christianity, unincumbered by the corruption of popery, and unendangered by the leaven of republican discordance; a king who holds himself bound by principle and conscience to maintain it; and whose virtues have been the Palladium of our internal peace and security; a system of laws, which, while they give liberty and protection to the poorest subjects, afford no invidious immunities to the richest; a succession of splendid and important victories by sea and land; but above all the invisible interposition of that Providence, which has showered upon our heads such accumulated blessings. These are subjects of triumph, which demand of us as a nation, and as individuals, every effort of gratitude and renovated duty."

In the distressing winter of 1799, his lordship sent a circular letter to the magistrates of the county palatine of Durham, in which he pointed out most clearly the proper modes of supplying the wants of the poor in times of scarcity. The bishop also afforded constant relief to near four hundred poor cottagers in his neighbourhood, by distributing among them rice and other articles of provision.

Another amiable feature in the character of the bishop's benevolence, is the attention which he has shewn to the edification of the aged poor. In his charge, delivered at the visitation in 1797, their consideration is thus pathetically considered. "In most country parishes there is a considerable proportion of

the poor who, from want of early education, cannot partake of the advantages to be derived from reading. An old man, who, from age and incapacity for labour, finds himself disengaged from this world, and approaching every day nearer to the next; and yet is shut out, in a great degree, from the light and consolations of the Gospel, by his inability to read the word of God, and good books, is an object of pity; and to relieve such necessity as this, is, indeed, one of the highest acts of Christian charity. The parish church, it is true, is accessible to him; and, if he be well disposed, he will be more diligent in frequenting it: but we all know, how difficult it often is to confine the mind to the proper object of prayer, even with the assistance of the written form. How much more difficult must it be for him, whose vacant mind is open to the intrusion of every vain and idle thought? And with all the advantages of public worship, he will still have many unoccupied, tedious, and solitary hours, which it would be happy for him if he could convert to the service of eternity. Much, I conceive, might be done by occasional conference with him at his own dwelling, concerning the state of his faith, his hopes, and his views of futurity. And, if this conference were accompanied with the reading to him of some portion of scripture, or of some easy tract on the truth and promises of the Gospel, his minister would do him an act of inestimable kindness. If you could advance one step beyond this, and induce the aged poor to assist one another, and form little societies in a large, or one society, in a small parish, at which those who are readers might read to those who are not, it would be bringing your poor to a most desirable and edifying state

state of spiritual communion ; such as would contribute very greatly to their comfort during the short period of remaining life, as well as at the awful hour of death."

In consequence of this most excellent suggestion, some of the clergy instantly set about forming friendly societies of the aged poor in their respective parishes, to which the bishop has ever continued a liberal benefactor, and for whose use he drew up a prayer peculiarly adapted to their period of life.

And here, the writer of this article cannot but express his anxious wish to see so excellent a plan generally adopted, as having the happy tendency of rendering the closing scenes of the lower orders of the community easy to themselves, and consoling and edifying to their relatives. Goldsmith's beautiful description of the close of a virtuous and protracted life, is most likely to be realized and made general, by the establishment of these aged societies:—

" Onward he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While *resignation* gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His HEAV'N commences, ere this world is past."

As a peer of parliament, the bishop of Durham has frequently addressed the house, but principally on occasions more especially affecting the interests of public morals and religion. On the different agitations of the question concerning the abolition of the slave trade, he has generally spoken with energy in the cause of suffering humanity.

His

His Lordship has been twice married; first to Lady Diana, daughter of Charles Duke of St. Albans. She died in 1766; and 1770 he married Miss Guise, daughter of Sir John Guise, Bart. On the death of her brother Sir William Guise, she came into possession of the large estates of her ancient and honorable family. The bishop has had no issue by either of his marriages.

CHARLES DIBDIN, SEN.

THE life of a man, who has written upwards of nine hundred songs, and nearly seventy dramatic pieces, exclusively of his entertainments of *Sans Souci*, besides having furnished music for fifteen or sixteen pieces, the productions of other writers, cannot fail of exciting a lively interest in the minds of a certain portion of the British public. That interest must be materially increased, when it is known that Mr. Dibdin, the subject of this memoir, is indebted almost solely to himself for his musical education. "My acquirements," says he, "such as they are, have been attained through the medium of strong conception, a retentive memory, and an indefatigable observation." When he was nine years old, Mr. Fussell, the organist of Winchester Cathedral, taught him the gamut, and the table which points out the length of the notes, and the divisions of the time; exclusively of which, five or six common tunes, amongst which were *God save the King*, and *Foote's Minuet*, were the only exercises he ever received from a master.

Of this gentleman's family we know but little, beyond the circumstance, that his father was a silversmith, and lived at Southampton. In that town young Dibdin was born, sometime, we believe, about the year 1745 or 1746. He was originally intended for the church; but his ruling passion was for music; and that

that passion was fed by a variety of fortuitous circumstances. When quite a boy, he had a remarkably good voice; and, chiefly in consequence of the fame which he acquired by singing at the college and cathedral of Winchester, at the Concert Rooms, and at the races and assizes, a weekly subscription concert was established. At this concert, the instrumental performers were principally clergymen. Amongst them were Dr. Eden, the Archdeacon; Dr. Hoadley, the Chancellor; the Messrs. Biddulphs; Mr. Cornwall, afterwards speaker of the house of commons; Colonel Cæsar, and a long list of residents in the vicinity of Winchester. Mr. Ashe, Madge Cotton, (the brother of Cotton who travested Virgil) and several other beneficed clergymen in the neighbourhood, composed the band, and young Dibdin was the principal singer. At this time he was twelve years old, and was so much occupied in the study and practice of music, as to find but little leisure for any other pursuit.

He some time afterwards put up for an organist's place at Waltham, in Hampshire; and, had he not been rejected on account of his youth, it is not impossible, as he himself observes, that he should have been obliged to content himself with thirty pounds a year, an annual concert, and snacking his profits, as a teacher, with the governess of a country boarding-school.

Whilst he was enquiring for another vacancy, his brother, a seaman (the particulars of whose life Mr. Dibdin has since recounted, under the name of Captain Higgins, in his novel of Hannah Hewet) invited him to London, assuring him that he could provide for him in a satisfactory manner. Young Dibdin accordingly

ordingly came to town, visited all the churches, fell in love with extempore playing; and, by favour of a deputy organist, he frequently played the congregation out of church, at St. Bride's, before he was sixteen years old.—About this time, his brother sailed for the West Indies, as master of the *Hope*; but he had left the channel only a very short time before he parted convoy in a gale of wind, and was picked up by a French 74. Previously to his departure from England, however, he had introduced Mr. Dibdin to a person of the name of Johnson, who at that time kept a music shop in Cheapside. On that gentleman he soon grew tired of attending, as when he called, he used to set him down to tune harpsichords, an employment for which he felt the height of disgust. He offered him several songs and sonatas; but as they had not been performed at the Theatres, at Vauxhall, nor had even been introduced by music masters at boarding schools, Johnson would not publish them. The first of Mr. Dibdin's productions, we believe, which were submitted to the press, were half a dozen ballads, which sold at three halfpence a-piece; for the copyright of which, the Thompsons, in St. Paul's churchyard, gave him three guineas, after he had procured them to be performed at Finch's Grotto.

Mr. Dibdin having lost sight of the church and of the organ-loft, now turned his thoughts to the counting-house, but, getting acquainted with Beard, Rich, and other performers, his attention was directed to the theatre. He had then never seen a play in London; and, as to an opera, he had no conception of it. It is not surprizing, therefore, that, when he first went, he found himself enchanted. The first crash of an over-

ture, astonished him. What is very extraordinary, however, is, that merely from hearing how the parts were combined and worked together in the band, he completely learned the secret of composition. After listening one morning to the rehearsal of Thomas and Sally, he comprehended so closely the construction of the composition, that he could think of nothing else the whole day. The next morning he also attended a rehearsal, when all that passed so tenaciously adhered to his memory, that he went home and drew out a score of the entertainment. This was incorrect; but it enabled him to see, that he should easily get at all he wanted. He immediately became his own instructor; and with all the austerity of a pedagogue, he set himself the most difficult possible tasks.

Mr. Dibdin had been introduced to Rich but a very short time, when that performer determined to take him under his protection, and to bring him forward as the successor of Leveridge, the singer. As an earnest of his good intentions, Rich proposed to take Dibdin into his house, with a view that they might contrive a new pantomime together; but, understanding that he had actually taken a poor devil under his roof in the same manner; that they had fabricated a farce together, called *The Spirit of Contradiction*; that it had been damned; and that the author, in consequence, had been desired to walk out of the house, Mr. Dibdin resisted this kindness, in which he thought danger was perceptible.

At Rich's house, however, he attended all the levees; and by the good offices of Beard, was at length introduced to the treasurer,—a circumstance of some importance to his finances. In the *Coronation*, he distinguished

tinguished himself in the chorus department; but, during the run of that spectacle, Rich died, and all his new prospects vanished.

But Beard, on whom the management of Covent-Garden Theatre devolved, proved a new patron. Having seen some specimens of his songs, and other things which he had set to music, he advised him to try his hand at something for the stage. Under this encouragement, Mr. Dibdin very soon completed a pastoral, entitled, *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which, with a few alterations, was successfully performed at his benefit, in the season 1762-3, and repeated in the following season.

In consequence, however, of various *friendly hints*, and *considerate inuendoes*, intimating that it was the height of arrogance to thrust himself forward as an author and composer, at that early time of life, he found his mind much disturbed; and therefore formed a resolution to write no more, at least for a time, but to stick to the stage, and occasionally to compose music. In seeking to accomplish this resolution, he attentively witnessed the performances of Garrick, through all his great characters.

In the summer of 1762, Mr. Dibdin performed at the Richmond theatre; in the following season, in town, he met with some encouragement; and, in the summer of 1763, he went to Birmingham with Younger. At the latter place, exclusively of the theatre, he had an engagement at Vauxhall, where he had an opportunity of introducing his music; which, with some recommendatory letters, procured him several respectable connexions in the neighbourhood.

In the following season at Covent-Garden, Mr. Dibdin performed *Ralph*, in the *Maid of the Mill*, with such extraordinary success, that *Ralph* handkerchiefs were worn in compliment to his exertions. The first Saturday that he paid a visit to the treasurer after the piece came out, he found his salary increased ten shillings a week; the next Saturday it was advanced ten shillings more; and the same additional compliment was paid on the Saturday following. On that evening Beard sent for him to his dressing-room, very cordially took him by the hand, and told him that his salary would continue for a few weeks, as it then was, when he should, if he approved, order an article to be prepared for three years, for a salary of three, four, and five pounds a week, which he said, were the terms on which he commenced his own career. For such a boy as Dibdin then was, this proposal was extremely liberal and handsome. From the moment, however, that he experienced this encouragement, a thousand envious whispers were in circulation; and so uncomfortable did they render him, that, if he had known how to exist tolerably, in any other manner, he would, with pleasure, have relinquished the life of an actor altogether. He proposed to Beard to give up a part of his intended salary, if he would so word the article, that he should never have to perform in any thing but musical pieces. This would, he conceived, have a tendency to dissipate that envy which was felt against him by some of the performers. Beard would not make such a precedent in the articles, but assured him he should experience the accommodation he wished. This assurance was most honorably adhered to, until the last year of Mr. Dibdin's article, by which time
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the theatre had come into Colman's hands, and, on the very first night it opened, he was fixed on as one of the Kings of Brentford, in the *Rehearsal*.—It should here be observed, that the article which Mr. Dibdin signed, formed the precedent for those agreements in which performers have covenanted not to receive their salaries whenever they shall be incapacitated from attending their duty by indisposition. This clause, denominated the *sick clause*, which has since been a source of much chagrin to actors, was inserted without Mr. Dibdin's knowledge, as he neglected to read over the instrument before he signed it.

In the ensuing summer, Low opened the Richmond theatre; and in conjunction with Dibdin, he produced a new pastoral, and a new pantomime, both of which were favourably received.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Dibdin was the original Watty Cockney, in the new opera of *Love in the City*, (since altered into the *Romp*.) He also composed the overture, the first chorus, the finales of the first and second acts, and three of the songs.—Dibdin now found how egregiously he had been mistaken, in supposing that he should escape the shafts of envy, by confining himself to musical exertion. Simpson, the hautboy player, and some other persons, persuaded Beard that his music, in *Love in the City*, would discredit his theatre; and that, in particular, the overture, and one of the songs were written contrary to the rules of harmony. Dibdin, knowing the influence of Simpson, took a copy of the overture and song complained of; and, accompanied by a particular friend, waited upon Dr. Arne. The doctor, after looking carefully over the scores, pronounced that there was

nothing in them against the rules of harmony ; observed, that it was a pity Mr. Simpson would not stick to his hautboy, without pretending to judge of what he was not at all acquainted with ; and told Mr. Dibdin, that, if he would privately inform him when there was to be another rehearsal, he would himself attend. Arne was as good as his word ; and at the rehearsal, finding the pieces had been altered by some other person, he desired to hear them in the original state. When they were produced, and played over, he pronounced the whole business to be a scandalous attempt to ruin the reputation of a young man, who deserved to meet with encouragement and protection. In consequence of this decision, Dibdin's music was restored and performed with success. Dr. Arne, after declaring his opinion, went up to Dibdin, saying :—" Give me your hand, my boy ; go on and prosper. I have done you justice ; it was my duty ; but I'll be damned if you don't prove a formidable rival to me, for all that."—*Love in the City* was damned on the sixth night of its performance ; but Dibdin's music was greatly applauded ; and, when the piece was afterwards altered into the *Romp*, most of his pieces were retained.

Mr. Dibdin's next effort was of a bolder stamp. In *Lionel and Clarissa*, he composed nearly two-thirds of the music, and when that opera was altered into the *School for Fathers*, it was almost wholly his composition. All this time, however, he was labouring for nothing ; but, as he was employed by an author, who was a complete judge of writing for music, he was content to temporize ; and, after a good deal of difficulty,

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he obtained, for all the music, about forty-eight pounds, giving up the copy-right.

When Mr. Colman came into the management, Dibdin's situation was rendered extremely uncomfortable. Every promise that had been made to him by Beard was infringed, and nothing that he could do seemed to afford satisfaction. At the benefit season, he was informed that he might take half a benefit; but, after much contention, a night was fixed for him, though at more than a fortnight later, than accorded with his former arrangement. Unfortunately, when the night arrived, an order from the Lord Chamberlain suspended the performances at the theatre, in consequence of the death of some great personage; and, instead of his having the first night, after the re-opening, as had been customary in such cases, he was put off to the second, when the house was empty.

His articles now being nearly expired, Mr. Dibdin meditated on an engagement at Drury Lane; to which Garrick evinced some inclination, having shewn him much attention at Richmond, in the summer of 1767, and taught him *Lord Ogleby*, which part he performed there with considerable success. In the summer of 1768, it was intended to bring out the *Padlock*, at the Haymarket; but, by a piece of finesse, on the part of Garrick, it was secured for Drury Lane, and Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compose the music. The author had promised Moody that he should perform the character of Mungo, which had been partly written in conformity to his suggestions; but, conceiving that the part ought to belong to him, Dibdin, in the composition of the songs, is understood to have taken care that Moody should not be able to sing them. The

contrivance succeeded, and Mungo was given to Dibdin, who played the part with very extraordinary success.—The music of the *Padlock*, experienced an unprecedented sale. A set of plates, we are informed, will take off about three thousand five hundred impressions; and as, in the course of thirteen years, nearly three sets of plates, for the *Padlock*, had been worn out, some estimate may be formed of the enormous profit which was produced. The author kept the copy-right of the words in his own hands; and, upwards of thirty years ago, twenty-eight thousand copies had been sold. By the sale of those, and his benefits, including a hundred guineas with which Garrick presented him on the twentieth night, the author is supposed to have cleared at least seventeen hundred pounds. Notwithstanding this encouragement, poor Dibdin received but five-and-forty pounds for composing the whole of the music!—He of course considered himself as unhandsomely treated, both by Garrick and the author of the *Padlock*. The former, however, had secured him, by advancing him some money, for the purpose of liquidating certain debts which he had contracted, on account of his brother; who, after experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune, had been liberated from a long and unjust confinement, and had obtained an appointment in India. This insidious munificence of Garrick operated as a spell upon the circumstances of Dibdin for several years. With respect to the author of the *Padlock*, he determined to do nothing more on his account without being paid. For some music which he subsequently composed for him, he obtained a bond for fifty pounds; but, as Bickerstaff, the person alluded to, some time after
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went out of the kingdom, Dibdin never got the money. —He composed the music of *The Maid the Mistress*, *The Recruiting Serjeant*, and the *Ephesian Matron*, all by the same author; but, as they came out at Ranelagh, with the proprietors of which Dibdin had an article for two seasons, at a hundred pounds a season for all the music that he should compose, he was no loser.

In the celebrated *Jubilee*, at Stratford, and in the representation of it which followed, at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Dibdin was actively employed. He set and re-set songs for it, till his patience was exhausted; and, after expending about six-and-twenty pounds in journies, &c. he was rewarded by Garrick, with a present of twenty guineas!

Garrick was now anxious to retain him as composer to the theatre, by a convention of such a nature as should prevent him from carrying his music to any other market without his consent. He accordingly hinted to Mr. Dibdin, that he had not been properly remunerated for his trouble concerning the *Jubilee*, and told him, that if he would now set *Damon and Phillida*, he would have it performed, and give him the usual emoluments. Dibdin performed the proposed task; but it was represented that there was an awkwardness in the job, that *Damon and Phillida* could not be called a new piece, and therefore, he was not entitled to a benefit. Garrick told him however, that it should be considered. Shortly after this, Dibdin signed articles with Garrick, as composer to the house, by which he was to have six pounds a week for three years, and seven for four more. Mr. Dibdin, who seems to have had a predilection for signing articles without perusing them, found

found, on looking over them afterwards, that they contained a clause, considering him as paid for every thing that had been previously unsettled; and thus, with the exception of fifteen pounds, for which he sold the copy-right of the music, to the Thompsons, in St. Paul's Church Yard, he obtained nothing for *Damon and Phillida*.

Dibdin, still anxious not to thrust himself too much forward, adhered to the insidious advice of Garrick; who persuaded him not to announce himself, at least for a time, as the composer of the *Padlock*. We have seen that, with the exception of the *Jubilee* and *Damon and Phillida*, he had not for a considerable time set any words to music, but such as were written by Bickerstaff. At length, this writer absconded in consequence of being charged with an attempt to commit a very heinous crime. This circumstance attracted the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; and amongst others, Garrick, though very unjustly, was hinted at, as having participated in his infamy. Dibdin too, was implicated in the mischievous charges that were adduced; and it is much to be regretted that the authors of the malignant attacks that were made, both upon him and Garrick, had not been brought to a severer punishment than that which awaited them.—After Bickerstaff's disappearance, Dibdin had no one to compose for, and he accordingly determined to write an opera himself. Unknown to Garrick, he produced an entertainment, entitled, *The Wedding Ring*, avowedly taken from an Italian piece. Mr. James Aickin was the only person privy to the circumstance. *The Wedding Ring* was accepted; but, previously to its representation, it was mentioned, in a public newspaper,

paper, as a production of Bickerstaff's. Dibdin immediately made affidavit, that Bickerstaff was not the author. The next day in the newspaper alluded to, this oath was termed a prevaricating one, because it did not say who was the author; and several paragraphs were very pointedly levelled at Mr. Dibdin on the subject. On this, accompanied by his friend Aickin, he proceeded to the printing-office, with a determination of taking summary vengeance on the assailant of his character. It so happened that he did not meet with the subject of his rage, who is said to have gone into the country to avoid him; but an action was afterwards commenced, and would have been carried on, had it not been for the villainy of the plaintiff's attorney, who decamped with the money, which had been raised by a subscription amongst the performers, unknown to Mr. Dibdin, to defray the legal expences.—On the first night of the *Wedding Ring*, the audience would not suffer the piece to proceed, until Mr. King came forward and begged leave to read a paper, put into his hands by Mr. Dibdin; the purport whereof was, that Mr. Dibdin had positively sworn that Mr. Bickerstaff was not the author, and that the public should be made acquainted with the author's name in a day or two. The piece was now quietly performed; but at its close, the audience became extremely clamorous to have the author's name announced. Mr. King again came forward with an apology; hoping that the town would not think him a party in any division; and then informed them that the managers had resolved, if Mr. Dibdin made use of any equivocation, to dismiss him from the theatre, and that the performers would shun him as a perjured man

man, and a pest to society. This declaration, however, did not produce the desired effect. Mr. Dibdin himself was obliged to appear, when he avowed himself the author of both the words and music. The audience were then appeased, and the entertainment experienced a favorable reception. An apology was afterwards made to Mr. Dibdin, in the newspaper where the slander originated, exculpating him from the charges which had been made. It was, we presume, from this circumstance that an idle report for some time prevailed, that Bickerstaff actually wrote the songs which Dibdin gave to the public as his own. Nothing could be more absurd or unfounded than such an opinion.

About this time, Mr. King purchased Sadler's Wells, for which, in the summer of 1772, Mr. Dibdin introduced a couple of successful interludes—*The Ladle*, and *The Mischance*.

He had already composed a pantomime, and several temporary pieces, for Drury-lane theatre, when he received a literal translation of the *Deserter*, a piece then extremely popular in France, together with a copy of the music. The gentleman who sent it was the Hon. Mr. De Bourg, who requested Dibdin to get it on the stage. He instantly consulted Garrick, who declined it. Foote accepted it, and it would have been brought out at the Haymarket, had not Garrick, who changed his mind upon the subject, contrived to get it back, promising Dibdin that he would get it out. In the interim he was employed in composing music for the *Christmas Tale*, one of Garrick's own pieces. The *Deserter* was at length brought forward, but in a manner by no means adequate to Mr. Dibdin's wishes.

Jealousies

Jealousies and dissatisfactions now arose between Garrick and Dibdin. The latter made a tender of the *Waterman*, which Garrick rejected with contempt; but it was afterwards successfully performed at the Haymarket. The success of this piece encreased the chagrin of Garrick. Dibdin, at the suggestion of Garrick, next produced the *Cobler*, which is said to have been damned by a party on the tenth night. The manager and composer now disagreed more than ever. During the last season of Dibdin's articles, he wrote and composed the *Quaker*, which he sold to Brereton as a benefit piece, for seventy pounds. This piece, in the following season, Garrick purchased from Brereton for an hundred pounds, after it had been once performed, and manufactured an entertainment from it, called *May-day*, or the *Little Gipsy*.

After he had left Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Dibdin meditated some severe literary attacks upon Garrick. These, however, were not put into execution; but, at a sort of puppet-shew, which he subsequently brought forward at Exeter 'Change, called the *Comic Mirror*, he did not fail to introduce his old acquaintance. This was done out of revenge, for his having taken the piece of the *Quaker*, and worked it into *May-day*. In the *Comic Mirror* were exhibited most of the public characters and events of the day; amongst which were, Macklin, the Duchess of Kingston, the Catch Club, the Ranelagh Regatta, &c. &c. The *Comic Mirror* was afterwards shewn at Marybone Gardens, by Dr. Arnold; and was finally deposited in the Temple of Apollo, St. George's Fields, where it was buried amongst the ruins of that place of amusement.

Mr. Dibdin now went over to France, where he remained

remained about a year and a half, or two years. Previously to his departure, Mr. Harris, of Covent-Garden, promised to receive such pieces as he might think proper to send, and Dr. Arnold undertook the task of superintending them. Accordingly, during his absence, the *Scraglio*, and *Poor Vulcan*, were successfully brought forward, though with several alterations not at all to the satisfaction of Mr. Dibdin.

On his return to England, he entered into a verbal agreement with Mr. Harris, to receive ten pounds a week, during the season, as exclusive composer of Covent-Garden theatre. He had brought over a great variety of materials; and one of his first proposals to Mr. Harris was, to get up half a dozen single-act pieces, one of which, in turn, was to be performed every evening, between the play and entertainment. Mr. Harris approved the plan, which certainly appears to have been a very judicious one, and six pieces were given in. However, instead of producing them in the manner proposed, two of them (*Rose and Colin*, and *The Wives Revenged*) were brought out one evening. Thus the spirit of the plan was lost; and, though these little *bagatelles* proved tolerably attractive, only one more (*Annette and Lubin*) was given to the public.

Mr. Dibdin was next employed on the eminently successful pantomime of *The Touchstone*; a pye, in which so many fingers were occupied, that it was spoken of as the production of nearly half a dozen different people. During one of the last rehearsals of this piece, a reconciliation took place between the subject of this memoir and Mr. Garrick, who died a few days after.

Dibdin's entertainment of *The Chelsea Pensioner*, was

brought out in the same evening with Miss Hannah More's tragedy of *Fatal Falshood*; but, in consequence of the unfavourable reception which the latter piece experienced, it never acquired that popularity which otherwise, perhaps, it might have done. His pantomime of *The Mirror; or Harlequin every where*, in which Edwin came out, was more successful; but his opera of *The Shepherdess of the Alps* was so coldly received, that he withdrew it after the third night.

About this time an anonymous pamphlet made its appearance, full of severe strictures on the conduct of the managers of both theatres, which Mr. Harris at first attributed to Dibdin, who, however, fully exonerated himself from the charge. But the latter gentleman, in consequence of the precariousness of his profession, and of the vexations and caprices to which he had been subjected, had for some time entertained the idea of going to India, where his brother, whom we have already mentioned, had acquired a very handsome fortune. Things were considered as nearly ready for his departure, when he received the distressing information, that his brother, having been struck with lightning, had lost the use of one side; and that, having gathered his property together, and embarked for England, in consequence of that circumstance, he had died at the Cape of Good Hope on his passage home.

Mr. Dibdin now attempted a revival of his *Comic Mirror*, with original materials, at the Haymarket theatre; but, although both the Bannisters were engaged in it, the scheme failed. Possessing, however, an uncommon activity of mind, he renewed his connexion with Covent-Garden theatre, where his opera of *The Islanders*, written under an injunction of secrecy

from Mr. Harris, was soon after brought forward, with considerable success. *Harlequin Freemason* followed, and was also very productive to the treasury. Agreeably to the wishes of Mr. Harris, though against his own judgment, he next reduced Dryden's *Amphytrion* into an opera, which was damned. A difference took place, respecting the remuneration for this peice, in consequence of which Mr. Dibdin again quitted Covent-Garden theatre.

He had now been twenty years before the public; in the course of which period he had acquired a considerable portion of reputation, and had drawn some handsome sums of money. Managers, however, he conceived to be hostile to his views of attaining more than a certain degree of fame, and he experienced his full share of disgust towards them. A fairer prospect at length presented itself. Horsemanship was at that time much admired; and he conceived that, if he could divest it of its blackguardism, it might be made a subject of public consequence. He proposed, therefore, to have a stage, on which might be represented spectacles, each to terminate with a joust, or tilting match, or some other grand object, so managed as to form a novel, and striking *coup de theatre*, and that the business of the stage and the ring might be united. The plan was at length agreed upon; a piece of ground was purchased, on the Surry side of Blackfriars-bridge; and, under the auspices of Mr. Dibdin, and several other proprietors, the Royal Circus was erected. It was intended to make this place of amusement a sort of seminary for the theatres. A number of children, to the amount of about sixty, was engaged to sing, and to dance in the several grand ballets which were produced.

produced. In order that a proper degree of decorum might be preserved, a school-master and school-mistress attended the children; at whose house, such as did not live with their parents, were boarded and lodged. During the first season, consisting of something more than five months, while Mr. Dibdin had the uncontrouled management of the concern, the sum of 9500*l.* was taken; and, during the same short period, the two Simonets, the two Leanders, Laborie, Russel, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Bland, who have all since become decided favorites of the public, were brought forward.

The Circus, there is no doubt, would have continued a most profitable and respectable concern, had the proprietors cordially agreed to pull together. In consequence of their numbers, however, differences were continually taking place amongst them; and, as no regular articles of agreement had been drawn up, Mr. Dibdin, through the intrigues of Hughes and Grimaldi, was voted out of the partnership. He subsequently re-engaged in the management, in conjunction with Hughes, who, a second time, left him to bewail his credulity.

After exchanging general releases with the proprietors of the Circus, Mr. Dibdin, who never seems to have had a propensity to idleness, immediately sent an opera, called *Liberty Hall*, to Drury-Lane theatre. This piece was played ten nights; but the tenth night happened to be on Saturday, the play for that evening being *Othello*, and, as Mr. Kemble, by his extreme distinctness, had greatly lengthened the representation, Dodd was singing the *Bells of Aberdovey* at half past twelve on Sunday morning. The audience gradually with-

drew, and the finale was played, for the last time, to nearly an empty house. Mr. Dibdin, who certainly is not deficient in entertaining a good opinion of his own productions, conceiving it to be the duty of managers to produce whatever might be offered to them, with good pretensions to public notice, and conscious that half a loaf was better than no bread, determined to pursue his dramatic pursuits. He sent several afterpieces to Mr. Linley, at Drury-Lane; all of which were returned, the last being accompanied by a laconic note, informing him that they had no occasion for his talents at that theatre. He now determined to work by stratagem, and sent pieces, both anonymously, and through the medium of private friends. But his efforts were uniformly unsuccessful; owing, *as he conceived*, to a breach of confidence in his friends, and to certain passages in his productions which betrayed their author. One of these was a five-act comedy, which was presented by the tutor of the late duke of Bedford. This Mr. Dibdin never recovered; and he says he should not wonder to see it frittered into a farce, and brought out under a new title! What terrible rogues managers must be!

These unsuccessful negotiations continued during the season of 1784-5. Ripe for any feasible adventure that might offer, he was applied to by a certain *magistrate and architect*, who proposed to erect a theatre upon any plan of his projection, on a piece of ground not far from Pancras. To this Mr. Dibdin agreed, under the proviso, that his colleague would certainly procure a licence. He contemplated this plan with much satisfaction; and, being particularly fond of *classical* names and allusions, it was agreed that the place

place should be called *Helicon*. The building proceeded, and the time approached to move for the licence; which, under a variety of pretences, was refused. In the mean time, Mr. Dibdin received an express from Southampton, acquainting him that his mother was on the point of death. He lost not a moment in flying to the bed side of his departing parent, but did not arrive until some hours after her death. Whilst remaining at Southampton, to see her remains deposited in their silent home, he received a letter from town, informing him that on the very night that he left London, a gale of wind had levelled the proud structure of *Helicon* with the dust! On his return, he found that his worthy colleague had appropriated all the materials of the fallen building, which had been purchased at Mr. Dibdin's expence, to his own use; and had even made a bargain with another person for erecting a chapel on the ground. In constructing this castle in the air, Mr. Dibdin lost nearly three hundred pounds.

Soon after this, he yielded to another temptation, from Mr. Daly, the Dublin manager, in sending over some musical materials for his theatre. For about six hundred pounds worth of music, he received one hundred and forty pounds, with a promise that the remainder should be returned, which promise was never fulfilled.

In order to meditate at leisure on what scheme he might most feasibly pursue, he now took his family to a village near Southampton, where he passed some months in retirement. He there began his novel of the *Younger Brother*, and wrote several songs, which afterwards became very popular. On his return to

London, he sent a work, in two volumes, to a certain publisher of novels, in the city; which, though they had been transmitted by request, were returned without acceptance.

Mr. Dibdin, exasperated to the uttermost, now commenced the publication of a weekly satirical paper, called the *Devil*. But it seems to have been his unfortunate fate to meet with rogues of every description, and in every profession. He found it impossible to continue the existence of the *Devil* without a confederacy; and that confederacy betrayed him, connived at a counter publication, and played a hundred unhand-some tricks, till he grew tired, and found it expedient to let the *Devil* die a natural death. That event, however, did not take place, until he had astonished the public by one hundred and twenty appearances. At a subsequent period of his life, Mr. Dibdin conducted another periodical paper, called the *Bye-Stander*.

Still at a loss for a solid and permanent employment, he resumed the idea of going to India; and, to furnish himself with the means of undertaking so expensive a voyage, he determined on making a tour through the country, and to exhibit an entertainment in every respectable place through which he might pass. In putting this determination into practice, he encountered many ludicrous, and some unpleasant circumstances. At some places he met his own *double*, and, at others, he was taken for the *double* of himself. How could he possibly be Mr. Dibdin? said the people. Did not Mr. Dibdin pass the early part of his life in the West Indies? Had he not been several voyages to sea? Was he not a tall, sallow, thin, old man, with a wig? Besides, did he not amass a handsome independency,

pendency, by composing the *Jubilee* and the *Padlock*? and, was it not impossible that he could be under the necessity of strolling about the country? This must, therefore, be an impostor; for did not his advertisement bespeak him a man who required assistance? Were not his declarations, that so far from having ever been at sea, he had never gone farther than across the Channel? And, lastly, was he not a stout, jolly young man, in his own hair?

Previously to his departure on his tour, Mr. Colman had accepted a musical piece from him, called *Harvest Home*; which, under the care of the manager and Dr. Arnold, was speedily brought out with considerable success.

From the period that he had resumed his intention of going to India, he had been negotiating with Mr. Harris for the sale of such music, and dramatic pieces, as he had upon hand; but the negociation terminated unsatisfactorily. At length, after encountering a good deal of vexation, Mr. Dibdin, together with his family, embarked on board a small merchant vessel, which was to proceed to Dunkirk, and thence to Madeira, where he was to be taken up by an outward-bound Indiaman. Previously to this, however, with a view of raising as much money as possible, he disposed of a number of songs, with their music, to different music-sellers. Amongst those were, *My Poll and my partner Joe*, and, *Nothing like Grog*: for the former, which is supposed to have cleared the publisher two hundred pounds, he obtained only two guineas; and, for the latter, he received only half-a-guinea.

The commencement of Mr. Dibdin's voyage was extremely

extremely inauspicious : his captain was an absolute brute, and the ship was not half stocked with provisions. After remaining at Dunkirk for nine or ten days, the ship sailed, with a fair wind ; but in about four and twenty hours, a heavy squall came on, the result of which was, that, after beating about in the Channel for about five days, in great distress, the ship was driven to Torbay. This, again, was unfortunate for Mr. Dibdin. He had left England in debt; and, with the exception of his confidential friends, no one knew whither he was gone. While at Dunkirk, however, feeling himself secure, he obtained a paragraph to be inserted in the London newspapers, stating where he was, and whither he was bound, not omitting even the ship's, and captain's names. The circumstance of the ship being driven into Torbay was, as a matter of course, announced at Lloyd's; which afforded a hint to the lawyers to attempt to bring Mr. Dibdin to town. Apprised of his danger, he retired to Exeter, and subsequently proceeded to Topsham; whence, after deliberating on his situation, he came to town, and took a lodging in the Old Bailey by way of asylum, in case of unpleasant consequences. He found no great difficulty, however, in making an arrangement with his creditors; which, having done, he speedily advertized to perform *The Whim of the Moment*, an entertainment similar in its nature to many others which he has since produced. This, and *The Oddities*, which was performed seventy-nine nights, was successful beyond his hopes. His finances now assuming a highly favorable aspect, he began to be the publisher of his own music. Of the *Greenwich Pensioner* alone, he has published, from first to last, ten thousand seven hundred and

and fifty copies, yielding a profit of more than four hundred pounds; and on the songs of *Poor Tom*, and the *Lamplighter*, he cleared more money in four months, than all that he had ever, in his whole life, received for the sale of music.

In the year 1790, Mr. Dibdin opened the Lyceum with *The Wags*, an entertainment which was played for a hundred and eight nights with astonishing success.

He now began to be extremely harassed by several creditors of the Circus concern; from which, however, he extricated himself without any serious loss.

Mr. Harris, notwithstanding the breach of the former negotiation between them, now applied to Mr. Dibdin, for his permission to introduce some of his songs on his stage. In consequence of this application a motley thing was produced, under the denomination of a Divertisement, which is supposed to have brought the theatre a great deal of money. It is almost needless to observe, that the dialogue of the divertisement was intended merely as a vehicle for introducing a number of Dibdin's songs.

The managers of Sadler's Wells, presuming that Mr. Dibdin's songs were fair game, advertised a medley composed of them; but the public were so exasperated at the unhandsomeness of this conduct, that they would not suffer the performance to proceed.

Mr. Dibdin remained at the Lyceum, until that place became so obnoxious with sparring, with wild beasts, and Lincolnshire oxen, that, to attend his entertainment, was almost like visiting a booth at a fair.

He next took a lease of the premises which belonged at that time to the Polygraphic Society in the Strand.

He

He fitted up a theatre there; and as private theatricals were then the rage, he brought out an entertainment under that title, the success of which was prodigious.

Having a theatre of his own, he considered his popularity to be established upon permanent ground. His receipts were uniformly great throughout the season; the sale of his songs was extensive; and, as far as his labours had then gone, he had also published a third edition of their words, without the music. In his preface to the third edition, after noticing the opinions of the critics upon his songs, he says:—"A gentleman, my hearty well-wisher, dropt in one evening at a coffee-house, where a number of these literary jurymen were holding an inquest over my murdered reputation. He humoured the jest; and before he had finished, proved to the satisfaction of every one present, that *Poor Jack* was a posthumous work of Dr. JOHNSON; that the *Race Horse* was written by the jockey who rode the famous *Flying Childers*; and that *Blow High, Blow Low* was the production of Admiral KEPPEL, who dictated the words to his secretary as he lay in his cot after the memorable battle of the twenty-seventh of July, waiting for the French to try their force handsomely with him the next morning."

About this time Mr. Dibdin obtained a regular licence from the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Salisbury, for his performance. The first piece which he brought out under his licence, was *The Quizzes*.

Certain newspapers, to whose proprietors, or editors, he had refused admissions to his theatre, acted with a good deal of hostility towards him. From one of them, he obtained a verdict of two hundred pounds damages, for a libel, reviving the old story respecting
him

him and Bickerstaff. Soon after this event, he published his novel of *The Younger Brother*. This was about 1792; and, in 1795, he published another novel, called *Hannah Hewit, or the Female Crusac*. In the interim, he brought out *Castles in the Air*, *Great News*, *Will o' the Wisp*, and *Christmas Gambols*, which was the last of his entertainments produced in the Strand.

During the last season of his performance in that place, he had found himself as much annoyed by the cellarmen of a wine-merchant who occupied the cellars beneath his theatre, as he had before been at the Lyceum by the boxers and wild beasts. He therefore embraced a favorable opportunity for getting rid of the lease, and purchased the ground which his theatre now occupies, in Leicester-Place. His first entertainment was *The General Election*, which was followed by *Valentine's Day*. His first opening was very productive; but he soon found that he had removed too far from the city, whence he had ever drawn his most substantial support.

It had long been his intention to write a general history of the stage; and, conceiving the present to be a favorable opportunity for publishing such a work, he commenced the task. He took up the subject from its origin, and assisted by tradition, by circumstances, and by acknowledged history, while he endeavored to prove the antiquity of the theatre, even anterior to the time of Thespis, he regularly brought it from that period to its first symptoms of perfection in Æschylus, and from him accounted for its progress in all countries, up to the death of Garrick. This, which must be acknowledged to be a work of great labour, was published in thirty-six monthly numbers; great

great part of it being written, and dispatched to the printer, while he was upon a country excursion, three or four hundred miles from the capital.

The excursion here alluded to furnished him with the materials for a new piece, which he brought out upon his return, under the title of *A Tour to the Land's End*. This, which had been preceded by *The Sphinx*, and *King and Queen*, was followed by *Tom Wilkins*, and *The Lancashire Witches*.

Having visited Bath, and in fact all the principal places in the kingdom, he determined upon writing a tour. He executed this task with that promptitude which generally seems to have distinguished his undertakings. In this performance, for the first time he exhibited himself to the public in the character of a painter, as well as of a writer. He had never regularly studied the art of painting; but Parsons, the actor, had stimulated him to the pursuit; and at the instance of Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds had lent him several capital landscapes to copy. Eight of the pictures which he painted for this tour, were in the exhibition of 1801, at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Dibdin's more recent entertainments, at Sans Souci, have been the *The Cake House*, *The Frisk*, and *Most Votes*. His last dramatic production, was an afterpiece, constructed from one of his novels, and called after it by the title of *Hannah Hewit*. It was brought out for a benefit in 1798, and we believe, without success.

Mr. Dibdin has now retired from public life, which it was his intention to do some time before, could he have met with a purchaser for his premises and stock of music. In what manner he has arranged in these respects,

respects, we are uninformed. According to report, he is in the enjoyment of a pension, which he obtained under the Addington administration; but this statement is not sanctioned by the account of his professional life, which he himself published about three years ago. We hope, however, that it may be true; as we conceive the loyal sentiments of his songs to have had the happiest effects in keeping alive, and stimulating the spirits of the people. His exertions have never been called forth in the support of vice or immorality; they have never been calculated to excite a blush upon the cheek of modesty or virtue. If the *silence* of such a noxious scribbler as Peter Pindar were worth purchasing with a pension, surely the positive, indefatigable, and unremitting labours of Mr. Dibdin in the cause of virtue, loyalty, and patriotism, have a far higher claim on the munificence of the country.

Of Mr. Dibdin's family connexions we know but little. He has two sons, both of whom have attained some portion of celebrity in the literary and dramatic world, Mr. Thomas Dibdin, in particular, seems to inherit much of his father's spirit, and versatility of talent. It is not understood, however, that either of the gentlemen here alluded to is legitimate. Mr. Dibdin has also a daughter, a self-taught genius, whose pencil furnished no fewer than sixty designs, for the decoration of the professional life of her father already mentioned.

It may perhaps be expected, that we should here offer some opinion on the respective performances of Mr. Dibdin. As to his songs, they are generally known, and many of them are so deservedly admired, that such an effort would be wholly unnecessary. With

respect to his mode of exhibition, it would be almost equally unnecessary. Every one must allow that the labour was great, and that none but a most excellent constitution could have sustained it. It must appear still more extraordinary, when it is stated that, for two and forty years, during which period, one way and another, he has been before the public, his attendance has been so regular, that no apology was ever found requisite to be made for his absence.

We are sorry that we cannot speak in terms equally favorable of what may more strictly be termed Mr. Dibdin's literary productions. His *History of the Stage*, his *Tour*, his *Novels*, his *Life*, &c. all prove him to be completely unacquainted with literary composition, howsoever he may be allowed to excel in that of music. His lapses of grammar are even numerous and glaring. We are very well aware that Mr. Dibdin is likely to entertain a different opinion upon the subject; but, as the author of *Liberty Hall*, we trust that he will leave us in the unmolested possession of ours.

Since the earlier part of this memoir was written, we have been informed that Mr. Dibdin has a novel, of three volumes, in the press; and that he is about to publish a new periodical work, consisting of a series of short and simple essays, and songs, calculated progressively to assist the musical education of young ladies at boarding-schools.



CAPTAIN SIR HOME POPHAM.

"Sirs, I would move
 In just respecte to our brave countrymen,
 That in their absence we forbear to judge them !
 Still in arrais to meete an hostile race
 And front them bearde to bearde, oh ! let us not
 Assail them serving in a foreign clyme
 By random shotte, lest we ourselves should prove
 A direr foe, by wounding their faire fame,
 Than those who but encounter 'gainst their lyfe.
 Victors or vanquish'd, let them home return
 'Ere we by senatorial voice decree
 Our countrie's meede of honour, or of blame !"

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA.

FROM certain events, which have recently occurred,
 we are of opinion, that a summary of the professional
 services of Sir Home Popham, one of the bravest, most
 skilful, most scientific, and most patriotic officers in
 his Majesty's service, will be highly acceptable to the
 public. Sir Home Popham is indeed

"A great man, struggling with the storms of fate."

Towards the close of the last reign, the unfortunate
 Admiral Byng, to screen a guilty administration, was
 condemned, though innocent, to suffer death. Bad as
 it was, there was a *political motive* for the death of

poor Byng; but, in the recent prosecution of Sir Home Popham, we can discover no motive but that of sheer envy and malignity. Sir Home was *personally* obnoxious to ministers; from what cause we have never been able to discover; but, such is the fact; and, although they had no end to obtain, by disgracing, or by attempting to disgrace him, they meanly resolved upon the measure. They did not, however, "in just respects," "forbear to judge" him, during his "absence;" but, in the most dastardly manner, assailed him with "random shotte," whilst "serving in a foreign clyme," and unable to "front them bearde to bearde."

We regret that we feel ourselves under the necessity of asserting, what it would be a most easy task to prove, that the annals of the last three or four years have been stained, by some of the most offensive prosecutions, that ever disgraced any country, in any age. We need only mention the impeachment of Lord Melville; the parliamentary enquiry into the conduct of Sir Home Popham, respecting the Romney; the trial of Sir Robert Calder, for obtaining a victory, for capturing four ships of the enemy, and for almost miraculously preserving his prizes; the trial of Governor Picton, whose conduct had never been tyrannical, illegal, unjust, or severe; and the more recent trial, in which the subject of the present memoir made so conspicuous and so respectable a figure. But Lord Melville, Sir Home Popham, and General Picton, are not state delinquents, nor is Sir Robert Calder a fool; whatever Mr. Whitbread, Lord St. Vincent, the correctly-calculating Mr. Tucker, or the *commis*, Fullarton, may please to alledge to the contrary.

The father of this distinguished officer (for such we must

must persist in calling Sir Home Popham) held an appointment, as British Consul, at the port of Tetuan, on the coast of Morocco, where Sir Home was born, in the month of October, 1762. His mother, who was Mr. Popham's second wife, had a very numerous progeny, of whom he was the one-and-twentieth child. Of this number, General Popham, the eldest, and Sir Home, the youngest, are all who survive. At the period of Mrs. Popham's *accouchement*, the enemy were expected on the coast of Morocco; and, in consequence of terror, from Admiral Gell's firing a salute, she unfortunately died before Sir Home was in the world.

For his education, the subject of this memoir was indebted to his second brother, the late Mr. Stephen Popham, of Madras, a man of great talent in the law. When very young, he was sent to Westminster school; and, at the early age of thirteen, on account of the extraordinary progress which he had made in his studies, he was admitted into the university of Cambridge.

He entered the naval service, under the auspices of the late Commodore Thompson, uncle to Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, the present Comptroller of the Navy, who served with him as midshipman, on board of the *Hyæna*. Mr. Popham is supposed to have been at the defeat of Langara's squadron, in 1778, and to have remained in the *Hyæna*, till the beginning of 1782. Towards the close of the American war, he obtained the rank of lieutenant; but, in consequence of the peace which ensued, he was left without employment.

General Popham had already distinguished himself

in India; a circumstance which induced our young adventurer to direct his attention to that part of the world. He accordingly repaired thither, visited most parts of India, and, having evinced a genius for nautical topography, was appointed, at the special recommendation of Lord Cornwallis, one of a committee to survey New Harbour, in the river Hoogly, which had been considered as a proper place for a dock-yard.

In 1791, Lieutenant Popham commanded a country ship, in India; and, being bound from Bengal to Bombay, during a very tempestuous monsoon, he was obliged to bear up for the Straits of Malacca, and anchor at Pulo Penang, now called Prince of Wales Island. This event led to the discovery and survey of the southern passage, or outlet, which induced him to think that the great *desideratum* of a marine yard might be effectually obtained there. In the same year, a chart was accordingly engraved and published, by permission of government, at the sole expense of Anthony Lambert, Esq. a public-spirited individual, then sheriff of Calcutta.

Lieutenant Popham's exertions, on this occasion, obtained him many handsome acknowledgements. Amongst others, was a letter of thanks from the government of Calcutta, accompanied by a piece of plate, with a suitable inscription. The Court of Directors, also, on receiving the intelligence, recommended him in very strong terms to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. He was likewise presented with a piece of plate, and an appropriate letter, by several East India captains.

Within the last three or four years, the attention of Lord Melville, and of the Governor-General of India, was

was attracted towards Prince of Wales Island, with the view of establishing a dock there, for building ships of the line; in consequence of which, Sir Home Popham, in 1805, published *A Description of Prince of Wales Island*, illustrative of its great advantages and resources, as a marine establishment. He afterwards supported his opinions on this subject, at a general court in the India-House; but it is said that the proprietors, as well as the directors, became disgusted, on account of the persons who were proposed to fill the various new offices that were to have been created, as well as the enormous salaries that were to have been granted.

Lieutenant Popham had now acted, for some years, as a free-trader in the East, when he was appointed to the command of the *Etrusco*, an imperial East India-man. This vessel, on returning from Bengal to Ostend, was taken by an English frigate, a considerable portion of the property on board being supposed to belong to British subjects. Her commander was a considerable loser on this occasion; but, perhaps, had it not been for an event, so apparently disastrous, he would never have had an opportunity of rising in the regular service of his country.

About this time, the horrors of the French revolution were displaying themselves in Holland and Flanders; and, ever anxious for the interests of Britain, Lieutenant Popham turned his thoughts toward a plan for checking the alarming progress of the enemy. In the month of November, 1793, he conceived the idea of arming the fishermen of Flanders, in defence of their own towns; and, having received orders for that purpose from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, through Sir James Murray Pulteney, then adjutant-general, he formed a number of them into a regular
corps

corps for the defence of Nieuport. He was entrusted with the command of them himself; and to their utility, Sir Charles Grey (the present Earl) and other officers, bore the most ample testimony. In November, 1794, the late General Pichegru, having captured Sluys, Crevecœur, Venloo, and Maestricht, advanced with a powerful army, and laid siege to Nimeguen. Here that officer experienced considerable resistance; for the city was not only defended by a numerous garrison, but the Duke of York was enabled at any time to throw in supplies from his camp at Arnheim. As it appeared evident that the place could not be taken until all intercourse with the English troops should be cut off, two strong batteries were immediately erected on the right and left of the line of defence, and these were so effectually served by the enemy's artillerists, that they at length destroyed one of the boats that supported the bridge of communication. In consequence of this, the place must have surrendered immediately, had it not been for the exertions of Lieutenant Popham, who, having proceeded thither from Ostend, immediately repaired the damage, and protracted the fate of the town.

For this particular service, our officer was promoted to the rank of post-captain, on the 4th of April, 1795. In the course of the same year, he acted in the capacity of naval agent for the English army on the continent; and it was under his immediate inspection, that the British troops, which had been serving in Holland, were embarked, and escorted to England by the *Dædalus* and *Amphion* frigates. Whilst on the continent, Captain Popham was also frequently attached to the army, with a party of seamen under his orders

orders. In this way, he greatly distinguished himself in various services, and gave a striking proof of what might be expected from naval officers of science even on shore.

It is to Sir Home Popham, whose thoughts have, at different times, been much employed on the possibility of the invasion of this country by the French, that we are indebted for that highly useful and respectable establishment, the sea fencibles. His plan, for the raising and embodying of this *corps*, which was at length sanctioned by government, seems to have emanated from the successful efforts of his Flanders fishermen. It was carried into effect in the spring of 1798; at which time, agreeably to the proposed regulations, the English coast was divided into districts, over each of which a post-captain, with a certain number of commanders and lieutenants, was appointed. The men, of whom the sea fencibles were composed, received protections from the impress, on the conditions, that, in garrisons and land batteries, they should learn to exercise the great guns; and that, where there were none of those, they should be exercised in the use of the pike, so as to be able to oppose an invading enemy, either afloat or on shore. From the period of their being established, in 1798, till the year 1800, Captain Popham commanded that company of the fencibles which occupied the district from Beachy Head, to Deal, inclusive.

In the course of 1798, Captain Popham was also employed on an expedition of considerable importance. Government, having received intelligence that the enemy had collected a great number of gun-boats, and transport-schuyls, at Flushing, with the view of sending

ing them to Dunkirk and Ostend, by the Bruges canal, formed a plan for destroying the basen gates and sluices. A squadron, consisting of small frigates, fire-ships, gun-brigs, &c. was accordingly assembled at Margate, on board of which about 2000 troops embarked. The naval part of the expedition was assigned to Captain Popham, that of the military to Major General Coote. The flotilla sailed from Margate on the 14th of May, and came to an anchor off Ostend about one o'clock on the morning of the 19th. The wind soon after shifted to the west, and blew so hard that Captain Popham and the General were deliberating, whether it would not be better to stand out to sea, and wait a more favorable opportunity. Just at this moment, a vessel was brought alongside of Captain Popham's ship, which had been cut out from under the light-house battery; and, from the report of the people on board, respecting the force in Ostend, Nieuport, and Bruges, the British commanders determined to attempt an immediate landing, even should the surf, which beat with great violence upon the shore, render a retreat doubtful. Orders were instantly given for the debarkation of the troops; many of them were on shore before they were discovered; and it was not till a quarter past four, that the enemy's batteries opened on the ships, which were returned in a most spirited manner by Captain Mortlock, of the *Wolvereene*, Lieutenant Edmonds of the *Asp*, and Lieutenant Norman of the *Biter*. The *Hecla* and *Tartarus* bombs threw their shells with such precision, that the town was on fire several times, and the ships in the basen were much damaged. As a diversion, to cover the operations of bringing up the materials, a summons was

was sent to the commandant of Ostend, to surrender the town and its dependencies to his Majesty's forces; to which he returned an answer, that the council of war had unanimously resolved not to surrender the place, until they should have been buried under its ruins.—By five o'clock, the troops were all on shore, with the necessary implements for destroying the sluices; and, by twenty minutes past ten, the most spirited measures having been persevered in, a great explosion took place, which indicated the destruction of the sluices. Much mischief was done, but the explosion failed in its intended extent.—After the achievement of this exploit, the troops attempted, about noon, to reembark; but the wind was so high, and the surf so heavy, that this operation was impracticable; and they found themselves under the necessity of occupying a position upon the sand hills, at a distance from the beach, where they remained upon their arms the whole of the following night. By the morning, they found themselves surrounded by the enemy; and, after a gallant defence, in the course of which Major-General Coote was wounded, they were compelled to surrender. Captain Popham endeavored, but without effect, to obtain an exchange of prisoners. In this affair, notwithstanding the spirited and skilful manner in which it was conducted, we sustained a loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of upwards of twelve hundred men.

In 1799, a treaty having been entered into between this country and Russia, by which the latter was to furnish a certain number of ships and men, for the projected expedition against Holland, Captain Popham was sent to Cronstadt, in the Nile lugger. His ostensible

sible character was that of a British commissary, whose task was to be that of superintending and facilitating the embarkation of the Russian troops; but it is understood, that he was also charged with the execution of an important mission, of a secret nature; a striking proof of the confidence which was placed in him by the British government.

While at Russia, Captain Popham repeatedly had the honour of entertaining the Emperor Paul, with the empress and princesses, on board of his lugger, in which he occasionally treated them with a sail. As a mark of the satisfaction which he gave to their imperial majesties, it may be mentioned, that the emperor conferred upon him the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, an honour which has since been confirmed by his Britannic Majesty; and presented him, in person, with his royal picture, and a very elegant gold snuff box, set with diamonds; and that the empress sent him a diamond ring, of considerable value.

Sir Home, after visiting several of the Russian ports, and travelling six hundred miles within the polar circle, returned to England; where, after a boisterous passage, he safely arrived, though almost worn out with fatigue and illness.

In the same winter, however, (that of 1799) having recruited his health, he went over to Holland; where, under the Duke of York, he had the satisfaction of rendering some important services to the combined English and Russian army. In conjunction with Captain Godfrey, of the navy, he was at one time entrusted with the command of three gun-boats, on the canal of Alkmaar, by the skilful management of which, the flanks of the English army were protected, and the advancing

vancing columns of the enemy greatly annoyed. The Duke of York, in his public dispatches, expressed himself highly indebted to Sir Home Popham, and Captain Godfrey, for their assistance; and, the numerous services of the former having become extremely conspicuous, he was rewarded, on the 25th of December, 1799, with the grant of an annual pension of 500*l*.

We approach now towards a very important epoch in the life of Sir Home Popham. It will be easily understood, that we allude to the equipment of the expedition, in which he was employed in the year 1801, and ultimately led to a parliamentary enquiry the most extraordinary in the annals of the British navy. With this expedition, consisting of the *Romney*, of 50, the *Sensible*, of 36, and the *Sheerness* and *Wilhelmina*, of 44 guns each, he sailed for the East Indies, on the 5th of December, 1800. The attention which Sir Home paid to the equipment of this squadron, and to the *Romney* in particular, is highly deserving of notice. In chronometers, and other instruments, he expended upwards of 1200*l*.; and all his lieutenants and midshipmen were obliged to furnish themselves with quadrants provided with glasses, for the express purpose of taking the altitude of the stars. At his own expense, he also took with him a draftsman, to whom he taught hydrography on his passage out, and by whose assistance he completed charts of the Red Sea, whither he was ultimately bound.

On Sir Home's arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, he embarked a detachment of troops, which had been collected there, as a reinforcement to Sir Ralph Abercrombie's forces in Egypt. Sir Home sailed from the Cape on the last day of February, 1801; reached Mo-

cha on the 7th of May; and, on his arrival at Juddah, received General Baird on board the Romney, who, with a division of troops under his command, from India, proceeded with Sir Home's squadron towards the place of destination. "On the 7th of June," says a former biographer of this officer, from whose performance we feel ourselves under the necessity of copying some passages, "having reached Cosier, measures were immediately taken for disembarking the troops and stores. After this the subject of the present memoir, at the express instance of the commander-in-chief of the Indian army, intended to have accompanied the detachment across the Desert with a body of seamen, and even to have marched as far as Cairo; but he was prevented by orders from Admiral Blanket. He, however, proved eminently serviceable, by supplying small casks for the carriage of the water, in lieu of the *mussacks*, which had been sent from India, and were now found defective. He also appears to have attended to the interests both of government and of the India Company, by a reduction of the enormous expense of tonnage, in respect to such vessels as had become unnecessary.—General Baird having marched for the Nile on the 30th of June, the commodore left Cosier on the 2d of July, and revisited Juddah and Mocha; and as the secret committee of the East India Company, at the request of Mr. Dundas, who then presided at the Board of Controul, had invested him with a political appointment, in order to enable him to treat with the Arabian Princes, he entered into a correspondence with the sheriffe of Mecca, and several of the country powers, while Mirza Mehandi Ally Kawn, the native political resident from the government

vernment at Juddah, proposed to dethrone his holiness, under pretence of being an usurper.—Soon after this, instead of repairing to Bombay for stores and provisions, Captain Sir Home Popham deemed it more eligible to proceed to Calcutta, in order to have an interview with the governor-general in person; which was afterwards converted into a charge against him. Accordingly, after a passage of seventeen days from the Red Sea, the Romney arrived in Ballasore Roads, and proceeded to the Magapour, where his ship was refitted.—In consequence of an invitation from the governor-general, (the Marquis Wellesley) he immediately visited him; at his special request afterwards accompanied his lordship to Oude, and in the course of the journey pointed out both in conversation and by memorials, the advantages that would accrue from a commercial intercourse between India and Arabia; which, among other advantages, would ensure such a connection with the coffee country, as promised an absolute monopoly of that article.—On the other hand, his excellency had planned an expedition, in the nature of a *coup de main*, which was to be undertaken by the troops about to be embarked for the Red Sea. Of this, as well as the arrangement of every thing relative to the transports and supplies for the army in Egypt, the whole direction was to have been conferred on Sir Home; but in consequence of the intervention of some unexpected occurrences, the orders for this purpose were countermanded.”

On the 14th of November, 1801, agreeably to the direction of the governor-general, Sir Home Popham “repaired on board the Romney, with an intention of proceeding to the Red Sea immediately; but he was

called back by an express from the vice-president in council, in consequence of a dispatch from England, intimating a strong suspicion that the French had sent an expedition against the Portuguese settlement at Macao, with a view of intercepting the ships employed in the China trade. The commodore immediately suggested the necessity of sending an engineer thither. The works were supposed to be out of repair; and as some difficulty existed relating to the convoy of the transports, with a body of troops for its defence, he offered his services on this occasion, and also insisted on the propriety of attempting to gain possession of the Mauritius.—The necessary dispositions for the former measure were accordingly made; but having arrived at Prince of Wales's Island on the 20th of December, 1802, he there found Admiral Rainier, who directed the *Arrogant* and the *Orpheus* to proceed to Macao with the *Indiamen*; and as his squadron was scantily supplied at that moment, part of the *Romney's* provisions and stores were taken out to enable the ships to perform this service.—On the 7th of January, 1803, we find the commodore in Madras Roads, whence he sailed once more for the Red Sea, and in the month of March anchored in the harbour of Suez. From this port he proposed to have gone to Alexandria, for the express purpose of conferring with General Baird relative to the embarkation of the troops, and other subjects of importance, but was prevented by the appearance of the plague in that city. On this, with a view of preventing any bad effects to the shipping in case it should reach Suez, measures were taken to remove the vessels from the roads, and to cut off all communication with the shore. In order to impress the

the commanders of such as had been chartered, with the necessity of the strictest attention, notice was given in general orders that any ship catching the infection should be burnt; and if this event proved to have arisen from negligence, the loss was to fall on the owners. All unnecessary communication with the Arabs was at the same time interdicted; the very sheep were shorn and washed ashore before they were suffered to be brought on board; while orders were given that even the poultry should be kept a certain time after it had been brought from any of the villages, before it was permitted to be embarked. These precautions, in addition to fumigation, and the appointment of a committee of health, no doubt proved eminently serviceable.—Having been nominated ambassador to the states of Arabia by the governor-general, the commodore now entered into a regular correspondence with Houszer Mehmet Pacha, vizier of three tails, Viceroy of Egitto, then residing at Grand Cairo, respecting an interchange of commodities with the company's settlements in Asia, across the desert, on paying certain stipulated duties; but when he addressed himself to the sheriffe, who had just poisoned the Turkish Pacha, at Mecca, on his second visit to him, he was informed by his vizier that an interview could not take place; and that if he had any thing to communicate he might write to him, at Taaf, a district famous for its gardens, as his holiness was there eating fruit, and it was too much trouble to come to Juddah! It appears that this prince, who united both a religious and civil character in his own person, was greatly attached to the French, and considered all those who were attentive to the English as the 'slaves of the hoys.'

—Soon after this Sir Home dispatched Mr. Elliot, secretary to the embassy, together with Dr. Pringle, and Lieutenant Lamb, on a mission to the Imaun at Simna, with a proper escort; while the Sultan of Aden deputed his son to wait on the commodore at Mocha, and press an establishment in his dominions.—About this time also he himself accepted the invitation of the Pacha of Egypt to visit Cairo, on which occasion his highness sent an officer of his household, with a troop of dromedaries and many led horses, to Suez; and they agreed to terms highly favourable to the British nation, respecting the *tariff* of customs to be paid in the dominions of the Sublime Porte, on the coasts of the Red Sea, so as, among other advantages, to secure a complete monopoly of the coffee-trade. He also with the same views made a journey to Tais, in the course of which, he appears to have experienced many indignities, and was exposed to considerable danger, in consequence of the perfidy of the natives, particularly of the Jola of Mocha, who afterwards attempted to apologize for his conduct. In the mean time, preparations were made for re-embarking the company's troops; which being at length happily effected, Commodore Popham sailed for England, with the full approbation of the Governor-General of Bengal, one instance only excepted, relative to the political mission to the Arab states."

With respect to the mission here mentioned, the government of India, in their official dispatch to the Court of Directors, after stating, in the most flattering and gratifying terms, their high sense of the eminent spirit of zeal and alacrity, which had been manifested by Sir Home Popham, in promoting the interests of the
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East India Company, and in facilitating the views and measures of the British government in India; observe, that, "the conduct of Sir Home Popham, during his political mission to the Arab states, furnishes equal proofs of ability, industry, and attachment to the public service; and although the governor-general in council, deemed it to be his duty to express his dissent from the policy of Sir Home Popham's proceedings in Egypt and other places, on the grounds stated in the dispatches from his excellency to that officer—his excellency highly approves the general tenor of Sir Home Popham's conduct on the coasts of Arabia and of the Red Sea.—Under these impressions, the governor-general in council considers *it to be his duty to recommend the services and the active exertions of Sir Home Popham, in India, to the distinguished notice and favour of your honourable court.*"

We have thought it requisite to make this extract from the government dispatch, lest the *exception*, alluded to above, might be thought to convey an idea, that Sir Home Popham had been guilty of some impropriety of conduct. This, it is evident, was by no means the case.

During the absence of Sir Home Popham, Earl St. Vincent had succeeded Earl Spencer, in the high and honourable office of First Lord of the Admiralty. Consequently, when Sir Home arrived in England, early in 1803, he found a new ministry, and a new board of admiralty. In consequence of an expected renewal of hostilities, his ship, the *Romney*, was detained some time in the Downs, on the impress service; after which she proceeded to Sheerness, where the crew were employed in fitting out ships newly commissioned.

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“ Soon after this,” says the publication from which we have already quoted, “ her captain received a note from Commissioner Hope, desiring him to call at his house, where he found Sir William Rule, surveyor of the navy, who appeared to have travelled from Chatham during the preceding night. These gentlemen immediately shewed him a warrant under admiralty orders, commanding them to proceed on board the Romney, and, after examining into her state, as well as into the repairs done, to make a variety of other inquiries.—The surveyor, commissioner, builder, store-keeper, master attendant, and other officers, assembled on board, where they remained some time; and then took on shore to the commissioner’s office, the officers, warrant officers, and other people belonging to the ship. These gentlemen then established a committee, or court, and proceeded to prepare affidavits; but previously to this Sir Home insisted on, and at length obtained, leave to be present during the enquiry. The various witnesses were then questioned as to the state of the ship when she reached Calcutta? As to the necessity of any repairs? And whether such as had been made were absolutely necessary? To these interrogatories the warrant officers (for the lieutenants and master were not permitted to be examined) replied on oath, that she made much water in the British Channel, and that the evil increased daily; that her bends were found very defective on caulking at the Cape; that she made from six to eight feet water in an hour, during her passage to Calcutta; that her wales on the larboard side were found quite rotten; and that no work was done to the ship but what was absolutely necessary to enable her to undertake any service whatever.—

ever.—These and other questions of the like import having been asked on the subject of repair, her commander requested to put the following: Whether, if the Romney had not received the repairs in question, considering the weather experienced by her, she would not in all probability have gone to the bottom? But this was objected to by the surveyor as unnecessary.—On being interrogated, ‘whether Captain Popham had given proper attention to the stores in the different departments, and whether there had been any wasteful or wanton expenditure of them?’ the warrant officers replied to the first in the affirmative, and to the second in the negative.—Further enquiries, however, took place; documents and vouchers of all kinds were called for and inspected; a report was at length delivered in by the navy board, that afterwards became the subject of investigation before a committee of the House of Commons, and in the concluding paragraph of which the commissioners acknowledged that they had departed from every official precedent, and acted in direct violation of established usage.”

The paragraph here alluded to is as follows:—“We deem it necessary to state further particulars to their Lordships, that the report has been formed from the documents in office, without our having called on Sir Home Popham, *agreeably to our usual mode*, for an explanation of any of the circumstances referred to therein, *conceiving it to have been their Lordships’ intention that we should proceed in this manner.*”

This report naturally excited much of the public attention; and, in the House of Commons, Mr. (now Lord) Kinnaird, gave notice of his intention to move
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for a committee, to inquire into the charges of the report. An imprest was also laid upon the pay, and half-pay, of Sir Home Popham; and notice was given to him, that the charges respecting the Romney were to be laid before the Commissioners of Inquiry into Naval Abuses. Thus, threatened with both a civil prosecution, and a parliamentary inquiry, Sir Home, in the autumn of 1803, drew up and printed a pamphlet, entitled *A Concise Statement of Facts*, for the purpose of distribution amongst his friends. Early in 1805, an answer to this tract appeared, under the title of *Observations on the Concise Statement of Facts*, abounding with the most scurrilous and ungentlemanly remarks. The latter pamphlet, as it afterwards appeared, from the report of the committee of the House of Commons, was published by Mr. Benjamin Tucker, with the concurrence of Lord St. Vincent, to whom it had been shewn in manuscript. It is worthy of remark, that Sir Home Popham, though he had made repeated and numerous applications to that effect, had never been able, since his return from India, to obtain an interview with Lord St. Vincent; and it is also worthy of remark, that the *respectable* Mr. Tucker had had the *honour* of officiating as secretary to the noble Earl.—On the appearance of Mr. Tucker's pamphlet, Sir Home Popham reprinted his *Concise Statement*, with many additions; and, shortly after, he also published *A Continuation of the Concise Statement*; in both of which he greatly complained, that the hostile pamphlet had been distributed on board the squadron which he himself commanded, under the orders of Lord Keith.

The report itself, which had also been drawn up by
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Mr. Tucker, contained a variety of implications, some of them of a very gross nature, particularly as to the expenditure of stores, the proceeding to Bengal instead of Bombay from interested motives, and the excessive charges attendant on the repairs there. Amongst the specific statements against Sir Home Popham, was one, that he had charged 78*l.* sterling, for a smoke sail; but, to the complete refutation of the charge, it was proved before the committee of the House of Commons, that the real expence of the article had been set down at 55 rupees; which, reckoning the rupees at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, amounted only to 6*l.* 15*s.* An excess in the expence of the Romney's boats was also alleged, and admitted; but it was proved, by an official letter of Colonel Harnes's, that, by the very superior manner in which they were constructed, and fitted, and by the excellent training of their crews, 400 troops were saved from the wreck of the Calcutta, in India, when no other boats could approach that ship with safety. Had it not been for those boats, not one of those four hundred unfortunate men would, in all probability, have been saved. Various other extravagant charges were adduced; and we have even heard it stated, though we cannot vouch for it as fact, that, with a view to make certain items appear more extravagant, the framer of the report (Mr. Tucker, who had formerly been purser of a man of war) had actually converted *rupees*, in which many of the sums were stated, into *pounds sterling*!

It subsequently appeared, by a document from the navy office, that, instead of the enormous expences, said to have been incurred by Sir Home Popham, in the Romney, under circumstances of peculiar danger
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and difficulty, the whole amount was *three thousand pounds LESS than what is allowed by parliament for the same period, in the ordinary routine of the service!* Yet it was proved, by the affidavits of the officers, that, from the extreme heat of the Red Sea, and the dry winds, canvas and cordage are completely destroyed there, in half the time that they would be in any other place.

Previously to the publication of the reports from the committee of the House of Commons, Sir Home Popham had appealed to the navy board, and, in consequence of his appeal, the commissioners thought proper to return an *amended report*; which, in substance, completely annulled the former, and fully restored to the good opinion of the public, the high character of this much injured and persecuted officer. This *amended report*, which throws the whole blame of the former nefarious attack upon Mr. Tucker, says, in one passage:—"We can scarcely think, that there ever were such extraordinary means resorted to, to produce a particular effect, as have been in the framing of this over-strained account." This important document concludes in the following remarkable words:—"From the circumstances, however, which have been set forth in this letter, we trust their lordships will be fully satisfied that the *inaccuracies* and erroneous statements in the report are imputable to the *individual commissioner only* who conducted the investigation; and if any censure should be considered as due to us for lending the sanction of our names to the report, we trust that we shall stand excused before their lordships, when they reflect that we were guided by the *implicit reliance* which we placed on the *accuracy and industry*

of Mr. Tucker. We knew his *general ability* and were sensible of the *unwearied activity* with which he pursued *the investigation of this subject*; and it is with extreme concern we discover, from the revision of our report, which has been occasioned by Sir Home Popham's late appeal, that OUR CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN MISPLACED!"

This *amended report* was dated April 1, 1805.—Sir Home Popham's character was now fully re-established; but there was something yet wanting to complete his triumph over his enemies—over his dishonest and unprincipled persecutors. This was the reports of the select committee of the House of Commons. The first of these observes, that the committee did not think it necessary to state their observations, in detail, upon all the points mentioned in the report of the navy board (Mr. Tucker's report) conceiving that, as far as it related to Sir Home Popham, *that document was materially inaccurate*. With respect to the repairs and stores of the Romney and Sensible, there did not appear the least ground to impute to Sir Home any fraud, or connivance at any fraudulent or corrupt practice whatsoever. He appeared to have used his utmost endeavour to obtain money for drafts on England, upon the most favourable terms for the expences of the squadron under his command; this "meritorious officer" had "effected very considerable savings;" and the committee had not the least reason to suspect that his conduct, upon any occasion in which the rules of the navy had not been rigidly observed, was influenced by any private consideration; but, on the contrary, *they felt it to be their duty to observe, that he appeared to have been actuated by no other motive*

than that of an ardent zeal for the public service.—The second report of the committee was equally honourable to the character and conduct of Sir Home Popham, and equally disgraceful to his persecutors.

It would be unpardonable, in this place, to omit noticing the affidavit of Mr. Davis, one of the officers of the Romney. That gentleman stated, that Sir Home, whilst in the Indian seas, supplied all the men who were sick with provisions and wine from his own table; and that one man, who was ill, was supplied with a pint of wine per day, at Sir Home's expence, for upwards of twelve months, at a cost to him of 60*l.* Indeed, Sir Home appears to have been uniformly anxious, that the mens' provisions should be of the best quality that could be procured.—The general benevolence of this officer's character may also be inferred from the following anecdote.—Whilst commanding the Romney, in the Indian seas, one of his midshipmen wrote to him, requesting him to get him a mate's birth in a country ship: on the receipt of his letter, Sir Home sent for him, and asked whether his request proceeded from his dislike to the service in general, or from a wish to serve under some other captain? The midshipman replied, "Neither; for that he felt a sincere attachment to his Majesty's service, and had ever considered it the highest gratification and pride of his life to sail under Sir Home."—"Well," said his captain, "I have a wish to serve you, but must insist on your explaining your reasons for this application." After some hesitation, he replied, "Sir, the gentlemen on your quarter-deck have all friends who can, and do, supply them with money; I have none; and my slender finances will not allow me to keep pace with their
mess;

mess; nor can I bear the mortification of living by myself."—"Well, well," said Sir Home, "if this be your only reason, I do not see why the service should lose a valuable officer for a little paltry cash; what you require for your mess draw on me for, I will answer it. I know, when you can, you will pay it; till that time arrives, never consider yourself in my debt."

Having seen a brave, an honourable, a benevolent man,² thus extraordinarily hunted and persecuted, it is natural to ask—Why has he been thus treated?—To answer this question, we must confess that we are at a loss. The only *shadow* of a reason, that ever we met with, is contained in the following passage, extracted from a very spirited unpublished pamphlet, understood to have been written by Mr. Blagdon; a gentleman who, in 1805, suffered an imprisonment of six months, in the King's Bench prison, as the author of a *suppressed* pamphlet, with the signature of "*Aristides*," reflecting on the naval administration of Earl St. Vincent.—

"Sir Home Popham," says he, "was particularly noticed by the administration of the late war, not only by that truly independent nobleman Lord Spencer, (whose administration can never be equalled, and never be forgotten) but by the secretaries of state, not merely on account of his professional talents, but also in consideration of his diplomatic abilities, and knowledge of continental languages: he was accordingly employed on several occasions, but particularly in 1799, when he went on an important private mission to Russia, *over land*, having travelled through Lapland in such severe weather as to cause the mercury in the thermometer to freeze at noon. On his return his conduct

and perseverance was highly approved by the existing government; and without tracing how he was immediately engaged, we find him sent at the close of the year with a small squadron to the Red Sea, where he superseded Admiral Blanket. Now it happened that this admiral, who died soon after the arrival of Sir Home, was the particular friend of several of the members of the late naval government, who certainly countenanced, at least, the active persecution of this officer: and as he went out with greater powers than ever that admiral enjoyed, together with the circumstance of his having received those powers from the political opponents of the men in question, it resulted, that on their attainment of authority, losing sight of those principles which govern all liberal minds, they adopted the maxim of Drawcansir,

'I can because I dare.'

and determined to attempt the ruin of a man whose only claim to the appointment he had received was that of his long established zeal, perseverance, and exertions."

Whatever were the real cause of the treatment which Sir Home Popham experienced, truth and honour never achieved a brighter, a more exalted triumph, over falsehood and infamy, than was that which he enjoyed over his disgraced calumniators. In the contest, however, he had not been left altogether to struggle alone. That truly illustrious statesman, the late Mr. Pitt, very strenuously supported his cause, in the house of commons; and, out of doors, he was by no means without advocates and friends. Mr. Blagdon, the reputed author of the pamphlet signed, "*Æschines*," as well as of
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the unpublished tract from which we have just made a quotation, stood forward in the most independent manner; and, as that writer solemnly disclaimed all personal knowledge of, or connexion with Sir Home Popham, his arguments and illustrations enjoyed proportionably the greater credit.—It was indeed a fiery ordeal which Sir Home Popham passed; but, to his lasting honour, he shone the brighter for the trial.

Sir Home Popham, having been absent from England, at the general election, in 1802, did not become possessed of a seat in parliament, until some time after his return. We was at length returned for the borough of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. In the course of the year 1804, whilst the enquiry was yet pending respecting him, a sudden change took place in the administration, Mr. Pitt resuming the helm of public affairs, and Lord Melville succeeding Earl St. Vincent, as first lord of the admiralty. On this change, the hopes of Sir Home naturally began to revive; and, in the course of a few months, he had the satisfaction of being appointed to the command of the *Antelope*, in the Downs, for the purpose of blockading the harbour of Boulogne, in the absence of Admiral Louis. It is understood that Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, while in office, had been attracted by the report of certain experiments which had taken place in France, and which were confidently noticed by Earl Stanhope, in the house of peers, relative to the possibility of destroying an enemy's fleet by means never before put in practice. The inventor of the plan was invited over to England; and, as he demanded an officer of known talents and intrepidity for its execution, Sir Home was selected to take the command of

what was sneeringly termed the *Catamaran* expedition. By the explosive machines, which were employed in this scheme, two vessels were actually destroyed off Boulogne; and an attack, upon a larger scale, was afterwards made against the battery of Fort Rouge. Much mischief was done to the enemy; but the extent of the explosion did not equal the expectations which had been holden forth by the inventor; and, in all probability, the employment was not very gratifying to the feelings of our naval commander.

In proceeding to notice the manner in which Sir Home Popham was next engaged, we shall take the liberty of extracting the substance of certain passages of the speech, which this officer delivered in his defence, at his late trial by a court-martial. We shall thus not only present the reader with the most accurate information on the subject, but shall throw considerable light on certain subsequent occurrences. Sir Home observed, that an expedition against South America, had long been a favourite object of Mr. Pitt; that he had had it in contemplation, and had actually taken some steps to carry it into execution, during his former administration; and that, though he had been under the necessity of delaying it, from certain political reasons, he had never lost sight of it. Sir Home, after noticing his appointment to the *Antelope*, proceeded in substance, as follows:—"When I commanded that ship, Lord Melville, then first lord of the admiralty, corresponded with me on the subject of Miranda's plan, and on my coming to town, in the month of October, in that year (at which period the probability of a Spanish war had increased) his lordship directed me to consult again with General Miranda,

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da, and to digest my ideas, on the subject of an expedition against the Spanish settlements in South America, in the form of a memoir. To the best of my recollection, I delivered this document to Lord Melville, on the 16th of October, 1804. Shortly after, I was directed to attend Mr. Pitt, at Wimbledon, in order that he might converse with me on the various points comprehended in my memoir.—In the month of December, 1804, I was sent for by his Majesty's ministers to Deal, and at the same time the *Diadem*, to which ship I was appointed, was put in commission for the express purpose of my proceeding in her on the intended expedition to South America. Various circumstances, however, occurred to retard the execution of this project; but, with the exception of the short interval of peace, it had never been relinquished, from the moment when the idea was first suggested.—In July, 1805, I received an account of the weak state of the garrison of the Cape of Good Hope, and also learnt that a strong squadron was expected there from France. Conceiving that the capture of this settlement, while it would materially contribute to promote the interests of my country, might likewise afford facilities to the projected conquest of the Spanish dependencies on the east coast of South America, *which was a main object in the mind of Mr. Pitt*, I immediately proposed to him that an armament should sail without delay for the attack of the Cape. This proposal was acceded to, and, in the course of a few days, I received my instructions to proceed in the *Diadem*, as commanding officer of all his Majesty's ships and vessels destined for that service. Mr. Sturges Bourne, then one of the secretaries of the treasury, was present
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at the conversation to which I here allude.—On the 29th of July, 1805, I took final leave of Mr. Pitt, with whom I had a long conversation on the original project of an expedition to South America. Mr. Pitt informed me that, from the negotiation then pending with Russia, it appeared that the emperor Alexander was extremely anxious to attach Spain to the coalition, and until that matter should be determined, he (Mr. Pitt) felt a delicacy in regard to the commencement of hostile operations in South America; but, that as soon as possible after such an overture should have been rejected by the Spanish Court, it was his fixed intention to enter on the original project, and attack Spain in that distant, but most vulnerable quarter.”

Thus we perceive the views with which Sir Home entered upon his expedition.—He sailed from Cork, towards the latter end of 1805, as the naval commander in chief, while the command of the troops, consisting of between four and five thousand effective men, was given to Major-general Sir David Baird. This force arrived in Table Bay on the 4th of January, 1806. To impede the landing of the troops, the Dutch had scattered a party of sharp-shooters over the different heights commanding the beach. Their fire was annoying, but not destructive; for the only loss which the English sustained in their landing, was occasioned by the oversetting of a boat. The surf ran very high, and thirty-five men were unfortunately drowned. This was on the 6th of the month. In the course of the following day the whole of the military force effected its debarkation; and on the morning of the 8th it was formed into two brigades, about 4000 strong, with two howitzers and six light field-pieces. From Los-

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pard's Bay, the place of landing, situated at the northern extremity of Table Bay, the army moved off towards the road leading to Cape Town; and, having reached the summit of the Blue Mountains, and dislodged the enemy's light troops, they discovered their main body drawn up in two lines, prepared to receive them, and even in motion to anticipate their approach. The enemy's force, apparently consisted of about 5000 men, the greater portion of which was cavalry, and twenty-three pieces of cannon, yoked to horses, the disposition of which, and the nature of the ground that they occupied, made it evident that they intended to refuse their right wing, and, with their left, to endeavour to turn the right flank of the English. To frustrate this design, General Baird formed the army into two columns, the second brigade under Brigadier Ferguson, whilst the first struck to the right, and took the defile of the mountains. The English line was then regularly formed; and, in the engagement which ensued, the enemy lost upwards of seven hundred in killed and wounded; while the loss of the British was only fifteen killed, two hundred and twelve wounded, and eight missing. On the following morning a flag of truce arrived from the town, which, with the castle and circumjacent fortifications, surrendered by capitulation on the 10th. The Dutch governor, General Jansens, retreated into the interior of the country with about twelve hundred men; but finding that all resistance would be inefficient, he signed a capitulation for a general surrender on the 18th of January, which was duly ratified on the following day. Thus, with a comparatively insignificant loss, was Britain once more

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put into possession of one of the most important settlements in the world.

The share which Sir Home Popham bore in this achievement was highly to his honour; as is evident, from the following handsome tribute to his exertions in Sir David Baird's dispatches, to government, announcing the success of his Majesty's arms against the Cape:—

“ The cordial, able, and zealous co-operation of Commodore Sir Home Popham, emulated by all the officers under his command, merits my warmest acknowledgements and commendations; and I have the satisfaction to add, that no united service was ever performed with more true harmony than has uniformly been manifested by both branches of his Majesty's forces. Such of his Majesty's ships as could be spared from the service of Lospard's Bay, constantly coasting the enemy's shore, throwing shot among his troops and people, and contributing to keep him ignorant of the actual place of our disembarkation; and a very spirited effort was made by the seamen and marines of the fleet, and a party of seamen from the *Diadem*, under the commodore's immediate command, to occupy a position in Reit Valley, and co-operate with the army.”

Howsoever highly the country might appreciate the acquisition of the Cape, the *new* ministers, who had succeeded to power, on the death of Mr. Pitt, and since the departure of Sir Home Popham, affected to treat it as wholly insignificant, and meanly refused the thanks of parliament to the gallant captors. In acknowledging the receipt of Sir Home's dispatches, announcing

announcing the surrender of the Cape, the following is the letter which the admiralty secretary sent to Sir Home:—

“SIR,

“I have received and communicated to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letter of the 13th of January last, with the several papers therein referred to, relative to the capitulation of the town and Cape of Good Hope.

“I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“WM. MARSDEN.”

This cold and dispiriting letter, this wet blanket thrown upon the fire of gallant exertion, is the more remarkable, as, on the same day, Sir Home Popham received another letter from Mr. Marsden, desiring him to inform Captain Donelly, of the *Narcissus* frigate, that the Lords of the Admiralty highly approved of that officer's conduct, in driving on shore a French privateer. Thus, the capture of a settlement, highly important in a naval, a military, a commercial, and a political point of view, was passed over as wholly undeserving of notice, whilst the destruction of an insignificant French privateer was deemed worthy of the thanks of government! *O shame! where is thy blush!*

In the mean time Sir Home Popham never lost sight of what he conceived to be the wishes and intentions of his employers. As yet, however, it was impossible for him to take any decisive step; principally on account of the original cause of delay, which had been stated by Mr. Pitt—that of the anxiety of the Emperor of Russia to attach Spain to the coalition

that was forming on the continent of Europe, when Sir Home sailed from England. But his mind was soon relieved upon this point. "Early in February, 1806," says Sir Home, in his recent defence, "I received accounts of the termination of the war in India. In the course of the same month I also received the news of Lord Nelson's glorious victory off Trafalgar, and the account of a general coalition against France, *from an alliance with which power it was evident the Emperor Alexander had not been able to detach Spain.*—Towards the end of February, a Danish vessel, which arrived at the Cape, brought English newspapers, giving an account of the fate of the Austrian army. By the capture of the Volontaire French frigate, on the 4th of March, I learnt the defeat of the Russian army at Austerlitz; that Buonaparte was in possession of Vienna; and that when Willaumez sailed from Brest, he left in that port no more than six ships of war, of which three only were fit for service. From a German officer, who was taken prisoner in the Volontaire, I also collected such presumptive evidence respecting the ulterior destination of Willaumez's squadron, as induced me to adopt the idea that, after cruizing a certain time on the bank of Laguilles, he would put into the Brazils for water and refreshments, and thence proceed to the West Indies, more especially after he should have been informed that the Cape was actually taken by the British forces. Indeed, so strongly did this presumption operate on my mind, that I dispatched a small copper-bottomed transport brig to Admiral Cochrane, at Barbadoes, to apprise him of what I conceived was the most likely course to be pursued by Willaumez. I also dispatched the Protector gun-brig to Sir Edward Pellew,

Pellew, in India, and the *Rolla* brig, to endeavour to fall in with whatever British squadron might be employed in the blockade of the Mauritius."

Thus, having performed his duty, in transmitting such intelligence as he was possessed of, to the East and West Indies, and other parts; and finding that the winter season was about to commence, during which no ships could lie in Table Bay, in safety, he forwarded a dispatch (April 9,) to the Admiralty, informing them of his intention to leave the Cape, with his squadron immediately. His design was, to cruize, for a short time, off the coast of Brazil, with a view of falling in with Willaumez, who might be expected in those parts to refresh. Accordingly, on the day following, he got under weigh; but, in consequence of a calm succeeding, he was obliged to anchor in the outer part of the bay. In the evening, he received some intelligence of the weak state of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. He imparted this information to Sir David Baird, next morning, and suggested the expediency of his sparing a few troops, to enable him to bring a question of such importance to an immediate issue. As Sir Home's recent intelligence fully corroborated what he had before heard, from various quarters; and as Sir David Baird was fully convinced, from a combination of circumstances, of the perfect safety of the Cape, that officer did not hesitate in acceding to his request. Of all this, Sir Home, in a letter of the 13th of April, duly apprised government; as also of his intention of applying to the governor of St. Helena for a reinforcement of troops. Mr. Marsden's answer, to Sir Home's former letter, was as laconic as that which he sent acknowledging the receipt of his

dispatch respecting the capture of the Cape. "I have received," says he, "and communicated to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, your letter of the 9th of April last, informing them of your intended proceedings with the squadron under your orders." *Short* as this letter was, it, however, indicated no *disapprobation*. To the latter dispatch (that of the 13th of April) no answer appears to have been written.

It is unnecessary, in this place, to dwell upon the proceedings of the English squadron. Suffice it to state, that Sir Home Popham sailed from the Cape, with a detachment of troops under the command of Major-general Beresford; that he obtained a reinforcement at St. Helena; and that, by the conjoint exertions of Sir Home Popham and Major-general Beresford, with the officers and men under their command, Buenos Ayres and its dependencies were compelled to surrender to his Majesty's arms on the 2d of July, 1806. The total amount of the treasure taken at this place was 1,291,323 dollars; of which, 1,086,208 were sent home in the *Narcissus*; but, in consequence of the subsequent recapture of the settlement, a considerable part of the remainder was lost. The captors, also, generously gave up to the respective proprietors, a number of coasting vessels, with their cargoes, to the estimated amount of 1,500,000 dollars.

At the time of sending home his official dispatches, announcing this capture, Sir Home Popham also transmitted letters, containing much important commercial information, to some of our corporate manufacturing towns; a circumstance which, though highly laudable in itself, has since been converted into a source of calumny, on the part of his enemies.

The

The capture of Buenos Ayres was one of those events which diffuse a general joy and satisfaction over the nation. The achievement was regularly gazetted, guns were fired, bells were rung, bonfires were made; and even ministers themselves, though known to be hostile to Sir Home Popham, seemed to participate in the glow of exultation which spread itself over the kingdom. By an order of council, they sanctioned and promoted the commercial regulations which Sir Home had made at Buenos Ayres; in their negotiation for peace with France, they dwelt with much seeming pride and pleasure on "*the SPLENDID successes obtained by his Majesty's arms in South America;*" and even in their official letter, acknowledging the receipt of Sir Home's dispatches, announcing the capture, approbation, rather than displeasure, seemed to predominate. Alluding to Sir Home's dispatches, Mr. Marsden says:—"In answer thereto, I have received their Lordships' command to acquaint you, that, although they have judged it necessary to mark their disapprobation of a measure of such importance being undertaken without the sanction of his Majesty's government, and of leaving the station which it was your duty to guard without any naval defence, *they are nevertheless pleased to express their ENTIRE APPROBATION of the judicious, able, and spirited conduct manifested by YOURSELF, the officers, seamen, and marines employed under your orders on the above occasion;* and which you (or the senior officer on the spot) will communicate to them in a proper manner accordingly."

No sooner had Sir Home Popham found himself in possession of Buenos Ayres, than he wrote back to the Cape, in the most urgent terms, for a naval rein-

forcement; which had it been sent in time, would, there is scarcely a doubt, not only have prevented the recapture of the settlement, but have put Monte Video also completely in our power. Owing to the non-arrival of reinforcements, Buenos Ayres was unfortunately wrested from us on the 12th of August following.

It is an established axiom, that the man who *injures* another, never *forgives* him. This axiom is forcibly illustrated by the conduct of Sir Home Popham's enemies. If they had not, in fact, *injured* him, they had *attempted* to injure him; and their failure, perhaps, rendered their hatred still more violent. Sir Home, bending to the official displeasure, pronounced in the above extract from Mr. Marsden's letter, and to the order for his recal, as a consequence of that displeasure, little expected that a farther punishment was in store for him, for having performed what he conceived to be his duty, in promoting the political and commercial interests of his country. He was deceived.—It is here, however, particularly deserving of notice, that, although Sir Home's letter, of the 9th of April, announcing his intention of leaving the Cape, was received by the admiralty board in *June*, it was not till the *end of August*, that Admiral Stirling sailed to supersede him, with the order for his recal. It is also deserving of notice, that the above-mentioned letter of Mr. Marsden was not written till the latter end of September.

Another point, which forces itself upon our attention, is the *manner* in which Sir Home Popham was sent home;—a manner, worthy only of his former persecutors and of their adherents. “If,” says this officer, in his defence, “my ardent zeal for the service of my country

country has, in the opinion of any of the members of this honourable court, carried me beyond the exact limit of unrestricted instructions, I submit that I have already suffered a more than adequate punishment, not merely by having been deprived of my late command, but from the degrading manner in which I was superseded and recalled, as must appear to this honourable court, when they find that my solicitation for the use of a transport, was peremptorily refused, and that I was left to take my passage to England in a small prize-brig, with the aggravating circumstance of the few men of the squadron, put on board to navigate this vessel, home being taken from her by the orders of my successor, Admiral Stirling, by whom I was scarcely known, and to whom I could never have given personal offence. Whether the persons who gave these orders, or the admiral who executed them, thought they were the best means of upholding the character of a British officer commanding in chief, or whether they or he judged this was the most proper method of shewing others their extent of power, I will not presume to determine; but of conduct so unnatural, so unprecedented, and so unhand-some, I assure myself no member of this court, nor any other person now present can recollect an instance. Humble, however, as my accommodation was, and exposed as I was to capture, in a vessel without a single gun to defend her, I reached this country without accident."

Some ill-natured persons have inferred, from the circumstance here related, that there was a latent wish, or hope, that Sir Home Popham might fall into the hands of the enemy; but, to so uncharitable a conclu-

sion, the writer of this article by no means wishes to yield his sanction.

The recal of Sir Home Popham had been long spoken of, in whispers; but it was not until the 19th of December, when Lord Howick mentioned it in the house of commons, that the public were in possession of the fact. "As to Sir Home Popham, and Sir David Baird," said his lordship, "I freely confess, that I was one of those who advised their recal, and upon the ground that they did without orders, and upon their own judgment and responsibility, undertake the expedition to South America. In prosecution of their scheme, they did not leave a single ship of the line to protect the Cape of Good Hope. They even obliged a frigate that was sent out to India with money for the payment of the troops there, to desert the destination that it was intended for, and go upon this South American expedition. Such conduct as this I consider highly reprehensible, and a subversion of all discipline and government. This is not all: Sir Home Popham has chosen to write circular letters to manufacturing towns, on the principle, and from the fatal influence of that patriotic society at Lloyd's, which is held out to the navy as giving greater encouragements than the government of the country. I do consider the conduct of Sir Home Popham, as *highly reprehensible* in a British officer, and, therefore, although *I should be sorry to pronounce strongly* on the conduct of any man, until he has had an opportunity of justifying himself, yet I will say, that there is nothing in the first appearance of this transaction, which a British parliament could approve of."

An attack, so extraordinary, upon the Patriotic Fund, an establishment which reflects so much honour upon the general, as well as upon the individual benevolence of the country, excited the utmost surprise;—surprise, not unaccompanied by a high degree of virtuous indignation. It was justly observed, that the Patriotic Fund had sufficiently explained the principles on which it acted; and that, by that explanation, it had completely refuted the charge of its holding out rewards which might clash with the views and interests of government. That society, it was well known, did not *select* the objects of its munificence; but modestly awaited the time, when government should give the signal for its honorary donations. By the conduct of ministers, on receiving the intelligence of the capture of Buenos Ayres, *they had given* that signal; and the Patriotic Fund, by distributing its rewards amongst the gallant captors, had acted only in unison with the general sentiments of the British nation.

Sir Home Popham at length reached England in safety. He arrived in London on the 17th of February; and, on the following day, he was put under a formal arrest by the marshal of the admiralty, preparatory to his being brought to trial by a court-martial; a measure which had not, in the slightest degree, been intimated to him in his order of recall. An admiralty-order was accordingly issued; and, on the 6th of March, a court-martial, of which Admiral Young was the president, assembled on board his Majesty's ship *Gladiator*, in Portsmouth harbour. By order of the admiralty, Mr. Jervis attended as prosecutor. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, the charge against Sir Home Popham was read. This instrument,

strument, after noticing the capture of the Cape, proceeds as follows:—"And whereas it appears, by letters from the said Sir Home Popham to our secretary, dated the 13th and 30th of April following, that with a view to attack the Spanish settlements in the Rio de la Plata, for which he had no direction or authority whatever, he did withdraw from the Cape the whole of the naval force which had been placed under his command for the sole purpose of protecting it: thereby leaving the Cape, which it was his duty to guard, not only exposed to attack and insult, but even without the means of affording protection to the trade of his Majesty's subjects, or of taking possession of any ships of the enemy, which might have put into any of the bays or harbours of the Cape, or parts adjacent; all which he, the said Sir Home Popham, did, notwithstanding that he had received previous information of detachments of the enemy's ships being at sea, and in the neighbourhood of the Cape; and notwithstanding he had been apprised that a French squadron was expected at the Mauritius, of which he informed us, by his letter to our secretary, dated the 9th of April, 1806, only four days prior to his departure from the Cape for the Rio de la Plata. And whereas it appears to us, that a due regard to the good of his Majesty's service imperiously demands that so flagrant a breach of public duty should not pass unpunished, &c."

In support of this charge, eighteen documents were put in and read; after which, Sir Home Popham, on being called upon for his defence, observed, that the original charge which had been sent to him by the admiralty, about half an hour after his arrival in town, referred

referred only to *three* documents, and by which alone he had supposed that it was meant to be substantiated; but the *new* charge which had been exhibited against him, and which had been presented to him half an hour after his arrival at Portsmouth, had reference to *eighteen* documents, of which he had not been furnished with Copies, nor had he any knowledge of their contents, but from having heard them hastily read in court. Under these circumstances, not feeling himself prepared to commence his defence, the court adjourned until the following morning, (Saturday.) Sir Home then stated, that, in consequence of the new matter which had been put into the charge; of the animadversions which had been made upon his conduct, in parliament, and in the public prints; and of his not having yet received certain papers, for which he had applied to the admiralty, he should not feel himself comfortable, if compelled immediately to proceed: he therefore craved the indulgence of the court, until Monday morning. This request, after some objections, was granted.

At the time appointed, Sir Home commenced his defence, by delivering one of the most perspicuous, manly, and impressive speeches, that it has ever fallen to our lot to peruse; and which we sincerely regret that our limits will not permit us to enlarge upon. He began by remarking upon the extraordinary circumstance of his being thus brought to trial for having serviceably employed the force which had been entrusted to his command, instead of suffering it to lie dormant; and, adverting to what he conceived to be the illegal manner in which the charge against him was worded, he expressed his firm belief (for which he assigned

assigned reasons) that the present trial must have arisen from some other cause than that which was ostensibly set forth in the accusation.

Had the administration by whom he had been appointed remained in power, instead of being superseded, recalled, and brought to trial, he should have received thanks and approbation. He regretted that the admiralty had not given him an earlier intimation of their intention; as, in that case, he might have procured many important witnesses to his conduct, while in South America. He then proceeded to shew, —as we have already noticed, in a preceding part of this memoir—that Mr. Pitt, and the administration with which he was connected, had long contemplated an expedition against South America; that his appointment had been made with a view of carrying it into effect; and that, acting as he had done, he conceived himself to have been proceeding in the full spirit of the intentions of his employers. He stated his opinion, backed by that of all the officers in his squadron, that the Rio de la Plata formed a part of the Cape station. Sir Home next endeavored to prove, that, so far from his having left the Cape exposed to attack and insult, it had been left in a state of perfect safety; that, when he left the Cape, it was a season of the year in which no ships could safely remain on that station; that there was not the most distant probability of any hostile force arriving; that it was a season of the year in which no attack could be made upon the Cape without the utmost danger to the assailants; and that, had he even remained there with his squadron, his presence could not have been of the least utility. He animadverted upon the extraordinary solicitude which
ministers

ministers *now* evinced respecting the Cape; though, at the time of its capture, not one solitary expression of thanks was awarded to those to whom it was owing.—“Had such extreme caution,” said Sir Home, “such rigid regulations as seem to prompt the present accusation been hitherto enforced, that daring spirit of enterprise, that prompt and decisive energy of action, which have raised the British name and character to so proud and enviable a summit of distinction, would not only have been checked, but in a great measure annihilated, and the annals of our history would not have been distinguished by so many gallant achievements, which, though undertaken without orders, have, in general, been eminently conducive to the interest and the glory of the country.”—Sir Home here referred to a number of precedents, in which officers, trusting to their discretionary power, had acted without orders, and without having been called to an account for so doing. Amongst these instances he mentioned the *coup de main* of Sir George Rooke, which put us in possession of Gibraltar; Sir Peter Parker’s and General Dalling’s expedition against the Spanish settlement of Onoah, in the American war; Lord Hood’s attack upon, and capture of Corsica; Sir John Jervis’s sending the heroic Nelson on the disastrous expedition against Teneriffe; Lord Nelson’s leaving the Mediterranean, and sailing to the West Indies, previously to the battle of Trafalgar; and, what was still more a case in point, Sir Hugh Christian’s preparing to attack the Spanish settlements in the Rio de la Plata, whilst he was commanding at the Cape. This case, however, was somewhat different from that of Sir Home; but the difference was in Sir Home’s favour. That officer had been

appointed to his ship *for the express purpose of proceeding in her to South America, and had been confidentially apprised of the secret views and plans of the king's ministers on the subject, before he left England*; but Sir Hugh Christian had undertaken *his* expedition, without any previous communication whatever with government, relative thereto. "Indeed," said Sir Home, "if an officer commanding in foreign parts is never to avail himself of information which he may receive, never to use his own discretion, or to undertake an expedition against an enemy's possessions, without precise and immediate orders from home, which cannot arrive until the moment for action shall have elapsed---if he is to be so strictly and permanently bound by the letter of his instructions under which he sailed from England, that even after the full and happy accomplishment of the object to which those instructions were directed, he shall not be at liberty to undertake and accomplish any other, however within his reach, however important in itself or in its consequences, however pointed out to him by new information and by increased facilities, and however nearly connected in many important points of view with that which he was originally sent to accomplish; if this is to be the rule and limit of an officer's exertions in a situation of such trust and confidence, the result will, I confidently foretel, be the ruin of the British navy. It will lead to the entire cessation of all acts of enterprise, and to the total extinction of that daring spirit which has so long bidden defiance to all opposition, because an officer will be deterred by the reflection, that for venturing to attack or annoy the enemies of his country, without positive instructions, his conduct may

may be prejudged by a superior authority at home, and (as in the order for holding the present trial) it may be stigmatised 'as a flagrant breach of public duty, that should not pass unpunished.' "

Sir Home Popham having concluded his defence, proceeded to call his witnesses. Of these Lord Melville was the first examined. The evidence of his lordship was given in a particularly guarded manner. He fully proved, however, that Sir Home Popham had been confidentially consulted by government respecting an expedition against South America; that he had had conversations with General Miranda on the subject, upon which he had also drawn up a memoir, and presented to Lord Melville, at his lordship's request, for the inspection of government; and that, in 1804, he had been appointed to the Diadem, with the view of co-operating with General Miranda, to the extent of taking any advantage of that officer's proceedings, which might tend to our obtaining a position on the continent of South America, favourable to the trade of this country.---Mr. Sturges Bourne and Mr. Huskisson, both deposed as to several subsequent conversations which were holden between Mr. Pitt and Sir Home Popham, at which they were present: they proved that Mr. Pitt had evinced great anxiety upon the subject; and that, at his request, they had made enquiries relative to the Rio de la Plata, and Buenos Ayres. The evidence of Mr. Browne, the master attendant at the Cape of Good Hope, seemed clearly to establish the safety of the Cape, at the period of Sir Home Popham's departure. The evidence of Captain King, of the Diadem, was still more important and decisive in favour of Sir Home. He

stated, in a very detailed manner, that he considered the Cape as perfectly safe; that it was always fully understood that the Rio de la Plata was completely within the Cape station; and that Sir Home Popham, by his very strict attention to his professional duties, and to the service of government, while at Buenos Ayres, in not suffering any of the captured property to be shipped until the squadron had been completely re-victualled, had sustained a loss of at least twenty thousand pounds.—Captain King was the last witness examined.

On the morning of the fifth day, no farther witnesses being deemed requisite, Sir Home addressed the court in the following terms:—"I here close my defence, and I throw myself upon the wisdom and justice of this honourable court. My feelings and my character have suffered severely; but I trust to your judgment to relieve the one, and rescue the other. If I have in the exercise of my zeal, exceeded the strictest bounds of discretion, I hope it will be evident that I have been actuated solely by a desire to advance the honour, the glory, and the interest of my country. In the prosecution of those great objects, aided by my gallant followers, and fostered by the superintending hand of Providence, it has been my good fortune to be put in possession of the two capitals of two quarters of the globe; and, I trust, it will be found, upon a close examination of my defence, that—

"The head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more"

The court having remained some time in deliberation, the judge advocate afterwards read the following sentence, in due form :—

“ The court is of opinion that the charges have been proved against the said Captain Sir Home Popham :— That the withdrawing, without orders so to do, the whole of any naval force from the place where it is directed to be employed, and the employing it in distant operations against the enemy, more especially if the success of such operations should be likely to prevent its speedy return, may be attended with the most serious inconvenience to the public service ; as the success of any plan formed by his majesty’s ministers for operations against the enemy, in which such naval force might be included, may, by such removal, be entirely prevented. And the court is further of opinion, that the conduct of the said Captain Sir Home Popham, in the withdrawing the whole of the naval force under his command from the Cape of Good Hope, and proceeding with it to the Rio de la Plata, was highly censurable ; but in consideration of circumstances, doth adjudge him to be only severely reprimanded, and he is accordingly severely reprimanded.”

It would be the height of presumption in us to think of arraigning the justice of the court-martial, the integrity of its individual members, or the accuracy of their judgment ; yet we may be permitted to express our surprise, under the particular circumstances of this case, that a body of professional men should so far consent to vote away the discretionary power of a commanding officer. In our humble opinion—an opinion which we submit with great deference—every

individual member of the court-martial which tried Sir Home Popham, in condemning the conduct of that officer, has condemned what possibly *may* be his *own conduct*, under some modification of circumstances, at a future period.

We understand, by various accounts received from Portsmouth at the time, that such was the sense which the public entertained of Sir Home Popham's proceedings, he was cheered, whilst getting out of the ship into the boat, by acclamations from a vast number of boats, that had been awaiting the issue of the trial. On his landing, the acclamations were repeated, and the horses were taken from the carriage that waited to convey him to his lodgings. Sir Home however, with a spirit of forbearance which did him high honour, on perceiving the intention of the populace, declined entering the carriage; and, after thanking the people for their attention, he exhorted them to disperse, in order that no improper imputation might be attached to their conduct, and proceeded on foot to the house of his friend Captain Madden.

It was on Wednesday, March the 11th, that Sir Home Popham's trial concluded. On the succeeding Monday he took his seat in the house of commons as member for Shaftesbury, for which he had been returned at the late general election; and, on the Wednesday following, attended by Captain King, and his agent, Mr. Lavie, in compliance with the pressing solicitations of his friends, he paid a short visit to Lloyd's Coffee-house. The subscription-room, appropriated to the use of the merchants and underwriters, was extremely crowded; and on his entrance, Sir Home, being immediately recognised, was greeted
with

with three cheers. Conceiving some acknowledgment of this flattering reception to be necessary, he delivered the following brief address:—

“GENTLEMEN,

“It is impossible for me to express what I feel on this occasion, seeing myself surrounded by the most respectable merchants of the first city in the world, marking personally their opinion of my exertions to promote the public welfare; and, although his Majesty’s government found it expedient to arraign my conduct on my return from abroad, I trust that my defence will satisfy the respectable body to whom I have now the honour to address myself, that every action of mine was directed to promote the honour and glory of my country, and that I shall ever feel myself bound to employ my humble talents for the attainment of any object conducive to its prosperity, although I feel that the wings of discretion have been materially clipped.”

Sir Home’s address was followed, as his entrance had been greeted, by three cheers; and he left the room amidst reiterated bursts of applause.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to noting the professional exertions of Sir Home Popham, and the circumstances which have arisen therefrom; but it is requisite to add, that Sir Home has been married ever since the year 1788, to a very handsome and very amiable woman, the daughter of Captain Prince, of the honourable East India Company’s service. By this lady, whose health, we regret to state, has severely suffered from the late proceedings respecting

her husband, he has a family of four girls and three boys. The eldest of the latter, who is now between fifteen and sixteen years of age, had the honour of being present with his father, and of sharing in his perils and successes, at the capture of the Cape, and of Buenos Ayres.

Sir Home Popham, whose skill in hydrography, and in all the scientific parts of his profession, has been already noticed, enjoys considerable celebrity in the service, from an improved code of telegraphic signals, of which he is the author, as applied to maritime affairs. This code, which does not interfere with the regular naval signals, was used by Sir Home for all the communications between the army and navy on the coast of the Red Sea; and a course of experiments was also made on board Admiral Louis's fleet, by which messages were conveyed, from the bay of Boulogne to Dungeness, in the space of eleven minutes. It was on Sir Home's plan, that the immortal Nelson's last celebrated signal—*England expects that every man will do his duty*—was given; and the code is now in general use throughout the navy.

We have thus brought this memoir towards a close; but we cannot lay down the pen, without rejoicing—without congratulating ourselves and our country—that the “*severe reprimand*” which Sir Home Popham has recently experienced, contains nothing whatever that can affect his future prospects; nothing that casts the slightest stain upon his character, in the eyes of his profession, of his sovereign, or of his country; nothing that can prevent him from rising to the highest rank in the navy, from being honoured with the most distin-

distinguished favours from the king, from living for ever in the grateful remembrance of the nation!

Under the *new* circumstances of the times, we anticipate the pleasure of soon hailing the *broad pendant* of Sir Home, if not his *flag*; and the latter, we doubt not, will appear in due season.

The extent of the late sentence upon Sir Home Popham assuredly fell short—far short of the views of ministers. But they have been humbled, justly humbled, and he has been exalted. Since the period of his trial, they have been hurled from their proud elevation; they have forfeited the confidence of an insulted sovereign; they have “fallen from their high estate;” and, we sincerely hope,

Like stars that set—to rise no more.”

MR. PRATT.

“ With thee, sweet bard ! I’ve felt th’ ecstatic glow
 Awak’d by ‘ SYMPATHY,’ and trac’d her laws ;
 ‘ HUMANITY’ has taught my tears to flow,
 ‘ BENEVOLENCE’ has urg’d the ‘ poor’ man’s cause.

“ Led by the magic of thy fertile mind,
 Thro’ fields of fancy have I lov’d to stray,
 Now wept fictitious woes—to gloom resign’d,
 Now caught mirth’s transports from thy colouring gay ;
 To ev’ry touch my heart responsive beat,
 And own’d a master’s hand and felt his pow’rs complete.”

WHILE the sons and daughters of folly are frequently blest with the splendid gifts of fortune, it is too often the peculiar lot of “ patient merit” to endure her frowns, and combat with the various rubs of life. From these unequal distributions of fortune’s favors, much advantage however has been derived : for genius, when driven to obscurity, is impelled to court publicity ; and in all probability the names of Otway, Goldsmith, and many of our now highly respected poets, would scarcely have been known, had not necessity enforced their literary exertions. True indeed, some independent characters have courted the muses, but how few have added to the list of British poets. These
 noble



noble personages, uninspired by the *cacoethes scribendi*, either through vanity or fashionable indolence, seem to have been more inclined to please themselves than yield to the gratification and amusement of others.—The subject of this memoir, who has given rise to the above reflections, seemed to have been born to happier days.—Fortune smiled upon his birth, and held out more than ordinary bliss; but when he panted to enjoy that happiness, the goddess, whose fallacy has been proved on many occasions, cheated him with an empty hand, and left him deluded with the vision.

Mr. Pratt was born at St. Ive's, in Huntingdonshire, on Christmas day, 1749-50, old style. His father, who was a gentleman of good family and property, twice served the office of high sheriff for that county; and his mother was niece to the famous Sir Thomas Drury. Our author survived fifteen brothers or sisters, most of whom died in early infancy. He received the rudiments of his classical education at Felstead, a celebrated seminary in Essex, in which county the family seat, (which was called Roockwood Hall) was situated. This mansion is rendered famous in history, having been the residence of the Capels, and also the place where the Princess Elizabeth was concealed from Queen Mary, till, by means of a subterraneous communication between the private chapel of the mansion and Abbots Rooding church (the manor of Abbots, one of the nine roothings or roodings having been attached to it) she was happily conveyed away from her sister's jealous rage.

From Mr. Pratt's elegant dedication of the fifth volume of his "Gleanings," to the Marquis of Lausdown, it appears that after he left Falstead, he was some time
under

under the private tuition of the celebrated Dr. Hawkesworth.

Such was the morning of Mr. Pratt's life; but this sunshine was soon overshadowed by a series of misfortunes which led to the decay of his family, and severe disappointments of a tender nature, which left a heavy cloud over the remainder of his days, and prevented him from fixing in the liberal professions, the church or the bar, for either of which his eminent talents so justly qualified him.

Youth being naturally impetuous and ardent, is, though the spring of life, a season most averse to the seeds of calamity, and therefore we need not wonder that they should produce irritation and disgust; yet to these disappointments and domestic misfortunes (which it would be painful and invidious for the biographer to detail) the public are probably indebted for those brilliant talents, which, for these many years, have afforded them both instruction and amusement. He that has felt sorrow himself, can also feel for the sorrow of others; and such is the philanthropy of Mr. Pratt, that the unfortunate have always experienced his kind attention and assistance.

This gentleman's first essays in prose and verse were, as is usual with juvenile writers, confined to the private circles of partial friends and admirers, or anonymously published in the periodical works of the day. When no more than twenty years of age, he boldly entered the lists for literary fame, but under an assumed signature; and such was the approbation with which his productions were received, that the fictitious name was universally talked of, while his real appellation was

was still unknown. His first poetical work, called "The Tears of Genius," in commemoration of the departed English bards, was occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith, with whom it appears he was acquainted. In this poem the author has imitated with so much spirit and accuracy the style and sentiment of each departed poet, that they seem to be absolutely the effusions of those sons of genius themselves, instead of the versification of a successor. This poem, as well as that of "Sympathy," which passed through six quarto copious editions, with a most extraordinary rapidity, was collected and given to the world, with others, under the title of "Miscellanies," in four volumes.

On the death of Mr. Garrick, Mr. Pratt offered a poetical tribute to the talents of this great actor, under the title of the "Shadows of Shakspeare," in which the different characters in the works of the immortal bard are made to do homage and mourn over the tomb of their able representative. This, when the quarto editions were out of print, was also added to the number of publications in the author's "Miscellanies," and has frequently been recited on the stage and in other public assemblies. Since this production, Mr. Pratt also wrote the epitaph which is engraved on the monument of the English Roscius in Westminster Abbey.

The muse of Mr. Pratt has shone forth at various times, both on temporary occasions, and in raising monuments to departed worth. "The Triumph of Benevolence," was sent to the committee appointed to conduct the business of a statue to be erected to the memory of the great Howard; the plan however experienced a sudden stop. This production does equal
honour

honour to the philanthropist and the poet. His work called "Humanity; or the Rights of Nature," which appeared in 1788, in a quarto edition, may be considered as a continuation of his other poem, "Sympathy," and which is written with equal spirit.

Mr. Pratt was also a frequent contributor to the "Vase," when Sir John and Lady Miller so liberally and elegantly supported the hospitalities of the Bath Easton Villa. Many of these contributions (particularly those which gained the envied laurel) may be seen in our author's "Miscellanies."

As we shall adhere as close as possible to the periods of publication, passing over the most trivial works, such as "Landscapes in Verse," which certainly possess all the merit that can belong to that species of poetry; and "Observations on Dr. Young's Night Thoughts," addressed to the celebrated Mrs. Montague, which, if not perfect, display much taste and judgment, we shall consider our author in the various capacities of poet, critic, and novelist. His commentary and illustrations of the most interesting narratives of the Bible, entitled "The Sublime and Beautiful of Scripture," which first appeared in two volumes; and, after three successive editions, were comprised in one, afford a pleasing example of Mr. Pratt's abilities for literary criticism. As a novelist he has proved himself the successful congenial associate of Fielding, Smollet, and Richardson. His "Liberal Opinions on Man, Animals, and Providence," published in two volumes, 12mo. at a time, extending in the whole to six; the first two in 1780, is a novel of an original cast, and its success induced the author to lay aside his adopted name, and assume his real one. This work contains the adven-

tures of Benignus, which in more than one trait of mind, manners, and misfortunes, has been thought to bear no small resemblance to its author. Goldsmith (whose spirit of versification our author seems to have caught) gave also a picture of himself in his comedy of *The Goodnatured Man*. "Liberal Opinions" first discovered to the public that peculiar facility of delineating characters, whether ludicrous or pathetic, which can only be acquired by becoming attentive students in the school of nature. In this work the author has introduced two interesting poems, "The unfortunate Daughter," and *The Highwayman*."

The "Pupil of Pleasure," the next systematic novel, in the order of time which Mr. Pratt produced, was by the late ingenious Hugh Kelly declared to be "a happy conception and safe delivery." This humorous and pathetic work is a severe but just illustration of the principles of Lord Chesterfield, and of their fatal tendency on the happiness of the individual, as well as society. It, however, found many critics, as well as advocates and admirers; among the first the ingenious Clara Reeve, and among the latter, Mr. Read, and Mr. Hunter. The former though she admitted the elegance of the composition, animadverted with much severity as to its moral tendency. Our author, however, in his next romance, "The Tutor of Truth," has ingeniously contrived an antidote to the "Pupil of Pleasure." and whoever reads the latter should also peruse the contrast, which, though a moral production, possesses the same splendor of fancy.

Soon after Mr. Pratt produced another novel called "Shenstone Green," founded on the benevolent chimerical idea which Shenstone, the divine poet, had promulgated,

mulgated, of building a village, filling it with inhabitants, and settling them in such a way as to be productive of felicity to themselves and advantage to the community to which they belonged. This novel was afterwards very justly entitled, "The New Paradise Lost, and a History of Human Nature," as in the ultimate destruction of this little town, the author clearly shows the fallacy of the Utopean scheme.

In another universally admired novel called, "Emma Corbett," which soon reached its ninth impression, and is now out of print, Mr. Pratt has affectingly illustrated and described those woes of war which raged most furiously during the American contest.

Ten years after this production Mr. Pratt produced sketches of literary conversation, under the title of "Literary and Domestic," but the first edition, (and which was the largest ever published of any work of imagination) having been sold in the course of a year, it was corrected with an unsparing hand by the author himself, and then given to the public, as "Family Secrets," and this edition has been also some time out of print.

Since the year 1788, our author chiefly resided on the continent, and in his "Gleanings in Westphalia and Wales," (of which various large impressions have succeeded) he has given the public the several observations he has made abroad. Lively and pleasant exhibitions of manners, amusing and interesting anecdotes, humorous and pathetic stories, sentimental and gay reflections, all expressed in a familiar and animated style, are the qualities which distinguish our author as a foreign tourist. On his return to England he be-
came

came a domestic tourist, having produced three volumes of "Gleanings in England descriptive of the Countenance, Mind and Character of the Country;" also "Harvest Home," in 3 vols. "And," says an ingenious critic on this production, "the author has in manifold instances shewn himself a faithful delineator of his countrymen, and a generous and manly defender of his country, to which his performance is a tribute no less valuable than *well-timed*. This may fairly be said of the *political* feature of the picture: the natural one presents the island in a warm display of its scenic beauty: while those lineaments which are coloured by the affections, and which give the *mind* of the country are portrayed with the hand both of a painter and a poet. The right chord of the heart is often touched in the right place, and the smiling remark is judiciously brought in to chase away the tear produced by any of the more pathetic narratives."

Though our author has always avowed a disinclination to engage in the heats of party, nevertheless he has invariably shewn himself, in his actions, and in various well-timed pamphlets, a warm and patriotic friend to the good order of that social compact by which all men are bound to their native country. In 1797, on the lamentable and unexampled mutiny which for a while disgraced the naval character, he addressed a most affecting letter to "The Tars of Old England." In the same year he wrote another to "British Soldiers," which is a panegyric upon the unsullied purity of the military character. His elegant patriotic tract of "Our good old Castle of the Rock," was written for the purpose of being distributed gratis, when it became a kind of fashion for li-

terary people of both sexes to write and give away pamphlets and books on national subjects.

Having considered this gentleman in the character of poet, critic, novelist, tourist, and loyalist, we must not forget him as a dramatist. Indeed it is to be regretted that the taste of the present age has excluded Melpomene from our theatres. Were she as much in vogue as the ridiculous buffoonery which has supplanted her, there is no doubt but this master of the tender passions would be better known as a dramatist. His tragedy of the "Fair Circassian," founded on the "Almorán and Hamet" of his friend and tutor, Dr. Hawkesworth, had a run of twenty-six nights, with scarcely any intermission. Previous to this production, the late Mr. Georges Edmund Howard, of Dublin, had endeavoured to dramatise this tale, and published the piece, but without success, as the only means by which he could introduce it to the public. On the representation of the "Fair Circassian" on the Dublin stage, Mr. H. was pleased to think it was still *fairer* than the "Fair Circassian." of Mr. Pratt. Many have been surprised that Mr. P. having been so successful in this his first essay, has never since wooed the tragic muse. He has, however, produced another tragedy, if not more, which has never yet been brought forward. Mr. Pratt's first dramatic essay was a farce, "Joseph Andrews," and he also produced a comedy, called, "The School for Vanity," acted at Drury-Lane, which had many admirers. He has published some other dramatic pieces.

The last great work of this gentleman, which is the poem of "The Poor; or, Cottage Pictures," written and published in 1801, at a period of unexampled distress

distress, is remarkable both for its pathos and energy. "It is written (says a reviewer) from the impulse of pure benevolence, and the author has been animated by a laudable indignation against *every* evil that seems to have resulted from the spirit of MONOPOLY, and has painted in rich, varied, and affecting colours the merits and miseries of rustic simplicity; he gives in truth 'the simple annals of the POOR,' in such a manner as strongly to interest the feelings, while it engages the imagination."

Mr. Pratt's private character may be traced in his writings. He is alive to *sympathy*, and remarkable for his *humanity* and *benevolence* to the *poor*—he is a cheerful companion, and a ready and zealous friend, according to his opportunities of serving.

In reading and recitation he is a model of imitation—indeed it is said that some of the most distinguished characters at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the stage, have solicited and obtained his friendly advice and assistance, in qualifying them as public speakers.

The maiden name of the lady whom our author married, when he was very young, and who is now deceased, was Lany: she was of a very respectable family, and possessed many worthy qualities. Mr. Pratt had a daughter by this union, a very accomplished lady, now happily married.

The following works of our author which may shortly be expected, are

1. The "Cabinet of English Poetry; or, select Specimens of the Works of every English Poet, from Milton to Mason; the whole prefaced by a History of the Rise and Progress of English Poetry, from the earliest

ages to the present time; and the successive Specimens introduced by a Biographical Sketch of each Poet." 2d. New editions, enlarged and corrected, of the Poems of "Sympathy," and "Cottage Pictures," with beautiful engravings by Cardon, after the original drawings of De Louthembourg, Barker, Masquerier, &c. the whole intended to compose an elegant pocket volume.

We are glad also, to see announced another novel from the pen of our author, called, "Great and Little Folks; or, a Prospect of all sorts of People," in four volumes. We may likewise expect some "Travelling Memoranda," made in different parts of North Wales, in the summer of 1806; including remarks of improvements made or projected, with elegant engravings.

HENRY JAMES PYE,

POET LAUREAT.

THE office of poet laureat, which custom or vanity seems to have perpetuated in the English court, and bestowed at different times on the various and unequal merits of a Skelton—a Spenser,—a Dryden,—a Shadwell,—a Cibber,—a Whitehead, &c. is said to have been first conferred by the Cæsars of Germany. This stipendiary poet is bound to furnish twice a year an Ode, to be sung in the presence of the sovereign and his court. During some reigns, particularly that
 licentious



licentious one of Charles II. these complimentary effusions had not always truth for their guide, and in all probability some of the poets of those ages, would not accept of the office on that account. On the contrary, much jealousy was created by this appointment, particularly as interest more than merit procured the palm: Pope beheld Cibber with an envious eye, conscious that his superior abilities as a poet were far superior to those of his rival, who, however, convinced both him and his contemporaries that he could *ACT WELL*. The present reign affords two happy instances in favour of this office—truth cannot be violated, therefore every poet would be proud of the honour; and yet no one envies the laurel which binds the temples of Mr. Pye, who is not only a genuine votary of the muses, but a worthy member of society.

Our author's family came into England with the conqueror, and settled at a place called the Meend in Herefordshire. His great-great-grandfather, a knight, was auditor of the Exchequer to James I. and it is rather singular that his great-great-grandson should be one of the successors to the laurel. The auditor's son, Sir Robert Pye, a knight also, married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir John Hampden, the celebrated patriot, of whom the subject of this memoir is consequently the representative as much as can be by the female line.

Sir Robert Pye having left the estate in Herefordshire, and the name to the Trevors, descended from the second daughter; and having purchased Farringdon, in Berkshire, twice represented that county in parliament. Here also our author's father (who was elected no less than five times for the same county without

without opposition) resided; the present Mr. Pye, however, was born in London, in the remarkable year, 1745.

Our author received his early education at home, under a private tutor, who, though an excellent Latinist, and a strict grammarian, is said to have possessed not the least tincture of taste, and to have been very deficient in the Greek language. He instructed his pupil, however, in the Westminster Greek grammar, and conducted him through the Greek Testament. Young Pye employed his leisure hours in reading the best poets, and discovered an early partiality for versification. When only ten years of age he read with rapturous delight Pope's Homer, which his father put into his hands; this, according to his own jocular expression, fixed him a "rhymers for life." At the age of seventeen he entered a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College; but having been conscious of the incapability of his late tutor to bring him forward in Greek, and consequently apprehensive that he should appear deficient therein, he persuaded a gentleman well versed in that language, to assist him in his studies, and by his means our author made a considerable proficiency in Homer, Xenophon, &c.

While at college our promising hero was under the care of Dr. Richard Scroup; but having no home at the university, and taking no pleasure in the general amusements of his colleagues, he appropriated the greater part of his time to a further acquaintance with the Muses. At this time there were no prizes for public exercises, and consequently little opportunity for a student to distinguish himself. It is said however that, by way of punishment for some trifling irregularity

regularity in college, he was ordered to compose an English Poem, and this effort of his muse not only procured him pardon, but obtained him more credit in the university, than in his opinion the production deserved.

Our young student now indefatigably applied his time to the Greek language, and the study of poetry. He went through Stone's Euclid with his tutor at Oxford, but never seemed to enter with any zeal into the mathematics. Having continued at college four years, he had the honorary title of Master of Arts conferred on him. In 1772 (at the installation of Lord North) he was also created Doctor of Laws. He now made a short excursion to the continent and visited Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and Amsterdam, before they were revolutionized. On his return, he married a worthy young lady, not through motives of interest, but from pure affection. Previous to this, his father died, within ten days after our author came of age.

Mr. Pye chiefly resided now in the country, devoting himself to the cultivation of his excellent talents. To his other accomplishments he added a knowledge of Italian and Spanish, and become in some degree acquainted with Hebrew and Arabic. The winter was his chief time of study, and nothing but the love of field sports, at that season, could have drawn him from his library. One day he has been intensely engaged with his books, and the succeeding morning he has rode ten miles before day-break, to draw a fox-cover, for fox-hunting was not then an afternoon's diversion as at present. Thus has our author been employed alternately during winter, and to the relaxtion of the field, though termed cruel and barbarous by some of his brother poets,

poets, he is in a great measure indebted for his health, and in all probability, for the remainder of his days.

Though partial to a country life, as we may see, Mr. Pye, after marriage, was obliged to make occasional visits to London. He also obtained a company in the Berkshire militia, which kept him from home on military duty for a month in each year; in time of peace, and during the American war, he was summoned to reside in camps during the summer, and quarters during the winter. On the cessation of hostilities he resigned his commission and returned to his family and poetical studies.

Having been chosen member for Berkshire, in 1784, the consequent expenses of his election, obliged him to dispose of his paternal estate. Early in life, indeed, he had involved himself (though under no legal authority so to do) by liquidating all his father's debts, which amounted to near 20,000*l*. Thus our author may be metaphorically styled a second pious *Æneas*, having generously and spontaneously taken his father's burthen on his back.

At the nomination of a representative to succeed Mr. Pye as member for Berks, at the general election, 1790, the following resolution (so highly honorable to our hero) was passed and inserted in the county papers:—

Resolved, "That the thanks of this county, be given to Henry James Pye, and George Vansittart, Esqrs. our late worthy representatives, for their unremitting attention to the discharge of their duty in parliament, and having acted in conformity with the general wishes and sentiments of their constituents; and to express our sincere regret, that we are about to lose the able services

services of Mr. Pye, the remembrance of which will long remain impressed on the hearts of the freeholders of Berkshire."

On the death of the ingenious Mr. Warton, 1790, Mr. Pye was appointed Poet Laureat, and in 1792, he was nominated one of the magistrates under the police act, both which situations he has ever since continued to fill with considerable ability and credit.

In 1796 Mr. Pye buried his first lady. He is married a second time to an amiable woman, who, if she cannot boast of birth or fortune, has still stronger claims to our praise, by filling in a most exemplary manner the social character of wife and mother.

The productions of Mr. Pye, both in prose and verse, have been in general well received by the public. The first piece to which he put his name, was a collection of "Elegies," written, we understand, before he went to the university. After this he published "The Triumph of Fashion." This was succeeded by his charming production of "Farrington Hill." Next followed "Six Olympic Odes of Pindar;" "The Progress of Refinement," an excellent work; "Shooting," two octavo volumes of poems; "Amusement;" "The Siege of Meaux," a tragedy, acted at Covent-Garden; "Naucratis," a poem; "Elegies of Tyrtæus;" "Adelaide," a tragedy, acted at Drury-Lane; A volume of "Sketches on various Subjects;" "The Inquisitor," a tragedy, written in conjunction with James Petite Andrews, Esq. never acted; "Translation of Xenophon's Defence of the Athenian Democracy," with notes; "Alfred," an epic poem; "Poems written in the vicinity of Stoke Park, in 1801;" besides other miscellaneous productions. In 1806, he produced a comedy
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called

called "The Prior Claim," in conjunction with his son-in-law, Mr. Arnold (of whom mention has been made in our account of his father, the late Dr. Arnold): This piece was played a few nights at Drury-Lane. The serious scenes displayed the masterly style of Mr. Pye; but those intended for comic, were deficient in both humour and wit: these evidently proceeded from the pen of Mr. Arnold.

In private life Mr. Pye is remarkable for his affability and politeness. Though attached to literature, and fond of the society of literary characters, he is devoid of all affectation and pomposity. Accustomed to a rural life, he is an admirer of simplicity, yet, from the situations he holds he can adapt his manners to the best of company: in short he possesses refinement for the great—conviviality for his more social friends, and benevolence for the poor.

END OF VOL. III.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates.

- PLATE I. Containing the Portraits of Sir Sidney Smith, and Mr. Sheridan, to face page 125.
- PLATE II. Containing the Portraits of Alderman Shaw, and Mr. Masquerier to face page 44.
- PLATE III. Containing the Portraits of Miss Smith, and Dr. Thornton, to face page 233.
- PLATE IV. Containing the Portraits of Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Ward, to face page 416.
- PLATE V. Containing the Portraits of Mr. Pye, and Dr. Mavor, to face page 426.
- PLATE VI. Containing the Portraits of Sir Home Popham, and Sir Samuel Hood, to face page 363.