
THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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*A Concise History of the Rise and Fall of the Mogul
Empire.*

TO give some idea of the successive revolutions in the state of the empire of Hindoostan, it is proper to observe, that from a pure Hindoo government, it at length became a Mahomedan one; and continued to be so, under various dynasties of Monarchs, from Persia, Afghanistan, and Tartary, until the beginning of the present century. The first irruption of the Mahomedans was that of Mahmood, Emperor of Ghizni, in the year of the Christian era 1000. The history of the country, from this period, to the memorable invasion by Timur, or Tamerlane, in 1398, is only the record of barbarous names, and places, and transactions. This inhuman monster, who had sufficient credit with a poet of our country*, to be introduced on the stage as a hero distinguished by great and amiable qualities, was stigmatized, in Hindoostan, by the title of "The Destroying Prince;" a title of which he was truly worthy, from the numerous massacres perpetrated under his immediate direction. But the conquest of Hindoostan was reserved for Sultan Baber, one of his descendants, who achieved it about the year 1525. He was, in reality, the founder of the Mogul dynasty; and, from this event, has Hindoostan been called the Mogul empire.

Humaion, his son, succeeded him in the year 1530. Although a Prince of considerable abilities and eminent virtues,
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he was driven from his empire by an usurper, and, during his exile, exhibited a striking picture of royal distress. He was restored to the throne in 1544, but died, in consequence of an accident, the following year.

Acbar, his son, was the glory of the house of Timur. But he failed in his attack upon the Deccan; an attempt, in which many of his successors were equally unfortunate, and which tended, in the sequel, to the decline and dissolution of the empire. He died in 1605.

Jehanguire, his son, reigned twenty-two years. In his reign, in the year 1615, Sir Thomas Roe was sent as the first English Ambassador to the Emperor of Hindoostan. The Portuguese too, had, by this time, acquired considerable settlements in Bengal and Guzerat; and it is curious to observe what Ferishta, an Indian author, says of them. Speaking of the site of an ancient Hindoo temple, near Diu, he observes, that "it was situated in the districts, that were subject to the *Idolators* of Europe:" a striking lesson this to the bigots of Christendom, of whatever denomination!

He was succeeded by his son Shah Jehan, whose reign was embittered by civil wars with his sons, and between the sons themselves; which ended in the elevation of Aurungzebe, the youngest, after he had deposed his father, and murdered or expelled his brothers. For the history of these wars (and, indeed, of all the sanguinary transactions of each reign, from the time of Sultan Baber to the death of the last unfortunate Emperor Shah Aulum) we must refer those, to whom they may be interesting, to Mr. Dow's History of Hindoostan.

Aurungzebe, who assumed the name of Allumgire, was in peaceable possession of the throne in 1660. Under his reign, the empire attained its full measure of extent. His authority reached from the tenth to the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, and nearly as much in longitude; and his revenue exceeded thirty-two millions of pounds sterling, in a country where the products of the earth are about four times as cheap as in England. But such a weighty sceptre could be wielded only by the hand of an Aurungzebe, and, accordingly, we find, that in a course of fifty years after his death, a succession of weak Princes, and wicked Ministers, reduced this astonishing empire to nothing.

Aurungzebe died in 1707, in the 90th year of his age, and left four sons: Mauzum, Azem, Kaum, Buksh, and Acbar. The death of their father was the signal of hostility between the two eldest, who disputed the possession of the empire with armies of about 300,000 men each. Near Agra, it was decided

cided by a battle, and the death of Azem; and Mauzum took the title of Bahader Shah.

This Emperor, who died in 1712, left likewise four sons to dispute the succession; and some bloody contests ended, at last, in the elevation of the eldest, Jehaunder Shah. Such, however, was the weakness and meanness of this Prince, that at the expiration of nine months, he was dethroned by his nephew Ferokfere.

In the reign of Ferokfere, the English East India Company obtained the famous Firman, or grant, by which their goods or export and import were exempted from duties and customs; and this was regarded as the Company's commercial charter in India, while they stood in need of protection from the Princes of the country.

In 1717, Ferokfere was deposed and blinded by the Seids, Houssein Ali Khan and Abdoolla Khan, two brothers and Omrahs of great power, to whom he had been indebted for his elevation.

Two sons of Bahader Shah were then successively raised to the throne, deposed, and put to death by the Seids, who had now the disposal of the empire and all its concerns. Thus, in eleven years from the death of Aurungzebe, five Princes of his line, who had mounted the throne, and six others who had been competitors for it, had been disposed of; and the degraded state of the royal authority, during this period, had introduced an incurable anarchy, and a disposition in all the governors of provinces, to shake off their dependency on the head of the empire.

Mahomed Shah, grandson of Bahader Shah, was placed on the throne by the Seids in 1718. Dreading, however, the fate of his predecessors, he acquired power sufficient to get rid of them; but not without a rebellion and a battle.

Instead of finding the Emperors attempting now the conquest of the Deccan, we perceive their empire exposed to the attacks of the powerful Nizam of that country, as well as to the inroads of the Mahrattas, who, at this period, were become very formidable.

By the contrivance of the Nizam, Nadir Shah, the usurper of the Persian throne, invaded Hindoostan in 1738. The weak Emperor threw himself on the clemency of the invader, who entered Delhi, and demanded thirty millions sterling by way of ransom. Tumults, massacres, and famine, were the result: 100,000 of the inhabitants were massacred, and sixty-two millions of plunder said to be collected. He evacuated

Delhi, however, and left the Nizam in possession of the whole remaining power of the empire, which he sacrificed to his own views in the Deccan, where he established for himself an independent kingdom.

Mahomed Shah died in 1747, having seen the Carnatic and Bengal become likewise independent, under their respective Nabobs; an independent state too, formed by the Rohillas*, on the east of the Ganges, within eighty miles of Delhi; and the kingdom of Candahar, or Abdalli, erected by Abdallah, one of the surviving Generals of Nadir Shah.

Ahmed Shah, the son of Mahomed, succeeded his father. In his reign, which lasted six years, the entire division of the empire took place; nothing remaining to the house of Tamerlane but a small territory round Delhi, together with the city itself, (now no longer a capital) exposed to repeated depredations, massacres, and famines, by the contests of invaders. The last army that might be reckoned Imperial, was defeated by the Rohillas, in 1749. The Jats, a Hindoo tribe, founded a state in the province of Agra; Oude was seized by the grandfather of the present Nabob; Allahabad, by Mahomed Kooli. The Mahrattas, beside their ancient domains in the Deccan, obtained great part of Malwa, Guzerat, Berar, and Orissa. They were alternately courted and employed by different parties, and were become the Swifs of India; with this deviation from the custom of the European Swifs, that they commonly paid themselves, instead of being paid by their employers. Perhaps, in the annals of the world, it has seldom happened, that the bonds of government were so suddenly dissolved, over a portion of country, containing at least sixty millions of inhabitants.

The Mogul empire was now become merely nominal; and the Emperors must, in future, be regarded as of no political consequence, otherwise than as their names and persons were made use of, by different parties, to promote their own views. That the name and person of the Emperor were of use, as retaining a considerable degree of veneration among the bulk of the people in Hindoostan, and the Deccan, is evident, from the application made, at different times, for grants of territory, forcibly obtained by the grantee, but which required the sanction of the Lord Paramount, in order to reconcile the transaction to the popular opinion. Another remarkable instance of the effect of this opinion is, that the coin throughout the whole tract,

* A tribe from the mountains between India and Persia,

tract, known by the name of the Mogul empire, is to this day struck in the name of the nominal Emperor.

Ahmed was deposed by Gazi in 1753, who placed on the throne, the grandson of Bahader Shah, Allumgire II. whom he deposed and murdered in 1760.

He was succeeded by his son Shah Aulum, who was alternately dependent on the contending powers, and more particularly upon the English, who obtained from him a grant of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, together with the Northern Circars. He continued long a kind of state prisoner; living on the produce of a trifling domain; allowed him partly out of veneration for his ancestors, and partly for the use of his name. The extremity of distress to which he was reduced is pathetically related by the celebrated Mr. Hastings. This very unfortunate Prince, in the sequel, was dethroned and blinded by the Rohillas. These being defeated by Madajee Sindia, a Mahratta chief, his son, Jewan Bucht, was permitted to succeed him, and to live in the same deplorable state of degradation. "It is highly improbable," says Major Rennell, "that the house of Timur will ever rise again, or be of any political consequence in the politics of Hindooostan. It was in 1525, that the dynasty of Great Moguls began; so that, reckoning to the present time, it has lasted 267 years: A long period for that country."

REMARKS on RELICS.

By Dr. GREGORY.

THE regard for relics, which had been for some centuries increasing, in the ninth appeared to absorb the attention of mankind. Perhaps, however, we are inclined to treat the follies of past ages with too much severity; and though a zeal for religion will constitute no part of the character of the eighteenth century, perhaps our absurdities and fashions will not make a more respectable appearance in the eyes of posterity. To accumulate relics was the rage of the times; and even those who were less inclined to superstition, in other respects, might be unreflectingly impelled along the tide of prevailing custom, and might be animated as we are to the imitation of the follies of our superiors. Many persons travelled during this age into the eastern provinces, and frequented the places which Christ and his disciples had honoured with their presence; in hopes

hopes that, with the bones and other sacred remains of the first heralds of the gospel, they might be enabled to extend comfort to dejected minds, to calm trembling consciences, to save sinking states, and defend their inhabitants from every species of calamity. These pious travellers did not indeed return home empty; the craft, dexterity, and knavery of the Greeks, found a rich prey in the absurd credulity of the Latins, and made a profitable commerce of this new devotion. The latter paid considerable sums for legs and arms, skulls and jaw-bones (several of which were pagan, and some not human), and other things, that were supposed to have belonged to the primitive worthies of the Christian church; and thus the Latin churches came to the possession of those celebrated relics of St. Mark, St. James, St. Bartholomew, Cyprian, Pantalion, and others, which even at this day are occasionally exhibited with much ostentation. But though the veneration for the remains of celebrated persons, when carried to such an extreme as to be converted into a species of religious worship, is certainly culpable; and though the miracles which were attributed to these remains must be considered either as the delusions of fancy, or the forgeries of priestcraft; still we are not to suppose the passion itself without a foundation in the principles of human nature. It is impossible to confine the human affections in their operation; it is impossible not to connect with the objects of our regard and admiration, every thing which was originally connected with them. The axe which terminated the existence of the innocent and beautiful Anna Bullen, is still contemplated with some sensations of sympathy; and were it possible to survey the real cross on which the Saviour of Mankind had been suspended, the person who did not consider it as more than an object of curiosity, must be destitute of all the most amiable feelings of the human heart.

An Account of Saardam, in North Holland, celebrated as the Residence of the Czar Peter the Great.

SAARDAM, a very considerable village in North Holland, seven miles from Amsterdam, is said to extend six miles along the banks of the river Wye, and is one of the greatest magazines of ship-timber, and naval stores, in Europe. It is rendered famous by the residence of Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, about the year 1696, in the humble character of a
 ship-

ship-builder. This circumstance is thus related by Voltaire, in his History of that great Emperor :

“ The Czar equipped himself in the dress of a pilot, and went to the village of Saardam, where a greater number of vessels were then built than at present. This village is as large, populous, and rich as many opulent towns, and much neater. The Czar expressed his admiration at the multitude of men constantly employed ; the order and exactness of their occupation ; the great expedition with which they built a vessel, and completed it with all its rigging ; and the incredible number of magazines, as well as machines to facilitate and expedite labour. The Czar began by purchasing a bark, to which, with his own hands, he fixed a broken mast. He next worked at every part of ship-building ; leading the same life as the artificers at Saardam ; dressing and eating like them ; working at the forges, in the rope-yards, and in the mills, of which there are such a prodigious number in this village ; in which they saw fir and oak timber into planks, extract the oil of turpentine, make paper, and draw the ductile metals into wire. He caused his name to be entered in the list of carpenters, under the name of “ Peter Michaeloff.” He was commonly called “ Mr. Peter,” and sometimes “ Short Peter :” For the workmen, thunderstruck, at first, to find a sovereign prince their companion, began to treat him soon with great familiarity.”

The hut, in which the Czar resided, with all its appurtenances, is still entire.

The windmills in Saardam, mentioned in the above extract, are about 300 in number. The inhabitants are very rich and very retired, yet with much hospitality, exhilarating wines, and luxurious tables. The dress of the women is plain and neat, with a profusion of gold ornaments about the neck, forehead, and hair, which is formed into small spiral ringlets, not unlike the head-dresses of Sir Peter Lely. The singularity of this fashion, added to a regular and pleasing symmetry of features, with great simplicity and unaffected manners, renders them far from unpleasing ; yet the inordinate use of coffee, which they take from six in the morning till ten at night, gives them a pallidness of countenance, which greatly lessens their attractions. — The dresses of the men are generally black and dark brown.

Two hundred bridges are said to be thrown over the canals in this village.

*An Account of the late great and successful Undertaking,
the Junction of the Thames with the Severn,*

[From Mr. Ireland's Picturesque Views on that River.]

THE new canal, formed by the junction of the Thames and Severn navigation, from its contiguity to the subject before us, will, I presume, be deemed an object of such importance, as not to be thought irrelevant to the present enquiry.

This canal may be considered as the most elaborate and stupendous work of art that, perhaps, any country, has yet accomplished; in uniting two of the noblest rivers in this kingdom. A project was formed more than a century ago to join these rivers, and a survey made by Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to King Charles II. to prove its practicability. The idea is likewise suggested by Mr. Pope, in a letter to the Honourable Mr. Digby, dated 1722, which, as it is written with a strong poetic and lively imagination, I shall give in his own words.—“ I could pass whole days in only describing the future, and as yet visionary, beauties that are to rise in those scenes, (in Lord Bathurst's woods, at Cirencester) the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and Severn, which are to be led into each other's embraces, through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence; but till this destined time shall arrive, that is to manifest those wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.”

That once distant period is now arrived, and the happy junction accomplished, under the survey of an able engineer, Mr. Robert Whitworth, in 1782. It may not be improper to mention, that a canal was formed by act of Parliament, in 1730, from the Severn to Wallbridge, near Stroud, at which place the present work commences: The new canal ascends by Stroud, through the vale of Chalford, to the height of three hundred and forty-three feet, by means of twenty-eight locks, and from thence to the entrance of the tunnel near Sapperton, a distance of about seven miles three furlongs. The canal is continued by a subterraneous passage or tunnel, excavated beneath Sapperton hill, and under that part of Lord Bathurst's grounds

grounds called Haley Wood, making a distance of two miles and three furlongs.

The tunnel is near fifteen feet in width, and has sufficient depth of water to navigate barges from sixty to seventy tons burden; these barges are about eighty feet in length, twelve in width, and draw about four feet of water when loaded; hence the canal descending one hundred and thirty-four feet, by fourteen locks, joins the Thames at Lechlade, a distance of about twenty miles and two furlongs.

This work has been achieved, with immense labour and perseverance, out of a loose rock of lime and stone; and, to secure the water, it is lined throughout with well-tempered clay. Over this canal are many handsome bridges of single arches, particularly that at Thames Head, from whence this canal receives a considerable body of water, as well as at Cirencester, where it is again supplied from the river Churn. Near the south west side of the town of Cirencester a large basin is constructed, with wharfs and warehouses for the convenience of this navigation. The basin is supplied with water by an aqueduct formed under Lord Bathurst's pleasure grounds, which are before his house.

In the course of this vast undertaking the canal from the Severn at Froomlade to Ingletham, where it joins the river Thames, is a distance of more than thirty miles; the expence of which has considerably exceeded the sum of 200,000*l*. 3000 of which, I am credibly informed by a principal proprietor, have been expended in the gun-powder alone, used for the purpose of blowing up the rock.

This immense work was completed on the 14th of November 1789, within a period of less than seven years from its commencement. Nor is it an easy task to describe the various advantages that seem likely to be derived from its extensive communication with the different parts of Wales, Bristol, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, &c. its more inland navigation, as connected with the canals of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, and its immediate intercourse with the Thames from Lechlade toward Oxford, Wallingford, &c. to London: So various, and so important, are the benefits derived from hence, both to the individual and the public, the inhabitant who receives with little expence the produce of the most distant quarter of the island delivered at his own door, and the traveller who passes smoothly and securely by it through roads no longer cut to pieces with heavy carriages, that it is much to be wished this work may prove as beneficial to the spirited and enterprising

proprietors, as it is a blessing to more than the countries through which it passes.

CLAUDIUS; or the DISAPPOINTED SCHOLAR :

A T A L E.

Addressed to the Votaries of Wit and Learning.

Continued from Page 436.

SUCH were the prepossessions of the respective parties, when Claudius returned to England, not indeed with any peculiar laurels of military renown; but with a degree of reputation for personal courage, which five or six duels had placed beyond the possibility of controversy. He was soon introduced to, and became sensible of the charms of Evelina; and though his person, which was rude and diminutive, but little corresponded with the abstract idea of a hero, or a votary of Apollo and the graces, the fair-one generously summoned to her imagination the brighter picture of his mental excellencies, and suppressing her disappointment, accepted with commendable vanity, the invitation, which, through the medium of her brother, solicited her to accompany an acknowledged man of letters, to a place of public amusement. His awkward bashfulness during the evening of this appointment, (for he was but little used to the society of the sex) she candidly overlooked; and she listened with eager pleasure to his remarks, though they were seldom addressed to her; nor could she help observing, afterward, to her brother, that his comments, even upon the most trifling occurrences, had something in them which shewed the superiority of his genius and understanding.

As Woodford was much attached to elegant gaiety, and never went to any place of amusement without his sister, Claudius aspired to emulate his taste; so that in almost every fashionable circle, the friendly trio, for a considerable time, was almost constantly to be met with. Claudius continued to address his remarks to Woodford; and Evelina continued to think him a youth whom every one must esteem and admire.

The first time she saw him to any disadvantage was at a ball. On this occasion he had, by a bold, but injudicious effort, broke through the rustic bashfulness of distant respect, and aspired to the honour of her hand; but acquitting himself so awkwardly, in an exercise for which he was not calculated, as to excite some
degree

degree of risibility among the company, his native temper displayed itself in a jealous petulance, and peevish engrossment of the attentions of his partner, which not all her painful compliance, and amiable affectation of cheerfulness and satisfaction, could sooth or allay.

Woodford saw with pain these strong indications of a temper he had already begun to suspect, and, fearful that their influence on the mind of his sister might disappoint an alliance of which he was particularly ambitious, he resolved to change a scene so ill calculated for the display of his friend's talents, and to give him an opportunity of drawing off his little party (mostly composed of young people of a literary and sentimental turn of mind) into an adjoining room, where a cold collation had been previously prepared for their entertainment; and soon contrived to draw our hero, (who was much more expert in the use of his voice than of his gymnastic muscles) into a discussion of some favourite maxim of ethics. Claudius, who was a sincere and ardent moralist, was now in his natural element; he charmed the whole company with a spirited and elegant refutation of the false principles, which his generous opponent had purposely advanced; and giving full scope to his fine imagination, rendered the glowing sentiments of virtue and benevolence still more amiable by the beautiful figures and allegories with which he embellished them.

The voice of Claudius, whenever he felt himself interested in his subject, was rich and harmonious; and it might be well said, in the elegant language of our ancient poet, Lydgate, that (by his copious selection, and happy arrangement of the sweetest and most appropriate sounds of our language)

—“ He caused to distil and rain

“ The gold dew drops of speech and eloquence;”

so that the disgusting remembrance of his rusticity and ill temper, was quickly effaced from the gentle bosom of Evelina, and a deep and favourable impression was made in her heart, by the fortunate display of mental ability.

Woodford soon began to congratulate himself on the success of his stratagem; for as Claudius had previously declared to his friend the fervour of his attachment, and intreated him to assist his endeavours for insuring a return of his sister's affection; and the willing advocate, on their return, seized a favourable opportunity to turn the conversation from the general occurrences of the evening to the particular subject which lay so near his heart; painting in forcible colours the passion of his

friend, and pressing the affair as freely as a delicate tenderness for the unrestrained sentiments of his sister would permit.—
Evelina, who was indeed

“ The pupil of nature, and stranger to art,”

which the elegant pen of her living author has described, freely confessed to her brother that she felt some prepossession in his favour; that she admired his talents, and esteemed his principles.

The following are the lines alluded to in the above passage :

The tear in the eye, and the blush on the cheek,
The tongue that reveals what the heart bids it speak;
The tender sigh pregnant with pity or love,
And the smile that congenial gladness can move—
(What ideal raptures these tokens impart!)
Shew the pupil of nature, and stranger to art.

But when I behold in fair Emily's form
The graces that please and the beauties that warm;
When I trace in her sorrow, or joy undesign'd,
The feelings that mark a susceptible mind,
My rapture is lost in a wild throbbing smart,
For the pupil of nature, and stranger to art.

But this smiling prospect was quickly overcast; for as Claudius was now admitted on the declared footing of a lover, his visits were more frequent, and his opportunities of conversing with his mistress, afforded her also an ample opportunity of detecting his real disposition. She was shocked to discover the noblest powers of understanding, linked with the most unamiable qualities of an unsocial temper; she was disgusted when she found the generous encouragement with which she had endeavoured to dissipate his timid reserve, suddenly inspire the most presumptuous confidence; and she could not without indignation observe the finest talents for wit abused, on the slightest provocation, to the purposes of imperious, ill-nature, and the brightest powers of imagination “sicklied over by the pale cast of jealousy and suspicion,” which all her generous condescensions could not subdue or soften.

He soon perceived, or thought he perceived, that his interest in her affection was but small; and this discovery precipitated him into a conduct that must necessarily make it less. His deportment, ever since his admission as a lover, had been tingured

with a strange mixture of inattention, rudeness, and presumption; but it now became fretful, sullen, and petulant. It had always been evident that he rated the female understanding exceedingly low; but now, he could not refrain from expressions of contemptuous indignation; and if she did but speak to a male acquaintance, when he was present, she was sure to be entertained with sarcastic commendations of the sagacious preference of blockheads and coxcombs, and the wisdom of the sex who delight in exposing men of sense to ridicule and contempt, while they flirt with the feathered fops of frivolity and fashion.

Poor Evelina now discovered how wide a distinction there is between literary admiration and love; and how possible it is to unite all the qualities which command the former, with every thing that can operate as an antidote to the latter: and while Claudius was cursing the frivolity of a sex, always insensible to the merits and passions of men of learning and genius, she, with better reason, reflected that, if she must be miserable, it would be but an indifferent consolation, that the brute who made her so was admired for his understanding, and celebrated for his wit.

But the chief anxiety of Evelina, arose from the dilemma to which she was reduced with respect to her brother: for she dreaded an explanation that must interrupt his most intimate and partial friendship, and yet could not endure the idea of acting, without assigning her reasons, in a manner contrary to his wishes, even in circumstances where his liberality always upheld that her heart should be her own arbiter.

The behaviour of Claudius, however, soon relieved her from this embarrassment; for being shortly after at a private masquerade together, the turbulent jealousy of Claudius, (who had been previously offended by the repulsion of such familiarities, as his presumption rather than his good sense had dictated) imagining every mask to conceal a favoured rival, and every word addressed to another to be an act of insult and neglect toward himself, burst out in such terms of intemperate rudeness, as drew upon him three or four direct challenges, and afterward led him to vent his wanton malevolence on the glasses and chandeliers; and to throw the whole company into confusion and dismay; and when the lovely Evelina was enchanting the surrounding circle with the rich melody of her voice, the literary savage muttered his discontent in broken imprecations, and, at length, started from the table with an audible malediction of female perverseness, because she was singing an air
which

which the company had requested, when she knew there was another for which he entertained a greater partiality.

Woodford, who had long observed, with silent anguish, the private disposition of his friend, seized the opportunity to withdraw with his sister and their party; and left the son of turbulence and genius to curse the levity of flirts, who will not admit that brilliant talents make brutality amiable; and to settle at the peril of his life, those quarrels to which the violence of his temper had exposed him.

In the above essay, I have simply delineated a real character, and not presented a creation of my own mind. I do not therefore hold up the portrait, as an allegorical representation of the whole body of literati; nor do I mean to insinuate that moroseness and ill-humour are necessary concomitants of genius; or that great mental acquirements unfit a man for happiness and social enjoyment. There are certainly in this kingdom, some, and in a neighbouring land of liberty and letters many, who blend the greatest learning with the most engaging good humour, and to the fire of genius, add the brilliancy of elegant manners; and such are ever secure of the most gratifying reception from the fair. All I mean to insinuate is, that when men of letters are neglected by the sex, they owe not their disgrace to the eminence of their abilities, but to some qualities or habits, which as they might remove them without injury to their talents, it is their duty to themselves and society to reform, instead of cherishing them with irrational pride.

C. W.

O F R E A S O N.

REASON is the only guide given to men in the state of nature, to find out the will of God, and the means of self-preservation. The senses are its subordinate instruments and spies: They bring it intelligence; and it forms a judgment, and takes measures, according to the discoveries which they make. It compares things one with another, and chooses them, if they are good; or neglects them, if they are indifferent; or shuns them, if they are bad. It discovers a first cause, the Maker, Contriver, and Preserver of all Things; and therefore it teaches submission to his will, admiration of his wisdom and power, and thankfulness for his goodness and mercy. It distinguishes subjects from slaves; and shews the loveliness of liberty, and the vileness of vassalage: It shews that, as to political

litical privileges, all men are born equal; and consequently, that he who is no better than others, can have no right to command others, who are as good as himself; unless for the ends of their own interest and safety, they confer that right upon him, during their good pleasure, or his good behaviour.

Reason has invented all silence, pointed out all commerce, and framed all schemes for social happiness. It has polished mankind, set the Greeks above the Barbarians, and the Romans above the Greeks. It has been observed, in praise of its power and excellency, by a celebrated moralist, that we have not sufficient strength to follow our reason as far as it would carry us.

To reason we are beholden for all the comforts and conveniences of life, next after the first author of them; and for our defence against the assaults of beasts of prey, and of one another; and for our shelter from the inclemencies of uncertain weather, freezing us, or scorching us, according to the different seasons of the year. The earth, with all its abundance, affords but rude and unpleasing entertainment, without the dexterity or refinements of reason. Thus, even the gifts of nature, before they arrive at us, and are made fit for our use, become also the gift of reason. Without reason we had lived like the brute creation, upon raw fruit, tasteless herbs, and the cold spring; or exposed to the merciless jaws of famine, when a severe winter had frozen up the stores of the earth, and locked the waters under ice.

Reason checks tumultuous passion, the greatest enemy to the peace of the mind, and to the peace of society. Hence it has been observed, by the same moralist, that all our rational pursuits are temperate pursuits; and that what we pursue with reason, we never pursue with violence. Reason subdues anger, and prevents cruelty; it makes a man less fierce than a lion, and less ravenous than a bear. It is not human shape, but human reason, that places a man above the beasts of the fields, and lifts him into a resemblance with God himself. Hence it is justly styled *divinæ particula auræ*; a ray, or impulse of the divinity. And, in what sense can a man be said to be made after the image of God, unless by his possessing that reason which is a divine particle of the godhead? We resemble not our Maker in person or complexion; and therefore can only resemble him in reason, and in mercy, which is the child of this divine reason.

Were we not rational creatures, we could not be religious creatures, but upon a level with brutes, to whom God has made no revelation of himself, because they want reason to discern it,

it, and to thank him for it. Revelation therefore presupposes reason; and addresses itself to reason; and God himself, by persuading us, as he does in his word, by the voice of reason, appeals to our reason. We cannot glorify God but with our understandings; and we are convinced of his goodness before we adore it. To praise him, without reason, is a contradiction, and an impossibility. The devotion which he requires, must be free, rational, and willing; and where it is not so, it is folly or hypocrisy.

Nor is there any opposition between reason and grace, whatever some may weakly, or dishonestly, maintain. In truth, grace is never given, but where reason was already given; and the former cannot subsist, where the latter does not. We may have worldly wisdom without piety; but cannot possess piety without understanding; nor does grace, though given in the greatest abundance, at all supply the ordinary offices of reason. We do not find that St. Luke was a better physician, for having written a gospel; or St. Paul a better sailor, or better tent-maker, for being an Apostle. But neither could St. Luke have been an Evangelist, nor St. Paul an Apostle, unless God had given them reason as well as grace. Indeed they are both the gifts of God; only the one is ordinary, and the other is extraordinary.

Reason, even without the light of revelation, teaches us to investigate nature, and praise God for the wonderfulness of his works. It must judge of revelation itself, what is so, and what not; and of the words and language, in which the holy oracles were at first conveyed; and of the words and language into which they were afterwards translated. Now words, many of them being obscure or equivocal, and signifying different things to different men, it is left to our reason to determine, in what sense these words are to be understood. The spirit of God has invented for us no new ones, or such as carry in their sound certain and determinate ideas, which cannot be mistaken, but must infallibly be the same to every man.

By the light of reason, we see about us. It warns us against craft, and arms us against force; and the same reason, which commands us to believe in God implicitly, and obey him passively, does also command us to trust to no man without inquiry, and to submit to no man without cause. Thus, what is our duty in relation to God, would be madness in relation to one another: The good God cannot deceive us; but men have pride, folly, interest, and complexion, all conspiring to deceive themselves and others.

Our first attempt to make converts, is an appeal to their reason, by which they are, to judge for themselves of the reasonableness of our religion, and of the arguments which we bring for the defence and recommendation of our religion: Which method would be exceedingly absurd and dishonest, if we did not suffer them to judge of our religion with the same freedom, after they are come into it, as they did before they embraced it. This would be trepanning one's reason into captivity, with its own assistance; first to make use of it, and then to vote it useless: A strange inconsistent piece of treachery, and flat contradiction to that liberty with which Christ has made us free! As if we were to receive any system upon the grounds of our reason, without which it never can be sincerely received, and then to reject our reason upon the grounds of our system.

Pray, how do you distinguish the beauty and truth of the gospel, from the imposture and absurdity of the alcoran, but by our reason? How do we detect the impudent and senseless doctrine of transubstantiation, but by our sense and reason? Why did we, or how could we, leave popery, and embrace the reformation, but because our own private reason told us; and scripture, of which we made ourselves the judges, told us; that we left slavery, falsehood, and cruelty, for truth, freedom, and innocence? How did our Saviour prove himself the Son of God, but by miracles, which every eye saw, and every ear heard? He appealed to the sense and reason of mankind; and all were convinced, that would be convinced. How do we know the scripture to be the word of God, but by the deductions and information of reason? How can we prove our own church, as by law established, to be the purest and best constituted church in the world, but by the testimony of impartial, disinterested reason? For, it is plain, from the great number of gain-sayers, and Arians, that her genuine sons have not the miraculous gift of inspiring, from above, all men with their own orthodox sentiments. How can we distinguish religion from enthusiasm; grace from superstition; faith from credulity; the love of the church from the love of power; and the authority of God from the impositions of men; but by reason, or by the scripture, interpreted by reason?

In short, all who are friends to truth, are friends to reason, the discoverer and champion of truth; and none are foes to reason but those who have truth and reason for their foes. He, who has dark purposes to serve must use dark means: Light would discover him, and reason expose him: He must endeavour

vous to shut out both; and make them look frightful, by giving them ill names; for farther than names the vulgar inquire not.

From this cause, religion and liberty flourish, where reason and knowledge are encouraged; and wherever the latter are stifled, the former are extinguished. In Turkey, printing is forbid, enquiry is dangerous, and free-speaking is capital; because they are all inconsistent with the Mahometanism by law established. Hence it comes to pass, that the wretched Turks are all stupidly ignorant, are all slaves, all infidels. Nor have the Papists much advantage to boast above the Mahometans. Their guides and governors lock up from them the scripture, which is the book of knowledge: They teach them, that ignorance is the mother of devotion: They banish liberty, they browbeat reason, they persecute truth. In consequence of all which, the deluded votaries of the Romish church were as ignorant as the Mahometans, as great slaves, greater idolaters, and greater persecutors; that is, in barbarity they exceeded the Turks, who in barbarity exceed most others.

Here, in England, why are we free, why protestants; but because we are guided by reason, and judge for ourselves? And none amongst us complain of the liberty of the press, or the growth of free-thinking, but those who would found a dominion upon stupidity and persecution. Vile and woful is that cause, which must be supported by ignorance and misery!

To conclude; scripture, and reason, without which scripture can have no effect, are the only tests of every falshood and imposture, and every superstition. As we must judge from scripture what is orthodoxy; so we must judge from reason, what is scripture.

TRANSLATION of GRAY'S ELEGY.

By Mr. PERCEVAL.

Continued from Page 431.

LE brillant du blason, la pompe de la cour,
Les lis de la beauté, l'éclat de la victoire,
Tout sous le coup fatal doit succomber un jour,
Et ce n'est qu'au tombeau que nous conduit la gloire.

Dans ces augustes lieux, près de ces saints autels,*
D'où le renom transmet ses décrets à l'histoire,

* Westminster Abbey.

*Qu'importe, si leur nom, O superbes mortels,
N'est sur le marbre écrit des mains de la memoire ?*

*Du buste respirant l'artiste créateur,
Ne sauroit en la cendre à jamais insensible,
D'un souffle qui n'est plus rappeler la chaleur,
La mort est sourde à tout, à tout est inflexible.*

*Peut-être qu'en ces lieux plusieurs giffans obscurs,
Auroient pu diriger les ressorts d'un empire,
Et d'autres embrasés des rayons le plus purs
Charmer l'ame enivrée aux doux sons de la lyre.*

Sherborne Grammar School.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of the Bishop of Durham.

A Gentleman who had married into a family that had some right to patronage, perhaps from the Bishop, applied to him for his favour. He stated his intention of going into the church accordingly. The Bishop asked him "what would satisfy him as to the amount of preferment?" The gentleman answered that 400l. a year would be more, perhaps, than he had a right to hope. "Then, (said his Lordship) I will allow you that sum out of my own pocket: for I do not hold it right to consider the church as a medium only for emolument." He has continued to make him this allowance ever since.

*Answer, by Joseph Platts, of Plymouth, to J. Chivers's Rebus,
inserted August 27.*

THE male's a Man I understand,
Tho' he's perhaps a clown;
The box's a chest, and er's the rest,
And MANCHESTER's the town.]

* * * We have received the like answer from F. I. of Totnes; W. S. M. Barrett junior, H. Cross, and T. T. S. of Exeter; W. H. of Dean Prior; S. Hill, of Dawlish; Wm. Brewer, Taunton; R. Dugger, St. Austle; T. Walker, of

Hemyock; T. Scadding, Wellington; J. Ryder, of Marsh Mill, near Plymouth; J. K. C. near Wells; S. Major, of Colyton; A. Pinn, Exmouth; Lionel, near Totnes; John Burroughs, of Ilchester; and T. Giles, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by Matthew Barrett junior, of Exeter, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inserted September 3.

ON verdant hills the SHEEP are often seen
Playfully skipping o'er the pleasant green.

||| We have received the like answer from J. Chivers, of St. Austell; W. H. of Dean Prior; S. Hill, Dawlish; Isaac Salter, of Payhembury; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; T. C. and Wm. Smith, of Grampound; T. W. near Wiveliscombe; T. Walker, of Hemyock; and J. Fudge, of Ruishton.

An ANAGRAM, by J. Burroughs, of Ilchester.

YE bards of learning, wit, and fame,
I pray transpose a woman's name,
Tho' neither Sue nor Sally;
Then o'er the sacred writings look,
From page to page, from book to book,
And find the hidden valley.

A QUESTION, by W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.

GIVEN $8xy + 24y = 858 = a$
 $240x - 6y = 3201 = b$
To find the value of x and y by a step process.

A REBUS, by Fidelio, of Bath.

IMPRIMIS, sapient youths declare
What Fox's learned orations are;
Next what directs a vessel's motion,
When sailing on the boundless ocean;
And finally present to view,
What once a dreaded champion flew,
When from a sling it whizzing flew.

From

From these plain hints you easily may trace
 A distant fashionable watering place;
 Where the nobility oft times repair,
 Some for their health, and some to banish care.

A CHARADE, by T. Giles, of Bridgewater.

WHEN winter holds her tyrant sway,
 And gloomy clouds obscure the day,
 'Tis there my first doth bind the stream,
 For want of Sol's refulgent beam.

When lightnings dart and thunders roll,
 When winds blow hard from pole to pole,
 The white-topp'd waves are toss'd on high—
 Then for my next the sailors cry.

For information scan your chart,
 Your map or globes with skill and art,
 And find a place where ocean laves
 The distant shore with rolling waves.

An ENIGMA, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Austle.

INGENIOUS BARDS! I in the earth was born,
 But straightway from that parent I was torn;
 My fate is dreadful—woeful is my plight—
 I'm often search'd for in the gloom of night.
 Oh cruel man! How direful is my state!
 Oh that some mortal would lament my fate!
 I in a silent dungeon once did dwell,
 As black and fable as the shades of Hell;
 For ages past in peace and rest I lay,
 But from my parent now I'm snatch'd away;
 With harden'd steel most bitter strokes I bear,
 But 'midst these strokes no one will drop a tear;
 I'm often purg'd, and carefully refin'd,
 Before I'm fit to please man's fickle mind;
 When this is done I am refin'd anew,
 Which answering lines conspicuously will shew;
 Then in a form I'm made supremely neat,
 And bear an image of a beast complete.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

VERSES *from* OSSIAN.

O'ER the green turf where youthful Carthon slept,
All melancholy, sad, great Fingal wept :
Then bade his bards, at autumn's drear return,
To mark the day, and the fall'n hero mourn.
" Who comes, who comes so dark along the shore,
" Like autumn's shadowy cloud, from ocean's roar ?
" Death trembles in his hand ! from either eye
" Flashes of fury, and of vengeance fly :
" Who roars along dark Lora's cheerless plain ?
" The king of swords, the valiant Carthon slain.
" The people fall ! See, how in death array'd,
" See, how he strides, like Morven's sullen shade !
" But there he lies, a goodly oak, he lies,
" Swept headlong by the tempests of the skies.
" When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy, again ?
" When shalt thou rise to vanquish on the plain ?
" Who comes, who comes so dark along the shore,
" Like autumn's shadowy clouds, from ocean's roar ?"
So sung the bards, when autumn drear return'd,
And Ossian join'd their voice, and with them mourn'd :
" Ah me, how has my heart for Carthon sigh'd !
" He fell—in youth's bright morn the hero dy'd.
" And thou, Clessammor, on thy clouds reclin'd,
" Where is thy spirit's dwelling in the wind ?
" Still mourns the youth the wound by which he fell ?
" Doth he delight with thee on clouds to dwell ?
" I feel the sun—Oh, let mine aching breast
" Repose !—Malvina leave me to my rest !
" Perhaps to my still dreams they might appear ;
" I think I hear a faint voice in mine ear :

The

" The radiant beam of Heaven delights to shine
 " On Carthon's grave: I feel its warmth divine.
 " Oh thou! who roll'st above, in awful blaze,
 " Round as my father's shield, whence are thy rays,
 " Oh sun! thine everlasting light? On high
 " Thou comest forth in beauteous majesty:
 " The faint stars fly thee! Cold and pale the moon
 " Sinketh in western wave: But thou thyself alone
 " Movest in Heaven: Oh Sun! who can appear
 " The proud companion of thy bright career?
 " The tall oak of the mountain dies away,
 " And falls: Mountains themselves with years decay:
 " The tumbling ocean shrinks and grows again:
 " The moon herself is lost in Heaven's high plain:
 " But thou art ever beauteous, on thy way
 " Rejoicing in thy brightness: When the day
 " Tempests o'erwhelm, and darkness frowns around:
 " When lightning flies, and thunders deep astound
 " The busy throng beneath, thy beauteous form
 " Looks from thy clouds, and laughs at the wild storm.
 " But ah! in vain to me thy glories rise
 " In Heaven! In vain thou lookest to these eyes,
 " That never more shall view thy beams divine!
 " Whether on eastern clouds thy tresses shine;
 " Or thou, bright orb! shall tremblingly descend
 " Thy western course; yet, ah! thy years shall end,
 " As mine have ended! Thou shalt sleep unseen
 " Amid thy clouds, nor hear the voice serene
 " Of whispering dawn! Exult then in thy morn;
 " For age is dark, unlovely, and forlorn:
 " Like the pale glimmering ray, at silent night,
 " When thro' the broken clouds, her sickly light
 " The faint moon sheds, and on the mountain's side
 " The scatter'd grey mist wanders slow and wide:
 " The north blast thro' the bleak heath howls amain:
 " The weary traveller shrinks on the lone plain.

Wellington, September 12, 1792.

L.

CHARLOTTE to WERTER.

OMNISCIENT GOD! who knows my heart,
 Who first impress'd fair reason's power,

Rose

Rose every sentiment and art,
To illume and cheer the dreary hour.

Oh! why should passion's shade oppress,
When virtue is its innate cause;
Or Werter doubt his Charlotte's breast,
When passion fond affection draws.

Thou Great Supreme! If passion's wrong,
Oh! then my gentle soul remove;
For ever seal the muse's song,
And free me from the pains of love.

But Werter come, and see my face,
Let me recline upon thy breast;
Oh! there let Charlotte breathe her last,
And calm from woe securely rest.

CHARLOTTE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Ruins of Godstow Nunnery.

BY yon bare cot, where Rosamond maintains
The ruin'd honours of her dusky plains,
The lonely gate, close by yon cross-path stile,
Forlorn now staggers round the broken pile.
Here ancient Superstition rear'd the dome,
And in the fearful forest fix'd her home.
In days of yore, here made her quaint retreat,
And by a marshy valley fix'd her seat.
In these black shades, amid their night campaigns,
Devotion rous'd the sister's sacred strains;
In these black shades, aloof from human view,
The sisters wan oft trimm'd their torches blue.
Thro' the dim windows pour'd the mystic glare,
And fear'd the morning bird with clam'rous pray'r.
From cell to cell prolong'd the ceaseless lay,
And waking wore the tedious night away.
But now rude moss invests the sacred stones,
And heaps of turf are all the fabric owns:
While here and there the straggling cattle stall,
And snatch wild ivy from the ruin'd wall.

T. W.