

# THE European Magazine,

For MAY, 1809.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of LORD COCHRANE; and, 2, a View of the EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON.]

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

\* Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. SERJAENT, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Forty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. GUY, at the East India House.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

" Beside him rode *Hyppolita*, the queen,  
And *Emily*, attir'd in lively green."

*Palamon and Arcite, Dryden's Version.*

ALTHOUGH the letter of SERICARIUS was received too late for insertion, still its contents appear to us so important, that an obvious impropriety would arise from our deferring the notice of them. We shall, therefore, in our own words, detail their substance, leaving, though with some reluctance, the epistolary "limbs and outward flourishes" to those who have more time to contemplate the one, and space to detail the other.

We are then of opinion, with our correspondent, that *Chaucer*, when he described the fascinating "*Emily* attired in lively green," meant *green silk*: and, without wandering to the other works of this father of English verse, we are, from this, his "*Knight's Tale*," the more confirmed in our opinion, because, speaking of the same lovely object, he says,

" A riband did her braided tresses bind;  
The rest were loose, and wanton'd in the wind.

In fact, we may gather from the poem, (for it will be remembered that our ancient bards always adapted the manners and customs of all other nations to their own,) that it was, in times remote, the practice of the English ladies, attired in the most vivid coloured silks, to do observance to the sprightly *MAY*.

" For sprightly *May* commands our fair to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep."

This custom was continued for ages; and therefore, we think, is properly introduced by SERICARIUS, speaking in favour of the *silk manufactory*, "which," as he observes, "has languished through the winter, but lately expanding with the blossoms of the spring, is in some degree revived."

"The *silk manufactory*," he adds, "is of the utmost importance to the country; its antiquity, as a metropolitan establishment," he continues, "it is unnecessary to insist on; but we read of '*beautiful embroideresses*' among the Saxons. Whether our ancient authors meant *beautiful girls* or *beautiful workers*, we do not know; but we believe they meant *both*. The *silk women* of the middle ages were professionally eminent; and the *silk weavers*, even to the time of *CHARLES I.* as may be learned from the picturesque description of the superb dresses worn in the *ROYAL MASQUES* of *Ben Jonson* and *Inigo Jones*, had arrived at great perfection in the manufacture of their rich and tasteful fabrics.

"The weaving art languished during the *Usurpation*; but revived, or rather we may say *was restored*, with *CHARLES II.* Its encouragement then, became a favourite object with the court; and the protection that it has since received from the *British ladies* in general, is so well known, that it need not be mentioned."

Indeed, we must observe, that the protection afforded to the silk trade has been (like *virtue*) its own reward: for as we conceive, that it is highly patriotic in the *British ladies* to encourage a manufacture which is so peculiarly useful, by finding employment for their own sex, and *domesticating* ours; so we must, in contradistinction from the flimsy dresses of the times, inform them, that a paraphernalia of *silk* adds elegance to beauty; its folds give a picturesque contour to the form, its colours a glow to the features; and, in short, that it renders each woman an *EMILIA*.

We should very readily have inserted the poem ON *CONSCIENCE*, had the *last verses* been in any degree equal to the *first*.

We think that we should get into a *scrape* (we mean, a *controversy*), were we to publish the letter signed *ANTI-CALVIN*.

Several poetical articles are postponed for want of room.

We understand, that the ingenious *MR. PRATT* is preparing, and about to publish, some specimens of *poetry* by *JOSEPH BLACKET*, a youth of extraordinary poetical promise.

*MR. BRADLEY*, of *Wallingford*, has prepared, under the sanction of *Dr. Valpy*, and other eminent preceptors, a series of questions adapted to *LINDLEY MURRAY'S Grammar*.

*DR. MAYOR*, whose works on education are well known, will shortly produce the first parts of a series of *Catechisms* on popular subjects.



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THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LONDON REVIEW,

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FOR MAY, 1809.

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MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. CAPTAIN LORD COCHRANE, K.B. &c.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

But he may brave them in their ports, and filled  
With NELSON's fury, set their fleets in blaze.

A. PHILLIPS.

AT the time that the *Athenians* took the noble resolution to dispute the dominion of the sea, not only with their inveterate enemies, the *Medes*, but with the European world; CIMON, in rapture at the heroism of his countrymen, passed through the street of *Cerameion*,\* accompanied by other aspiring young men. The hero carried a *bride* in his hand, which he offered to the Goddess *Minerva*; thereby intimating that, situated as *Athens* was, MARINERS were of more use than *horsemen*.

When the *Persian* fleet anchored at the mouth of the river *Eurymedon*, but with no design to fight, *Cimon*, influenced by that opinion, was resolved either to bring them to action, or to destroy them. The *barbarians*, observing the intention of the captain, by the manœuvres of his vessels, although their force was infinitely superior, flew into their ports, and, seized with a panic at the intrepidity of the *Athenian* sailors, turned the prows of their gallees toward the shore. *Cimon* pressed upon them; "those *Persian* mariners that first reached the coast, threw themselves upon land and fled to their army, drawn up thereabout; their vessels were burned

or wrecked in the confusion, or sunk in their hasty retreat, and a great number of men perished with them."

The remembrance of the classic position, that "there has been in all ages and nations a similarity in heroic actions," has induced us to allude to the nautical history of *Athens*: at the same time we must observe, that those records of our own country, are in every respect as superior as is the unbounded ocean to the circumscribed limits of the *Mediterranean* sea: heroism is the growth of every soil, but *marine heroism* seems peculiarly adapted to the situation, the genius, and the talents of Britons; therefore, in this work, whereon it is the pride of the editors to stamp a character *truly British*, we are extremely happy, by the memoir of the gallant officer whose portrait we contemplate, to add another instance to our national stock of nautical celebrity, and to twine another branch of laurel around the ample verge of our NAVAL CROWN.

ALEXANDER, LORD COCHRANE, is the eldest son of the EARL of DUNDONALD, a nobleman whose life, like that of the *Marquis of Winchester*, of a former period, has been devoted to pursuits which had in view the interest and the glory of his country. His mother was Ann, the daughter of Captain *Gilchrist*, a naval officer of considerable eminence. He was born December 24, 1775; and after an education calculated to smooth his passage to the profession to which his genius pointed, was placed under the

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\* This principal street of Athens led to the *Acropolis*, where the senate of Five Hundred, to which, we think, in after ages another hundred was added, and the *Areopagites*, the members of the upper house, sat. *Cimon*, the son of *Miltiades*, it is said, repaired this building. Vide *Plutarch*, Vol. III. p. 291, *Archæologiæ Attica*, lib. 7, p. 8, &c.

more immediate inspection and tuition of his uncle and godfather, the present admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane.

After he had served the regular nautical novitiate, as a midshipman, and in this situation been actively employed in the West Indies, the Bay of Biscay, and on the home station, he passed for a lieutenant; and by a regular gradation, rose to the post of master and commander, was appointed to the *Speedy* brig, a vessel of fourteen guns, and in due course to the rank which he now holds in the British navy. The first action which marked the honourable career of this gallant officer was during the period that he was stationed off Barcelona; when, in 1801, he engaged, boarded, and took a Spanish sloop of war called *El Gamo*, a vessel which carried more than twice the number of guns with which the *Speedy* was armed,\* and was in every other respect of superior force. From this auspicious beginning his success against the enemies of his country was immense. In the course of this year he took 33 vessels, the guns of which amounted to 128, and captured 530 persons.

His sloop also, in company with another of the same species, destroyed a ship of 26 guns, three gun-boats, and a whole convoy which sought the protection of a battery, upon which was mounted a number of heavy pieces of ordnance. These he also destroyed, and soon after this exploit effected a landing on the coast of Spain, where he first seized, and then blew up the tower of *Alcanenara*.

At the commencement of the present war we find that his lordship held the rank of post captain in the British navy, a situation to which his officer-like conduct, not only in the action with the *El Gamo*, but in several others, well entitled him. He hoisted his pendant on board the *Pallas*, a frigate of 32 guns, 12-pounders. In this vessel, notwithstanding the absence of 90 of his men, whom he had detached to cut out a corvette of 14 guns, his lordship attacked three French ships of 18, 22, and 24 guns each, which, with his usual ardour, he drove on shore, where they were consequently wrecked.

After these marine exertions, we have

\* Yet it is singular that the Spanish vessel had a greater number killed and wounded than the whole crew of the English, even before the action, amounted to.

a transient glimpse of Lord C. as a land officer.

May 1806, he disembarked his gallant crew on the coast of France, and, taking the personal command of them, destroyed all the signal posts, which were erected in situations the most convenient for a kind of telegraphic notice of the approach of the English cruisers. In the prosecution of this arduous and important service, a part of his men had a rencounter with, and of course routed, a small body of the militia, spiked the guns of the batteries which they had in vain attempted to defend, blew up the magazines, and threw the shells into the sea.†

In the letter from Lord Cochrane that appears in the Gazette to which we have referred in the note, there is a passage so indicative of that kind of indigenous gallantry for which our naval officers are distinguished, that we cannot forbear quoting it, although it will a little extend this article.‡

A few days after the destruction of the signal-posts, &c. the *Pallas* attacked and conquered a French frigate, although supported by two sloops of war.‡

It is not a very pleasant circumstance, as we shall have occasion more fully to state in the sequel, to cloud, even for a short period, the brilliancy of that na-

\* The account of this gallant enterprize, as published in the London Gazette of June 5d, 1806, will be found in Vol. XLIX of this Magazine, pp. 476, 477.

† The letter is addressed to Vice-admiral Thornborough, dated

"His Majesty's Ship *Pallas*, St. Martin's Road, Isle Rhe, May 10, 1806.

"Sir,

"The French trade having been kept in port of late, in a great measure by their knowledge of the exact situation of his Majesty's cruisers, constantly announced at the signal posts, it appeared to me to be some object, as there was nothing better in view, to endeavour to stop this practice. Accordingly, their two posts at *la Pointe de la Roche* were demolished; next that of *Callola*; and two in *L'Ance de Repes*; one of which Lieutenant Haswell and Mr. Hillier, the gunner, took in a neat style, from upwards of one hundred militia."

‡ The account of the transaction, in a letter from Lord C. also appears in the Gazette to which we have referred. The French frigate, though fairly beaten, escaped in consequence of the assistance of two others, sent by the French admiral, and more than all, by the shattered situation of the *Pallas*; she was afterwards captured by Sir Samuel Hood.



val career, in which we have hitherto delighted to trace the courage, the conduct, and the success of our youthful and animated hero; but it appears to us to be a sacrifice to *dullness* that the *thread* of our narration most imperatively requires; and therefore we must, though we shall do it as briefly as possible, observe, that by the machinations of some artful, designing, and, we think, mischievous persons, Lord C. was induced to splice into the excellent and genuine *stamina* of his military character, some ends of *knotted yarn*, gleaned from the tangled politics of the times; or, to proceed less figuratively—it occurred in 1806, that, when his lordship returned to Plymouth from a successful cruise, he, by mere accident, heard or read that some of the electors of *Honiton*, Devonshire, were desirous of obtaining a candidate, who, uniting *wealth*\* with respectability, might fight their battle at his own expence, and we may fairly presume for their profit.

“The captain of the *Pallas* frigate, happening to read this appeal to the public, immediately posted to the borough of *Honiton*, and offered his services. The election took place on the 10th of June; and a novel scene, on this occasion, immediately opened itself to his view.

“It was no longer with a public enemy he had to contend, but with some of his own countrymen, and we are sorry to add, that many of them, on this occasion, were said to have been stimulated less by the merits of the respective candidates, than the hopes of being wooed in the same manner as Danae” (was) “of old.”†

\* This is the old hire. We have known many boroughs, and, we are sorry to add, cities, where some disinterested persons always endeavoured, if possible, to procure an opposition. That they were animated by the purest principles of zeal for the liberty of their country (which, betwixt an established family, and a candidate from the Indies, perhaps, has been known to depend upon an additional guinea) we are not prepared to deny. That the smell of gain is good from whatsoever quarter it proceeds, is a maxim two thousand years old. The *Christian Club*, of whose leaders we had an excellent picture in Foote's Nanon, had no objection to their representative for being a *black*, because it was observed by the purchaser, and acquiesced in by the electors, that a good member, like a good horse, could not be of a bad colour.

† Public Characters, 1809—10.

It is almost needless to state, that in this, his political *debut*, the noble lord was unsuccessful; because, from the nature of the transaction, it was a thing that followed of course.\*

Notwithstanding this disappointment, the marine candidate, at the dissolution of the Parliament occasioned by the death of Mr. Pitt, repaired once more to the borough of *Honiton*.

“He set out,” it is said, “from the port of Plymouth in a true *seaman like* style, accompanied by two lieutenants and one midshipman, in full dress, in one carriage; they were followed by another, containing the boat's crew, *new rigged*, and prepared for action.

The whole of this procession, which was suitable to this specimen, was received with loud plaudits by a number of the electors; the conclusion of the contest, they had the pleasure to see, was favourable to their noble commander. He was in this instance as victorious on land as he had frequently been at sea; but his terrene triumph was not of long duration; a dissolution of the *short* parliament ensued, and consequently he was *turned adrift* on the political ocean.

The proceedings that took place upon Lord Cochrane's offering himself a candidate to represent the City of Westminster are too recent, and too generally known, even to warrant a recital of them in this brief speculation. His first appearance made a considerable impression upon the minds of the people; the fame that had attended his gallant actions, and the celebrity of his whole professional course, a still greater on the citizens of Westminster, who, we remember, from the election of *Admiral Vernon*, had, for a long series of years, been used to consider their representation as a kind of *naval crown*, a reward for the glorious exertions of their maritime heroes; therefore, we little wonder that so large a majority agreed to confer it on his lordship; he was accordingly elected, and we have the pleasure and pride to add, without any expence inimical to the purest constitutional principles.

With respect to the senatorial exertions of his lordship, they are so much

\* At the conclusion of the poll, the numbers were as follow:

For the Hon. Cavendish Bradshaw.... 259  
For Captain Lord Cochrane..... 124

eclipsed by his professional celebrity, that, as the latter need no foil, but, as Dryden says,

"Shine by his own proper light."

it would almost appear invidious were we to mention the former.

To trace his professional conduct we therefore with pleasure return, and find that soon after he had taken his seat at *Westminster*, he was called into hotter, still more active, and, beyond all comparison, more dangerous service, being appointed to the command of the *Imperieuse* frigate of 40 guns, formerly *la Médée*: wherein, after cruising, independently, we think, for some time, "he placed himself under the command of Lord Collingwood, whose squadron was at that time employed in blockading the harbour of *Cádiz*, and checking the exertions of the Spaniards, whose misfortune it then was, to be under the influence of the French.

This was a most singular period, full of dreadful events and misfortunes irreparable to the royal family of Spain, and consequently to the Spanish nation; but at the same time fraught with those circumstances which place the honour and generosity of the British people in the most elevated point of view, and do the highest credit to the exertions of the British government.

The Spaniards, during their connexion with the French, had been our enemies; but the moment that *their former friends* became their most cruel oppressors, the moment that savage fury and diabolical perfidy were let loose upon them, and they sunk into the deepest affliction, we considered them no longer as our foes; they were in distress, and consequently all animosity ceased on our part; the heroism of Britain was called at once into action, and we afforded them all the assistance which it was in our power to afford. In consequence of this noble sentiment, Lord Cochrane made every exertion in their favour that could be made by a single ship, and appears to have merited and acquired the praise of the naval commander in chief.

"Happening to be on the coast of *Catalonia*, he determined to rescue the castle of *Mongat*, which commands an important post between *Barcelona* and *Gerona*, from the common enemy. Accordingly, on the 31st of July, 1808, he carried that place; which was destroyed as soon as the military stores

could be delivered over to the patriots.\*"

He has since rescued the fortress of *Rosas* from the French, who had partially effected its capture, and repulsed 1000 picked men, who retreated after the loss of their commanding officer, storming equipage, and all those who had attempted to mount the breach.†

On the return of Lord Cochrane from the coast of Spain, he received orders to join the fleet in the British Channel, under the command of Admiral Lord Gambier; accordingly, we find the *Imperieuse* frigate in *Basque Roads*, a member of the blockading squadron. But it appears that the mere operations of a blockade were in their process too slow for the activity of his lordship's mind;

"Be fire with fire"

appears upon this glorious occasion to have been his motto; this short sentence seems to convey the idea by which he was inspired, and to point to the impulse under which he acted. Since the daring attack of the French fleet in *Quiberon Bay*,‡ by Admiral Hawke, when eight of their men of war retreated up the river *Vilaine*, and were destroyed, we have not heard of an enterprise more glorious in its plan, or more successful in its execution.§

\* The account of this transaction, published in the London Gazette of September 27, 1808, and contained in a letter from Vice-admiral Lord Collingwood, dated from on board the Ocean, at Gibraltar, August 27, 1808, is inserted in Vol. LIV. of this Magazine, page 316.

† The Gazette of March 11, giving an account of this event, in a copy of a letter from Lord Collingwood, was inserted in our last Magazine, p. 310.

‡ On the coast of Bretagne, November 20, 1759. With respect to the comparison of this glorious enterprise, with that which was so lately undertaken by Lord C. we only mean to extend our observations to the danger (it being executed in a violent storm); the retreat and destruction of the French ships; and the total annihilation of the plan of that expedition, which our Gallic enemies had formed, and which the naval genius of Britain crushed before they had the power to make the smallest effort toward its execution.

§ Antecedent to this expedition, viz. in the beginning of April, 1757, Admiral Sir Edward Hawke destroyed a French fleet in the same manner, and in the same place, namely, *Basque Road*, on the coast of Poitou.



With respect to the recent destruction of the French fleet, we, in the last Magazine, inserted, from the London Gazette Extraordinary, April 21, a copy of a despatch, transmitted by Lord Gambier to the Hon. W. W. Pote, containing a masterly statement of that action; to which we shall add such particulars as we have been able to collect from the letters of different persons, some of whom seem to have been engaged in the same expedition, and to have written from the impulse of the moment. In contemplating the magnitude of the idea, and the tremendous consequences of the explosion that almost in an instant annihilated the greater part of the French ships, lying, as their commanders vainly thought, secure in their own port, we were struck with admiration at the sublimity of the genius that planned this astonishing attack, and naturally anxious to learn by what means it was carried into effect: curiosity, therefore, panted for information, until it was gratified by the following detail:—

“His Lordship caused about 1500 barrels of gunpowder to be started into puncheons, which were placed end-upwards: upon the tops of these were placed between 300 and 400 shells, charged with fuses, and again, among and upon these were between 2 and 3000 hand-granades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together with wedges; and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stern to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might render the explosion the more violent.

“In this immense instrument of destruction, Lord COCHRANE committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen; and after the boom was broken, his lordship proceeded with this explosion ship towards the enemy's line.

“Let it be recollected, that at this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot, and then his lordship's danger in this enterprise may be properly conceived.

“The wind blew a gale, and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were discovered, one of the enemy's signal ships

made the signal for fire-ships; which being also a blue light, the enemy fell into great confusion, firing upon her with very injurious effect, and directly cut their cables.

“When Lord COCHRANE had conducted his explosion-ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after putting fire to the fusée, which was calculated to give them 15 minutes to get out of the reach of the explosion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high, the fusée burnt too quickly; so that, with the most violent exertion against wind and tide, this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be, at the time when the most tremendous explosion that human art ever contrived took place, followed by the bursting at once in the air, of near 400 shells, and 3000 hand granades, pouring down a shower of cast-metal in every direction! But fortunately our second NELSON was spared; the boat having reached, by unparalleled exertion, only just beyond the extent of destruction. Unhappily this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom this noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue, and partly drowned with waves, that continually broke over them. Two of the foursailors were also so nearly exhausted, that their recovery has been despaired of. Such were the perils our hero encountered, and which have hitherto been buried in silence. When they reached their ship the Imperieuse, it is known that Lord COCHRANE was the first to go down to the attack, and was for more than an hour the only English man of war in the harbour. His attack and capture of the Calcutta, which had one-third more guns than the Imperieuse, has before been properly spoken of.\*

“The repetition of his operations was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal explosion in every fireship; and immediately crowding all their sail, ran before wind and tide so fast, that the fire-ships, though at first very near, could not overtake them, before they were high and dry on shore; except three 74's, besides the Calcutta, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burnt. Seven went ashore, of which two 3-deckers afterwards got off, and went up the river. Two of the remaining five were on their beam ends before

This fleet when first discovered was lying at anchor. The few of the attendant transports that escaped into the river Charente ran on shore, and went to pieces.

\* In the public papers.

Lord COCHRANE came away, and it was his lordship's opinion, that with proper exertion they might be completely destroyed.

"And here we think ourselves bound to pay to this most gallant and noble commander, the tribute that is also due to his benevolence, which was not exceeded even by his bravery; for it is the characteristic of true courage and greatness of mind, when in the midst of the most imminent danger, to save and succour those, whom superior valour has placed upon the verge of destruction.

"Our hero soon turned his attention to rescue the vanquished from the devouring elements; and in bringing away the people of the *Ville de Varsovie*, he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took a crying, and now neglected little favourite up into his arms, and brought it away. It may be supposed that he has conveyed this fortunate little trophy into the bosom of his family, where it ought to be ever cherished as an instance of his generous care. But a still greater instance of goodness was displayed in his humanity to a captain of a French 74, who came to deliver his sword to Lord COCHRANE; lamenting, that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His lordship instantly got into the boat with him, and pushed off, to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable articles: but, in passing by a 74, which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off; a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord COCHRANE's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled with water, and the rest of this party were nearly drowned.

"A total silence as to the objects this squadron had in view, and which have been prevented by Lord COCHRANE's destruction of it, has hitherto deprived the nation of the fair means of justly appreciating the extraordinary advantages which have accrued along with this addition to our naval glory; but it has now been learnt, that this squadron was to have gone to Ferrol, where it would have gained a great additional naval strength: from thence proceeding to Toulon, it was to receive on board 40,000 troops, intended to take possession of Cadiz and the fleet; and after that, they were to proceed to the West Indies, to succour Guadalupe and Martinique; for which service, one of the seventy-four's, that was burnt, was laden

with six hundred thousand pounds worth of stores and ammunition.

But, it has happened fortunately for Spain, and gloriously for Great Britain, that NAPOLEON's hopes of obtaining "*ships, colonies, and commerce*," are now blasted; while the very name of COCHRANE will be as dreadful to him as was that of NELSON;\* if, of which

\* To what we have already stated respecting this glorious action, we deem it necessary to add the following interesting detail of the operations under the gallant Lord COCHRANE, in Basque Roads, as it has some points in it, that seem to render our information upon the subject more complete. The letter is from the pen of one of his Lordship's brave companions in arms:—

"His Majesty's ship *Imperiense*, running up Channel, Thursday, April 20.—Eleven A. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"Being well assured you would wish to hear the full result and particulars of our operations in Basque Roads, I herewith transmit you a hasty but authentic statement thereof.

"Having all our preparations completely arranged, on the night of the 11th instant we sent in seventeen sail of fire-ships among the enemy's fleet, with four explosion ships leading the van. At 10 P. M. we had a most glorious sight: the *Imperiense* being placed at the distance of one mile from the enemy, saw them all cut their cables, and in attempting to seek shelter from our fire-ships in the port, they all ran on shore; consequently our fire-ships did not touch them.

"At day-light on the 12th, we weighed to near the enemy, making the signal to Lord Gambier, that seven sail were on shore and in great distress.

"We then proceeded to anchor under the Isle of Aix, and telegraphed the Admiral that we could destroy them all; and I immediately laid down a buoy in the Joubert passage, to point out the Channel.

"At noon the Admiral sent the *Ætna* bomb and two gun-brigs to annoy the enemy, who were then endeavouring to get off the bank. Lord Cochrane hailed the commander of the *Ætna*, and told him he would go in and protect him; and accordingly gave orders for the *Imperiense* to get under weigh, which we immediately did, and in a few minutes ran boldly into the harbour. Shot and shells flew about us like a shower of hail! However, we anchored in a position to engage two 74's and a 50 (the *Calcutta*); and after an hour's close action, we were joined by the *Revenge* and *Ramilles*, of 74 and four frigates.

"The result of this business was, the enemy lost four sail, three of the line, and the *Calcutta* (the latter laden with provisions and stores), all four burnt within a mile of the French admiral; and it was very lucky for



there is not the smallest reason to entertain a doubt, the youthful hero is permitted to continue this career of glory that he has so successfully begun. Lord COCHRANE may in this instance be termed the adopted son of the present administration: they have seen his talents, they have enjoyed his triumph: he has been honoured by his sovereign,\* applauded by his commander-in-chief, and is almost idolized by his countrymen in general: therefore, with every stimulus to future exertions, what may we not expect from his courage, his genius, and his activity.

Warned with our theme, we could with pleasure expatiate upon it much longer, and consequently extend our observations very considerably; but having discussed every subject that we deem necessary to attract attention toward the distinguished individual whose Portrait has elicited these remarks: we feel ourselves, in conclusion, compelled, by the sentiments *partially* afloat, to revert to general principles; which we do with a considerable degree of reluctance, because they involve the military character of the country; and we would not wish to observe the most minute

him we could not put the Imperieuse in nearer, or we should have unroosted his *Ocean!* (a fine new ship of 120 guns) but we had previously sounded the Channel, and found it too shoal for her.

"We encountered the Calcutta's broadside for 45 minutes, when she struck us. The Aquilon of 74 guns, and the Ville de Varsovie, of 80 guns, also struck us; but were burnt. The Tonnerre, of 80 guns, was burnt by the enemy. All the rest, seven of the line and three frigates, are in a very bad state, having run on shore at high water, and were left on their beam ends, without the possibility of being got off; indeed the commander-in-chief did not mean to quit the station till they were totally destroyed: one of their frigates was wrecked in running ashore.

"Our loss in this action was very small indeed; we had only three men killed, and eleven wounded; the *Révenge* had also three killed, and ten wounded, two of the latter dangerously, and since dead. Our hull is well marked, though not so much as we expected. All our ships that were in the action grounded, but were got off without damage.

"I am happy to state that the enemy has not a ship of the line fit for sea, either in Brest, l'Orient, or Rochefort.

"I imagine we shall come to Plymouth to be docked; we are now taking Sir H. B. Neale to Weymouth."

\* Having been lately elected a knight of the honourable order of the Bath.

*Europ. Mag. Vol. LV. May, 1809.*

speck upon a brilliant that adds such lustre to the crown of Britain; yet candour obliges us to remark, that *party views* are, generally speaking, diametrically opposite to *discipline*, or, in the more civil acceptation of the term, to *government*; and therefore we think, that the characters of a *great officer* and a *great politician* are, in a certain degree, incompatible. Aware that, in the controversion and censure of this position, an infinitude of learning, ancient and modern, might be drawn forth, and a number of examples, from the heroes of *Homer* to the heroes of the present day, adduced, we state our opinions with a very considerable degree of diffidence: but still we are of opinion, that a distinguished officer, a man upon whom a whole people gaze with admiration, and whom they greet with applause, had better shrink from party politics, and upon all occasions avoid appearing as a leader of any classes of his majesty's subjects, except those under his immediate command. To enforce this observation many reasons might be adduced; but they are most of them so obvious as to render their statement unnecessary: one however, that particularly strikes us, is, that when a military man engages in a matter which ought only to be conducted in *their own peculiar manner by the tribunes* of the people, the maxim of

*Cedant arma togæ.*

seems in danger of being reversed. There have been, at all periods, persons existing, the *purity* of whose motives we will not presume to dispute, who have formed an opposition to the ministry of the day; and in consequence of that self-complacence which we all, in a greater or smaller degree, possess, imagine that they are superior in *strength*, in *talents*, in *integrity*, and that if they were elevated into office they could *reform* the state: there have also been, and perhaps are, others whose views are more sinister, who may wish for the same elevation from motives *less patriotic*. To either of these parties, to all these persons, the acquisition of a hero crowned with laurels, and possessed of *first-rate* abilities, is of immense importance. The countenance of such a nobleman, for we will also suppose him noble, gives a sanction to their wildest theories: his interference, a support even to their most incongruous resolutions, which neither of them could have obtained by any other means;

\* X i

therefore party associations ought, in our judgment, ever to be avoided by him. A man engaged in the military service of his country ought not to know any parties but those of *foreign foes and native friends*; or, still to expand this idea in order to adapt it to the present times, he ought not to believe that there are any parties existing, except those who, in the most general acceptance of these phrases, are termed the FRENCH and the BRITISH. M.

*A TRIBUTE to the MEMORY of the  
late EARL HARCOURT.*

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede Pauperum  
tabernas,*

*Regumque turre.*

HORACE.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that virtue, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

IT has been said, and truly said, that "that amiable nobleman, the late Earl Harcourt, although he travelled calmly along 'the vale of life,' ought not to pass to the sepulchre of his ancestors, without eliciting from memory that tribute which sensibility and truth owe to superior virtue."

Impressed with the same sentiment, and fully estimating the value of such a character as that of the distinguished personage, displayed in the subsequent lines, by the pen of friendship, perhaps of consanguinity, we find considerable gratification in its insertion, for two reasons: the first, which regards ourselves, is, that we know it to be correctly drawn; and the second, as it concerns the public, to whom we hope it will operate as an example, and intimate to every reader this sentence. "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Earl Harcourt possessed a very cultivated understanding. His mind was stored with no common portion of general knowledge, and the whole was refined by an exquisite taste. No man ever felt an higher sense of honour; no man ever acted from stronger impressions of moral duty, both as it regards the common offices of social life, or as it is enlarged and purified by the spirit of that religion which he seriously professed. No man reflected more on the part he was called upon to perform in the world, or acted with greater rectitude on the principles which he had adopted.

A natural love of tranquility, a taste

for the Fine Arts, and the more flowery paths of literature, to which not only the circumstances of his early life, but the bent of his genius, may have disposed him, and a constitution which never appeared to be calculated to encounter the fatigues of public business, might have combined to prevent his being engaged in any of the active departments of the State. The embassy to Spain was, we believe, during the Marquis of Lansdown's Administration, pressed upon him, and he declined it. The office of Master of the Horse to her Majesty, was, we have, equal reason to believe, conferred upon him, as a mark of personal regard, by the King, and he enjoyed it to the close of his life. Hence it is, that this Nobleman was only known in the great circle of the world, by an appearance suited to his rank and office, the distinguished urbanity of his manners, and as a lover and admirable judge of the Fine Arts, in which, as far as he chose to indulge himself, he may be said to have excelled.

Whether it was a mere juvenile caprice which had possessed him during his foreign travels, or whether he was influenced by his descent from an ancient and distinguished family among the Peers of France, it is not necessary to consider; but his entrance into public life was marked by such a decided preference to French manners and fashions, and his appearance so adapted to it, as almost to disguise the exterior of an Englishman. But this whimsical propensity did not affect his mind or gallicise his character, nor did he render it offensive to others. He indulged his fancy; and when his intimate friends made it an object of their sportive sallies, he would enliven them by his own good humour, and turn aside any pleasant ridicule by the display of his own amiable temper. If, however, he had one fashionable folly, he had no fashionable vice; and his leisure hours were passed in the pursuits and embellishments of science. It was, we believe, at this period, that he produced the set of etchings, which are highly estimated by the collectors in that branch of art, and which the late Lord Orford mentions in his works as a very beautiful specimen of it. The French fancy, however, wore away, and was lost in the easy affability of the accomplished English gentleman.

Lord Harcourt considered good breed-



ing as the first of the minor virtues, and never deviated from it; but as his notion of it partook rather *de la vieille cour*, he might be represented by those who only knew him in the public circles, as an inflexible observer of every rule of courtly etiquette; and, especially, at a time when the manners and appearance of our young men of fashion and fortune are scarcely superior to those of their grooms, and very often inferior to that of their valets and butlers. But he had no unbecoming pride: his behaviour never overawed the poor, nor did it trench upon the ease of familiar association. His punctilios were those of a refined and dignified benevolence, and never served but as a check to those indecorums, which are ever held to be inadmissible in the sphere of polished life. He might think, as many men of superior understanding have done, that, on certain occasions, it is the duty of rank and station to preserve certain forms, and to dress behaviour with somewhat of appropriate ceremony: and it may be owing, in some degree, to the neglect of those forms, which at present prevails in rank and station, that a respect for the higher orders has so materially diminished among the inferior classes of the people. But, in his family, among his private friends, in his intercourse with his tenants, and in all his ordinary avocations, his carriage was such as to give pleasure to all who had communication with him.

With his more ennobling qualities, he possessed a comicelegance of thought and a classical facetiousness, which rendered his private society infinitely pleasant; and even in his nervous moments, for he was occasionally troubled with them, he would describe himself in such a way as not only to relieve the distress of his friends, but force that hilarity upon them which would operate also as a temporary relief to himself.

At Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, his country residence, and whose native beauties, his taste had so embellished and improved, as to render it one of the most admired places in that part of the kingdom, he was a blessing to all who lived within the sphere of his protection; while to the neighbourhood it is well known that the village of Nuneham is so ordered by the regulations he framed—by the encouragements he afforded—by the little festivals he established, and the rewards he distributed, as to display a scene of good order, ac-

tive industry, moral duty, and humble piety, of which it were to be wished there were more examples: though while we offer this testimony to the merits of the dead, it would ill become us to pass by those of the living; and we must mention that Lady Harcourt has ever had her full share in that constant exercise of public and private benevolence, which gives a benign lustre to the most splendid station.

To these qualities may be added his capacity for friendship; nor can we pass unnoticed a very signal example of it, in the asylum he afforded to the Duke d'Harcourt and his family, when the French Revolution drove them from the proud situation, the exalted rank, and extensive property, which they possessed in their own country, to a state of dependence in this. Indeed to all, whatever their condition might be, who had shewn him kindness, or done him service, his friendship was appropriately directed. Mr. Whitehead, the Poet-laureat, and Mr. Mason, the poet, were among those whom he distinguished by his early regard, and it accompanied them to the end of their lives; nor did it quit them there; in certain spots in his beautiful garden at Nuneham, which they respectively preferred, the urn and the tablet commemorate and record their virtues. The old and faithful domestics who died in his service are not without their memorials; and in the parochial church-yard the grave of an ancient gardener is distinguished by the flowers which are cultivated around it. These may be said to be little things, but they nevertheless mark the character of that heart which suggested them. It is almost superfluous to add, that in the nearer and dearer relations of life he exercised the virtues which they required of him.

Above all, Earl Harcourt was a sincere Christian; and it pleased that Being who measures out days and years at his pleasure, to suffer him to attain an age beyond the common allotment of man. In his 74th year he closed his venerable life.

Such is the imperfect tribute which affection offers to departed excellence—and it is offered with tears and with truth.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,  
OF late I have seen, in your valuable Miscellany, the name of Mr. Hall not unfrequently mentioned. In page

28 of his discoveries, respecting ice, heat, and cold, published the other year, he tells us, that salmon deposit the ova that produce their young in shallow water, where they find ice already formed, or where instinct tells them that such will soon be the case. Under this cover, he says, to us a cold, but to them a genial bed, the males throw out their spawn: which, being instantly taken in at the mouth by the females, always attending on these occasions, and proceeding *not* to the stomach, but to a different quarter, impregnate, in a few days, the millions of ova she contains. These, having been thrown out by her in shallow places, where instinct tells her the air in the act of freezing will reach them, she immediately covers them, and retires; and the little animal, contained in each ovum, is, in a short time, able to swim and shift for itself. He adds, p. 29, it is uniformly found, that the ova of the female of many, if not of all the tribes of oviparous fishes, are impregnated before thrown out.

The impregnation of the ova of fishes, before their being thrown out by the female, is to me, I confess, a new doctrine; and, as several of my friends have their doubts about it, as I confess is the case with myself, I should be glad to know, if this reverend correspondent of yours, or any of your readers, can tell me, whether it be true or false.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

Hackney, Middlesex, May 5,  
1809.

Quinctilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,  
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc; melius te posse nega-  
gares,

Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jube-  
bat,

Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.  
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallet,  
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat  
inancem. Horatii Ars poet.

THE words *tornatos* and *incudi* refer to different artists, and to the different methods employed by those artists in bringing their works to perfection. The *turner* rounds and polishes his work by means of his wheel; the *smith* has recourse to his anvil. But, says Bentley, "quid torno cum incude? Corrigendum aio, Et malè *ter natos* incudi reddere versus." On this emendation Gesner thus remarks: Quis ferat Bent-  
eii *ter natos* positum pro *tornatos* nul-

lo cum lepore, vel coloratà figurâ? The poet had been advising his friend not to listen to flatterers; but to submit his compositions, of whatever kind, to men of judgment, sincerity, and candour. Such, says Horace, is my learned friend Quinctilius. If you wish rightly to appraise the merit of your poems, shew them to this able judge; who will scorn alike to flatter or discourage you. When you repeat your verses to him, he will say in plain terms, I like not this, I like not that:—Corrige, sodes. You perhaps, still partial to your own performance, and disliking the labour of correction, will insist, that you have written well enough: that you have twice or thrice attempted to write better, but in vain. The judgment of Quinctilius revolts from all such excuses, as either ignorance or indolence may have engendered. He requires the young poet to *erase* what is wrong,

Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.

Horace, in the person of Quinctilius, gives his advice in a manner the least likely to offend. Nothing is here urged with a dictatorial air: but we may discover, in the line last quoted, much of that satiric humour, in which our poet excels; who lashes while he laughs, et circum præcordia ludit. Two sorts of artists are employed in finishing their respective works by *turning*. The one works by means of a wheel, from whose rotation he obtains his name. The other is employed at the anvil. On this the metal before him is hammered and *turned*. The admonition given to the young poet is, that he would blot out his bad verses, and give those that are *ill-turned* to the anvil. As if he had said: If your verses be *ill-turned*; and your attempts to imitate the artist who works by means of his *wheel* prove unsuccessful, take them to the *smith*, and turn them, as he turns his metals, on the anvil. If you mean to work like an artist, whatever his process may be, propose to yourself, as a pattern, that artist's industry and skill. But, if you choose rather to defend what is faulty, quam *vertere*—

The exquisite humour, comprised in this one word, seems not to have been understood. If you will neither *turn*—in imitation of these eminent artists; nor will *turn*—your stile; but will write like a sloven, rather than *turn*: if thus you expect to attain the end, without attending to the means—nullum ultra verbum. R.



ADDITIONAL SCENE

TO

SHAKESPEAR'S *AS YOU LIKE IT*.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

*Jaques de Boys*. "I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
Duke Frederic, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot

In his own conduct purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him was converted  
Both from his enterprize and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd."

*As You Like It*, act v. scene 8.

"By hastening to the end of his work, Shakespear suppressed the dialogue between the Usurper and the Friar, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers." *Dr. Johnson.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREDERIC, brother to the Duke, and a Usurper.

JAQUES DE BOYS.

LORD LE BEU.

*Additional Characters,*

COUNT LIMBURG.

CAPTAIN DEMARE.

SERGEANT JASPER.

CORPORAL CONRADE.

FIRST SOLDIER.

SECOND SOLDIER.

FATHER LODOWICK, a Friar of the Franciscan Order.

*Officers, Soldiers, &c. &c.*

SCENE—*The Entrance into the Forest of ARDEN, exhibiting a WILD HEATH.*

*Rocks in the front, over which a stream rushing forms a cascade: a convent appears in the distance.*

*Enter Sergeant JASPER and Corporal CONRADE.*

*Conrade.*

I SAY, Sergeant Jasper, as we are the fortunate discoverers of water, which we were sent to seek for the use of the regiment, we are entitled to the reward.

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*Jasper.* If it were not a better reward than that which has attended *discoveries* in general, it would hardly be worth accepting.

*Conrade.* Aye, former adventurers were sent to discover land,\* which was of little use, because they could not bring it away. Whereas—Halloo!

*Enter two SOLDIERS, bearing a number of canteens.*

*Jasper.* Well, have you filled your canteens?

*First Soldier.* Yes, and our stomachs too. Water is said to be the liquor of life; though I fear all our vessels will do as I have already done myself.

*Conrade.* How's that?

*First Soldier.* Run out.

*Second Soldier.* 'Tis bad on some occasions for a soldier to run.

*Conrade.* Yet I have seen you, *Peter*, not only run out, of the rank I mean, but out-run a whole troop of cavalry.

*Second Soldier.* Reason! I should have got nothing by staying but dry blows.

*First Soldier.* I wish our captain had sent us in search of wine; I dare say we should have found plenty in yonder convent.

*Second Soldier.* Let the monks alone, *Giles!*

*First Soldier.* I'll not let them alone, *Peter*, if I can help it: the Franciscans are bound by their order to relieve the distressed: I have drank too freely—this confounded water wambles in my stomach; ergo, I'm distressed.

*Second Soldier.* So it does in mine. Confound all thin potations, I say.

*First Soldier.* Therefore let us proceed to the gate, and beg a stoop of wine.

*Jasper.* If you do not return to the regiment immediately, and carry the water to your comrades, we'll tie you up to this tree, and every soldier that passes shall have a lash at you.

*First Soldier.* Peace, noble sergeant! and valiant corporal! *Alexander* the great and *Clytus* the sober, peace, I say!

*Conrade.* Peace, you rascalion! What have we to do with peace?

\* The discoveries which have so much distinguished the fifteenth century were, in the age of Shakespear, a topic of general conversation; though we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the expression, that the land discovered was of little use. Why? because they could not bring it away. This is nonsense!—W.

*Jasper.* I hate it.

*Second Soldier.* So I should suppose, by the noise you make. Still I say, wet or dry, a man's but a man.

*Jasper.* Here's a dog! I'll teach you, cullions, that a sergeant is more than a man, therefore retreat!

[*Drives them with his halbert.*]

*Conrade.* And I'll impress upon you the true notion, that a corporal is almost as much as a sergeant. Avaunt—

[*Pushes the soldiers off.*]

*Jasper.* Excellent! Corporal, I thank you for your support: nothing to be done in the army without discipline.

*Conrade.* True! but it will require a good deal of discipline to make those fellows relish the present expedition; for whatsoever thirst they may feel for wine, I fear that they have little for glory, sergeant.

*Jasper.* How so, corporal?

*Conrade.* How so! Why, have you not observed that discontent seems to pervade the whole corps, that the men march with reluctance, and are ready to ground their arms, and take to their legs?

*Jasper.* Or, in plainer language, to desert, you mean.

*Conrade.* I do.

*Jasper.* These signs seem to forebode mutiny.

*Conrade.* Yes! that propension has been apparent enough as they passed through the vallies, and traversed the plains of Luxemburg.

*Jasper.* And became more visible as soon as they entered the Forest of Arden. Ha!

*Conrade.* True.

*Jasper.* The reason is—Come, you are a sensible fellow; can't you guess at it?

*Conrade.* I'll try.

*Jasper.* Do.

*Conrade.* The reason, you say: now there seems to me to be two.

*Jasper.* That's one more than I asked for; however, let's have them.

*Conrade.* They dislike the cause in which they are engaged, and sigh for their former sovereign.

*Jasper.* Good! they had rather be commanded by a lawful prince than a usurper.

*Conrade.* That's exactly my meaning.

*Jasper.* Your meaning does not lie very deep, for you see I have dived to the bottom of it.

*Conrade.* Yet I mean well.

*Jasper.* Pretty well, as meanings go; for I presume that you are of the same opinion as they are.

*Conrade.* So is every honest man.

*Jasper.* Then, if I would not be reputed a rogue, I must declare on your side the question.

*Conrade.* I think it is the side of truth and justice.

*Jasper.* So do I! for our Duke *Frederic the Great* has used his brother worse than a dog: this may be termed a little action.

*Conrade.* To drive him from his throne.

*Jasper.* And oblige him to seek for shelter in these woods and wilds.

*Conrade.* Nay, even to attempt to dislodge him from that security which the difficulties attendant upon a march through the desert seemed to promise.

*Jasper.* Difficulties which we have already experienced.

*Conrade.* And which we deserve to feel more severely for following such a leader. Water, after a long and dreadful thirst, we have at length obtained: acorns as hard as pebbles may probably be come at, if we venture our necks for them: but as to roots that are edible, I would as soon engage to extract the feelings of humanity from the impenetrable bosom of our general, as one of those from this parched and flinty earth.

*Jasper* (*putting his hand before Conrade's mouth*). Hush, corporal! trees have ears.

*Conrade.* Be it so! they have no voices, or they would have some pretty stories to tell of our regiment. This puts me in mind of the banished duke, and of our old commander, Sir *Roland de Boys*. I was then a private. So mounting guard at the fortress of *Luxemburg*—

[*Drum beats.*]

*Jasper.* Hark! the *halt* has expired—the adjutant has flourished his cane—and the drums beat to arms. [*Drums.*]

*Conrade.* They might have stayed till I had finished my story. *Halt* expired?—Some of us, I foresee, will be better beaten than our drums, and *halt* till we expire indeed.

*Jasper.* Say no more. We must fly to relieve the guards at the out-posts.

*Conrade.* Ah! we shall all want relief before we get out of this forest! Observe, sergeant, how the crows hover over our heads—*Craw, Craw, Craw*—Confound your crows. They want their dinner before it is ready. If you happen to drop, *Jasper*, you, from



your size, will make them a principal dish.

*Jasper.* Ah! you and your comrades will serve for garnish. (*Drums beat.*) Plague of those drums: I wish they were bound to keep the peace.

*Comrade.* That's an absurd wish, sergeant; for, like a fellow at the halberts, the tighter they are bound, the more noise they'll make. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Duke Frederic, Count Limburg, Demare, Le Beu, Jaques de Boys, and others, marching, with trumpets, drums, and colours. Flourish.*

*Frederic.* My brave *Limburg*, as the declining sun  
Shot downward to the west from southern rocks,  
Struck by the gleam of arms, I mark'd your course;  
And while the shadows lengthen'd thro' the vale,  
Observ'd how prudently you mann'd your posts.

*Limburg.* The time, and more the place, requir'd that caution.

*Frederic.* True, they did:  
But caution, cousin, speaks maturer years  
Than you can boast. In exercise of arms,  
Discretion, mingled with the fire of youth,  
Is what we seldom in a warrior see.  
I therefore doubly praise the ardent zeal  
That urg'd you to collect your valiant band,

And range your cavalry around my standard.

*Demare.* My Lord *Limburg* in this performs his duty.

*Limburg.* Aye, but, my friend, another kind of duty  
Than what the duke expects.

*Frederic.* How!

*Limburg.* The duty of a prince, whom heaven appointed  
The guardian of his subjects' rights, involv'd

With those of others, in this wide domain;

And therefore bound to succour the distress'd.

*Le Beu (aside).* This count would make an excellent general, if he knew on which side he was to fight.

*Frederic.* You breathe my sentiments: your accents fix  
The gloomy thoughts that hang athwart my mind.

To succour the distress'd is all the end  
For which we take up arms: but how distress'd?

The plunder'd peasant best can speak the cause!

By the exactions of the former duke.

*Limburg.* Your brother!

*Frederic.* My brother! Be it so: he drain'd the country

Of wealth immense; tore from the commons' hands

Their hard-earn'd coin, the savings of their youth;

Abridg'd the comforts of declining age;  
And took from infancy its only prop.

*Limburg.* Did your brother do this?

*Frederic.* More had he done, had not my prudence check'd

Insatiate avarice in its headlong course.  
I took the peasants' part, oppos'd taxation.

The plunderer fled, and sought this forest's core.

*Limburg.* While you ascended his abandon'd seat.

*Le Beu (aside).* Though a great, it has not provid' an easy chair to him.

*Frederic.* The people plac'd me there, howe'er reluctant.

*Le Beu (aside).* They were to do it, his highness must mean.

*Demare.* Yet, strange as it may seem, the giddy herd,

The thoughtless populace, however goaded,

However scourg'd by their oppressive master,

Seem ready, once again, to kiss the rod.  
Like to the bursting of a summer cloud,  
Their prejudices vanish into air:

A brilliant vision flashes on their sight:  
They think, that, deck'd in robes of innocence,

Aloft they see the semblance of a saint;  
The ducal crown suspended o'er his head  
Shorn of its beams. The nobles too have caught

The fond infection: from remotest *Maces*,

And ev'ry quarter of the land, they flock:

They pierce the dark recesses of those woods,

To fly with eager haste and claim his pardon.

*Limburg.* This strange commotion urg'd my friends to arm.

When hordes, descending, swept thro' *Limburg's* vales,

And wav'd their banners o'er those fertile plains,

Where the romantic *Moselle's* placid course

Reflects the beauties of her flow'ry banks.

Shall these again, I cried, be stain'd with blood.

Avert it, heaven! replied the general voice.

I therefore come to mediate, in arms.

*Le Beau (aside).* Statesmen will say, that an armed neutrality is by no means an impolitic measure.

*Frederic.* Who in this case attracts commotion?

Who draws our soldiers from their peaceful homes?

Suspends the labours of the plough and loom,

And forges swords for harmless artizans?

*Demarc.* Who?

*Frederic.* Why that fell serpent deep in woods immers'd,

Whose venom spreads thro' the infectious gales,

And while it taints the reasoning faculties,

Attracts the people to its murky den:

Who but the banish'd duke?

*Limburg.* Your brother!

*Frederic.* My brother! call him so: tho' ev'ry cord

That braces the fraternal ligature

Is broke by him.

*Limburg.* Can this be prov'd?

*Frederic.* I'll prove it as we march

—*De Boys attend;*

Promise the murr'ring soldiers large rewards;

Order the captains so to plant their guards,

That ev'ry forest avenue is barr'd.

[*Apart.*

To-morrow's eve will meet us at the spot  
Where in the dell the ducal hermit

reigns.

Pray heaven we reach it, ere his numerous friends

Arrive to check our course. Could I but crush

This bosom scorpion, whose eternal sting

Corrodes my heart, I then were firm as adamant.

*Limburg, Demarc,* and captains, lead the troops,

I'll follow in an instant.

[*Flourish of trumpets and drums:*

*LIMBURG, DEMARC, and the rest march off.*

*Enter FRIAR LODOWICK.*

*Lodowick (to the Duke, who is proceeding).* Not quite so fast!

*Frederic.* Who dare impede my course?

*Lodowick.* That dare I!

*Frederic.* On what pretence?

*Lodowick.* Pretence, my lord! that God I represent

Wants no pretence to punish wickedness,  
Let sin become apparent, as in you;

'Tis not your pow'r; 'tis not your regal robe,

Your golden sceptre, or your ducal crown,

Can shield you from the wrath of anger'd heaven;

Or for a moment silence in your breast  
The faithful monitor that wrings your heart.

*Frederic.* In early youth with reverence taught to bow

At pure religion's shrine, to tread the path

That leads to bliss, with reason for my guide,

And grave instructors in maturer years,  
What have I now to fear?

*Lodowick.* Yourself!

*Frederic.* Myself?

*Lodowick.* Your father's spirit!

*Frederic.* My father's spirit?

*Lodowick.* And more, the vengeance of offended heaven!

*Frederic.* For what crime?

*Lodowick.* For usurpation foul, and plotted murder.

*Frederic.* Murder!

*Lodowick.* Yes, fratricide! the deepest, worst of murders,

The crime of *Cain*! You well may start.  
By me your genius speaks:

By me the Pow'r Supreme that sits enthron'd

In human minds, declares your thoughts are known:

By me your father's spirit from the tomb  
Cries in your ears, "Oh, spare a brother's blood!"

And more, by me th' Omnipotent declares,

That punishment awaits ev'n thoughts like yours,

And urges you by me to turn your steps  
To seek the holy altar; prostrate there,

With hands uplifted, and with heart contrite;

Confess your crimes.

*Frederic.* My crimes!

*Lodowick.* And ere the avenging bolt  
Falls on your sinful head, implore his mercy.

*Frederic.* His mercy I implore: but, holy father!

You surely step beyond your high commission,

And urge your pow'r too far, to try my temper.



Mercy, the attribute of heaven itself,  
Issembling like the olive-bearing dove,  
Is semblant of the halcyon days of peace.  
But let the hostile trumpet sound alarms,  
The dove ascends, and Mercy flies to  
heaven.

Then, Vengeance dire, and lynx-ey'd  
Fury glare,  
Horror and Terror drive their sable  
steeds,  
And all the fertile fields, and chrystal  
floods,  
Are stain'd with gore——

*Lodowick.* For what?  
On whose account?

*Frederic.* Peace, holy father is the  
end of war:

My subjects took up arms to urge a  
peace,

And guard——

*Lodowick.* Who? the senior duke?

*Frederic.* The senior duke's a traitor.

*Lodowick.* To himself?

*Frederic.* Himself!

*Lodowick.* It must be to himself:  
for you're secure.

Who ever heard of treason 'gainst  
usurpers?

*Frederic.* Usurpers!—Traitor! Slave!

[*Lays his hand on his sword.*]

Yet I'll be calm; your robe secures  
your person.

But urge me not too far—Your ribald  
tongue

Will banish all your brethren from thence.

[*Pointing to the convent.*]

*Lodowick.* Firm as surrounding rocks  
they'll meet their fate:

But never will they shame their charac-  
ters,

By crouching to an idol on a throne;  
Or pandering wickedness, till murder  
follows.

*Frederic.* Again you urge me:—by  
the saints above!

If you impede my course, your habit's  
sanctity

No longer shall protect you.

*Lodowick.* Your threats I give the  
wind: firm in the cause

Of truth and virtue, who shall dare mol-  
lest me?

It is my duty urges me to speak,  
And, tho' you writhe beneath my burn-  
ing accents,

To probe the mental ulcer that corrodes,  
Ev'n to the quick, whatever pain you  
feel.

*Frederic.* Hear this, ye pow'rs! this  
domineering friar

Impels my vengeance; yet my heart  
recoils:

——Depart in peace——

*Lodowick.* Peace, my lord!

That peace which sits enthron'd in vir-  
tuous hearts,

Surrounded by her guards, faith, truth,  
and honour,

I come to offer: but ere you accept it,  
You must be cleans'd.

*Frederic.* Cleans'd!

*Lodowick.* Aye, cleans'd

From foul and impious stains,  
That taint the faculties, corrupt the  
blood,

And, in their morbid spread, too sure  
include

Despair and Death!

*Frederic.* Why raise these horrid vi-  
sions 'fore my fancy!

*Lodowick.* To show the foulness of  
ambition's course:

To picture to your sight in glowing tints  
Your flagrant crimes

*Frederic.* Proceed.

*Lodowick.* Your sire I well remember  
—He was term'd

“*Leopold* the good:” he well deserv'd  
that title:

His mem'ry lives in ev'ry subject's heart;  
It never knew disgrace, but from his son.

*Frederic.* His son!—Well, what of  
him?

*Lodowick.* Aye, *Frederic* his son; for  
he had two:

This sire oft call'd them pillars of his  
dukedom.

He died before the senior grew to man-  
hood,

Or ere the younger suffer'd flatt'ers vile  
To warp his mind, and turn his thoughts  
to vice.

His end was bless'd, and fortunate in this.

*Frederic.* Proceed, I am all attention.

*Lodowick.* Attention is respectful,  
good my lord!

When we dislike the theme. Your bro-  
ther's virtues,

Our banish'd duke, the copy of his father,  
Form a strong contrast to your vicious

courses.

Remembrance glows as those appear be-  
fore it!

Accessible to all, the meanest peasant  
found

In him a father, and in him a friend.  
Did modest merit languish in the shade,

His bounteous light pervaded its re-  
cess.

His fostering breath made smother'd ge-  
nius blaze;

His liberal hand was open to the poor;  
And heaven-born Charity acknowledg'd him

Her great support. His judgments seem'd  
with mercy.

*Frederic.* Enough.

*Lodowick.* Too much, my lord, if we  
recur to fate,

That, in the form of an abandon'd brother,

Abandon'd to his vices, wrought upon  
him,

Beguil'd his upright heart, deceived his  
subjects,

Traduc'd his fame, and hurl'd him from  
his throne.

*Frederic.* Count you the murmurs of  
the people nothing?

*Lodowick.* When public murmurs from  
a real source

Arise spontaneous, they're to be re-  
garded

As is a voice from heaven; but when  
procur'd

By party zeal, for purposes sinister,  
They add a weight to their abettor's  
crimes

That sinks him deep in the infernal gulf,  
Where fiends torment and evil spirits  
shriek,

While justice brands him with the name  
of traitor.

*Frederic.* Ha! dare you, caittiff, point  
your venom'd speech

Against your sovereign?—Yet I will be  
calm!

—You cannot—do not mean to blast my  
fame.

Yet sure your servid accents take that  
course.

Speak out, and say—Who, who was the  
abettor?

*Lodowick.* To speak, is to repeat  
what erst I said,

Yourself! I boldly say, "THOU WERT  
THE MAN"

That turn'd the people's hearts against  
his brother.

*Frederic.* Oh Heaven, thus strongly  
urg'd, restrain my arm!

What shall I do?

*Lodowick.* Do! what his subjects  
have already done,

Fly to your sovereign; fall upon your  
knees,

And beg him to forgive your horrid  
crime,

That levell'd at his life! for know, my  
lord,

The nobles shrink from your infectious  
standard,

Nor longer raise aloft their trait'rous  
crests.

Your pageant empire crumbles into  
dust;

The direful curse on your nefarious deeds  
Begins to operate. Repent in time,  
Lest you become a wanderer, an outcast,  
By friends abandon'd, and by self re-  
proach'd.

*Frederic.* Oh God forgive me!

*Lodowick.* Aye, now methinks I hear  
your youthful voice,

Such as in days of happiness and peace,  
When in the court of *Luxemburg* I saw  
you.

Oh! how the promise of that time is  
blighted!

You remember *Raymond*?

*Frederic.* My tutor.

*Lodowick.* The holy man! he died  
within these arms,

And his last accents begg'd a blessing  
on you.

*Frederic.* Oh heaven! he lov'd me  
as a son.

*Lodowick.* You then deserv'd his love.  
He therefore form'd your early youth  
to virtue;

Advis'd you to restrain your ardent  
passions,

And above all things to repress ambi-  
tion.

Reminded you, that when the futile hawk  
Strove to outsoar the eagle in his flight,

Intoxicated with his tow'ring height,  
And dazzled with the brightness of the  
sun,

He fell, to rise no more.

*Frederic.* His lessons, though un-  
practis'd, I remember.

*Lodowick.* Then you remember oft  
he urg'd obedience,

And said, "the first of virtues is humi-  
lity."

Humility, my lord's, the band of peace;  
Subordination the imperial chain

That links and holds society together.  
The father, that's the sov'reign of each  
house

In the domestic code, first claims prece-  
dence:

The elder brother next; then every one  
According to his birth. Disturb this  
system,

You break great nature's law: confu-  
sion follows;

The social tie's dissolv'd; the loyal  
next

Is rent and torn; Rebellion stalks abroad,  
And Anarchy prevails.

*Frederic.* Oh Heaven! you picture  
to my mental eyes

A scene that rends my heart.

*Lodowick.* Though weakly drawn,  
correct; let me proceed.

So in contemplating celestial order,



For order in the mundane sphere's deriv'd

From heaven itself. Observe the planets move

Around the fountain of pure light and heat:

How regular each course, how mark'd each orbit.

These were defin'd by harmony and music

Among the sages of the antique world.

But when thro' ether fiery meteors glar'd,

Or comets rov'd in their erratic course,

However brilliant, they portended death,

Or worse than death, the change of times and states.

*Frederic.* Yet surely governments like men decline.

*Lodowick.* The state's decline shall a usurper judge?

The errors of the time's the paltry plea

Of him that seeks to rise upon confusion,

And like a phoenix spring into existence

From self-engender'd flames. But mark me, lord,

Too oft the jaundic'd eye discovers tints

That only float before its morbid sight.

Disgust is the first step toward innovation;

And how disgust arises you best know,

From folly, prodigality, and vice.

These spread their poison round the bosom's core,

And tincture all the system.

*Frederic.* You probe too deep.

*Lodowick.* What! shall I see the brother of my sovereign

Precipitating from the site sublime

Where once admir'd he stood,

And not endeavour to impede his fall.

*Frederic.* I feel the force of virtue, as display'd

By you, O holy friar! in accents bold.

Proceed, and reconcile me to myself.

I long have wander'd in the devious paths;

Long have I practis'd 'gainst my brother's life,

Stripp'd him of pow'r, and drove him from his throne.

Yet still his virtue rose superior to me,

And nobles flock'd around to share his fortune.

Day after day they left my splendid court,

Embracing toil and poverty with him:

This rous'd my jealousy.

*Lodowick.* That vile propension, ever in the train

Of mad Ambition, gorg'd even to satiety,

This shews, my lord, th' avenging bolt suspended;

That crimes like yours bring their own punishment.

*Frederic.* That punishment I feel; it writhes my heart.

A rebel to my prince, a virtual fratricide,

O holy father! (*kneels*) thus let me confess

My foul misdeeds—they choak my utterance,

Burn upon my tongue—How, how shall I recover peace of mind?

Where shall I seek for shelter from myself?

*Lodowick* (*raising him*). There!

[*Pointing to the convent.*]

Within the walls that circumscribe your fabric,

Sure consolation waits the contrite heart.

Repentant sinners, when their sighs ascend

Before the altar, like the incense fume,

Find peace and comfort dawn upon their souls.

*Frederic.* What! will the Power Supreme

Extend his mercy ev'n to crimes like mine?

*Lodowick.* Why should you doubt? His mercy is unbounded.

*Frederic.* Yet still I dread the trial.

*Lodowick.* Let those who to the last defer repentance

The trial dread; while those who shun the world

Prepare their way to heaven, and feel within,

That peace, which, on this earth, is sought in vain.

*Frederic.* Composure waits upon your accents, father;

Be you henceforth my guide, instructor, friend.

I here resign my conscience to your care.

With you retir'd, a novice of your order,

I mean to seek salvation.

Teach me to tread aright the thorny path

That leads to bliss eternal.

*Lodowick.* Let vain desires subside, ambition cease.

*Frederic.* For ever.

*Lodowick.* Justice will then resume her mental seat.

*Frederic.* I feel her potent pow'r; she triumphs here.

My brother I restore: he reigns my sovereign:

His virtues well deserve superior sway.

My soldiers I absolve from forc'd allegiance;

And to the exil'd peers restore their  
lands.  
Let all the captains meet me at the  
convent.  
This is my last command. My crown  
and sceptre  
Shall now give place to your most holy  
habit.  
Ambition's impulse will no longer  
swell  
My ardent heart: retir'd within my  
cell,  
May all my vain desires for ever cease,  
And days of innocence bring nights of  
peace. [Exeunt.]

THE ADVENTURES OF  
MAHOMET,  
THE WANDERING SULTAN;  
OR,  
A SKETCH OF  
MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS  
IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*Written in 1796.*

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 271.)

*Chapter X.*

ON the morning which succeeded the rustic fele, Mahomet took leave of Zeigler, and removed to the parsonage, where he was received with the same benevolent attention which had marked the character of Scalch at his first interview with him. Under the guidance of Herman, he explored the environs of the mountainous track that surrounded the valley, and sometimes made excursions to towns, and other places, which were objects of curiosity, at a considerable distance. They, in the course of their rides, called at the village to which the sultan had directed his carriage and servants. The joy of Pedro at seeing him was considerably abated, when he was informed, that, yielding to the pressing hospitality of the pastor, he had determined to continue his guest for a few days longer.

As Herman and he were returning through a narrow way which led down a part of the mountain, they were obliged to slacken the usual pace of their horses, in consequence of the much tardier pace of a traveller that walked before them, and whom, in that defile, it was impossible to pass.

Herman, who rode foremost, began a conversation with him, by asking to what part of the country he was proceeding? He answered, with some hesitation, "Toward Turin." The sultan observing he was dressed in regimentals, which, though worn, denoted that he was an officer, asked him if he was in the army? To which he replied, "that he had served in a Swiss corps in the pay of the King of Sardinia; but his time being expired, he had relinquished that service." "Yet," said the sultan, "you are travelling towards his dominions?" "Only to settle some affairs," replied the soldier, "when I mean to return to my native country."

These questions and responses, with other conversation less material, beguiled the way, until they came to a part of the road, where a wider separation of the rocks afforded room for horsemen, and even carriages, to pass each other. Mahomet now entered more particularly into discourse with the stranger, who appeared a young man of about five and twenty, whose form seemed a compound of masculine elegance and military ease; his face was in the highest degree handsome and interesting.

They talked of the different countries through which they had travelled, or of which they had read; the various customs and manners of their inhabitants; of the natural and artificial modes of life. Though the travellers rode slow, to accommodate themselves to the pace of the stranger, who had politely refused their servant's horse, the time seemed to fly with such rapidity, that the sultan thought he had too soon arrived at the turn of the road that led down to the village. As Herman observed that his guest had seemed struck with the appearance of the soldier, and, entertained by his conversation, lamented that they must part so soon, he observed, that the next village was at a considerable distance; and invited him to take up his abode at his father's, at least for the night.

This invitation he declined, with an elegance of manner that shewed him well acquainted with the language of the polite world; as he did also their offer of a horse and servant to attend him to the place of his evening's destination.

They parted; and Mahomet, full of the incident that had occurred during their excursion, at his return related



the circumstance of their meeting the stranger to the benevolent pastor, and at the same time spoke much in his praise.

"I wish," said Scalch, "you could have prevailed upon him to have become my guest; a mind so well informed would have been a valuable addition to our society."

"I do not mean to say," returned Mahomet, "that he was more learned, or even better informed, than many persons with whom I converse in this valley, and from whose appearance and situation I should, perhaps, less expect erudition and elegance; but only that he had something prepossessing in his manner, something which at first sight seizes upon the heart, and prejudices us in favour of the individual. How much have I been deceived in those opinions which I had formed of the lower orders of society. Born and educated in a country where there is scarcely any intermediate rank betwixt the nobleman and the slave, I had, from my observance of the latter, supposed, that the darkness which pervaded their minds, the servility annexed to that condition, were the general characteristics of the subordinate classes of mankind."

"So they may be," replied the minister, "of those classes of mankind that are deprived of that first of blessings, liberty. It is that which, even on the bleak and barren mountain, gladdens the heart of the peasant; it is that which cheers him through his toilsome hours, and enables him to convert the sterile soil of many of our cantons into the land of plenty. Though my countrymen almost incessantly labour to procure the mere necessities of life, with the mere necessities of life they are satisfied. The meanest among them feels and knows the joy annexed to independence. I do not mean to say that they are independent of all government, for that would neither in itself be liberty, nor productive of its concomitant happiness; far from it; they have among them government in a variety of forms: in some cantons it is, like the ancient Athenian, purely democratical, in others aristocratical, and in others oligarchical. But whatsoever shape the civil power assumes, it is bleeded, softened, and meliorated. It is, in fact, what it ought to be, exerted for the benefit of the whole community; placed as a guardian angel at the gate of Paradise, to defend our lives and property: while

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the state machine is so well constructed, that every member performs the functions allotted to him, without impeding or counteracting any other. To this happy union of subordinate parts, forming together an immense whole, the main spring of which is our native virtue, is owing the supreme happiness of this country. If a man be but the possessor of a cottage, he feels himself its monarch; and knows, that it is impossible for any one to disturb his domestic enjoyment, while he submits to those moderate restraints which the law prescribes. This innate security gives energy to his genius; stimulates him to, and supports him in, his arduous exertions. Under this protecting influence, he toils, he cultivates his land, he exercises his talents, certain that the produce of his labour and ingenuity will be his own: though I cannot implicitly subscribe to your opinion of the general diffusion of learning through these cantons, if you mean that learning which books will supply."

"That was not my idea," returned Mahomet; "and that you mistook my meaning, perhaps, arose from my mode of expression: what I at the beginning of this conversation termed learning, I should, perhaps, rather have denominated knowledge, the result of observation extending to theory, and theory reduced to practice."

"You are unquestionably right with respect to my countrymen," said Scalch. "As they have few foreign pursuits to attract their attention, they have acquired knowledge in the way it was acquired by the Egyptians, those fathers of science; namely, by reading the great book of nature, as its leaves are unfolded before them; by considering the various systems of which it treats, the various productions which its pages display; by developing the secrets of the arts that from them derive their source. Through the medium of which disquisitions, professions and businesses, that in more luxurious countries are each the sole object of individual pursuit, here become the subjects only of rational amusement."

"May they," exclaimed Mahomet, "ever find amusements equally beneficial to the public and themselves. Why does not mankind in general follow so laudable an example?"

"Because," replied the pastor, "they are prevented by dissipation, and its concomitant, indolence; by that ease with

which, in some countries, riches are procured, and the still greater facility with which they are dispersed; by a love of pleasure, and, I fear, an attachment to vice: of this the general neglect of religious and moral duties in those countries, as I have been informed, is too sure an indication."

"Perhaps," said Mahomet, "the latter is not entirely the fault of the inhabitants of those regions to which you allude. Every community, with respect to the great interests of piety and morality, is not so happy as this: probably many there are that have neither the opportunity to improve by the principles, nor to profit by the example of their pastor."

"I must again warn you, young man," returned Scalch, "not to compliment me as an individual at the expense of a sarcasm upon society in general. Every man, whatsoever his principles may be; I speak of Europeans, as I fear that they are, in this respect, the most faulty; may, if he please, have the opportunity you speak of. Too much obloquy has been promulgated against the ministers of all religions. Their errors or inadvertencies have been the theme of those whose want of candour and genius to bear them to the sublime and elevated regions of truth, make them contented to wander in the crooked paths and intricate labyrinths of fiction, from which they can direct the arrows of slander with a surer aim, while concealment gives to their contracted minds an idea of security."

"These enemies, not so much to the ministers of religion as to religion itself, have, by their often repeated reflections on the clergy, rendered the subject trite; so that it is now considered as the masked battery of atheism. The sceptical sword and shield, the strong fortress of infidelity, the opposition to the doctrines of our fathers, the calumny of priests, the endeavour to destroy with the altars of religion its holy ministers, is now systematized; and considered, whatsoever may be the pretence, not to be an attempt to exalt one particular mode of faith, one particular set of men, over another; but to be, like the indiscriminating artillery of Satan, levelled at all who profess and call themselves Christians. It is an attempt to destroy the columns, in order to lay the temple in ruins."

"But what," said Mahomet, "can be the motives which urge men to barb

and wing the arrows of slander, and direct their shafts against the ministers of that faith which, morally speaking, seems to be the grand ligature that binds man to man, and connects society with society? or, to view this question in another light, what reason can be given for the daring and impious promulgation of opinions, and diffusion of doctrines, which are calculated to create in the minds of men a more than chaotic confusion, and seem designed to stimulate them to scale the crystal walls of heaven, to overleap the Cerulean arch, and attack the Almighty upon his throne?"

"Those motives, and that reason," returned Scalch, "which a band of robbers might have, or a murderer would give, for wishing the abolition, or stimulating their companions to the destruction of those laws by which they were restrained from, and punished for, depredation and cruelty. If the hope of eternal rewards, or the dread of eternal punishment, were obliterated from the human mind, Conscience, that god within us, which hath either acted as a monitor to warn us to forbear, or as a sting more sharp and pointed than that of an adder, to goad us to repentance, would no longer retain its seat on the intellectual throne, would no longer be considered the sovereign ruler and director of human actions."

"Many who have by their flatterers, for purposes the most nefarious, been termed philosophers, have, from a combination of vanity and wickedness, endeavoured to promulgate doctrines, and disseminate opinions, subversive of every principle of religion and morality: and although, while they were writing, their hearts must have smote them, their own judgment must have convinced them of the fallacy of their arguments, and the dangerous tendency of their principles; yet have they, by the splendor of false sentiments, the glitter of specious, though unsubstantial, ideas, by passages glowing like the erratic exhalations of the noxious fen, endeavoured, and sometimes I fear successfully endeavoured, to mislead mankind, and turn their minds from a reliance upon Providence to the contemplation of a vast, an immense void, in which, when weary of their desultory wandering, they may sink into eternal repose."

"Have these men been suffered to spread sentiments so inimical to every principle, not only of religion but reason?" said Mahomet.



"They have not only been suffered, but applauded," returned the pastor. "But although the applause which has hailed those meteors of false ratiocination, and those coruscations of false philosophy, may have been loud, and may for a short period continue, it must, from its nature, be evanescent. The minds of many may be attracted by the energetic diction and elegant composition of the works of our new philosophists; but the time has already arrived to the founders of the school, and will soon to their disciples, when they will be convinced of those truths against which they have vented the effusions of their malignity, or made the butt of their ridicule; and sinking not only under the weight of their own sins, but the accumulated burthens of the crimes which they have heaped upon thousands and tens of thousands, they will behold the terrific approaches of the angel of death with every symptom and sensation of horror, and perhaps find the igneous pool of eternity closed over their heads ere their repentant sighs can reach the throne of mercy."

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Mahomet, charmed with the precepts and edified by the example of the good pastor, devoted to him the greatest part of his time. He observed him with pleasure, both in his ministerial and legislative capacities; and saw with surprise the great influence of a righteous man, although possessing no other power than that derived from the empire which his virtuous life and rectitude of conduct had erected in the minds of his neighbours. The people, keeping their eyes upon him, making his principles their pattern, his documents their guide, were, he saw, like himself, humble, sober, orderly, and benevolent; and although, in every society of human beings, different opinions must necessarily prevail, and disputes sometimes arise, the sultan observed in this, that a reference to the preacher always settled them to the satisfaction of both parties; for such was the reverence and esteem in which he was held by his congregation, that his word was to them a fiat.

Though the precepts and example of Scalph had, even in a cursory view, made a considerable impression upon the mind of the sultan, he was still more struck with both when he more minutely considered their effects. Happy in being placed in a situation where he had an opportunity of contemplating a people

whose stern unpolished virtues made them objects of his curiosity, and the like of whom could never before have come within the scope of his observation, he resolved to profit by it. For this purpose, he diurnally made an excursion through the village, entered the cottages of the peasants, inquired into their domestic economy, their families, situation, and connections, and, where he judged poverty in any degree existed, relieved their wants with so liberal a hand, that, in the opinion of the pastor, it became his duty to check his munificence.

"I fear," said the latter, one day, to him, "my son, that all the content, and consequently the happiness, which, through a long and not inactive life, it has been my pride, and my pleasure, to observe among the people committed to my charge, will fade away by degrees, or perhaps suddenly vanish."

"Heaven forbid!" returned Mahomet. "From what cause can you suppose such a misfortune will arise?"

"From yourself," replied Scalph; "from your indiscreet generosity in scattering those seeds of vice, riches, among them, with a profusion which is very likely to produce a full harvest of luxury in their hearts. Many may support the burthen of virtuous poverty with content, who are not proof against the various seductions of affluence. If a man finds his wants supplied by any other means than those of labour or ingenuity, you may depend upon it, so little energy is there in the human mind, when the impulse of necessity is removed, that he will relax his assiduity—shall I add his virtue: therefore I shall, both in the pulpit and in private admonitions, oppose that mistaken benevolence, that false and futile sensibility, which places its objects above that independent exertion of their strength or talents; by which they learn justly to appreciate the worth of the rewards that they receive, and which they consider as the most grateful to their feelings, the dearest to their hearts, inasmuch as the power of acquisition was, under Providence, derived from themselves alone."

"Not but," he continued, "I grant there may be, and certainly there are, particular circumstances annexed to the lower conditions of life that demand assistance; such as old age, sickness, pregnancy, and infancy: to these, though in a great degree provided for by our system, your benevo-

lence may be, well-timed and laudable. But believe me, when you keep a man from the plough or the vineyard, by paying him ten times the price of his weekly earnings, you not only do an injury to the dignity of human nature, and to the individual in particular, but to society in general."

(To be continued.)

### SPECULATION; or, the MONOPOLY of HOUSES.

"There is no speculation in thine eyes."

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

DEAR SIR,

**I**HAT I deny; for it has been truly and wisely said, that "monopoly pervades every thing; that it is like a *hydra*, if you lop off *one head*," two or three start into its place. This observation, which I admire for its *pithiness*, in a very peculiar manner applies to these times, and to an anti-commercial practice, which seems to have pervaded our whole system; a practice which ought to be termed GAMBLING; but, as we have refined even refinement itself, has obtained the smooth and elegant name of SPECULATION.

*Speculation* then has (to use a phrase purely *republican*, and therefore opposite to every species of refinement) become "the order of the day;" it extends from the lowest to the highest circles, from *benefit clubs* and parish meetings, to newly created *companies* and *commercial establishments*.

With *political speculations* I have nothing to do; in *funded speculations* (having something to lose) I am loth to engage: *agricultural and bucolical speculations* I shall leave to titled *farmers* and *graziers*; *lottery speculations* to *lunatics*; speculations in *Mark-lane* to *deep ones*; *new projects* to *sharpers* and *flats*; and *manufactural speculations* to the real enemies of the country. All these, as I have observed, I shall leave to the different sets who, like voracious fish, follow a ship in a storm, upon speculation; or who, like birds of prey, hover over contending armies, speculating upon the events of a battle; or, like our *civic collegians*, who from the same impulse, *i. e.* to eat, speculate upon the same subjects at home. Those great speculations with which this country abounds are matters of too much importance for the grasp of my talents,

or the *flourishes* of my pen; but there is among the multitude of *minor monopolies* one which I think comes within my *intellectual scope*, and that, therefore, I shall briefly endeavour to observe upon.

"BE IT REMEMBERED:" you see, Mr. Editor, that I begin my complaint like an *information*; though I dare say it will, in the sequel, give no information to you. Be it, however, remembered, that *speculation*, as "I have been given to understand and be informed," has, in its wide extended course, embraced sundry matters and things, and among the rest houses; or, to speak less in the language of common law, and more in that of common sense, I have been told, that the late enormous rise of rents is, in a great degree, owing to speculation. How? you will ask. This question I have fished for, and therefore I will answer it. There have lately arisen on the banks of the Thames, two swarms, thick as those of insects on the banks of the Nile, of ingenious persons, who may, with great propriety, be termed *dilapidators* and *mediators*; or, in the more general acceptance of the latter word, *middle men*. With the former I have at present nothing to do; they have cleared the ground east and west, they seem to wish to have a touch at the north, and to extend their wings to the south. Be it so: they are known by their works, or rather by their demolitions, which have denuded the extremities of the city, and have left the arms of fair *Augusta* as naked as those of a young lady undressed for an assembly.

Of this circumstance those attentive personages termed *middle men* have availed themselves; and have began a speculation in houses, which has raised the rents of those in the metropolis to the enormous height that they have now attained.

This process, in which ingenuity is the prominent feature, is performed by speculation, *i. e.* monopoly. Some persons in the building line, survey the premises, consider their situations, and where they are favourable (for speculations, like wall fruit, will only ripen in a particular aspect) they begin to operate to some purpose; that is to say, they take all the houses that they can lay their hands on at moderate rents, perhaps yamp them up a little, and then under-lease them at a most enormous advance: such an advance



as, in cases where necessity of local residence urges, is not only a most inconvenient subtraction from the fortunes or profits of the tenants, especially as the taxes advance in due proportion, but is, from the influence of *avaricious example*, injurious to the commerce of the country, inasmuch as it causes an inordinate advance in all the necessities of life, and consequently in our manufactures, &c.

"It was not always thus! there was a time" when a landlord could *let*, and a tenant *take*, a house without submitting to the interference of a middle man; and that time was better than the present; because I conceive, that the profit derived by the said *middle man*, who is something like the *tax man* in Scotland, is a sacrifice to cupidity wholly unnecessary; and if unnecessary, in every view of the subject injurious to trade, distressing to the people, and ultimately burthensome to the country.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

PETER PANTILE.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

**H**APPENING a few days since to peep into your Magazine for January last, I was much amused by perusing the letter upon the late growth of the English language, having often had the same kind of reflections before, but which, for fear of being thought a critic or an ignorant, I did not dare to expose. The cause of this increase (I had almost called it overgrowth) have occupied my mind a little since; and if you conceive the few following desultory remarks worth a place in your intelligent and useful work, they are very much at your service. It is certainly not altogether unworthy of inquiry, how it has happened that some words formerly used to express one meaning are now often significant of many more, and sometimes too a meaning almost diametrically opposite to what they were originally intended to intimate; such as the words quoted by your correspondent, and our no less extensively significant one *nice*,\* which is now-a-

days used to express almost every thing that is good, whereas in former times it was intended to denote an over delicate taste. That these changes are not for the better, I believe many will agree with me; as it cannot fail of very much deranging the ideas, in reading our new publications, where these distorted words are adopted: should the number of them increase, I fear many persons who have been mostly accustomed to read books printed twenty years ago, or even not so far back, would hardly understand enough of those made in the present day, to make them relish the daily improvements we are making in the arts and sciences, were they ever such great admirers of them.

The cause of this metamorphosis of words I can account for, only in two satisfactory ways, viz. the mistakes of great men and great authors, or the profound ignorance and affectation of some who hold the first ranks in society. For instance: a great counsellor at the bar, or bishop from the pulpit, might by *meprise* use, in the hurry of thought or composition, a word of quite a different import from what it was formerly intended to signify; therefore the propriety of its being adopted might seem sufficient, being sanctioned by their authority.

In a conversation I once had with a lady, we happened to mention a Mr. G. of N——; and I begged to know if that estate belonged to him.—“No,” she replied; “but we usually add that to his name, to *extinguish* him from the other Mr. G. who lives there also.” Now, Mr. Editor, let us suppose that this had been spoken by one of your fashionable coxcombs (though such mistakes will sometimes happen to the best informed people), who think they have knowledge enough to dictate to a whole country, I make no doubt but we should soon hear the verb which signifies to put out, used in the sense of discerning one thing from another. The ridiculous affectation of those people in business who adopt language by no means ever intended to be degraded in describing the properties of a perriwig, a pair of boots, or even the dresses of the ladies, has not escaped my ob-

\* On the ridiculous misapplication of the term *nice* in the metropolis, had we room, we should like to expatiate. We here are frequently told of a *nice* gin-shop, a *nice* little chimney-sweeper; a scavenger has been termed a

*nice* man; a *nice* hog is common; a prostitute has been said to be *nicely* drunk; a lay-stall to *sink* most *nicely*: and indeed we have a hundred other such *niceties*, as seem to call for repression.—EDITH.

servation; and I really think some restrictions ought to be laid upon them in this particular; for if the same language which is used to describe the depths of science and learning be prostituted to the most common occasions, we shall have nothing to distinguish the profession from the business, no means by which we can discern the gentleman from the mechanic; and our most expressive figures of rhetoric will be reduced to shine on a barber's sign-post, in a milliner's hand bill, or a quack doctor's advertisement. Shall the learned then have no language peculiar to themselves? none but that used by the mob? No, science forbid it! If the most deserved ridicule and contempt, which is all the punishment I would inflict on these encroachers, do not make them retrench their innovations, I hope the *savans* of the present day will follow the ladies' example who contrive the fashions, and invent a new dictionary for themselves. As to the neat expressions used by some of our honourable gentlemen, I think them by no means any acquisitions to the smoothness of our language; they indeed tend to shew the order and refinement of their elegant ideas; but that they should ever become of general use, except among the rabble, I have too high an opinion of the delicacy and taste of the learned Britons to expect it.

I am,

Your humble servant,

A NORTH BRITON.

Stirling, 14th March, 1809.

#### CHEAP LIVING.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE lately understood, that it is a custom in FARM-HOUSES, by which I mean, houses where the parochial paupers are *furnished*, to allow each of the said *paupers* that chooses to wave his or her dinner the large and liberal sum of TWO-PENCE. What these persons do with this magnificent donation, at which of the LONDON TAVERNS they *luxuriate* upon it, I have never yet inquired. But I think, that to know at how easy a rate nature may be supplied is of some use; especially as many of these *paupers* belong to city parishes, the members of which sometimes go to a greater expense than even two-pence for their own dinners. I am, sir, yours, &c.

19th April, 1809.

LUCILLUS.

#### ESSAY ON PREJUDICE.

By the Author of the "Essays after the Manner of Goldsmith."

"He is familiar with celestial wisdom, and seems instructed by superior spirits, who can annihilate a settled prejudice against him."  
LAVATER.

PREJUDICE is a sentiment which has its origin in the uncertain judgment of man. It is that rash determination or decision of the mind which is often final to our own disadvantage, and to the injury of another. It is only just by chance, and never pure. It marks the weakness of human nature and of human laws, which admit but of few appeals; while the Deity never disdains to listen, nor forbids to judge the cause of man afresh. It is that imperfect, insufficient judgment which occasions man to act right on wrong principles, and to make just conclusions where his premises are false; and, unhappily for himself and others, this happens too often. Thus, at times, the best men become offensive to the good, and the worst acceptable. The prejudiced man is a coward in opinion, and trembles at the truth, lest he should be compelled to be undeceived: his pride takes the alarm; he conceives that his consistency would be questioned; and he supports his prejudice to maintain his character.

It may be asked, how a human being can be more perfect in his judgments, since man cannot see into the mind of man, and can only decide from the agreement of his actions with good or evil: still the heart is unseen and unknown. There are many torrents in life which carry down their streams such as are too weak to struggle, and many vortexes which would overwhelm the strong. The lesson which these things teach us is humility, and a forbearance of judgment towards others, even to the grave.

It is seldom that we find in plays of the present day, that intimate knowledge of the human character, that representation of the mind, which is true to nature: yet now and then a gleam of such genius appears; and Mr. Cumberland, in his "WHEEL OF FORTUNE," portrays with the skill of a master, in his character of PENRUDDOCK, the feelings of a man suffering the injustice of prejudice; he makes him exclaim, on hearing himself deliberately vilified,



"Know him, sir, before you damn him:" a noble and natural sentiment, called forth by unmerited reproach, and which raises the character of the man above his accuser, who loses all the consequence of his severity.

Let us be careful, then, how we decide on the character of another: scarcely do we know our own, and very sorry should we be to rest satisfied with the one that others would give of us. Where every man pretends to take likenesses, there must be many more deformed portraits than originals; the faithful delineator is seldom to be found; ignorance makes many omissions, envy will not see, and caricature is more welcome to our neighbours than truth. SUPPONO is the most misunderstood by others of any man in existence. SUPPONO has as honest and correct a mind as any man, yet is denounced as unprincipled and devoid of truth. The fact is, that SUPPONO has had many seasons of necessity, in which his shifts and evasions could only serve him, and but few opportunities of shewing the bent of his natural disposition. SUPPONO has only (if the expression is admissible) been seen in one line of business, and occupied about the same thing, how to live from day to day. SUPPONO has been always ill, that is, diseased in mind; he has never been seen in health; he has suffered a disorder; and his friends have never known him but in a fever. POOR SUPPONO, with the most honest intentions and designs, has been likened to a *rogue*, because he has all his life been trying some expedient or other to get just money enough to act like an *honest man*. Was SUPPONO left in a chamber where there was uncounted gold, it would remain untouched for SUPPONO: yet would SUPPONO borrow of his friend, and only *think* of repaying him; and when at length in his power, his mind alone would be correct, for his *manners* would never allow him to do that to-day which could be done to-morrow. This is not a likely character to annihilate a settled prejudice against him, unless he could first settle his affairs, and then the after operation would be easy.

Nevertheless, there is a description of man who appears to be so familiar with wisdom, and so instructed by superior spirits, as to be able to annihilate a settled prejudice against him. It is him who is conscious of his own integrity, who is sensible of the protection of a

superior Being that governs the world, and who, entertaining just notions of the power of his fellow-creatures, advances his front against prejudice, and looks the universe in the face; who triumphs over calumny by his native worth; and whose countenance, beaming with the beauty and brightness of truth, unsettles falsehood and disarms the accuser.

Another forcible appeal which reason makes against prejudice is, that though our conjectures may be right, it is possible that they may be wrong. Little do we know of the chain of causes which produce at length the effect which our untravelled observation pretends to blame in the author of his misfortune. Happy it is for the judge that he dares not be a philosopher; and how must he venerate the Almighty Judge who knows hearts. Let him ask for grace; let him entreat for wisdom; let him lean to mercy; for the humility of an imperfect sinful being pronounces himself a culprit secure from the laws of man, but full of offences in the eye of God.

There is not, perhaps, any thing more unjust, or more unsafe to trust to, than conjecture: it is the meanest of the powers of the human mind; which powers, according to the philosopher d'Alembert, consist of memory, reason, and the imagination. Now the imagination should never be preferred, when, by obtaining certain premises, our conclusions may be just to others, and satisfactory to ourselves; and yet men prefer this easy way of forming a judgment; for with the indolent it saves trouble, with the ill-natured it supplies the opinion they would willingly form, with the envious it confirms the character they have long wished to establish, and with the proud it flatters pride.

ADAMANTIS was of an excellent character and disposition. Elegant in his manners, and of an accomplished mind, his heart was noble. He was munificent and brave, and was admired by all the students at the university. But the same strength of mind and discernment which, on most occasions, served him to distinguish the truth, served also to make him stubborn in his opinions when he was wrong, for he would not believe that it was possible he could be so. ADAMANTIS was the slave of prejudice. ADAMANTIS, who was brought up at the same college, had nothing very remarkable in his mind or manners; he spoke little, made no display of talent, and presented no traits of a good disposi-

tion: his school-fellows had formed a contemptible opinion of his talents, because he never disputed; and his courage was doubted, because he would never quarrel with them. ADAMAS was judged to be mean and parsimonious, because he would not lend; and very proud, because he would not borrow. Yet was not ADAMAS any of these characters. ADAMAS displayed no talent, wisely foreseeing that it was more safe and pleasant to conceal the riches of his understanding till they might come to proper use. ADAMAS would not quarrel, because he loved peace, and reserved the strength nature had given him for occasions of more glory. ADAMAS would not lend, because he feared the obligation would lay heavy on the borrower, and he was too poor to give. ADAMAS would not borrow himself, because he feared that he might not be able to repay. Thus were the actions of ADAMAS altogether misunderstood.

It happened, that after ADAMANTIS and ADAMAS had been separated near eleven years from the university of Basle, ADAMANTIS set out to visit the court of Charles the Warlike, Duke of Burgundy, and in his journey had to pass through the forests of Auxerre. It was night, and the travellers were surprised by one of the numerous banditti. The courage of ADAMANTIS and his attendants availed them nothing, and he found himself sorely pressed; when a stranger came suddenly from a thicket, and with astonishing address and vigour destroyed and defeated two of the assassins, and relieved ADAMANTIS from their hands. ADAMANTIS thanked the stranger, and entreated him to visit him at the hotel at Dijon. The stranger bowed his head, and retired into the wood. It was not until ADAMANTIS arrived at the capital that he discovered, that although the banditti had fled, they had managed to take with them his portmanteau, which contained his letters of credit and introductions to the court. ADAMANTIS was not known; and having told his story, could scarcely obtain admission to the hotel; for being totally without money, they did not care to receive him. ADAMANTIS was in this distress, when a stranger entered the hotel muffled up in a surtout: he looked stedfastly at ADAMANTIS for some time, and beckoning to the host withdrew with him. ADAMANTIS had his suspicions that he had been noticed by the police: he was uneasy, and his pride took the alarm.

ADAMANTIS found, however, on the return of the landlord, that he now made use of the most humble and submissive language; that every thing was prepared immediately for him; and that the most minute attention was paid to his commands. ADAMANTIS, after he had dined, sent for his host; and after asking him many questions, spoke of the time that it would take for him to hear from Basle, and inquired what person of consequence there might be then there who had been at the same college. The host returned for answer, that there was a cavalier who had been educated at the university of Basle; and that his name was ADAMAS; and that he could, if he pleased, introduce him to the duke. ADAMANTIS shook his head. "ADAMAS!" said he, with a smile on his face, "that will not do." ADAMANTIS next inquired if there was any banker who would advance him money on the representation he could give of himself. "ADAMAS can do it," answered the host, "for the wealthiest bankers in Dijon will oblige him." ADAMANTIS stared, but said nothing. He next asked, who had the most superb palace in Dijon? The landlord answered, that ADAMAS had. ADAMANTIS laughed. "Tell me, then," said he, "after my introduction at court, at whose house shall I see the best company? and where shall I find genius and taste concentrated?" "It will be at the house of ADAMAS." At this ADAMANTIS told the landlord to withdraw; and could not help smiling at his host's description of the dull ADAMAS. "A likely story all this," said he: "ADAMAS of all men! Ridiculous!"

As ADAMANTIS was wrapt up in conjecture as to what would be the best measure to take, the same stranger whom he had observed at his entrance to the hotel desired permission to see him. The strange cavalier was about thirty; his face was handsome, and his features expressive; he wore whiskers, and his regimentals showed that he was in the army; his demeanour was noble; and gallantry and courage were displayed in every turn of his countenance. ADAMANTIS was prepossessed with his appearance, and received him courteously. The stranger addressed him in French; and explained, that he had heard of the accident which had befallen him in the wood of Auxerre: he then very handsomely begged him



to accept part of his purse until he could have his remittances; and adding, that he was satisfied that he was the person he represented himself to be, gave him a sealed letter to the duke. ADAMANTIS was charmed with the gallantry of the stranger, and begged to know to whom he was indebted for so much friendship. The stranger only replied, "that for the present he had reasons for remaining incognito. It is necessary," said he, "just now; as we have a difference with this state; and I am here on a secret mission; but shortly you shall know who I am. The next day ADAMANTIS visited the court, and presented the sealed letter to one of the chief persons about the duke; when he was immediately introduced. The duke opened the letter, and received ADAMANTIS graciously. "I find by the contents of this," said he, "that you are the friend of ADAMAS." ADAMANTIS replied, with surprise, "that he had known him formerly at college."

The day following, a grand entertainment was given by the duke, to which ADAMANTIS was invited. In the evening some feats of arms were proposed to be exhibited, and foils were produced. ADAMANTIS, who excelled in the art of defence, wished to display his activity; and he found not any who could contend with him. At length a strange cavalier entered the saloon, but whom ADAMANTIS presently discovered to be the person who had given him the letter. The stranger bowed to ADAMANTIS as he entered, and took his place next the young duke, who received him with marked attention. Several of the cavaliers challenged the stranger to try his skill with them; but they stood no chance. At length ADAMANTIS took the foils, although he dreaded the encounter, lest he should fail before the prince. The assault began, and all eyes were fixed on the combatants. The strange cavalier displayed the whole science of defence, and did as he pleased with his antagonist; when, making a false step, he was disarmed by ADAMANTIS. The duke was amazed: "How is this?" cried he, "the flower of chivalry yields to a cavalier not equal in arms."

The duke, attended by the cavalier and the ladies of the court, now retired from the stand, and an amusement of another kind was begun. Numerous questions were propounded, and prizes were to be bestowed on those who gave the wisest answers. Among others was

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the following, "*What is it that most prevents men from being happy, and from being just?*" Several who stood about the person of the king answered. One said, that it was pride; another, that it was avarice; a third, that it was ambition: at length the question was referred to the strange cavalier, who replied that it was PREJUDICE. "Prejudice," said he, "favourites pride; Prejudice sets a false value on riches; Prejudice gives false colours to ambition; Prejudice makes enmity between religions; Prejudice separates friends and creates enemies." The palace rung with applause at the answer of the cavalier; and ADAMANTIS approached him with astonishment and humility. "Gallant stranger," said he, "how much do I admire thy wisdom. Yes," said he, "it was thou who supplied my necessities when I was unknown; it was thou too who saved my life in the forest of Auxerre; it was thou who gave me the sealed letter to the duke; it was thou, I am persuaded, who did all this."

"Beware of prejudice," replied the stranger. "He who did all this was ADAMAS."

ADAMANTIS blushed; felt ashamed at the prejudice he had so long entertained; shed tears, and fell at the feet of his friend; owned his injustice, and was forgiven.

Prejudice had not permitted ADAMANTIS to KNOW ADAMAS.

G. B.

### THE MAGDALEN.

ALONZO had pursued for many years a course of dissipation and vice, inconsistent with his principles, and at variance with his understanding. Alonzo was of a social nature, and his errors arose mostly out of a disposition for hospitality, and the desire of being convivial. Alonzo, in his hours of inebriety, lost the entire recollection of the virtues which belonged to him; the pleasures of the senses at that time took sole possession of his imagination, and his actions no longer did honour to human nature.

Alonzo, after having dined with a party who had forgotten the *liquida voluptas et purus*, and who had mistaken excess for the delights of the table, was so overcome with the libations of wine, that though he ordered his carriage to drive him to one of the theatres, he was, when he arrived

thither, so totally insensible to the objects of amusement on the stage, that he did not know any thing that was going on. At length a female of elegant person, in an adjoining box, attracted his notice: she appeared to be above the common rank of the women of pleasure who frequent the play-houses; and as the entertainment had just concluded, Alonzo offered to see her to a coach.

In such a miserable state of insensibility was Alonzo, that he knew nothing from that time, until he awakened as it were from a trance, and beheld an interesting female bending over him in tears. Alonzo was astonished at her beauty, and at the apparent openness and innocence depicted in her face. On the other side of the sofa was an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance, who held a lancet in his hand, and who seemed alike solicitous about the health of the stranger.

Alonzo found that he had just been restored from a fit which had all the symptomatic characters of apoplexy, occasioned by his intemperance, with a consequent determination of blood to the head. Alonzo, who had no inconsiderable share of delicacy and discretion when in his senses, refrained from asking many questions, fearful of hurting the feelings of the interesting woman at his side. He therefore simply thanked the professional person for his attendance and attention, gave him a present far beyond what he had reason to expect, and assured him that he had no further occasion for his help. The gentleman took his leave; and the female, still attentively stooping over Alonzo, seemed to ask, "Why have you hurt yourself with drink? Why do you risk your life by intemperance? Perhaps you have a wife at home waiting for you anxiously at this late hour."

Alonzo, who had a refined and polished understanding, deciphered, as he thought, such language from the expression of the stranger's face. Alonzo took her hand, thanked her for her tenderness, and feeling himself well enough to walk about the room, requested that she would order some refreshment: in short, he desired to sup with her, that he might know more of her mind and disposition. He could not restrain a desire which pressed upon him to satisfy himself of her family, her education, and the unhappy cause of her deviation from virtue.

The supper was ordered from a coffee-house in the same street; and during the time that Almeria, for Almeria was the name of the female, was absent, giving some orders to her servant, Alonzo took an opportunity to examine the contents of his pocket-book. He recollected that he had received from a friend near two hundred pounds that day, after his banker had closed; he was uneasy; but he found the notes untouched, his watch, gold snuff-box, and other trinkets, were all safe; nor had the slightest suspicion rested on the stranger in the mind of Alonzo.

Almeria returned, and the supper was served up. Alonzo desired to help her; she bad, however, but little appetite: she could not eat. Almeria offered to help Alonzo in her turn to what was before her; and she displayed in every action the propriety and decency of a well bred person. Alonzo took her hand, and Almeria smiled with a look of pleasure, but not unmixed with pain. There was not any vicious nor wanton expression in her face.

Alonzo spoke of the play, and Almeria answered him with the frankness and judgment of a well informed mind. Alonzo spoke French, as if he had presumed that she could answer him; and Almeria replied in that language, with an accent and fluency that amazed him. Alonzo next ventured to ask her if she understood music? An instrument was in the room, and Almeria displayed both taste and science in a delightful melody, the words of which bore some analogy to her own situation. Almeria had written the words, and had herself adapted the music.

Alonzo took the hand of the sensible and ingenuous Almeria; every loose or improper idea was banished from his mind; he felt new impulses, impulses which he could not account for; he felt admiration, friendship, and love. He ventured now to make some delicate inquiries of Almeria respecting her family, and the place of her education; but the subject was too tender, the tears gushed from her eyes, and she discoursed no longer. Alonzo suspended his inquiries for a time, and spoke on indifferent subjects. At length Almeria, who desired to be candid, spoke of herself, of her friends; and informed Alonzo, that she was the daughter of a Mr. Herbert, a man of a small but independent fortune, who lived near Northampton; that she had received an education from



an accomplished governess and proper masters; that about two years past, a captain of a troop of horse, quartered in the town, was entertained at her father's house; that they were very much pleased with his company, and that she, who was very young, became enamoured with the mind and manners of her father's guest; that the captain assured her that his intentions were honourable, but that he wished for a clandestine marriage until he could have time to explain to his uncle, and reconcile him to a match without money; that she did not dare to open the plan of a clandestine marriage to her father or mother; and that finding, from what she could collect, that they would not allow his visits on the terms of any alliance between the families, she indiscreetly consented to an elopement with her lover, who had no sooner taken her to London, than he amused her from day to day and from week to week with promises of the immediate celebration of the nuptials; that he had imposed successfully on her credulity; and that at length, one morning, she received a letter from him, which informed her that he was ordered abroad, and that the marriage could not be celebrated until his return; that she then, for the first time, became sensible of his unkindness, and of her own total ruin. The letters she had written to her parents had never been answered; and all the intelligence she could obtain was from a friend who had seen her father, and who had heard him swear solemnly, after he had received the news that no marriage had taken place since her elopement, *that he would never again receive the abandoned Almeria Herbert under his roof, whatever might be her remorse or distress.*

The unhappy Almeria pursued her story: That having heard the keenness of her father's resentment, and that he had absolutely forbid her mother to write to or see her, she became the victim of unceasing anguish, until at length her money became exhausted; and, to complete her misery, she received a letter that Captain Wilson, her seducer, had fallen in a duel; that, in her agony of mind, she had applied to her landlady for advice, who, as there were arrears of rent due, recommended her to get into keeping, or to receive company; that she had rejected the proposal with scorn and horror, but that her inhuman landlady had

seized on her wearing apparel and trinkets, and had threatened to turn her into the street; that she knew not whither to go, nor any person she could ask to receive her; strangers would not take her into their habitations, and those who knew her story refused, except such as had a view to profit by her beauty and misfortunes; and, indeed, her landlady would not allow her to go from her house until she had paid every sixpence that she owed her; and to obtain that object, she had gone to the theatre in the evening, for the first time, in the character of a woman of pleasure.

Alonzo listened with great attention to the ingenious story of the unhappy Almeria, to whom he offered his friendship. He asked her, if she was willing to retire immediately from the wretched situation in which her indiscretion had placed her. Almeria replied, "In good time, sir, when it may be the will of Providence; *I am not wretched enough yet—I have not suffered enough—I have not yet been sufficiently punished—I shall soon be sunk in want and misery—I would suffer more—and then, sir*"

"What then?" interrupted Alonzo.

"*Then I will go to the Magdalen.*"

(*To be continued.*)

#### MRS. COWLEY.

IN the Magazine for June, 1789, we have given some sketches of the biography of this lady, together with a Portrait, which is considered as being a very considerable likeness of her, by those who best knew her.

Since that time, following a natural bias of the human mind, she selected the place of her birth as a pleasing and proper place in which to pass the closing years of her life—and there, on the eleventh of last March, she died, sincerely esteemed and lamented, in a very large circle, amidst those who had longest and best known her.

When her fancy had prompted her to the amusement of writing, so little sanguine was she in her expectation that her comedy would be accepted by Garrick, to whom it was sent, that it was not until about twelve months afterwards that he was informed who had sent it to him, or was asked what his opinion was. It is an extraordinary fact, that in no part of her life did

she take any pleasure in viewing, or was accustomed, if she could avoid it, to be present at, theatrical entertainments. The comedy alluded to was *THE RUNAWAY*; it was written in a fortnight; its remarkable success many recollect. It was followed by *WHO'S THE DUPE* and *THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM*. The latter, on the express permission of the queen, was dedicated to her, and was performed before the royal family, once every season, as long as they attended the theatres.

She has long desisted from publishing. However anxious at the moment of editing, her work was no sooner out than she became regardless of it. It was to domestic life her mind was given; fame appeared not at all to be essential to her happiness. *THE SIEGE OF ACRE* would never have appeared, had it not been heard of, asked for, and made a present of, to one who was a stranger to her. In the course of the last ten years she wrote a few slight poems, in friendship with the families of *LADY CAREW*, *LADY DUNTZE*, *MRS. WOOD*, and other ladies in her neighbourhood—which probably are yet extant. In the latter years of her life, on account of her dislike of cards, and the dress and trouble of evening amusements, she declined all invitations, but received very large parties at her own house. She established a singular custom, of throwing open her house, one morning in a week, for ladies only, and was on those occasions attended by a crowd.

She looked forward to the close of her life with a peculiar degree of religious cheerfulness.

Her works are—

Tragedies—*Albina*, and *the Fate of Sparta*.

Comedies—*The Runaway*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *Which is the Man*, *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, *More Ways than One*, *The School for Greybeards*, *A Day in Turkey*, and *The Town before You*.

Farce—*Who's the Dupe?*

Poems—*The Maid of Arragon*, *The Scottish Village*, and *The Siege of Acre*.

The last time her pen was thus employed, was on a slight poem, given to a man who was distressed by the loss of his property in the late floods, and which was restored to him by the douceurs of those to whom he shewed the poem for perusal.

*A SKETCH of the late ANDREW OSWALD.*

*To the Editor of the European Magazine.*

SIR,

IN attempting to delineate a sketch of the late Mr. ANDREW OSWALD, I feel my want of materials, and fear their scantiness will deprive it of the notice it merits; but I hope the recording in your valuable Miscellany the few particulars I know, will stimulate some one better qualified to proceed with what is so imperfectly begun.

A. OSWALD was the fifth son of the late Andrew Oswald, of Glenhead, in Stirlingshire. He was bred to the honourable and lucrative profession of Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh; and had he assiduously followed it, his talents were such, that he must soon have raised himself to notice and celebrity. But his employ seems not to have had sufficient attraction for his capacious mind. For though so much of his time must necessarily have been engaged in his professional pursuits, yet he was able to make himself more perfect in the Latin tongue; to acquire the French, Italian, German, and other living languages; and to gain a very extensive knowledge of history, philosophy, the belles-lettres, &c. He likewise attended several courses of lectures at the university of Edinburgh; particularly chemistry, in which he had great acquaintance. Nor had the drama the least of his notice. Convinced that the stage might serve the noblest of purposes, he often exerted his pen in its cause. Miss Duncan owes much to him for her present celebrity; and Master Betty, while in Edinburgh, had much of his aid.

When he approached maturer years, politics, which ran very high in Scotland a few years since, engaged his attention; and though his name was not blazoned forth, yet he was the author of some of the severest castigations ever given to public plunderers and abusers of power: he loved the constitution under which he had the happiness to be born, from a conviction of its superior excellence.

On Mr. Fox's party coming into power, Lord Lauderdale was nominated as governor of India. Mr. Oswald had then a communication with his lordship respecting an appointment under him to India; but another arrangement took place in the ministry, and Lord L. was sent ambassador to France, which com-



pletely frustrated Mr. Oswald's expectations. Soon after that disappointment he returned to Stirling, where he followed his profession; but his mind being rather unhinged, from his hopes of going to India being defeated, he soon left it, and went to Glasgow, where he remained but a short time, then returned to Edinburgh. In this unsettled situation, and being fond of society, and frequently of convivial company, perhaps, as a consequence of some irregularities, by which he contracted a consumptive habit, it rapidly increased; and by the advice of his friends in Edinburgh, he took a journey by sea to London, in the hope that the change of air and climate might restore him to health and to his friends; but the disorder had taken too deep root to be removed—it baffled the skill of men eminent in the healing art. For four months (the time he had been in London) he was gradually declining, until he was reduced at last to a mere skeleton. He kept his bed only about nine days, and died on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1808, aged thirty-three years.

Mr. Oswald had travelled through most parts of Scotland, and was acquainted with the history of more families in that country than, perhaps, any other man; for what he once read, or heard related, his memory retained.

His goodness of disposition, his store of anecdote, and his ability of conversing on almost any subject, made his company desirable, agreeable, and edifying. He always took pleasure in imparting what he knew, to inform the youth or to direct the man. It was a particular gratification to him to inform those who wished to learn: he loved those who thirsted after wisdom. The improvement the writer of this sketch received from Mr. O. only makes him feel more poignantly the loss of such a friend.

Mr. O. was the author of numerous letters and essays in periodical journals and pamphlets, under the signature of CRISO, and various others. The last of his productions was a series of letters addressed to the Duke of York, in the SUNDAY REVIEW, under the signature of IGNOTUS, written under great debility of body: the last was finished on his death-bed, and was a posthumous publication.

The following "Epitaph and Explanations" were written by Mr. O. at my request, purposely for your Magazine.

The insertion of the above will be deemed an obligation by,

Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.

3d January, 1809.\*

J. SCOTT.

#### EPITAPH AND EXPLANATIONS.

The following epitaph is still very legible in the church-yard of Linton, Peebleshire. It appears to be the work of the wife, but it was by J. O. himself. Its obvious singularity long procured it much attention, and frequent insertion in Scottish periodical works. No explanations, however, were complete. Of the same family, though no way thereby benefited, with this J. O. who, by a very *mal à propos* and suspicious introduction into this world, deprived my paternal grandfather of the property in question, maugre the hopes of many years founded on most incontestible rights, I believe I can make out what has hitherto been deemed most obscure in this singular production.

"JACOBO OSWALD de Spital Marito  
Bene merenti Grizella Russelia  
Conjux æstissima P. C.  
Marmor hoc quoi addidens sæpe  
Cinavi cenam mortuo mihi  
Imponi volui—

Siste Vintor, quis-quis es Discumbas  
Licet et si copia. Est marmore  
Ut ego olim Fruscaris—Hoc si  
Rite fereris—monumentum non  
Violabis nec manes meos habebis  
Iratos vale et vive  
Vixi an. xxxi. mcdxxxix  
Ob. xxviii d. nov. æg. nmd. cccxvi."

#### Explanations.

This J. Oswald was one of the keenest of many Jacobite gentlemen in Peebleshire, in the interest of the Pretender, with whom, long previous to the invasion in 1745, a very close correspondence was kept up, and frequently considerable sums remitted. They met under the pretence of horse-racing, cock-fighting, &c. taking care whom they invited to those feasts, &c. Much of this occurred at the little village of Linton, near to which he resided. His table was frequently, of course, the seat of good cheer or bacchanalian revelry.

\* My sole reason, Mr. Editor, for not sending this *Sketch* sooner, was the hope of seeing something more worthy of my departed friend.

12th April, 1809.

It was then, it seems, a custom, though somewhat antiquated, to have a marble table in the hall or parlour of one of the chief eating apartments of the house. This commemorated in the epitaph seems to have been in pretty constant use with Mr. J. Oswald. Nay, I have been assured, that long previous to his death he composed and cut out the epitaph in question on this table, which he still continued to use as such, but left the most positive directions that it should also be his grave-stone. This he intimated to every guest. The reason of this singular choice seems to explain the epitaph. Linton parish is almost a mere ruin; travellers were in the habit, from necessity, of provisioning well their pockets before crossing it. As a proper seat, either for the parishioner on a Sunday to eat his luncheon, or the traveller at any other time to devour the contents of his wallet, he recommends his tomb-stone, once his hall table, and scene of much enjoyment; he advises him to eat and enjoy in moderation, by which means he would neither violate his monument nor incense his "*manes*" (*shade, ghost*).

Of G. R. I know nothing. She seems first to have been his servant, and afterwards his wife.

#### PICTURE of the CITY of DANTZIC.

(From *Malte Brun's "Picture of Poland,"*  
Paris, 1807.)

**I**N the History of Poland, the little republic of Dantzic figures by the side of mighty powers, and excites, perhaps, a greater and more lively interest than many of those empires which surround it. Dantzic has more than once kept at defiance numerous armies; and two powerful states have been seen ready to declare war against each other, the one to force the territory to submission, the other to maintain its independence.

This city was the birth-place of the geographer *Cluverius*; the abode of the astronomer *Hévelius*, and many other learned men. According to *Eusebius*, Dantzic must have been a flourishing city in 997, and not a simple village or town. From the history of *M. de Suhan*, the wars of Waldemar, first King of Denmark, appear to have given rise to the establishment of a Danish colony in this most favourable situa-

tion, between the years 1160 and 1170; and its modern name, *Dantzic*, is generally explained as derived from *Danzik*, a Danish port or gulf: in the most ancient records and diplomas, it is simply called *Dansk* or *Gdansk*. The knights of the Teutonic order enlarged and fortified it. In the year 1454, when it placed itself under the protection and sovereignty of Poland, that power granted several important privileges; amongst others, that of the exclusive navigation of the Vistula was one of the most advantageous, inasmuch as it made Dantzic mistress of all the trade of Poland by sea. This city had also the privilege of sitting and voting at the diet of Poland, and at the election of a king, and of coining money. In 1657, King Casimir conferred the honours of nobility upon the chief magistrates, the sheriffs, and the council of an hundred.

The *Dantzickers*, to use a foreign term much in use, being in a great degree originally of German extraction, were anxious to see a German prince upon the throne of Poland. For which reason, after the flight of Henry of Valois, that city gave its vote for the Archduke Maximilian, and supported it with a degree of impolitic obstinacy. Having even refused to render homage to King Stephen, it was put under the *Ban* of the empire, and besieged in 1577. This quarrel was, however, at length settled by mediation: and the king received the city into favour, after it had publicly implored his pardon: he confirmed it in all its rights, and in the free exercise of the evangelical religion; but he laid a heavy fine upon it, which was scrupulously levied.

In 1734, Dantzic received King Stanislaus Leczinski within its walls, and protected him with unshaken fidelity. This determined perseverance drew on it a siege and bombardment on the part of the Russians and Saxons. The cabinet of Versailles, under the direction of the feeble Fleury, on this occasion evinced less firmness than a petty republic.

When the King of Prussia, in 1772, became master of the country which surrounds Dantzic, it required no great foresight to foresee, that the privileges of the city would soon be destroyed; and, in fact, we cannot be astonished that the Prussians should pretend to navigate a river which, in a great measure, flowed through its territory, and which was the only opening to the sea



for a considerable part of her dominions. The city of Dantzic, however, opposed it, and called to her aid her treaties with, and the protection of Russia. In consequence, Catherine supported the city in a part of its claims: the trade by sea was exclusively reserved to it.

Dantzic is situated at about the distance of one German mile from the mouth of the Vistula. Its population, which formerly amounted to upwards of 80,000 souls, was not, it is ascertained, more than 47,074 two years ago. The number of dwelling houses at the latter period was 5,354. The orchards, gardens, country-houses, the continual passing of carriages of all descriptions, of boats and vessels, announced at a certain distance the approach to an industrious, opulent, and populous city.

The town is built in a manner very solid, but not by any means agreeable to the eye. The porticoes advanced into the street render them narrow and inconvenient, and disfigure the houses. Out of the twenty-one parish-churches, twelve belong to the Lutherans, two to the Calvinists, and seven to the Catholics: the Lutherans, consequently, are the most numerous; but the richest merchants are amongst the Calvinists. There is an astronomical observatory, a very superb cabinet of natural history, and many learned societies and colleges. The city is surrounded by fortifications, and has sustained several sieges; but it cannot now be looked on as a fortress of any note, from its being commanded by different heights at short distances from the works. The harbour or port of Dantzic is formed by the mouth of the Vistula, and defended by the forts of *Munde*, or *Weichselmunde*, and *Wester Schanze*. The road, or what is properly called the gulf of Dantzic, consists of an arm of the sea, which is sheltered from the north winds by a tongue of land, on which is built the little town of *Hela*. The city of Dantzic possessed a *werder*, or a low fertile island, between the Vistula and the *Stolawa*.

There are several sugar-bakers and refiners at Dantzic; manufactories of vitriol, cloths, serge, and other woollen stuffs; gold and silver lace, morocco leather, pot-ash, salt-petre, and four very extensive lumber-yards. The spirit distilled at Dantzic is known over all Europe; it is made chiefly from rye

and barley; three parts of the former grain to one part of the latter.

Commerce is the chief occupation of the Dantzickers. From Prussia and Poland they receive wheat, and all other sorts of grain; wood, pot-ash, flax, hemp, wax, and other productions of those countries. They sell them to the English, Dutch, French, Danes, and Swedes, as they export but little in their own vessels. They, in return, import wines, spices, salt, fish cured, iron, cloth, silks, and other articles of luxury.

In 1798, the value of the exportations amounted to near six millions of crowns; and the importation was not estimated at more than two millions.

The manners of the Dantzickers offer some estimable traits: as almost all the inhabitants are merchants or manufacturers, activity and industry are constantly to be seen. At the same time, the commercial relations which they carry on with Berlin, as well as with England and other countries, have greatly contributed to improve their manners. Those men whom an unjust prejudice has represented as being sensible only to the influence of gain, are at present cultivators of the fine arts, of letters, and of science. There is not a father of a family who does not give his children an education suitable to his fortune. The females particularly devote themselves to the study of languages, music, dancing, and drawing; the young men improve themselves by travelling.

In this city the good and bad citizens are very little mixed, and very easily distinguished. The general interest here often excites indignation against every individual who fails in honour and probity. Few of those seeds of discord are to be met with here which overturn large capitals. Nothing gives a right to any man to usurp authority over others—neither talents, riches, nor even services rendered to the public. That republican equality, which perhaps restrains the flights of some of superior genius, stifles also many vices and many follies at the moment of their birth. The Dantzickers suffer no beggars in their city, because they have so many various ways of giving employment to the poor, in their different workshops, asylum for the infirm in their excellent hospitals, and means of amendment for the dissolute and idle in a house of correction on a most excellent and im-

proved plan. Ladies of pleasure are confined to a particular part without the walls; and the marriage vows are not broken with impunity. The institution of a Foundling Hospital preserves the lives of illegitimate infants; and there never is an instance of their being abandoned in the streets, as is too frequently the case in other large cities.

The government of Dantzic was one of the most equitable, as to its interior administration. If it so happened, that a man of bad principles or morals was raised to the magistracy, he was compelled to become honest, otherwise his elevation would be but of a short duration, particularly if he was a merchant. His brother-merchants vied with each other in the honour of removing him.

It must, however, be admitted, that the Dantzickers are very extravagant: their entertainments are most sumptuous, and they enjoy the pleasures of the table. Fashion has required that every respectable family should have a country-house with a handsome garden to it. They dress in the best cloths, linens, and furs of all Europe. The furniture of their houses is often magnificent. They have expensive libraries, fine horses, and several servants in rich liveries. But these luxuries keep pace with their revenues. The Dantzickers love their country: they are their own masters at home: the women have not here acquired the right of ruining their families: no where are they more esteemed and loved; and to their influence it is owing that drunkenness is absolutely banished from the convivial meetings, where a joyous gaiety reigns in its place. Nothing can be more delightful than their parties. Music is here, as in Copenhagen, more to the taste of the Dantzickers than theatrical amusements; of which, however, they are not deprived. There is, however, in this city a small class of the old citizens, who, out of avarice, shut their doors against talents and the fine arts: they never meet but at the house of some friend as penurious as themselves, where each contributes his quota towards the entertainment. W. B. H.

#### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE of the SAGACITY of a DOG.

A MOST extraordinary instance of sagacity in a dog occurred a few days after the capture of Samana (by

the Franchise, Dedalus, &c. Two boats of the squadron were sent to the opposite shore, in search of some French privateersmen that had escaped. They landed at a plantation which was deserted by its inhabitants (in consequence of the intrusion of the privateersmen), where they remained until the next morning. During the night, a number of dogs were heard bewailing the loss of their masters; and at the departure of the boats, several of those faithful animals were seen on the shore, keeping abreast of the boats as they pulled along, making the most pitifull lamentations. After several attempts, one of them, bolder, and possessing more affection, as it may be supposed, than any of the others, plunged into the water, swam to one of the boats, and was picked up: but no sooner did it find that his master was not there, than it jumped over again, and joined its disconsolate companions on shore: the boats were at the distance of half a mile from the shore.

J. S. W.

Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 8, 1809.

#### THE EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON.

(WITH A VIEW.)

"Conqu'ring EDWARD, Cambria's scourge,  
Spare, oh spare, our tuneful race!  
Or may furies sing thy dirge,  
And thy lineal offspring trace!  
Fate's decree will never vary,  
But the royal babe pursue;  
Nurtur'd now in EAGLE'S AERIE,  
He, alas! this hour shall rue."

Sublime on Penmaen's lofty site,  
Cadwallo struck the trembling lyre;  
His fellow BARDs these strains recite;  
Yells succeed, and groans aspire:  
"Spare, oh spare our tuneful race,  
Or may fate thy offspring trace!"

From Snowdon's caves, and pendant woods,  
From rugged cliffs, and roaring floods:  
Echo fills the awful space,  
Sounds reverb'rate, "Spare our race!  
Or may direful vengeance sped  
On thy sons devoted head!  
Fate's decrees will never vary,  
But the royal babe pursue;  
Nurtur'd now in Eagle's Aerie,  
He, alas! this hour shall rue.  
Tyrant tremble! vengeance dire  
Shall mark the time when we expire."

IT is a circumstance that will be recollected by many of our readers, and probably referred to by many of our



subscribers, that the fifty-third volume of this work was embellished with a Frontispiece, which exhibited a view of the gate of the *Castle of Caernarvon*; and that, in elucidating this graphic subject, venerable for its antiquity, and still more venerable for the historical incidents attached to it, we availed ourselves of the opportunity, then so fairly presented, of introducing a local description, which will be found page 37, and which may be said almost to obviate the necessity of descending further upon the subject. Yet, when we more fully consider the importance once attached to the *Castle of Cuernarvon*, we seem to have acquired new ideas from the contemplation; therefore it appears to us proper to add to our former remarks a few of their emanations, because those, with respect to THE EAGLE TOWER, of which we have been favoured with the beautifully picturesque view that forms the principal object of the annexed plate, were all confined to the interior of the building, from the circumstance of its containing the chamber wherein Edward, the second monarch of that name, and who was the first Prince of Wales after the union of that country with England, was born :\*

\* It is impossible, supposing the circumstance of the murder of the bards to have been overcharged, to pass without censure the cruelty of EDWARD I. to the last of the Welsh princes, LLEWELLYN, or to contemplate without astonishment and applause the heroism of the gallant defenders of the principality. Destitute of all succours, spurning foreign alliances, and without a naval power, they formed the bulwarks of their country; these real patriots

“ Had from their native rocks and forests wild”

poured destruction upon the kings of England, whether Saxon or Norman, many of whom had attempted to subdue them with forces infinitely superior in numbers to any that they could oppose. This kind of independence they maintained for more than eight hundred years; and even after they were induced to pay tribute to the English monarchs (which, we take it, was for the protection of their coasts), they still remained a distinct nation, governed by their own laws, and amenable only to their own tribunals: a circumstance which the quickness of their sensibility rendered very dear to them, because, on many occasions, from local courts, they obtained more speedy, and, as their proceedings were in their native language, they thought, more substantial justice.

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while, in the present, we shall more generally contemplate its exterior; and, if we may be allowed to express ourselves figuratively, give a broad historical outline, and leave its minute parts to be filled up by those who have more leisure and more genius than ourselves.

It is impossible to refer to the annexed View, without revolving on the august site whereon the curious vestige of antiquity which forms its principal object now stands; and this leads us to observe upon its locality.

It appears from Tacitus,† that the consuls Censonius Pætus and Petronius Turpilianus met a complete overthrow in their attempt upon the *Silures*;‡ and that although Suetonius Paulinus turned his arms against the *Ordevices*, and conquered *Mona*,§ he found it a task of considerable difficulty to retain his conquest. The great enemies of the Romans were the *druids*, who encouraged and animated the Britons, and induced even their women to brave the most imminent dangers, “ running along the lines in mourning attire with firebrands in their hands like furies of hell.” They were, however, at last obliged to submit to the superior genius and superior discipline of the Roman legions, and, consequently, retreated to the woods and caverns with which that country abounds, while their retreat, as *Caernarvonshire* had before been successfully invaded, terminated the conquest of their enemies in that part of the island.

The ancient British name for those stupendous mountains which are in the vicinity of *Caernarvon*, was *Kreigieu'r Eryreu*, which signifies *Eagle Rocks*: and it is most probable, that when the castle was erected by EDWARD I. they gave the name of the EAGLE TOWER to that part of it which we have exhibited. || The whole occupies the west side of the town; and, what is rather extraordinary, its walls are at present nearly entire. The towers of this castle are, generally speaking, octagonal, but three or four have each of them ten sides.

† Lib. xiv.

‡ The inhabitants of South Wales.

§ North Wales and the Isle of Anglesey.

|| This part, it will be observed, from the introductory poem, has been termed the *Eagle's Aerie*; probably in compliment to the founder, though the character of his fourth son, Edward II. (the other three had died a very short time antecedent) did not, as it expanded, seem to indicate that he had many of the properties of the *Eagles*.

Superior to the rest in size and dignity is that which is the subject of this brief notice: the figure of an eagle is yet on the top of it.

Cowering on unsteady wing,  
The royal bird prepares to spring  
Upward, as his eye surveys  
Radiant Sol's meridian blaze.

This tower is situated at one end of the interior court, which is in the form of a parallelogram; its exterior appearance, as will be seen, is extremely picturesque: and it is curious enough to observe, that this small part of the country exhibits none of those grand, yet savage, features, those precipitous rocks, dashing torrents, and all that variety of tremendous nature, which marks its immediate vicinity: here all is mild, bland, and exquisitely beautiful.

From any of the eminences in the neighbourhood of *Caernarvon* there is a complete view of the *Isle of Anglesey*; and from one of these British Alps may be counted a concatenated series of thirty-one mountains ranging in front. This natural barrier admits of only five narrow and very dangerous passes, guarded by five castles, of which it is not necessary, nor would it be very easy, for us to give the *Welsh* appellations.

We have mentioned these circumstances, because they serve to shew the jealous policy of Edward I. a monarch who, although he obtained the name of the *English Justinian*, the *Welsh* still remember. The boldness of their ancestors, who declared, even after the conquest, that they would never lay down their arms until they were governed by a prince of their own nation, it is said, induced the monarch to send the queen to lie in at *Caernarvon Castle*. It is also said, that as soon as she was brought to bed of a son, he convened the states, and declared his resolution to give them a prince of their own country, and who moreover could not speak a word of *English*. Supposing this to be the fact, we fear that the states were not perfectly satisfied with their new governor; for *Edward* deemed it necessary to overawe them with castles, and, if we may believe the ancient British traditions, to destroy their *bards*; a measure which has involved his character in everlasting disgrace.

In the rude ages of Britain, and particularly in the district that we are now contemplating, after the fall of the *druids*, there arose this order of men,

who were, as we have just stated, termed *bards*,\* and who may truly be said to have been "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the times."

In remote periods, when the sources of amusement, and indeed of information, were so slender, their learning and ingenuity rendered those men, whether they appeared in the characters of *historians* or *minstrels*, of the utmost importance to the people. In all the ages and in all the nations of the ancient world, persons of this profession may be traced. *Achilles* tuned his lyre, and the *Bard of Alcinous* sang heroic ballads to the sound of his harp.† In the earliest accounts of this island, music and recitation emanated from religion; and the *bards*, as well as the *druids*, formed a part of the hierarchy of those times. But although the former frequently mingled secular, and even convivial, subjects with their aspirations, the latter never departed from theological solemnity. It is, therefore, (to return to the subject from which the idea involved in our introductory poem has caused us to

\* Whether *bards* were originally an inferior order of *druids*, is a circumstance which, if it were material, might still be controverted. We think, at least, that they were not known by that appellation till after the mission of *Melitus*, and the consequent conversion of the Saxons by him and his associates. When the druidical rites were abolished; when *Woden*, *Thor*, and *Frico*, had lost their influence, and it was no longer supposed that the eternal serpents guarded the *Mundane Egg* (an idea which, it is curious to observe, exists at present in the mythology of the *Hindoo*s); when they no longer beheld the white-robed virgins attending the chief druid with golden knives and crystal vases, while he cut the sacred mistle and poured the living water, or when they trembled at the black spirits, monsters, and chimeræ, that were supposed to be the ministers of the vengeance of their deities; the *bards* were, it is believed, unknown. The *sub-druids* then availed themselves of this long train of poetical imagery, and its influence on the public mind was most powerful. But when the pure doctrines of christianity

Had dawn'd like day upon their darker minds,  
And taught their souls the noblest use of reason,

the *bards* arose, and, turning their genius into another channel, became almost, in their influence, as powerful as their predecessors had been.

† Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.



digress,) little to be wondered, that a monarch so sagacious as EDWARD I. destroyed a set of men in whom resided all the learning of the country, and whose influence over the passions of the people was unbounded. The idea that such a society had once exercised, as we may say, uncontrolled domination in North Wales, has given to this part of the island a kind of romantic and poetical cast, which its sublime and variegated scenery is well calculated to foster and preserve. The man of sensibility still views the mountain forests, the craggy cliffs, and all the elevated appendages which yet distinguish this picturesque country, with peculiar complacency; his mind collects the stupendous images with which he is surrounded; they give energy to thought, and stimulation to genius: but if, alas! amidst the wonders of nature, he should, for a moment, dwell upon the works of art, and behold the castle of Caernarvon in general, and the Eagle Tower in particular, his thoughts, recurring from these objects, will take a sombre tint, and he will have to lament (adopting the popular tale), from the infliction upon that harmless race of men, the *Cambrian Bards*, by EDWARD I. the horrors which attended the end of his fourth son,\* the fate of the three that had preceded him, and the dire misfortunes that pursued his whole line down to the union of the two houses of YORK and LANCASTER.

M.

BRIEF NOTICES in COMMEMORATION of  
ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH it is from the celebration of eminent persons that your work has become, in one department, so exceedingly interesting, I certainly should not have thought it necessary to compliment you upon your insertion of the Memoir of ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, which appeared in your last Magazine, had I not wished to add two short extracts to those therein published, in order that nothing which relates to so conspicuous a character might be lost. I therefore, after thanking you for the pleasure and information that the elegant article alluded to, have afforded me, subjoin

No. V.

Extract of a Letter, dated Rome, 13th  
Nov. 1808.

"In these days is celebrated in the church of the Rotonda (Pantheon), the anniversary for our cousin *Angelica*; and her bust will be placed as suggested by your late husband, Mr. B——. A memorial in marble will also be erected in *St. Andrea del Fratte*, with an inscription. A similar one, but of greater expense, is actually executing in her country,\* with every function suitable to the occasion. Here, likewise, a magnificent funeral has been made, with about two hundred holy masses in suffrage of her soul, besides many other things performed in her honour; so that since the death of *Raphael Urbino* till now, a similar funeral has not been made in Rome."

No. VI.

Extract of another Letter, dated Rome,  
2d Dec. 1808.

"On Tuesday, 29th November, the bust in marble was uncovered in the Temple of the Rotonda (Pantheon), the effigies of *Madame Angelica Kauffman*, with a noble inscription. On this occasion were celebrated many masses, with a solemn funeral service, at which the academicians of *St. Luke* assisted."

Your insertion of these brief notices, as they shew that the resplendence of genius rises superior even to the horrors of anarchy, will oblige, sir,  
Yours, &c.

H. R.

PITHY SENTENCES and PROVERBS from  
the Greek.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,

PERMIT me to send you a list of a few of the foolish and absurd actions mentioned by the Greeks, and used by them as a kind of proverbs, above 2000 years ago. Those of your readers that are well acquainted with the histories of modern times, and the colloquial language of this country, will be able to judge how far the nations of Europe, by adopting these, have approved of them. When the

\* Edward II.

\* We presume, Coire.

Greeks meant to remark, that a man was absurdly, foolishly, or improperly employed, they used to say,

He ploughs the air.  
washes the Ethiopian.  
measures a twig.  
opens the door with an axe.  
demands tribute of the dead.  
holds the serpent by the tail.  
takes the bull by the horns.  
is making clothes for fishes.  
is teaching an old woman to dance.  
is learning a pig to play on a flute.  
catches the wind with a net.  
changes a fly into an elephant.  
takes the spring from the year.  
is making ropes of sand.  
sprinkles incense on a dunghill.  
is ploughing a rock.  
is sowing on the sand.  
takes oil to extinguish the fire.  
chastises the dead.  
seeks water in the sea.  
puts a rope to the eye of a needle.  
is washing the crow.  
draws water with a sieve.  
gives straw to his dog, and bones to his ass.  
numbers the waves.  
paves the meadow.  
paints the dead.  
seeks wool on an ass.  
digs the well at the river.  
puts a hat on a hen.  
runs against the point of a spear.  
is erecting broken posts.  
fans with a feather.  
strikes with a straw.  
cleaves the clouds.  
takes a spear to kill a fly.  
brings his machines after the war is over.  
washes his sheep with scalding water.  
speaks of things more ancient than chaos.  
roasts snow in a furnace.  
holds a looking-glass to a mole.  
is teaching iron to swim.  
is building a bridge over the sea,  
&c. &c.

Not insensible of the merit of your widely-spreading Miscellany,

I remain, with good wishes, sir,

Yours, truly,

JAMES HALL.

137, St. Martin's-lane, London,

May 3, 1809.

P.S. Could any of your readers tell me the origin of the phrase, "He does it *under the Rose*." J. H.

\* \* *Under the Rose* we speak it." \*—  
And at a venture also. We take it, that the expression "under the rose," like that which says, "He that is hanged need fear no colours," arose from the wars. It may be asked, What wars engendered the former phrase? To which we reply, the wars betwixt the houses of YORK and LANCASTER. These, it is well known, obtained for ages the popular appellation of "*The Contention betwixt the two Roses*." In this conflict, the opposite adherents wore as badges the cognizance of their different parties. They swore by the *red* or the *white Rose*; and these opposite emblems were displayed as the *signs of two taverns*: one of which was by the side, and the other opposite the Parliament-house, Old Palace-yard, Westminster. Here the retainers and servants of the noblemen attached to the *Duke of York* and *Henry VI.* used to meet. Here, as disturbances were frequent, measures either of *defence* or of *annoyance* were taken, and every transaction was said to be done "*UNDER THE ROSE*;" by which the most profound secrecy was presumed. From this we believe the phrase spread, and became a term of general acceptance: and it is curious to observe, that in the time of *James I.* the authors whom we have quoted in our motto put it, as a colloquial expression, into the mouth of *Fundulke*, the governor of *Bruges*; intending, perhaps, to intimate, that it was in use in *Flanders*, which, we need not hint to our friend Mr. H. was part of the dominions of the *Duchess of Burgundy*, daughter of *Richard, Duke of York*, and sister to *Edward IV.*—EDITOR.

#### ANSWER to the QUERY respecting ETON COLLEGE, BUCKS.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,

A FEW evenings ago, reading your entertaining and valuable Magazine, I observed a letter from a correspondent, wishing to be informed, whether Eton College was founded by Henry the Sixth or Seventh? The former of the two was undoubtedly the founder, who intended it for seventy poor clergymen's sons; from thence each, after a certain number of years,

\* *BEGGARS' BUIE*, Comedy, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, act ii. scene 3.



to obtain a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. I myself was bred at Eton; and can only say, that there is a statue of Henry the Sixth placed in the area generally termed the school-yard, by Godolphin, the then provost of the college, in honour of the founder. There is also another statue of the same monarch (by Bacon), placed in the chapel. These, I presume, without referring to any books on the subject, are sufficient proofs. I will, however, mention one other circumstance: In the prayer which is almost invariably read there preceding the sermon, the two royal foundations of King Henry the Sixth are particularly mentioned; meaning Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge. The above is written in great haste; but should it be worth your insertion, you will oblige, by so doing,

Your obedient servant,

ETONENSIS.

\* \* HENRY VI. was unquestionably the founder of *Eton College*, in the year 1440: the original establishment was for a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor men. *Henry Sever* was the first provost; his successor was *William Wynnfleet*, founder of *Magdalen College, Oxford*. This venerable pile escaped the rapacity which spread through all the land in the

reign of HENRY VIII.: the *levellers* did not, although it was looked upon with an inquisitive and avaricious eye, dare to destroy a fabric dedicated to the pursuits

"Of learning and good letters."

In the time of EDWARD VI. this foundation was particularly excepted in the statute for the dissolution of colleges and chantries, which, after the grand architectural wreck, may be called the *gleaning act*: its establishment has, however, been somewhat altered: but its fame, arising from the celebrity of the scholars that have issued from it, has certainly increased, is increasing, and therefore we pray heaven that it may never be diminished.

The manor of Eton, we shall just observe, respecting a subject upon which, had we space, we should delight to be diffuse, was acquired by the college, in the reign of EDWARD IV. of the *Lovel* family, whose representative was, in after ages, one of the greatest grantees of religious fabrics in the kingdom.\*—

\* Of this we need only mention the prior of the Holy Trinity, part of which is now "Duke's-place," Aldgate, and the monastery of Holywell, Shoreditch, to shew, that even in the metropolis the ecclesiastical acquisitions of Lord Lovel were immense.

## THE LONDON REVIEW,

AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL,  
FOR MAY, 1809.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

*The Elements of Commerce; being a complete System of Commercial Calculations, &c. &c. &c. By Christopher Dubost, formerly Engineer, and Author of Commercial Arithmetic. Two volumes, 8vo.*

WHEN we reflect, that through the happy medium of our trade and commerce, this favoured country

has arisen to that elevated station in the political scale of the universe, which she so pre-eminently fills; let us, as Britons, adore that Almighty Being, whose mercy is over all his works, who has enabled us, through the same medium, to stem the torrent of oppression which pervades the continent, and to bid defiance to the despot, whose perfidy and

cruelty have marked his ways with blood, his paths with desolation. By the same medium we also find ourselves competent to assist Spain and Portugal in emancipating themselves from the power of the tyrant, and likewise of enjoying all those blessings and comforts ourselves, of which the rest of Europe are deprived. This previously considered, every matter or thing tending to promote and facilitate the knowledge of trade, to assist our youth in attaining the honourable situation of a British merchant, and to smooth the paths leading thereto, deserves the encouragement and protection of this great nation, at present the emporium of the commercial world. Thus impressed with the importance of the subject, we shall proceed to examine the claims which the work now before us has upon the mercantile public for its support and ultimate success.

Elementary works of the class now under consideration afford but little matter for the pen of the commentator to enlarge upon; their merits and demerits are confined within a small circle; for if they possess accuracy, clearness, and simplicity, combined with perspicuous arrangement, these are all that can be required for its recommendation.

The author, in his preface, introduces himself as in conversation with a merchant; in which dialogue they condemn all that has hitherto been written on the subject, as "self-praised productions, and of no use." This is certainly not the most laudable mode of establishing a reputation; and we trust, when the author comes to reconsider it himself, he will, in the next edition, make the necessary alteration. In the exposition of the work which follows, the first part, divided into two short chapters, contains, in the first of them, a statement of the subjects on which the author means to treat, viz. *Commercial Calculations*, and the knowledge of the *Monies, Weights, and Measures of Foreign Countries*. After which, he notices two tracts, previously published by him, *THE MERCHANT'S ASSISTANT*, and the *COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC*. In citing the opinion of the Critical Review upon the former of these works, he (in a note) falls again into the same error which has been already noticed, viz. endeavouring to raise his own fame upon the ruin of that of his competitors. Against this mode of proceeding a strong protest must be entered, for the follow-

ing, among many other, reasons: If an author's work (whatever that work may be) has *real merit*, it most assuredly will make its way, without any occasion for depreciating those of others, except they contain any thing contrary to truth, or wilful mis-statements.

Mr. Dubost does not approve of the manner of teaching arithmetic, as practised in our seminaries; and therefore, that his mode of calculating in this work might be clearly understood, he deemed it expedient to publish his *Commercial Arithmetic* before mentioned, as stated by himself in the passage following:—

"In conceiving the plan of the *ELEMENTS OF COMMERCE*, I considered that the calculations which I was about to present to the public were, in general, of a nature different from those which are taught in schools; that young merchants, after having finished their education, would not willingly revert to elementary studies; and that, fraught with veneration for the profound science of their preceptors, they would disdain to learn whatever had not been included in the circle of their tuition. In fact, as we think in our childhood, as others teach us to think, we naturally adopt their prejudices; and even when we arrive at an age when we presume that we possess an independent power of exercising our faculties, we continue to think by the perception of others, as long as the prejudices which others have imparted retain their empire. Hence I concluded, that the *Elements of Commerce* would be usefully preceded by a treatise upon *Commercial Arithmetic*, intended as an essay to change the system of teaching hitherto adopted in schools."

From this statement, it seems requisite, that those who wish to profit by the work under consideration, should previously make themselves acquainted with his *Commercial Arithmetic*; and he concludes a chain of reasoning (which must be deemed convincing so far as it bears upon the subject), and also the first chapter, with a "hope that good sense will prevail over habits, however inveterate." At the commencement of the second chapter he says, "The occasion for commercial calculations recurs so frequently, and their use is so very necessary, that we cannot be too strenuous in our endeavours to advance them to the highest degree of simplicity and of perfection." The names of some foreign authors who have written upon the practice of commerce are then mentioned; but he adds, "Their works are not elementary; and however use-



ful they may be to those who are initiated in calculations, they are as it were out of the reach of others who have not that advantage." Further on he says, "It has thus happened, that there are not any elementary books by which such calculations might be learned; and as we cannot sufficiently appreciate that which we know but imperfectly, it is not surprising that the calculations of commerce be (*are*) so little the object of study."—The contents of the first volume are then given, under the several heads, OF DIFFERENT CALCULATIONS; OF OPERATIONS OF EXCHANGE; OF ARBITRATIONS OF EXCHANGE; OF SPECULATIONS IN EXCHANGE, and BANKING OPERATIONS; and, OF EXCHANGE CIRCULATIONS.

Under the first head, *Different Calculations*, the author begins by simplifying the calculations of *Tare and Tret*; from thence he proceeds to those of *Brokerage and Premiums of Insurance*; thence to the calculation of *Interest*, of which he gives a new demonstration by a *fixed divisor*; and the method of obtaining such divisor is exemplified at pages 14, 15, and 19. The explanation of *discount* finishes the first head.—Upon the second head, *OPERATIONS OF EXCHANGE*, he is remarkably instructive; his definitions are clear and comprehensible; and the calculations (as far as it was expedient to go in this section of the work, which embraces the several courses of exchange, to and from, not only Europe, but also other parts of the world, and takes up more than half the volume) are accurate and satisfactory. Of the rule of equation, which he has introduced under this head, his own explanation conveys as good, if not better information than can be given by any other person; and as it is certainly a much shorter way of working, the questions than that hitherto used, it is reasonable to imagine, that it will in general be adopted.—The third head, *ARBITRATIONS OF EXCHANGE*, comes next to be considered; in which our author's explication of the term, *Arbitrations of Exchange*, is as follows. After premising the mode of discovering the advantages from the combination of exchanges, he proceeds to say, "such advantages originate in the variations to which exchanges are subject, either by political, financial, or commercial operations, which have naturally a contemporaneous influence on the balance of trade. In order to discover contingen-

cies so very interesting, *arbitrations of exchange* are used."—By what follows, it should seem, that this, as well as the two remaining heads of this volume, are purely speculative, consequently uncertain; and there are some plain thinking men, who may, perhaps, not altogether approve of those principles which the author lays down in the following words: "In the two following heads, I shall successively lay down the principles upon which merchants *speculate in exchanges*; the manner of executing *banking orders*, arising from their speculations; and, lastly, the *circulations adroitly created* in this branch of business, for the purpose of *retarding effective payments*, or of *carrying on speculations by artificial means*." This exposition needs no comment; it speaks for itself forcibly and sufficiently. Under this head, also, the author introduces the use of *Logarithms*, by the following apt observations: "After having described the principal operations of the *arbitrations* between London, and those of the places upon the continent where affairs in exchange are the most considerable, and then proceeded to their solution by common arithmetic, I have again effected the solution of the same by *logarithms*. In mentioning this word, I have to request, that those of my readers who may not yet have made use of *logarithms*, will lay aside any sinister prepossessions upon the subject; for I can assure them, that to calculate by *logarithms* is neither more nor less than to make an *addition* instead of a *multiplication*, and a *subtraction* instead of a *division*."—The fourth head, *viz. SPECULATIONS IN EXCHANGE, AND BANKING OPERATIONS*, will contain an explanation of the manner in which such speculations may be effected; but there is an acknowledgment at the same time of their uncertainty; as our author says, "It is obvious, however, that *speculations in exchanges* can only be productive of profit in proportion to the capital employed; and they are subject at the same time to several risks." Three of these he points out; but there are others equally hazardous which he passes over; such as failure of the necessary intelligence, occasioned by contrary winds, and other accidents to which the conveyance of letters by post are liable. He then proceeds to enumerate the causes of the frequent *variations in exchanges*, which he di-

vides into *ordinary* and *extraordinary*; and then proceeds to the definition of what he terms *banking orders*, of which he gives examples *simple and compound*; and finishes the head by working four questions of the former, and six of the latter description, both by *fractions and logarithms*.

In the fifth and last head of this volume, denominated *EXCHANGE CIRCULATIONS*, the author elucidates the meaning of this name, by saying, "*Exchange circulations may be truly said to be banking operations, performed entirely by means of credit.*"—And again, they are more fully described as "operations by which the possessors of limited capital are enabled to undertake and sustain concerns of far greater magnitude."—By pursuing such courses, it may reasonably be supposed, that too many of our young merchants and traders are seduced from the path of rectitude and fair dealing; which ultimately terminates in their ruin. That this deduction from the premises is true, may be seen by perusing the author's own illustration, in page 392, which would far exceed the limits assigned for this review to be cited at length, especially as the last part of this head will require some animadversion. In the year 1804, at a time when both France and Spain were at war with this country, and a *subsidy* was due from the latter to the former, which she was unable to pay, did certain merchants (some of them residents in London), by means of these *exchange circulations*, enable Spain to pay the money; thereby furnishing our most inveterate enemy (*France*) with the very sinews of war, and by so much endangering the existence of that nation which protected both them and their commerce. Let us hope that these men were not natives; if they were, scarcely any punishment could be deemed too severe for them; if foreigners, the blackest ingratitude would be an addition to their delinquency, for the shelter and protection they had experienced here: in vain could either of them plead in excuse, that it was a mere mercantile negotiation, and in the common course of business; such a nefarious transaction our own feelings, and we think the laws of our country, both tell us, is little short of, if not palpable treason, by aiding the common enemy (so far as the measure went) to levy war against the king; and I should imagine, had the ministry then in power been ap-

prised of the business, the persons concerned would have had little cause for congratulation upon the issue. By the detail of this affair, which the author gives, it appears that the residents here gave weight and energy to the whole; and whoever reads the account of it, commencing at page 395, and continuing to the end of the volume, will probably think, that the censure here cast upon the measure is neither unjust nor too severe.

The second volume, like the first, is divided under five heads, distinguished by the names, "*OPERATIONS OF SPECIE AND BULLION: OF PARS OF EXCHANGE, AND OF COINS; OF PRACTICAL SPECULATIONS IN MERCHANDIZE; DESCRIPTION OF MONIES, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES; OF LOGARITHMS;*" these, with some very useful tables of *Logarithms*, complete the work.—The same method will be pursued in the analization of this volume, as was observed in the first, viz. noticing every head as they stand arranged, having previously marked what the author says in his exposition; wherein he merely gives information of what he purposes to do under the respective heads above-mentioned:—beneath the first of which is described the nature and properties of gold, silver, copper, and platina: why the latter is mentioned the author best knows, as it comes not under either of the descriptions, specie or bullion. He then proceeds to the explanation of *specific gravity*, with its supposed origin, and the mode of using it; to which succeed the weights used in London for the more precious metals, and their relation to those of other countries, which are determined by the rule of equation; and this head is finished by some propositions, and many examples, with their solutions both by *equation and logarithms*, equally useful and correct.

The head, *OF PARS OF EXCHANGE, AND OF COINS*, comes next; the first part of which he divides into two, *Intrinsic Par*, and *Eventual Par*: of the first he says, "The expression of intrinsic par is intended to convey an idea in general of a mean par, between two intrinsic pars, resulting from a comparison of the gold and silver coins respectively of one state with those of another. Hence it is, that writers upon commercial economy, considering the intrinsic par between England and France, according to the ancient mo-



thod of quoting the exchange, agreed in deeming 60 sols Tournois as the countervalue, or par, for 29 pence sterling, being a mean term between the par of 60 sols, opposed to 30 pence, resulting from the comparison of the gold coins of the two countries, and the par of 60 sols, opposed to 28 pence, resulting from a similar comparison of their silver coins." He then proceeds to consider and explain the different pars of exchange existing between England, Portugal, Spain, and France; and concludes, that the par between the two first, must arise from a comparison of their *gold coins*, whilst that of England with the two latter, must be settled by a comparison of their *silver coins* respectively.—He then goes on to the calculation of the *intrinsic par*, by a nice and accurate comparison between the guinea and the French gold piece of 40 francs, which is performed by *equation*. The method of finding the *par of coins* and the *par of exchange* follows, and is exemplified, in the first, by a comparison of the *Joune* of Portugal with the English guinea; in the latter, by a similar one, to ascertain the exchange between London and Lisbon; and by another example, between London and Hamburg, in a comparison between the *pound sterling* and  $34\frac{7}{8}$  shill. Flem. banco.—An error of great magnitude is here pointed out, whereby this country must have sustained very great loss, in the course of exchange with France. The author says, "I shall beg leave to point out to my readers the strange error existing in almost all the tables of monies published in this country, and which is even rather generally adopted in business, namely, that 24 livre Tournois are equal to one pound sterling; which would induce a supposition, that the *écu de six livre* of France (*was*) equivalent to the English crown, notwithstanding that the weight and standard of the former be (*is*) inferior to those of the latter; and that, according to the pars which I have determined, and of which the correctness may be verified, the pound sterling would be worth 25 livres, 5 sols, 10 deniers Tournois, or 24 francs, 93 cents, admitting the existence of a mean par, as the result of the two intrinsic pars."—This statement, which there is little reason to doubt, especially that part of it which stands on the basis of the author's calculations, shews how much may be lost by a too implicit reliance

*Europ. Mag.* Vol. LV. *Mag.*, 1809.

upon printed tables, without due investigation as to their accuracy. The definition of the *eventual par* is in the terms following: "The expression of eventual par is intended to convey an idea of a par of exchange between two countries, which is determined by deducting from, or adding to, the intrinsic par, the difference arising from the discount obtaining (*bearing*) upon paper money, by reason of its forced circulation; or from the agio allowed upon effective coins in (*of*) gold and silver, which are the elements of the formation of the intrinsic par." This exposé is followed by two examples of the said *eventual par*, and by several of the *intrinsic par*, between London and the following places, viz. Amsterdam, France, Genoa, Hamburg, Leghorn, Naples, Portugal, Rotterdam, Spain, and Venice, all which are calculated by *equation*, upon the relative comparison between the gold and silver coins of the respective places. PRACTICAL SPECULATIONS IN MERCHANTIZE; calculations of which, the author says,

"Are much more complicated in elementary matter than those which I have hitherto described; and, in fact, to know them with precision, it is necessary to know the following data between the two contracting places.

"1st, The actual price of the goods, the money in which it is stipulated, and the customary terms of payment.

"2dly, The mutual relation of the weights and measures.

"3dly, The rate of exchange, at which the parties may remit, or may draw, and reciprocally.

"4thly, The duties, commissions, and brokerages, as well as the shipping charges, payable upon exportation.

"5thly, The amount of freight, whether inwards or outwards, with the premiums of insurance and policy.

"6dly, The importation duties, charges of landing, commissions, and brokerages, as well as the charges of warehouse-rent, on importation.

"7thly, The difference which may be between the rates and other allowances at the place of purchase, and the corresponding allowances at the place of sale."

It is under this head, particularly, that the use of the *rule of equation*, and also the use of logarithms, will be most felt; for which, together with their applications, the author gives directions, and which he illustrates by several examples, determined by the said *rule of equation*, and also by *logarithms*. The fourth head, containing the Description

TION OF MONIES, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, is the next which presents itself for observation; wherein the author expatiates rather copiously, but at the same time correctly, upon the metals and coinage of the ancients, and determining when the coins and weights were separated from each other; by which it appears, that, until the year 485, no coinage of silver had taken place; but at that period the *denarius* was struck, which contained one ounce of that metal; and also, that no gold coins appeared before the year 547, when one pound of gold was divided, and coined into ninety-six pieces, under the denomination *aureus*, *solidus*, *sols*, or merely that of *denarius*; and he continues to pursue the same subject down to the reign of Charlemagne; and from thence (in France) to the year 1726. He then proceeds to divide the object into *Monies of Account* and *Monies of Exchange*; and thence to enumerate and describe the monies, weights, and measures, not only of the nations, but also of the principal cities in all parts of the world, wherever commerce has extended her beneficial arms: these are arranged alphabetically, for a more ready reference, with the exception of England, which, as a compliment, Mr. Dubost has thought proper to place at the head of the list: this is succeeded by eleven tables of the same, the

"1st of which shews the intrinsic value of the monies of account of foreign nations, expressed in pence sterling.

"The 2d shews the weight, fineness, and pure contents of the principal gold coins of foreign nations, expressed in English money.

"The 3d shews the same as the preceding, of the silver coins of foreign nations, expressed in English money.

"The 4th shews the quantity of grains, Troy weight, contained in each of the weights used in the trade of the precious metals by all countries.

"The 5th shews the quantity of grains, Troy weight, contained in each of the weights used by the same, in the sale of merchandise: and the relation of foreign weights, to 100 pounds, and also to one cwt. avoirdupoise.

"The 6th shews the quantity of English cubic inches, contained in each of the corn measures; and the relation of foreign measures to 10 quarters Winchester measure.

"The 7th shews the contents of foreign liquid measures, in English cubic inches, and their several relations to 100 gallons English, wine measure.

"The 8th shews the same with respect to cloth measure, and their relation to 100 yards, and 100 ells, English measure.

"The 9th shews the same as to long measure; and the relation of foreign measures to 100 English feet.

"The 10th shews the same with respect to land measure, in English square feet; and the relation of foreign measures to 100 acres English measure.

"The 11th shews the length, in English feet, of the several itinerary measures; and the relation of those measures to one degree of the terrestrial meridian, equal to 364,420 English feet.

All these tables finish with an example worked by the rule of *equation*; and they also terminate this head. The last head of this volume, which also concludes the work, is, *Of Logarithms*; which commences with instructions on the use of the succeeding tables, and proceeds to explain the superiority which they possess, in mercantile calculations, to those made by common arithmetic; and finishes the argument by saying, "To make use of *logarithms*, it is not necessary to know in what manner they were invented; I shall, therefore, confine myself to saying a few words upon the subject, which will give an idea of their formation."—This he does, by describing *arithmetical* and *geometrical progression*; by which it appears, that the formation of *logarithms* are a kind of combination of them both; *logarithms* being, according to the author's own definition, "Numbers in *arithmetical progression*, corresponding term by term, with a similar series of numbers, in *geometrical progression*:" of which he gives a short but clear example, which follows immediately. He then proceeds further to explain their formation, in a very satisfactory manner; for which reference must be made to the work itself, it being much too long for citation here; and cannot well be abridged, without destroying the connection, and thereby preventing its being well and clearly understood. The construction of the table is then explained, as also the mode of using it. Multiplication and division, by *logarithms*, are then exemplified, by two examples; in which, although they may be, and are, termed, as above, multiplication and division, yet the results by *logarithms* are obtained, in the first by addition, and in the latter by subtraction: therefore, why the first two names are retained,



when really neither of them are made use of, remains for explanation; the more so, as the author, in all his foregoing definitions of the term *logarithms*, has invariably described them as in page xxiii of his Exposition, where he explicitly says, "To calculate by *logarithms* is neither more nor less than to make an *addition* instead of a *multiplication*, and a *subtraction* instead of a *division*."—Then follows a general rule to find the *logarithm* of a whole number, with any fraction annexed (which has reference to those fractional numbers whose *logarithms* are not in the table), with two examples subjoined: this is succeeded by the manner of finding the *logarithm* of whole numbers, followed by decimal fractions, terminated by an example; and the head is concluded by the following paragraph:

"Before I conclude these instructions, I shall observe, that, in order not to add too much to the bulk of this volume, and to facilitate at the same time the extraction of the *logarithms*, as well as their application to the several calculations comprised in this work, I have confined myself to the insertion, in this place, of a table, short and simple, yet sufficient for the solution, either rigorously or by approximation, of all the calculations to which I have applied the *logarithms*. Nevertheless, as I have occasionally employed other *logarithms*, corresponding to fractional numbers, which are not in this table, in respect to the solution of several operations, particularly of those relating to the calculations of merchandise, I beg leave to state, that such numbers, and their *logarithms*, belong to a table of much greater extent, which I intend to publish, and which will answer every purpose of utility which can be derived from the use of *logarithms* in commercial calculations."

In succession to this are the Tables of *Logarithms*, which with a necessary Index closes the work.

Having thus minutely investigated every part of these volumes, it remains only to make some few observations, as they have occurred in passing through them. According to the data first laid down, of accuracy, simplicity, clearness, and perspicuous arrangement, this work may be pronounced to possess them all, in that degree of perfection to which an elementary one of this class can arrive. It must also have been produced by considerable mental labour, and indeed with some degree of corporeal also, if we rightly consider the care and attention requisite to prepare calculations of any kind for public inspection, together with the many times they must undergo revision before they can be ready to

pass that ordeal; and there can be no hesitation in saying, that it must be of great use to the mercantile world in general, possessing as it does, amongst other requisites, not only novelty, but complete and perfect correctness in the mode of calculation used, and recommended therein; a mode which not only abridges labour and time, but also renders errors more liable to detection (a most desirable thing in arithmetic), from its simplicity of arrangement, and the comparatively small number of figures made use of. It may be here permitted to say something explanatory of the rule of *equation*, which the author has introduced into this work, for the benefit of such as have not yet reached that height in arithmetic which it occupies: briefly then, it is an alteration and abridgment of the common rule of three, by the substitution of some of the fractional signs, particularly that which denotes equality, and a certain manner of placing the several matters constituting the question; and to speak technically, to those of higher acquirements, it is *substituting to proportions their corresponding equations*. The head of *Monies, Weights, and Measures*, exhibits a large field, comprising nearly two hundred different places, in various parts of the globe, whose monies, weights, and measures, are particularly described, and must be extremely useful, not only to the merchant, but also to the traveller, by making him acquainted with their *real value* by the comparison with those of his own country, which he will find in the same place: their alphabetical arrangement also makes the reference extremely easy and convenient. The application of *logarithms* to mercantile accounts is new, as heretofore they have generally been used only in mathematical demonstrations; but by their employment here, they simplify, as well as shorten, those tedious combinations of figures through which our forefathers were obliged to labour, in order to arrive at that point to which we are now conducted, by this method, in less than one third of the former time and trouble, and with much greater certainty of being correct. The tables of them, which are annexed, are of the utmost consequence to the whole, as a reference to them will evince; and the mode of obtaining the fixed ones will be found at page 319 of the first volume. Grammatical precision is not absolutely necessary in a work merely useful, provided there are no very violent

deviations from its rules: and although there are many inaccuracies in the language (some few of which are noticed), yet Mr. Dobson may be said, and with great truth, to understand the construction of our tongue better than many of the natives. Finally, this work is recommended to all classes of the trading world, but particularly to merchants, whose transmarine connections render it more necessary to them than to others, as a most useful companion in the parlour, and a necessary appendage to the counting-house, highly conducive to their present interest, and ultimate prosperity.

*The Antiquarian Repertory: a miscellaneous Assemblage of Topography, History, Biography, Customs, and Manners; intended to illustrate and preserve several valuable Remains of old Times. Chiefly compiled by or under the Direction of Francis Grose, Esq. F.R. and A.S. Thomas Astle, Esq. F.R. and A.S. and other eminent Antiquaries. Illustrated with Two Hundred and Thirty-eight Plates. A new Edition, with a great many valuable Additions. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. with a general Index to the Whole. Quarto, 1809.*

(Concluded from page 297.)

THE view of MOUNT STEUART, in the vale of Bute, gives to us a very different idea of a place of which we once heard so much, than that which formerly could only be collected from popular clamour. The house is a beautiful modern fabric, has an elegant front, and correspondent wings; "the situation is very fine, on an eminence in the midst of a wood, where trees grow with as much vigour as in the more southern parts, and extend far beneath on either side, and throstles and other birds of song fill the groves with their melody."

It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the "DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, BY A FRENCH ECCLESIASTIC IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY," without transferring the whole of it into our columns. It is a very curious paper, and we shall probably refer to it at some future period. The account of Scotland is embellished with a portrait of the unfortunate "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS; from a rare print in the possession of Sir William Musgrave, Bart." As this print is copied by S. Harding, we may suppose that it is cor-

rectly delineated. Rare it certainly is; for although the profile may, according to the Grecian scale of proportion and contour, be termed beautiful, yet it is so different in its character from the many other portraits which we have seen of this lovely and ill-fated princess, that some of them must certainly be unlike. The lower part of the face in this print exhibits the outline of the *Psyche*; the eye seems to be placed *too high*; the forehead occupies too much space, and is also too much curved for any countenance. In fact, we must, with great deference to the superior judgment of Mr. H. observe, that in its upper parts this portrait seems to be what is termed by artists *out of drawing*.

"History of the Entry of MARY DE MEDICIS, the Queen Mother of FRANCE, into ENGLAND, anno 1638. Translated from the FRENCH of the SIEUR DE LA SERRE, Historiographer of FRANCE, published anno 1639."

This history, which is highly interesting, is embellished with a plate, containing the portraits of Charles I. and his queen, engraved, it should seem by the style, from miniature pictures, by that eminent antiquarian, the late George Vertue. The hyperbolical singularity of the French author's ideas, which pervades the whole narrative, is well displayed in the following

"Description of the City of London."

"London is seated in a plain, the avenues to which are very agreeable, having that famous river the Thames, which ebbs and flows, bounding its extent on the east side, and a thousand fertile fields, which limit it alike toward the west. I would represent the spaces it contains, if my pen had the virtue of Jacob's staff. I will only tell you, that those who have measured them maintain that they are of the same extent as those of Paris; and, not to lie, the map points out to us few larger or more populous cities than these. And as this is a sea-port favorable to all nations, profit draws from all parts of the world an infinite number of strangers, who enrich it daily by their ordinary commerce.

"Palaces are very common; and other houses built with brick, and of a similar structure, embellish the streets where they are situated, although their breadth and long extent make them handsome of themselves. Among a great number of temples sumptuously built, those of St. Paul and of Westminster, are the most ancient and the most magnificent. The first is repairing, and at present enlarging anew; but with so great an expense, where, by the king's example, every



one is so willing to appear piously generous,\* according to his abilities and zeal, that before the work now began is finished, it will exceed two millions of livres. The other temple is destined to serve for a burial-place for kings and princes; whence it happens, that there are to be seen a great number of sepulchral monuments, of which the magnificence, though dismal, equally astonishes and ravishes the mind with admiration.

"The fields, the gardens, and the parks, are on one side the nearest limits of its compass; and on another the Thames, which contains inexpressible beauties, from its great width, its gentle course, and the elegance of the superb buildings erected on its banks, altogether render this spot so agreeable, that there are many who believe that its island is one of those fortunate ones of which poets have only represented the ideas.

"Nothing is talked of but feasts and dances; and in all public places, violins, hautbois, and other sorts of instruments, are so common for the amusement of particular persons, that at all hours of the day one may have ones ears charmed with the sweet melody.

"The police is nevertheless so well observed, that they live here without disorder and without confusion; and there is so much safety in the streets, even during the night, that one may walk as freely as in the day, without any other arms than those of the confidence one has in the goodness of the people.

"The royal palace,† the greatest and most commodious of any this day to be found in Europe, is situated at the extremity of the suburbs, on the banks of the Thames; from whence one may observe with some sort of astonishment this superb city on the same side that the sun every morning contemplates its magnificence. But after all, when I consider the gentleness and probity of its inhabitants, I cease to admire the beauty of its superb edifices.

"It is true, that being governed by a great monarch, whose virtuous inclinations cause them always immediately to obey all the just laws he imposes on them, I am forced to believe, that the sole example of his innocent and all glorious life is the strongest chain with which he retains his subjects in their duty.

"Besides, as the queen, his spouse, gains as many praises by her merit as respects by her greatness, it must be acknowledged, that their majesties together serve at present as a flambeau, not only to their subjects, but also to all the world, to light them to choose

the paths of virtue, and to avoid those of vice."

The print of *Mary de Medicis* is so extremely curious, that it demands a particular description. The scene of the plate is the palace of St. James; and the view is, as if taken from a window, or upper room, against one of the columns of which the picture of the queen, exactly like one that was formerly in the Luxemburg gallery, appears reclined: from this elevated site there is a view of the state-coach about to enter the north gate of the palace; some cottage-like houses seem to join the gate on the side where Marlborough House now stands; and behind them appear the trees of the park. The coach is in the form of which, we think, two instances still remain,\* and appears surrounded by guards and spectators; and the whole, as a trait of those times, is, we conceive, extremely valuable.

A poem, "*To the Queen Mother of France, upon her Landing in the Year 1639, from the courtly pen of Edmund Waller, Esq.*" with his portrait, succeeds this article; respecting which, when we consider the splendour of the subjects described, we cannot help regretting, that *villany* and *folly* should so soon after have had it in their power to change such scenes of innocent hilarity and public happiness into those of treason, terror, and distress.

"DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND, in the Seventeenth Century, by Jorevin."

It is justly insinuated by the editor, that Monsieur Jorevin is a vile historian; his abstract of our national history is certainly "false and ridiculous;" in topography he appears to have been more accurate. His description of Whitehall is embellished with a portrait of Charles II. from a picture in the oak-room at Cashiobury; a most gloomy looking production, and which, though with respect to features in some degree like, does not, from their sable appendages, give us the smallest idea of the "merry monarch" so frequently described by poets, &c. Referring to his local descriptions, we shall give that of Covent Garden as a specimen.

\* It appears from authentic records, preserved in the muniment room, that the generosity alluded to, only appeared upon paper. The subscribers were in many instances very tardy.

† Whitehall.

‡ The state carriages of the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

"This palace\* and the church of St. Marcel† are in the same street, which changes its name according to the different quarters through which it passes. Here it is called the Strand, which is a great market-place, or an open space or place. There is also a hall in which they plead. From thence one may go to see the Coman Gardin, which is a royal market-place, in the environs whereof almost all the foreigners reside, as being the handsomest quarter of the town, and nearest to the king's palace. In the middle of this market-place is the king's statue, upon a pedestal, and a church, the frontispiece of which is sustained by many thick columns, like the Pantheon at Rome. There are five or six great streets described by a line, that lead to L'Incolnfields, the fields of Lincoln, which is a square larger than the Place Royal at Paris: the houses that encompass it are all built in the same style; the king has given them to the nobility for their residence: the middle is a field filled with flowers, and kept in as good order as if it was the parterre of some fine house. ‡ The College of the University is here to be seen, which has a garden with a fine terrace, from whence there is a view upon this fine square, which is the ordinary walk of the citizens. § The College of Greze is a handsome building; it stands in the street of Holborne, which is one of the largest in London, since it crosses it from end to end; but it changes its name in the different quarters through which it passes. One cannot better figure the suburbs of Westminster than in representing to oneself the suburbs of St. Germain at Paris, if the king resided in the palace of Orleans; for as to what remains of the walls and ditches of London, they are scarcely to be perceived, they do not enclose one fourth of its extent. It is this centre of the town which was burned some years ago, with a very considerable loss of rich merchandize, the ruin of many palaces, and of more than fifty churches. It is an astonishing thing to hear how this general conflagration happened, which at the distance of more than ten leagues seemed like a deluge of fire come to burn the whole earth. Nevertheless, by an order from the king, all the proprietors of houses which had been burned were obliged to cause them to be rebuilt within the space of three years, in de-

fault of which their sites were to be confiscated; so that when I arrived in London almost all was finished; where, in some measure, they attempted to make the streets straighter and wider. There was a man who laid a wager he would cause his house to be built from the foundation to the roof in two days: which wager he won. It is true, all these houses are built only with bricks, one upon another; they have, however, something so handsome in their architecture, they seem like little castles."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is not customary to eat supper in England: in the evening they only take a certain beverage, which they call botterdel: it is composed of sugar, cinnamon, butter, and beer brewed without hops: this is put into a pot set before the fire to heat, and is drunk hot. The English have this peculiarity, that they do not speak when any one drinks in their company. This nation is tolerably polite, in which they have in a great measure a resemblance to the French, whose modes and fashions they study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They have a great respect for their women, whom they court with all imaginable civility. It is true they are handsome, and naturally serious; nevertheless, they rather choose to walk with a young man, or bachelor, than one that is married, as I have many times observed. They always sit at the upper end of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses whom every one is desirous of obeying: and, to speak the truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are the subjects of the same king. The English are good soldiers on the land, but more particularly so on the sea: they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. By the Spaniards they are more feared than loved; and the English love the Spaniards, particularly the Portuguese, more than they fear them. The eldest sons of the kings of England bear the title of Prince of Wall,\* which is a province in England long governed by its own sovereign princes. The inhabitants of this province are the least esteemed of all others in England; insomuch that it is an affront to any man to call him Vvelchman,† that is to say, a man of the province of Wales, similar to the appellation of Norman in France, Calabrian in Italy, Galleguan in Spain, Finlander in Sweden, Swiss in Germany, and Corach in Poland."

\* The mansion of the Spanish ambassador.

† St. Martin's.

‡ By this appellation, it is very probable, the author meant to designate Lincoln's-inn.

§ Here the author meant Gray's-inn. He is not so much out of the way in terming our inns of courts colleges as might have been expected; for we think that Sir John Fortescue speaks of them collectively, in his book *de laudibus legum Angliæ*, cap. 49, as *the University of the Law*.—EDITOR.

\* Wales.

† Welshman.



This article also includes a local description of parts of Scotland and Ireland, and is, we think, if placed in a comparative point of view, upon the whole, curious.

"Customs observed by the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland."

"Etymology of the Names of Places in Ireland."

"Legendary Account of Ireland."

"In that kingdom," it is stated, "a wonderful thing happened. A certain wild animal was taken in a wood, concerning which no one could tell whether it was a human creature or a brute; for it could not pronounce any words, it being doubtful whether it understood the human speech: and yet its make accurately resembled the human form. His hands, feet, and face, were human, the rest of his body like that of any other beast, having a perfect mane on his back. He went with his face downwards, grovelling on the earth."

This legend, in which *the traveller* is sufficiently conspicuous, is contained in the *Speculum Regale*, and supposed to be written in the twelfth century, by a minister to one of the kings of Norway, for the use of his son. Of what use it was to the young gentleman we cannot conceive, as we presume his excellency was, as Dr. Goldsmith used to say, confoundedly given to bounce: it contains, however, in a quantity of chaff, some few grains of wheat.

#### RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING, &c.

These curious receipts are said to be genuine, and to have been written more than a century and a half since. Their antiquity we shall not dispute; their utility in a collection of this nature we are not prepared to insist upon or admit. Indeed, they appear to us to have been only introduced (*originally*) to swell the work. They seem mere expletives, and occupy space without in the smallest degree adding to the sense of the pages they encumber.

The "Danish Horn, in the Possession of Gustavus Brander, Esq." of which there is a well engraved plate, is really a curious article.

"LETTER OF RICHARD III."

"To the Bishop of LINCOLN."

(From No. 433 in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum.)

"By THE KING—Right Reverend fadre in god signifying unto you that it is shewed unto us that our servant and solicitor Tho-

mas Lynam—blended and abused with the late of William Shore now being in ludge by our commandement hath made contract of matrimony with her as it is said and entendeth to our full gret unwaile to peece to the effect of the same. We for many causes should be sory that hee soo should be disposed pray you therefore to send for him & in ye goodly way exhorte and sturce hym to the contrary

"And if ye finde him utterlye set for to marrye her and none otherwise wolbe advised, then if it may stande with the lawe of ye churche we be content the tyme of marriage deferred to our coming next to London that upon sufficient suretie bound of hure good abering ye doo send for hure kep, & discharge hym of our said commandement by warrant of this committing har to the Rule and guyding of hus (ad. or any other by your discretion in the mean season.

"To the Right Revd fader in God the Bishoppe of Lincoln of our Council."

This letter is accompanied by two beautiful portraits of JANE SHORE, engraved by Bartolozzi. The first is, except that her hair is dressed and adorned with jewels, and that she has on a pearl necklace and *esclavage*, in a state of absolute nudity. No modern belle, we think, even in Paris, would venture to an assembly in such an *undress*; at the same time we must observe, as an *academy figure*, she is most fascinatingly beautiful. This portrait was, we presume, taken in the earliest part of her life: in fact, it is that of a girl, in whose countenance, like that of the *Susanna*, sweetness and modesty are exquisitely blended.

The other plate, which shows JANE SHORE at a more mature period of her life, is in the rich *costume* of the times, and fully displays the same characteristic traits of countenance: though her figure gives us the idea of some, though not a very great advance of time. Both these plates, in points of curiosity and of execution, may be considered as valuable embellishments to this collection.

The "Monkish Story," including an "Account of an Apparition," which was evidently intended for what we now politely term a *hoax*, we shall pass over without further notice, as we shall also the following articles:

"View of Godalming, Surrey;"

"Ancient Petitions of the Inhabitants of the Isle of Wight;"

"Historical Anecdote of a French Word;" and,

"Origin of the Numeral Letters, V, X, C, L, M, D."

In consequence of this *skip*, we arrive at a portrait of that eminent reformer JOHN WICKLIFF, which is said to have been engraved from the original picture in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Dorset, at Knoke. The extract from Stow of the circumstances attending the citation of this remarkable personage before the Bishop of London, at St. Paul's, has been already inserted in this Magazine.\*

The view of the Bridge House at Rochester is stated to be drawn with an accuracy which, although we are well acquainted with the place, does not peculiarly strike us: it is certain that the perspective might have been better preserved: and, if it were not too late, we could suggest other amendments, which are indeed to be found in the views that we have seen.†

#### FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Daughter of Edward IV. and Wife to Henry VII.

(From a MS. in the Possession of Richard Ball, Esq. F.S.A.)

This account is accompanied by a large plate from a drawing. This funeral was performed (we say performed, for we fear that in the mourning there was some hypocrisy) anno 1502, xviii of Henry VII. Both the account and the plate have been so long before the public, that it is unnecessary to quote from the former, or to observe upon the latter.

We have next a portrait of this unfortunate lady,

"ELIZABETH OF YORK  
Daughter of Edward IV.

Richmond and Elizabeth  
The true successors of each royal house  
conjoin together."

From an original Picture in the Possession of Dr. Farmer.

Her pensive countenance, and the *white rose* in her hand, seem sufficiently to display her history, and, to the contemplative mind, mark her as

—"the last of all her race."

#### AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

This paper relates to the honours that were, by our ancestors, paid to those females that

"Wither'd on the virgin thorn,  
And pass'd their lives in single blessedness;"

which honours, consisting of garlands, or crowns, most artificially wrought in filagree work, with gold and silver wire, in resemblance of myrtle, were also extended to widows, who had had the moderation to have only had *one* husband, which forbearance was considered as an inferior kind of chastity; at the same time that they were supposed to derive great merit from their forlorn state. These impolitic and absurd notions, probably derived from the Saxons, who deified young virgins, were carried still further in Germany, than, we believe, the first editor of this collection was aware of.

#### "AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FIGHTS AND SKIRMISHES

*Between his Majesties Forces and the Rebels in the West. And other material Passages: from the Landing of the late Duke of MONMOUTH, till the Defeat of those Rebels near Bridgewater, on the 6th Day of July, 1685.*

"*Together with the Manner of the taking FORD, late LORD GRAY, and the late DUKE OF MONMOUTH: with the Execution of the latter on Tower-hill, for High Treason.*"

This account, which is stated to have been taken from a rare tract published at the time when those proceedings took place, however curious, does not, correctly speaking, come within the plan of this work. Yet here it is; and therefore we must observe, that we have not the same idea of its *curiosity* which the editor had, because, in the course of our reading, we have positively met with the same particulars stated by more than one author; and, consequently, in this place it will not be amiss to add, that there seems in the arrangement of this work, of which we have nearly arrived at the conclusion, to have been a mistake: the original editor received materials from every quarter, and, without giving himself much trouble to discriminate, huddled them together, and sent them to the press. In this manner they first appeared before the public, an ill-mixed mass of frequently curious particulars, in which antiquities, topography, history, and even politics (we mean the politics of former times), were injudiciously blended: but surely these, that is the latter subjects, are not well

\* Vestiges.

† We think by Paul Sandby, Esq. R.A.



adapted to works of this nature. HISTORY, which is the deduction from such materials as are to be found in these volumes, was, in the original undertaking, we presume, never intended to form a part of them; because a little reflection would have suggested, that it ought always to exhibit a regular concatenated system: yet there are several historical articles included, that lose a great portion of their general effect for the want of proper introduction and termination, or, in other words, for want of our knowing their cause and their consequence, what preceded and what succeeded. These observations may particularly apply to the piece that we have last noticed (which, we should have stated, is embellished by a well-executed portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth); and indeed our remarks might be much extended, but that we conceive the design of the work is so laudable, and many of its subjects so truly valuable, that it would appear more like asperity than fair criticism, if we were to lay down rules which can now have no effect, and offer plans which it is now impossible to execute. If another edition were necessary, we should think the division of articles whose subjects are of the same class into the different volumes, and scientific notes upon some of them, would have a good effect.

Among the few remaining matters, the following is curious, viz. "THE OBLIGATION of Sir EDW. BROUGHTON under his own Hand, with the CONDITIONS to his Lady before they were marryd (dearly purchased)."

This piece, which the editor says is kindly communicated by Charles William Wynn, Esq. M.P. is in its poem so exceedingly like the curse of Obadiah, that, had we space, we should gladly quote it, for the benefit of comparison. We cannot, however, as an example to all our male friends who are about to engage in matrimony, avoid setting before them the conditions, although they run us as much out of literary bounds as the lady, in whose favour they were made, run herself out of prudential.

#### THE CONDITIONS.

"If I do not utterly forbear all rash swearing, all manner of drinking, and all manner of debauchery whatsoever: or if I am ever guilty of finding fault with any thing my intended wife shall doe or say; or if ever I undertake any business, or any thing how great a concern soever, or shall without the

knowledge, assent, consent, advice of Mary Wilkes, my intended wife, and is to be Mary Broughton when this shall effect; or if she shall make any request unto me in her lifetime, it shall be of force never to be violnd by me, although I survive her, concerning body or soul, life or fortune, children or friends, how unreasonable soever; or if there should happen any difference betwixt me and her, as there hath been betwixt me and my first wife,

"Then if I am the cause of it, let these and all the plagues imaginable fall on me, and all the plagues God can inflict. Or if there should arise any quarrel, and she the only cause, yet when I remember hereof, or see these vows, most heartily pass by, forgive, and endeavour to pacify, and use all the art imaginable to please her; or if she would impose more, if it were possible, I would most willingly do it; or else may all these plagues, if they were greater curses or imprecations, I heartily pray may be poured on me as rain falls on the thirsty grounds, and upon my posterity for ever. And this I doe heartily and voluntarily, and with serious consideration and premeditation, having taken long time to consider this; and now most readily sign it with my own hand, and seal it with my own seal.

"April 12, 1660." "EDW. BROUGHTON."

"ARTICLES of AGREEMENT for Marriage to be had betwene FRAUCESSE Lorde HAYSTINGS Sonne and Heire Apparrant of the Right Honorable GEORGE Erle of HUNTINGDON and KATHERINE MONTAGU eldest Daughter of Lorde MONTAGU," conclude this volume, and of course the work; respecting which we have, after maturely considering the vast variety of matter it contains, making large quotations from many of its different subjects, and freely and frequently giving our opinions upon them, nothing to add, but that, liable to the observations we have made, it appears to us a curious, a useful, and ingenious collection, adduced with great labour, and embellished with great art. We therefore, as we think its perusal will tend to the study, and perhaps to the production of antiquities now inaccessible,\* which may enlarge and improve a future edition, recommend the present to the public. J. M.

\* There are unquestionably many valuable articles of the nature alluded to, locked up in libraries, treasured by families, and unexplored by local residents. These, if the present editor should continue the work, would probably be produced, and, arranged as we have ventured to suggest, might form a system of information, not only entertaining, but extremely useful.

*Modern State of Spain: exhibiting a complete View of its Topography, Government, Laws, Religion, Finances, Naval and Military Establishments; and of Society, Manners, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, and Commerce in that Country.* By J. Fr. Bourgoing, late Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the Court of Madrid. Translated from the last Paris Edition of 1807. To which are added, *Essays on Spain*, by M. Peyron, and the *Book of Post Roads*. With a Quarto Atlas of Plates. In four volumes, 8vo. 1808.

(Concluded from page 223.)

It has not been an uncommon observation, although we believe that there is much less wit than truth in it, that, according to the old mode of practice, the items *Ditto* and *Ditto* repeated used formerly to make a very considerable part of an apothecary's bill, even where that curious MS. was little more than a single sheet; words and figures tantamount to *ditto*s, and which only mean *six and eight pences*, are also said to give a peculiar force and energy to the productions of ATTORNEYS in the bill way; and as to TAILORS, if we contemplate a collection of their literary works, we shall be astonished at the ingenuity of the authors, as we shall find one article *tacked* to, and eking out the *endless lines* of the other, *ad infinitum*.

It may now be asked, Why we have added these instances of learning and genius? To this we reply, in order to introduce a comparison betwixt the bills to which we have alluded, and the four volumes exhibiting the modern state of Spain, the last of which we have now under consideration, and which, like the *ditto*s of an apothecary, the *six and eight pences* of an attorney, and the *buckram and twist* of a tailor, we conceive to be draughts, either *literal* or *figurative*, upon their customers. It is certain, that all which relates to Spain might have been, aye and has been, said in the former three volumes; but yet the bookseller, for reasons best known to himself, chose to add a *ditto* repeated, which will add much more than *six and eightpence* to the bill, and probably render the whole a kind of *stay-tape* upon his shelves. However, with this we have nothing to do. "There are," says Briggs,\* "secrets in all

things;" and Heaven forbid that we should be so imprudent as, upon all occasions, to pry into them. We have examined the three preceding volumes, and shall now proceed to give our readers some idea of this; which will afford us the less trouble, because, as we have observed, it describes the same places that have already been the subjects of the lucubrations of M. Bourgoing, and, consequently, of our occasional remarks.

To meet, therefore, the translator where he meets his readers, upon the threshold of his French edifice, we must state, that he introduces his introduction in the following manner:—

"[The following sheets are translated from the *Essais sur l'Espagne* of M. Peyron: as they contain nearly the whole of that work, it has been thought proper to prefix the author's introduction.]"

"Most men," says M. P. "see things in a manner peculiar to themselves; the same object presents itself under different appearances to the eye of the observer; and until he has remarked them all, he cannot say he is really acquainted with it. If this principle be true in any respect, it is undoubtedly so when applied to travels. The fluctuation of commerce, the encouragement or neglect of letters and arts, or a minister more or less able, are so many causes of a visible change in public affairs. Manners become corrupted; vice and foreign luxury increase with knowledge; and in a few years the face and character of a nation are changed. Monuments, by which only travellers are too frequently attracted, fall into ruin; these are succeeded by others; and insatiable curiosity never wants for food."

These observations lead the author to remarks, some of them pretty copious, on many of the travellers that have preceded him in the same track, and have given to the public descriptions of the manners, customs, topography, &c. of Spain. Whether M. P. who seems in these instances to have spoken his mind of the works of his precursors, would like to have his examined in the same manner, we shall not stop to inquire: he appears to be aware of the difficulty of his undertaking; therefore he has unquestionably been doubly attentive in its execution. With the "General View of ancient and modern Spain," as it is to be found in other works, we shall not trouble our readers: he enters the country by the way of Catalonia, which entrance he describes. The two wonders of this province, he says, are Mont-Serrat, and

\* In *Cæcilis*.



the mountain near Cardona, called the Salt Mountain: "these equally attract the attention of the devotee and the naturalist;" the former\* we have already mentioned; the description of the latter is curious.

"The mountain of Cardona," says M. P. "is an inexhaustible quarry of salt. This mineral is there of almost every colour: so that when shone upon by the rays of the sun, the mountains resemble those of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which we read of in the fanciful descriptions of Fairy-land. Vases, urns, and many valuable productions, are made from this salt; imitations of every kind of preserved fruit are so perfectly wrought in it, that the eye aids the hand to deceive; there is no form which cannot be given to the salt, which is easily cut, although it has sufficient solidity; but productions which can receive no injury from time would quickly be dissolved in water. The principal colours of the salt are orange, violet, green, and blue. One of the peculiarities, and not the least important, of this mountain, is, that it is in part covered with shrubs and plants: the top is shaded by a forest of pines, and the environs produce excellent wine."

"BARCELONA," the author observes, "is the only city in Spain which, at a distance, announces its grandeur and population." Of this place we have a particular and, bating the instance of the power of monachism, an entertaining description.

In the account of "THE ROAD FROM BARCELONA TO MORVIEDRO," the courage of the Spanish women, of which such astonishing instances have again occurred during the two late sieges of Saragosa, is recognized. In speaking of Tortosa, the author says,

"Among the numerous and trifling combats between the Spaniards and the Moors, there was one in which the women of Tortosa signalized themselves. They courageously mounted the ramparts of the city, and performed such prodigies of valour, that Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Barcelona, instituted for them, in 1170, the military order of the *Hacha*, or flambéan. They merited and obtained, the same day, several honourable privileges, which exist not at present. They have, however, preserved the right of precedence in marriage ceremonies, let the rank of the men be ever so distinguished."

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"The castle is upwards of a mile square, and is now in a state of ruin; it, however, serves as an habitation to the governor, who

\* Mont-Serrat,

is old and lame, and to a young and charming woman, who is his wife. The lady," says M. P. "seemed dissatisfied with her elevated abode, and very glad to have a few moments' conversation with me and my companion, whom she very courteously invited to her apartments. She has much wit, and a very fine figure, and was by far the most pleasing object I saw in the castle. It must, however, be remembered, that the Ebro decorates the whole country with verdure and flowers, and that the most delightful landscapes are discovered from this elevation. There are also some precious remains of antiquity; and, amongst others, the following inscription to the god Pan, the ancient deity of Tortosa.

PANI. DEO. TVTELAE  
OB. LEGATIONES. IN  
CONCILIO. P. H. C.  
APVT. ANICIENVM  
AVG. PROSPERE  
GESTAS

M . . . . ."

#### MORVIEDRO.

"This city," which was, as we have already observed, described in the third volume, "is the famous Saguntum, destroyed by Hannibal, and which fell a victim to its fidelity to the Romans. According to Livy, it had acquired immense riches by interior and exterior commerce, and by just laws and a good police; but the treasures fell not into the hands of the conqueror."

\*\*\*\*\*

"The city of Morviedro is full of the remains of its antiquity; the walls of the houses, the city gates, and the doors of the churches and inns, are covered with Roman inscriptions. The poet Argensola truly says,

*"Con mármoles de nobles inscripciones,  
Theatro un tiempo y aras en Saguntho  
Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones."*\*

The abstract of the letter of Don Emanuel Marti, descriptive of the theatre, though too long to quote in this speculation, is so truly excellent, that we shall not lose sight of it: the concluding passage, which is all we can at present give, is, in its observations, extremely just.

"The time when the theatre was built, and the names of the magistrates who presided at the building of it, are unknown: but on that account it is no less a proof of the vast genius of the Romans, who never, in any of their works, lost sight of posterity. In all of them, they knew how to join beauty

\* \* Vile public-houses are now built with marble, covered with noble inscriptions, which formerly, in Saguntum, decorated the altar and the theatre."

of form to extent, solidity, and elegance, and even in their pleasures, were always great; whilst, in the present age, public edifices resemble the slender and elegant decorations, with which the heads of the women are ornamented, and will last but for a season."

#### THE KINGDOM OF VALENCIA

next attracts the attention of M. P. Of this he first gives a general description, then (which we must observe is his usual topographical course) examines the environs; and, lastly, the city of Valencia itself. At Burjasot, a village a league from this place,

—"are the public subterraneous granaries constructed by the Romans, and mentioned by Columella, Pliny, Varro, and Suidas, who call them *Silos*, or *Siros*,\* and which in the Valencian language are called *las Sichas*, or *Siches de San Roque*.

"The monument of Frances P'Advenant, the most famous actress Spain ever had, is in the old church of Burjasot. She died a few years since, in consequence of her debaucheries."

Her epitaph, written by one of her friends, a priest, is, however, silent upon this head; though he says, "she shewed marks of the most fervent contrition."

M. P. has inserted her epitaph in Spanish, of which he has given the translation, as it appears in the note.†

Valencia is said to be the first city in Spain in which the art of printing was known:

—"they mention a Sallust printed at Valencia in 1475; and a Latin dictionary entitled *Comprehensorium*; at the end of which we read as follows: '*Præsens hujus comprehensorii præclurum opus Valentis impressum anno MCCCCLXXV Die vero XXIII mensis Februarii fuit feliciter*. This work is in the library of Don Gregory Mayans, who resides at Valencia, and who has one of the most valuable collections of books in the kingdom.

\* Suidas, tom. ii. p. 734 and 744. Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xviii. cap. 80. Quint. Curt. lib. vii. cap. 4. p. 24, &c.

† O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee! Here lies Frances P'Advenant, aged twenty-two years and eight days, immortal by her rare talents, and the greatest prodigy of her profession. She died 11th April, 1772, after having shewn marks of the most fervent contrition. Pray to God for her.

Whilst the great, the rich, the powerful, and the people, shall regret her loss, and shed tears at her fate, let us not forget, that after this life we are but smoke, shadows, and dust.

He may be called the Nestor of Spanish literature. Although eighty years of age, most of his time is devoted to letters; and thus the last moments of a life celebrated by a great number of works are consecrated to the instruction of his countrymen. Voltaire has justly given him the title of famous. Dr. Robertson consulted him upon his history of America: and he maintains a correspondence with all the learned men in Europe."

From Valencia, the route of our author lay through Alicant to the kingdom of Murcia, which, he observes, is the least of those which compose the monarchy of Spain, being but 25 leagues in length, and 23 in breadth.

"It was," he says, "in the fields of Murcia that Scipio, returned from his conquest, celebrated the funeral obsequies of his father and uncle. The celebration consisted in games and combats of gladiators; and, according to Livy, they were not slaves who were forced to combat, but brave champions, who voluntarily came to give proofs of their valour. Murcia remained six hundred and sixteen years under the dominion of the Romans."

In describing Carthagena, the author introduces the story of the continence of Scipio;\* which in a blooming conqueror, who had the command of all the beauty and all the riches in the country, has never seemed to us such a violent effort of temperance and generosity. We do not conceive that there was any thing very heroic in resigning the Cæleberian princess to her lover: had he acted otherwise, he must have been one of the greatest villains upon earth.

#### ROAD FROM CARTHAGENA TO GRANADA.

"The road from Lorea to Lamberras," it is stated, "is tolerably good. It was here," says M. P. "that I saw the mis of Spain in all their nakedness and poverty. A *posado*, or Spanish inn, merits a particular description. The first room in the house is often a great stable, full of asses and mules, through which you must make your way, if you mean to ask for and obtain a lodging. It is with

\* It will be remembered, that when Scipio took Carthagena, he, with the *sangroid* of a French officer, "delivered it up to pillage." He carried away 64 military banners, 276 golden cups, and 18,300 marks of silver, besides vessels of the same metal, 40,000 measures of wheat, and 160,000 measures of oats: in a word, he acquired such immense riches, that the historian says, the city itself was the least thing the Romans gained by the expedition. *Ut minimum omnium inter tantas spes bellicas Carthago ipsa fuerit.*"



considerable difficulty that you get into the kitchen, which is a round or square room, the ceiling of which terminates in a point, and is open at the top, to leave a free passage for the smoke. Round this great chimney is a broad stone bench, which at night serves the family for a bed, but in the daytime offers a commodious seat to travellers, coachmen, and muleteers, who, seated without distinction by the host and hostess, deprive the air of a part of the smoke by swallowing it. The fire, which is in the centre of this wretched hovel, is often made with cow-dung, mixed with straw, and serves to cook for each person, in turn, such provisions as he may have taken care to bring with him. The whole inventory of kitchen utensils consists in several great frying-pans; and every thing you eat is fried in bad oil. It is true, this is not spared, and abundance is joined to badness of quality, to take away the appetite. The corner of the fire place is generally occupied by some newsmonger, wrapped up to his eyes in the cape of his cloak, or some blind musician, who sings through his nose and thrums his guitar, and the children of the hostess, both boys and girls, whose only clothing is a short shirt or shift, though of an age to be more modestly covered. When you have refreshed and warmed yourself, and wish to retire, you are conducted to a damp corner, called a chamber, and furnished with two chairs, commonly very high if the table be low, and very low if the table be high, because every thing here is contrary to all reason and proportion. A mattress, a foot shorter than it ought to be, is thrown upon the ground: the sheets are not much bigger than large napkins; and the counterpane, if by chance you find one, scarcely covers the sides of the wretched pallet. On this bed of voluptuousness is the traveller to repose after the fatigues of the road, to wait agreeable dreams, or form new projects of peregrination. The worst inns are those kept by the *Gitanos*, or gipsies: you would be safer in a wood; your eye must be kept upon every thing; and notwithstanding all the precaution you can take, you seldom leave them with all your baggage."

Of the ancient city of Granada, the Moorish metropolis, the present author has given a much more ample account than M. Bourgoing. He says, that those people "*intended to make Granada the great depository of their religion, manners, customs, and magnificence.*" He has himself proved that they actually did so; and if he had not, we could in a few minutes have done it for him. In short, the vestiges of Moorish literature, taste, and genius, even in this one city, are so abundant, that while they stand as a reproach to the policy of the Spanish nation, they shew in the

strongest light the consequence of suffering superstition to prevail over *common sense*. Spain has declined ever since the expulsion of so many of her most active and ingenious subjects.

Leaving Granada, we find that our author pursued his route to Cadiz by Antequera and Malaga. In the course of this journey, he crossed the famous *Vega*, or flat country, a place rendered remarkable by having been the great theatre of the obstinate wars betwixt the Spaniards and the Moors, and consequently the scene of a long continued series of bloodshed.

Cadiz, which we have already noticed, has, from the circumstances of the times, become a place highly interesting.

"It was," says the author, "not less famous in antiquity than after it became the general staple of commerce from Spain to the Indies."

As a central *emporium*, there is no doubt but that this city would be a most desirable object to the present enemies of the greater part of the universe, at the same time that its capture would be equally destructive to the country of which it forms so important a part, especially as it is said, that

"The houses are large, commodious, cool, and well contrived, and" that "the number of merchants of the most extensive connexions and immense property, who reside there, can scarcely be imagined. In fact," that "the whole city is engaged in trade."

Seville and Cordova next attract the attention of our author: on these places he is very brief. La Mancha, immortalized by *Cervantes*, must excite the attention of every one.

"This," says M. P. "is the most cheerful country in Spain; the inhabitants are affable, and great lovers of music and dancing: the women are tall, well made, and have handsome features. A player upon the guitar and a singer of *seguidillas* are persons in great request in this part of the country. The girls, young men, and married women, assemble at the first sound of the instrument; the concourse is generally held at the *Posada*, as the most convenient and extensive place; the best voices sing *seguidillas*; and the blind accompany them upon their instruments. The stranger is astonished at seeing a labourer in the dress of Sancho, and wearing a broad leathern girdle, become an agreeable dancer, and perform all his steps with grace, precision, and measure. The women have besides a *Menco*, as it is called, or a





his country, and is employed in the rest of Spain in much the same manner as persons of the same class from Auvergne and Limousin, in France.\*

"Most of the servants are Asturians: they are faithful; not very intelligent; but exact in the performance of their duty.

"In general, the Spaniard is patient and religious; he is full of penetration, but slow in deciding; he has great discretion and sobriety; and his hatred against drunkenness takes date from the highest antiquity. Strabo tells us of a man who threw himself into a fit because some one had called him a drunkard. *Quidam ad elatros vocatus, in rogum se iecit.* He is faithful, open, charitable, and friendly: he has his vices; and where is the man without them? Man is composed of virtues and vices; and a nation is an assemblage of men. Whou therefore, in any nation, the virtues and social qualities overbalance the vices inseparable from constitution, climate, and character, that nation is justly deserving of our warmest esteem.

"I can truly say, that, except a supineness which has hitherto been less the effect of climate than of causes which, perhaps, will soon have an end; a spirit of vengeance, of which the effects are seldom seen; a national pride, which well directed might produce the most beneficial effects; and a consummate ignorance, proceeding from the want of a proper education, and which has its source in that tribunal erected to the shame of philosophy and human understanding; I have seen in the Spaniards nothing but virtues.

"Their patience in the wars of Italy and Portugal was matter of astonishment to the French.† The Spaniards were whole days without bread, water, or beds, and not the least murmur was heard in their camp: there was not the smallest symptom of mutiny, but always the most strict obedience."

With this character of the Spaniards, which, allowing a little for the obscurity that pervades a part of the last paragraph but one, is in general correct, we shall close our quotations from these works; for in our observations, we mean to include both the three former volumes of M. Bourgoing and this by M. Peyron, which, it may be proper to state, contains, besides the subjects we have mentioned, some account of the theatre, military and religious orders, and agriculture of Spain; and to which is also appended a long and, however curious, we think useless, article, entitled, "Instructions for the Office of the Holy Inquisition, given at Toledo in 1561,

and in which those of the year 1481 are included."

That a survey of Spain, with an account of the customs and manners of its inhabitants, has become, from the circumstances of the times, politically important, there is no doubt; and that the topographical combination included in these four volumes is extremely entertaining, is equally certain: the three former are, of course, the most diffuse; the latter we conceive the most impartial. Both the authors seem to have had a thorough knowledge of the subjects upon which they have treated. If the first was by far the greater politician, the last is certainly the most entertaining traveller: his remarks, particularly on the city of Granada for instance, are more descriptive, possess greater locality, and, with respect to antiquarian researches and architectural investigation, are far more scientific. Another comparative observation that will be made is, that M. B. seems to have viewed the country through a pair of French spectacles, while M. P. has caught his reflections from the broad mirror of nature. The inquisitorial appendix we consider as a mere *make weight*, such as we alluded to at the beginning of this portion of our speculation: it refers to a subject which is extremely disgusting, and which seems, in its operations, to have produced an impression unfavourable to a people whom even their enemies allow to have a great many virtues, and very few vices.

With respect to the style of this translation, it is far from meeting our ideas of literary perfection: in fact, there are errors in it which a little attention would have amended; but as it is evidently produced upon the spur of the occasion, it is probable, that in a future edition correctness will be more attended to. Translators should not only give the sense and the spirit, but the manner, of their different authors. If Swift is correct in his idea, that no one could review a book properly who did not place himself exactly in the situation of the writer of it, this remark certainly applies more strictly to translating. How far it may be brought to bear in the present instance we know not: but this we know, that either the two French authors wrote exactly in the same style, or the English translator has deemed it sufficient to present them in the same dress to the public. It is

\* In sweeping chimneys, cleaning shoes, &c.

† "And at the siege of Gibraltar to every nation in Europe."

impossible to take leave of this work without observing, that the plates, forming an *atlas*, as it is termed, are admirably calculated to elucidate and embellish it. The subjects delineated speak at once to the eye, and give to local description all the advantages that can be derived from graphic perspicuity.

*Primitia; or, Essays and Poems on various Subjects, religious, moral, and entertaining. By Connop Thirlwall, Eleven Years of Age. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Lord Bishop of Dromore. The Preface by his Father, the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M.A. Minister of Tavistock Chapel.*

It is a circumstance that strongly marks, and in some degree identifies, the character of this age, that it has abounded with a far greater number of instances of the early expansion of talents than any other within the scope of our recollection; and of all these, the voluminous before us, written by an infant, is one of the most extraordinary. This is the only point upon which we can differ from his father, who, in a well written preface, waves any idea of his uncommon precocity of genius, while he explains, much to our satisfaction, his motives for suffering its publication; and introduces some anecdotes of the young author that exceedingly interest us in his favour.

"At a very early period," he observes, "he read English so well, that he was taught Latin at three years of age, and at four, read Greek with an ease and fluency that astonished all who heard him. From that time he continued to improve himself in the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, and English languages. His talent for composition appeared at the age of seven, from an accidental circumstance. His mother in my absence desired his elder brother to write his thoughts upon a subject for his improvement; when the young author took it into his head to ask her permission to take the pen in hand too. His request was, of course, complied with, without the most remote idea that he could write an intelligible sentence; when, in a short time, he composed that which is first printed, "On the Uncertainty of Life." From that time he was encouraged to cultivate a talent of which he gave so flattering a promise, and generally on a Sunday chose a subject from the Scripture. The following essays are selected from these lucubrations."

As the essay of which Mr. Thirlwall speaks is, from being the first, certainly the most extraordinary effort of the genius of his son, we shall quote it, as a specimen of the intelligence of the mind, the style, and manner of the infant writer.

"On the UNCERTAINTY of LIFE.

"How uncertain is life! for no man can tell in what hour he shall leave this world. What numbers are snatched away in the bloom of youth, and turn the fine expectation of their parents into sorrow. The young man may die by evil habits: what grief to the parent, what disgrace to the child! All the promising pleasures of this life will fade, and we shall be buried in the dust.

"God takes away a good prince from his subjects only to transplant him into everlasting joys in heaven. A good man is not dispirited by death: for it takes him away only that he may feel the pleasures of a better world. Death comes unawares, but never takes virtue with it. Edward the Sixth died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign.

"Composed June 30, 1804,  
Seven years old."

This work, in a philosophical point of view, is, we conceive, extremely curious, as, by a gentle gradation, it develops the regular expansion of ideas in an infantile mind: we observe their rise, and by the different dates of these productions mark their progress, which is such as to afford the best grounded hope that they will arrive at very superior excellence indeed by the period that their ingenious possessor comes to maturity.

From these essays, which may be termed the steps of science, we should with pleasure quote many passages that struck us in their perusal, would our limits admit of it; but as we have nearly run to our full extent, we must turn from the prose to the poetry of our juvenile author. Respecting this species of writing, in which we think he has displayed very singular marks of genius, his father observes, that

"His taste for poetry was not discovered till a later period. From the specimens in the following pages, the reader may, perhaps, wish his poetic effusions had occupied a larger portion of the book. I regretted, when it was too late, that the number of essays prevented me from affording a gratification which probably some of his manuscripts would have yielded."

In this opinion we fully concur; and to shew that it is not founded upon un-



substantial grounds, we shall quote one of his poems, which we select, not because it is the best, but the shortest in the book.

“ THE POT-BOY.

“ Let poets sing the high-flown praise  
Of shepherds and of rural joys,  
Whilst I direct my humbler lays  
To town, its bustle, and its noise.

“ The pot-boy's joys shall be my theme,  
Nor shall a barren subject be,  
When, rising from some lightsome dream,  
Whitechapel streets he treads with glee.

“ Bliss is not always join'd to wealth,  
Nor dwells beneath the gilded roof;  
For poverty is bliss with health:  
Of that my pot-boy stands a proof.

“ See him with steady footsteps here,  
How straight he bears the brimful jug,  
And sips with thirsty lips the beer  
Which high o'erlooks the pewter mug.

“ When night resumes her gloomy sway,  
The object of his fond desire,  
How happy then he'll sport and play  
Around the blazing kitchen fire.

“ Then, to beguile away the time;  
He tells the kitchen nymphs his tale;  
His left hand bears some doggerel rhyme,  
And in his right's—a pot of ale.

“ And hard must be that kitchen fair  
Who could his am'rous tale neglect;  
And often Moll or Jenny dare  
For him some stouter swain reject.

“ Then weary to his garret lies;  
Or, if the beds perchance be spare,  
Upon the straw he'll close his eyes,  
And sleep with Dapple or the mare.”

“ Composed August 12, 1808,  
Eleven years old.

“ These lines were occasioned by a copy of verses presented to the young author upon the trite and familiar subject of the Pot-boy, who thought he could not offer a better companion to it than ‘this town eclogue’ of the Pot-boy.”

*Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, written by Himself. And, Fragmenta Regalia; being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites. By Sir Robert Naunton. 8vo.*

From the title to these curious Memoirs, the reader might be induced to expect an entire new work, if the annexed advertisement did not announce it to be a valuable literary relic, rescued from oblivion by the present editor, with explanatory annotations. The *Europ. Mag.* Vol. LV. May, 1809.

first publication of these entertaining memoirs, by the Earl of Cork and Orrery, having now become extremely scarce, it was presumed that a new impression would be acceptable to the public, more especially as they contain an interesting account of some important occurrences in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and throw peculiar light upon the personal character of that renowned sovereign. The editor justly observes, that memoirs are the materials, and often the touchstone, of history; and even where they descend to incidents beneath her notice, they aid the studies of the antiquary and the moral philosopher. Several additions have been made to the Earl of Cork's explanatory notes; and, as a suitable companion to Cary's Memoirs, the *Fragmenta Regalia*, a source from which our historians have drawn the most authentic account of the court of the virgin queen, have also been reprinted. On these grounds, the volume before us has a fair claim upon public favour, and will be considered by impartial critics as a valuable acquisition, worthy to be preserved in our numerous repositories of British literary curiosities.

The best recommendation of these memoirs, if we may credit the editor's averment, is, that they are true records of facts, which are either not mentioned, or are misrepresented, by other historians. They are written in an unaffected, simple, intelligent style. Veracity is their only ornament, but it is an ornament far beyond all others in historical anecdotes. They begin about the year 1577, when the author was only seventeen years of age, and known only as a younger brother of the family, by the name of Mr. Robert Cary; his future titles and honours being the well merited rewards of a series of loyal services, in honourable employments, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

The important affairs of state, and the private occurrences in the closets of two sovereigns in the course of forty-eight years, furnish ample materials for this very interesting compilation, which in one respect alone appears to be defective, the want of regular dates; so that the exact time of particular events is, in many instances, left to conjecture, instead of being accurately stated. From such a collection of historical anecdotes, and from the sketches of the characters of the statesmen and

favourites of Elizabeth, a fund of rational entertainment is provided for the *amateurs* of polite literature; and as an incitement to an attentive perusal of the whole, we have selected some remarkable events, which, though well known, have been differently related by other historians.

"The next year (which was 1586) was the Queen of Scots' beheading. I lived in court, had small means of my friends, yet God so blessed me, that I was ever able to keep company with the best. In all triumphs I was one; either at tilt, tourney, or barriers, in masque or balls. I kept men and horses far above my rank, and so continued a long time. At which time, few or none in the court being willing to undertake that journey, her majesty sent me to the King of the Scots, to make known her innocence of her sister's death, with letters of credence from herself to assure all that I should affirm. I was way-laid in Scotland, if I had gone in, to have been murdered; but the king's majesty, knowing the disposition of his people, and the fury they were in, sent me to Berwick, to let me know, that no power of his could warrant my life at that time; therefore, to prevent further mischief, he would send me no convoy, but would send two of his council to the bound road to receive my letters, or what other message I had to deliver. I had reason to give his majesty thanks, and so I did; and sent him word, I would, with all speed, advertise her majesty of the gracious care he had of me; and as I should be directed, I would inform his majesty. I was commanded to accept the king's offer. Sir George Hamie, and the master of Melven, met me at the bound-road, where I delivered my message in writing, and my letters from the queen to the king; and then came presently (post) to court, where I had thanks of her majesty for what I had done."

No stronger proof can be given of the dastardly disposition and duplicity of James, than his conduct upon this affecting event; for during these gracious private messages sent to Cary at Berwick,—to his courtiers, and to his other subjects, at Edinburgh, he breathed forth open threatenings of resentment, and thundering declarations of revenge, which his subjects in general were well disposed to carry into execution, if he had been sincere, and resolutely determined to avenge the death of his mother, by a war against Elizabeth; for the Scots were enraged, and ready to take arms, had they met with encouragement from their pusillanimous sovereign. The inhabitants of the Scottish borders, a set of lawless depredators, vowed a cruel revenge, and com-

menced hostilities against the English borderers, who inhabited the boundaries between the two kingdoms, at that time known by the name of the *debateable lands*, being alternately claimed by both kingdoms, and during the long reign of Elizabeth exposed to almost continual warfare; the inhabitants on both sides, being protected from justice by the one nation, in opposition to the other, securely preyed upon both. The English borders were governed by officers, called wardens of the Marches, appointed by the queen; and our author being for several years a brave and active warden of the East Marches, a considerable share of these memoirs is taken up in giving a very exact and curious account of those Ostrogoths, the borderers, a species of savages, who, from the time when the Romans left our island, till the death of Queen Elizabeth, kept the southern part of Scotland and the northern part of England in a perpetual civil war, and seem to have equalled the Caffres in the trade of stealing, and the Hottentots in ignorance and brutality. The union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign put an end to the horrors of intestine commotions.

Upon the intelligence received at court from Plymouth of the arrival of the Spanish armada upon the British coast, the Earl of Cumberland and our author took post-horses, and rode straight to Portsmouth, where they found a frigate that carried them to sea, where they had the good fortune to light first on the Spanish fleet, and tacking about, in a short time got to the British fleet to communicate the near approach of the enemy to the Earl of Elingham, the English admiral; and as he remained on board one of the ships of war during the whole time of the different engagements, the dispersion, and final destruction of the boasted invincible armada, we find a more exact detail of sundry particulars in these memoirs, than is to be met with in any other records of this memorable victory. In fact, it is so interesting, that, for the gratification of our numerous readers, and to promote the circulation of the whole work, we have taken the liberty to give the following extract.

"It was on a Thursday, in the year 1588,\*

\* No precise date is mentioned in these memoirs; but other historians notice the principal transactions to have taken place between the 19th and the 28d of July.



that we came to our fleet: all that day we followed close the Spanish armada, and nothing was attempted on either side; the same course we held all Friday and Saturday, by which time the Spanish fleet cast anchor just before Calais. We likewise did the same a very small distance behind them, and so continued till Monday morning about two of the clock: in which time our council of war had provided six old hulks, and stuffed them full of all combustible matter fit for burning; and on Monday, at two in the morning, they were let loose, with each of them a man in her to direct them. The tide serving, they brought them very near the Spanish fleet, so that they could not miss to come in the midst of them: then they set fire on them, and came off themselves, having each of them a little boat to bring him off. The ships set on fire came so directly to the Spanish fleet, as they had no way to avoid them, but to cut all their halsers, and so escape; and their haste was such, that they left one of their four great galleasses on ground before Calais, which our men took, and had the spoil of, where many of the Spaniards were slain, with the governor thereof, but most of them were saved by wading ashore to Calais. They being in this disorder, we made ready to follow them, where began a cruel fight; and we had such advantage both of wind and tide, as we had a glorious day of them; continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till almost five or six at night, where they lost a dozen or fourteen of their best ships, some sunk, and the rest ran ashore in diverse parts to keep themselves from sinking. After God had given us this great victory, they made all the haste they could away, and we followed them Tuesday and Wednesday, by which time they were gotten as far as Flamborough-head. It was resolved on Wednesday at night, that, by four o'clock on Thursday, we should have a new fight with them, for a farewell; but by two in the morning there was a flag of council hung out in our vice-admiral, when it was found that in the whole fleet there was not ammunition sufficient to make half a fight; and therefore it was there concluded, that we should let them pass, and our fleet to return to the Downs. That night we parted with them, we had a mighty storm. Our fleet cast anchor, and endured it; but the Spanish fleet, wanting their anchors, were many of them cast ashore on the west of Ireland, where they had all their throats cut by the Kernes (Irish banditti), and some of them on Scotland, where they were no better used; and the rest with much ado got into Spain again. Thus did God bless us, and gave victory over this invincible navy: the sea calmed, and all our ships came to the Downs on Friday in safety. On Saturday, my lord of Cumberland and myself came on shore, and took post horses, and found the queen in her army at Tilbury Camp."

With respect to the nomination of King James VI. of Scotland to be her successor, as related by Echard, Rapin, and other historians, all of whom make her say faintly, on her death-bed, "I will that a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the King of Scots?" a very different account of the matter is given in these memoirs; by which it appears, that she was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named the King of Scots to her; a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak; for it is well known, that she could never bear to hear of any successor. She, indeed, put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased, were immediately convinced that the motion of her hand to her head was a declaration of James as her successor. What was this, however, but the unanimous interpretation of persons who were adoring the rising sun!

For the affecting particulars of her last illness and death, we refer the curious reader to page 116 of the memoirs; the narrative begins with this passage: "When I came to court, I found the queen in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said—'No, Robin, I am not well;' and then discoursed with me about her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs!—I used the best words I could, to persuade her from this melancholy humour; but I found by her, it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and she daily grew worse and worse." It may here be proper to mention, that Robin was not created Earl of Monmouth till the coronation of Charles I.

We have only to add, that the sketches of characters, though they comprise a long list of the principal persons of the court of Elizabeth, and include her personal favourites, are too short to

be satisfactory; they are properly called *Fragmenta*, for they are but fragments of eminent men, in high stations, during a glorious era in our national history; and of whom the reader must eagerly wish to be more fully informed.—The work is elegantly printed from the press of James Ballantyne and Co. of Edinburgh. T. M.

*The Letters of a Peruvian Princess.* By Madame de Grafigny. Also a Sequel to the Letters of Aza. By Ignatius Hungari de la Marche Courmont. To which are prefixed, *A Life of Madame de Grafigny, and a short Biographical Notice of Marche Courmont.* Translated from the French, by William Mudford. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 221.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to the public an elegant translation of this truly elegant work. We can remember that, many years ago, we read this collection of letters with great satisfaction, notwithstanding they were deformed by a coarseness of style, and numberless errors; we read them, we observe, with satisfaction, because sterling sense and real genius will rise superior even to deformity itself. We think, however, that, by rendering the diction of this volume, while it conveys the refined meaning of the original, classically correct, Mr. M. has conferred a real favour upon the public: in this age of circulating trash, he has given us a book which may be read with pleasure, and studied with improvement. To detail any part of a work which is already well, and we hope soon will be much better, known, would here be nugatory. It has, with regard to reviewing, been said, that no quotations are so easily detached as letters. But this opinion is by no means correct. Experience has taught us, that few extracts depend more upon context, where they run in a series, and form parts of a connected whole, upon which a tale depends. Philosophical disquisitions, we must observe, were once the fashion among *Les femmes savantes*: but if there wanted any confirmation of these letters being the genuine productions of a lady, the mode in which metaphysical subjects are treated in the seventeenth would afford it. However, we consider this as so trifling a deduction from their general merit, that we should not have no-

ticed it, had not the candour of the translator courted observation.

*The Fall of Saragossa: an Elegy.* By Fyles Irwin, Esq. A. R. I. A. Pamphlet, 4to. Asperne.

In this poem, written, as the author observes, on the spur of the occasion, we feel to a most exquisite degree the sympathetic force of the subject that he has chosen. There is not to be found in ancient or modern history the record of a spot distinguished as SARAGOSSA has been; whether we consider the unparalleled gallantry displayed by her inhabitants during the two sieges which, within a few months, she sustained; or the perfidy and the power of her infamous enemies; whether we, in idea, behold her gallant governor defending his native city to the last extremity,

“And greatly falling with a falling state;”

or contemplate her heroic virgins and matrons, like ancient Carthaginian females, braving every danger, and dying in defence of their country.

From scenes like these the grandeur of IBERIA originally emanated; and, impelled by the magnitude as well as by the horror of the subject, execrating, as every Briton must, the fiendlike tyrant who has subjugated SARAGOSSA, the author has produced “an Elegy,” which, although evidently written in haste, possesses many marks of genius, and therefore we hope will have the effect which he wishes, namely, that of stimulating the public mind to that sympathy which is due to fortitude and valour, and which, alas! the sufferings of the Spanish heroes and heroines are calculated to excite.

*The Vaccine Scourge, in Answer to the Calumnies, &c. lately circulated with great Industry by W. Birch and other Anti-vaccinists.* Nos. I. and II. 8vo. pp. 24, each.

THE subject of vaccination, though so frequently and so ably discussed, cannot be considered as exhausted, so long as the propagation of this beneficial practice continues to be impeded by the rancour and avarice of its opponents, or by the torpor and indifference of its luke-warm friends. Notwithstanding the great benefits that are likely to result to the community from this valuable discovery, it was not to be expected, that a general adoption of the



practice would take place, without encountering considerable opposition from ignorant or prejudiced persons. Had these, however, been the only obstacles, time, and the almost universal success attending vaccination, would have corrected the one and removed the other. But, unfortunately, the small pox could not be exterminated, without cutting off one of the chief sources of professional emolument. To this circumstance, principally, we are led to attribute the violent conduct of the anti-vaccinists; and yet, to see members of a useful, an enlightened, and a liberal profession, fostering the prejudices of a part of the public, for the purpose of opposing one of the most valuable blessings ever bestowed upon man, is at once painful and degrading.

The first number of the work before us contains a satirical ode, illustrated by notes, exposing some calumnies and misstatements of Mr. Birch, as displayed in a tract of his, called "Serious Reasons for opposing Vaccination," and other pamphlets. We had always hitherto considered "little children" as forming a peculiar care of Providence; but we find, by a note upon this ode, that Mr. Birch asserts, in his "Serious Reasons," that the small-pox is a merciful dispensation of Providence to lessen the burden of a poor man's family!

Our author also censures the conduct of the medical officers of the Small Pox Hospital; and, not unaptly, compares the deaths and diseases occasioned by the propagation of the small-pox, by the inoculation of out patients, to the destructive ravages of the poison-tree.\* This very improper practice, we are glad to hear, has been abolished for some months past; since which time, the deaths by small pox have gradually diminished.

The rise of what is called "The London Vaccine Institution" is next noticed; and the arts which were, and probably still are, used to mislead the public, are fully detailed.

Should these pamphlets not reform the opponents of vaccination, they may probably tend to silence them. If, however, truth be not so much their object as interest, reason and argument must be thrown away upon them; and the task of subduing such opponents must devolve on satire.

Several official reports, letters, and other documents, highly creditable to the Jennerian discovery and institution, will be met with in these two pamphlets.

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\* The Upas, of Java.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MAY 1.—DRURY-LANE COMPANY (*At the Lyceum Theatre*).—A Farce, called "TEMPER; OR, The Domestic Tyrant," was produced; which being amusing in itself, and well supported by the performers, was received with applause, and has been several times repeated.

The bills of the day called this a new farce; and the Papers tell us, that Mr. Lewis is the avowed author of it. It is our duty, however, to undeceive the public on this head; and to state, that it is merely *The Grumbler* of Sir Charles Sedley under a new title, the *Dramatis Personæ* being named anew, and a few retrenchments made in the dialogue, as necessary to bring the original three acts into two.

The same comedy was reduced to a farce many years ago (supposed by Dr.

Goldsmith), and acted at Covent-garden for the benefit of Mr. Quick; but the original title was then candidly retained.

May 15. At the same theatre, a new comic sketch, in one act, called "SHARP SET; OR, The Village Hotel," was performed for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, and received with applause. It has not, however, been repeated; nor have we heard the author named.

### PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF  
"GRIEVING'S A FOLLY."\*

Written and spoken by Mr. EYRE.

When with a trembling heart an author sneezes,  
And begs protection for his virgin muse,

---

\* Mr. Leigh (not Lee) is the name of the author of this comedy.

The Prologue, counsel for the plaintiff's case,  
Intreats for mercy, and implores for grace.

"This is the poet's cant," I hear you say,  
"An old, stale trick, practis'd before to-day,"

To make us tolerate some wretched play." }  
Yet, if we place before some longing guest  
Immortal *Shakespeare's intellectual feast*,  
So pamper'd is the taste, so weak the head,  
Some rather would go supperless to bed,  
Would rather cloy on sweets, nay, rather fast,  
Than come to banquet on the rich repast—  
At treats like those few visitors are found,  
For novelty they crave the whole year round.

Since then variety gives such delight,  
Three novelties we offer here to-night—  
The first, a theatre, compact and small,  
Where (without glasses) you may see us all;  
The next, a building, where we need not  
bawl,

For, if you listen, you may hear us all;  
The third and last great novelty we boast,  
And what will probably surprise you most,  
Is, that our author—wond'rous to be told!  
Is not a needy wight who writes for gold!

'Till now a stranger to the walks of fame,  
Friendship and science were his only aim,  
There center'd ev'ry hope, there ev'ry view,  
'Till Fancy rais'd the thought of pleasing  
you,—

And with the feelings of a patron fir'd,  
He freely gave us what his muse inspir'd!  
Then on his efforts be not too severe,  
Nor damp the ardour of a volunteer;  
Where judgment censures let your mercy  
plead,—

But spare his errors for the gen'rous deed!  
Thus bolden'd by your smiles, some future  
bard

May seek, e'en here, the poet's bright reward,  
May strike the lyre to some enraptur'd strain,  
And breathe the notes of ancient Greece again;  
Make this *Lyceum* like the one of yore,  
Sacred to genius and to classic lore.

#### EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER.

For popularity, the bright reward  
Of statesman, warrior, actor, and of bard,  
What various plaus, each varying in its mode,  
Are tried, and yet how few attain the road—

We humble candidates for scenic fame,  
To please you, change voice, habit, face, and  
name;

I've been a Jew, a Pop, a King, a Quaker—  
A Duke, a Dutchman, and an Undertaker—  
When least in spirits have laugh'd loudest  
here, [tear.

Or when most glad, have seem'd to shed a  
Tried all dramatic tricks to cheat your senses,  
And win your favour; under false pretences.  
I have been murder'd, married, kick'd, ca-  
ress'd— [jest."

Beat, pigeon'd, pitied, poison'd—"all in  
Been deeply plung'd in many a harmless plot,  
Yet all where nothing is—"but what is not."

In tragedy we feel a strange delight  
To make you miserable all the night—  
What joy triumphant round that actor  
spreads— [beds,"

"Who sends his hearers weeping to their  
While we, who try your laughter to provoke,  
Find nought so serious as a well-turn'd joke.

Since then we thrive when fact is only fic-  
tion,

And all coincidence is contradiction,  
An author hopes, that, on this very ground,  
A verdict of acquittal may be found;  
For would you only blame each lucky hit,  
And kindly let his errors pass for wit,  
Then might he cry, "*Courage, there's life  
in't yet;*"

"And this our son will make a golden set."  
Critics, would you the bard from danger  
save,

"Be dumb for ever—silent as the grave;"  
Or if the dear, "birth-strangled babe" must  
die,

Why who so fit to bury him as I?  
Then at his fate lest wicked wags should  
laugh,

I'll write him, if you please, this epitaph—

"Here rests a trembling muse's first essay!"

At what is quaintly called a modern play,"—

"Born April 21—at half past six."

But when it died I'd better not affix—

Unless you'll let me say—"it grac'd life's  
stage

Till it attain'd a comfortable age.

Burnt out before 'twas born, with caution  
read,

And by indulgent patrons seen and heard."

For more particulars inquire of me,  
Actor and Undertaker both—I. B.

## POETRY.

### THE SONG OF MOMUS.

From the Drama of ORRIS; OR, THE WORLD  
IN THE MOON."

(Unpublished.)

WHEN we spy from Olympus yon planet  
terrestrial,  
So rapidly moving thro' orbit celestial,

Of we hear, in language scurvy,

"Lord! the world's turn'd topsy turvey:  
The night chang'd to morning, and supper to  
noon:

Ev'ning breakfasts, midnight dinners,

Daylight saints, and darkling sinners;  
Sure the brans of those people have flown to  
the moon."



Behold in von city the *deep ones* assemble;  
How the *Sharps* all exult while the *flats* quake  
and tremble.

Mark the glory of that nation,  
Tarnish'd by vile speculation,  
When *losers* exclaim, "Sure the time's out of  
tune!"

Different you'll observe the *winners*,  
Drinking, gorging at their dinners,  
While like *Indians* they quaff to the full of  
the moon.

Disgusted we'll turn from those *Gastric* per-  
formers,

To view in von tavern a horde of *reformers*.

He that's plac'd on table single,  
Mark him, how his accents gingle,  
Ears surrounding itch and tingle,

While he cries, "the whole state's like a ship  
in a storm!"

Who, who shall control us?

I could calm it *sum solus*,

And tie up *Eolus*,

Whose bags full of wind, I would label,  
REFORM."

They now stun the spheres  
With three times three cheers.

Then, "Strike up, you scraper!"

"A speech from the *DRAPER*!"

"Zooks, that was a shiner!"

"Now *Major*, your *Minor*;

On the *patriots* bestow your *rhetorical* boon.

We'll drink in conclusion,

"A glass to *confusion*!"

You'll now wag your wig-tail,

Great Orator *PIG-TAIL*,

And hail the approach of the full of the  
moon." M.

#### A HORSE MEDICINE.

**M**ETHOUGHT I heard upon the Quarry,  
Where once I took my station,  
A voice exclaim, "APOTHECARY!  
What will perfume the *NATION*?"

I quick replied, "If we could give it  
In portions large and small,  
About a hundred weight of *CIVET*  
Would serve to sweeten ALL.

"But when there are such peccant humours,  
I think a pound of *JALAP*,  
If we may trust to floating rumours,  
Might purge them out of *Salop*."

#### DRASTIC.

From the Alcove,  
April \*\*, 1809.

#### IMPROMPTU.

To an AUCTIONEER, who was selling the OLD  
Materials of several NEW Houses.

**A** MORTAR, to charge, you must use a  
good HAMMER;  
But more certain destruction proceeds from  
your HAMMER.

PICKAX.

#### BELINDA'S ANSWER

TO THE POEM ON COQUETRY,

Addressed to her in our Magazine for March  
by the late EDMUND LECHMERZ, Esq.

Written Ten or Eleven Years since.

Edinburgh.

**W**HY should BELINDA deem the throng  
Of Fashion's flies beneath her song?

The Mall but claims her loit'ring hour,  
Thence she resumes her blissful bow'r.

Contrast enhances all it gives,  
Here fancy calls, and comfort lives;  
And here a lover, more than dear,  
Still courts his own BELINDA'S care;—  
Of his heart's tribute justly vain.  
(While there she holds univall'd reign.)  
Smiling, as summer greets the breeze,  
Bless'd with the pow'r and wish to please,  
She meets his eyes, where rapture gleams,  
And welcomes love's delirious dreams;  
Nor asks for more, unless to prove,  
That waking reason too, is love.

While 'bove the clouds the southern ray  
O'er the steep cragg\* beams brighter day,  
And on her cheerful casement throws  
A warmth to renovate the rose;  
The favorite of FLORA'S bow'rs,  
The pride of June, the queen of flow'rs,  
There sits enthron'd, in blushes dight,  
Unveiling to the wond'ring sight—  
Yes! there she glows, in beauty blent,  
To teach the wond'ring heart content.  
The myrtle, the geranium too.  
And dwarf *libernina*, bloom anew,—  
Yes! graceful o'er the nut'ring mould,  
LIBERNIA trails her blooming gold;  
Still grateful, *Phæbus*, for thy care,  
She worships e'en thy golden hair;—  
Waving in air, her wreaths propend  
Toward earth—as fearful to offend  
Th' inspiring god—her tints divine  
She caught from him who leads the Nine:—  
—E'en so, I emulate my friend,  
And droop, as fearful to offend.

Life's intellectual feast my own,  
Vacant I leave Ambition's throne—  
The joys of sense—pelf's sordid pride,  
And all the worldling craves beside.  
O'er the wild strings my hand I sweep,  
And teach e'en rapt'rous joy to weep,  
Exulting in the glorious flame,  
That ne'er was told, and wants a name,  
And then, to each verbrative wire,  
I listen, till I scarce respire.  
Shall one who proves this magic spell,  
Amid' the lowliest daisied dell,  
Woo the stray glance?—the thought con-  
troul,

'Tis treason to BELINDA'S soul.  
Redundant shoots, that load the vine,  
Perchance may be compar'd to mine;  
While genius, roving round the waste,  
Culls garlands for the breast of taste;

\* Salisbury Cragg, Edinburgh.

And o'er *Belinda* throw a wreath,  
Perfum'd by Fancy's sweetest breath.  
To soften censure—tell her friend,  
His pupil wishes to amend.

Secure from harm, in fancy warm,  
When truth dissolves the flatterers' charm,  
With placid ray my eye shall beam,  
As waken'd from Delusion's dream—  
The **THING** that triumphs, while she pains,  
The vain *coquette*, my heart disdains;—  
If weakness can such semblance give,  
For wisdom only let me live!—

For wisdom!—*PALLAS* may inspire  
The soul with more than mortal fire;  
But will she rove in Fancy's bow'rs,  
And wing with joy the idle hours?  
Draw visions that shall cheat the view,  
And bid young Hope be born anew?  
—Her brow so stern I'm taught to fear;  
Am I an object worth her care?

If mid' my haunts she deigns to stray,  
Unfading wreaths shall strew the way;  
—*Wisdom* must come as *Fancy's* friend.  
For what were all that Heav'n could send,  
Should her delusion ever end?

—E'en mid' my last convuls'd sigh,  
*Fancy* must paint the bow'rs of joy,  
And, in idea, life restore,  
'Till nature feasts on hope no more.  
—*Coquetry*, *BELINDA's* care!

No vagrant guest has harbour here;  
Her hand upon her bosom press'd,  
And lifted eyes the truth attest;  
For friendship there's an ample room,  
That shall exist beyond the tomb!—  
Sublim'd by truth—a type below,  
Of what the renovated know,  
When the rapt spirit leaves its clay,  
To waken mid' the realms of day.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,

I INTRODUCED myself to your notice, in your Magazine of last month, as a very extraordinary character; but nothing can be more true than the history I then began, and shall now follow up, of my being a most singular nocturnal cogitator, if the word cogitation may be applied to the fleeting visions which present themselves to the imagination of a man when he is asleep. My dreams, however, are of a very peculiar nature. I am at all times inventing poetry; and, for a quarter of an hour after I am in bed, as the finish of my contemplations, I turn my mind to such tasks of this nature as I have set myself for my next day's amusement. My mind is at all times pretty tranquil, and I instantly fall into a profound sleep, in which I continue seven hours without dreaming at all. As the faculties, however, begin to renovate, my ideas before I went to sleep recur to me; and, before I am thoroughly roused, I have some complete ready, or perhaps six or eight lines, nay I have sometimes stretched to a dozen and more, in a sort of common-place-book in my mind, which I find a faithful re-

pository: for my memory never deceives me. It was from that store I extracted the trifle which I sent you last month.

I will now copy for you some of these fleeting ideas, and give you an account of what caused them. Some years ago, when it was expected that there would be a number of candidates for the vacant laureatship, if you recollect there was an excellent thing published, which some of these candidates were supposed to have written. One night, it struck me that it would not be amiss to try my hand in one of these odes; and I amused my family, the next morning, with telling them, I had begun one in my sleep. The lines I dreamt were,

To-day I'm to speak of the birth of the king;  
Oh, long may he live! but much longer  
I sing.

I have a friend who is a good man in the city, a good man in his family, and a good man in all the relative duties of life; for he has the old-fashioned knack of considering men as his brothers, but he is but a very indifferent poet; and, unfortunately for his peace of mind, he considers his poetical talents as the only merit he possesses. The man is a woollen-draper. Now, though I have a very sincere wish, for I have a real friendship for him, to wean him from this awkward propensity, which, on account of his connexions, his situation in life, and a variety of things, does him no service, but is a deduction from his real merit, I never could muster the courage to speak out on the subject; and if I had, it would probably have been ill taken. Going over this, one night, just before I went to sleep, I came to a determination no longer to be nice; and, before I was thoroughly awake in the morning, I had made a resolution of coming to a round explanation with him in a dream. I dreamt that he came to me with a paper in his hand, which he said was written by a friend who was determined to let the world know his real merit, and publicly extol him as a poet. "Look here," said he, "see how he writes." After going over a number of fulsome compliments, and enumerating his nampy pumby productions, some of which I had often blushed at, he came to these lines:

Ballads in linsey-woolsey lays,  
And bales of broad-cloth turn'd to bays.

You'll keep in mind that he is a woollen-draper.

"Good God!" said I, "are you blind? Don't you see the man is laughing at you?" He was so affronted, and so indignant, that he pocketed the paper, and went away, declaring he would never speak to him again. But I'll speak to him, said I; and as this subject has been started by himself, I am resolved to leave nothing undone to cure him of his folly. At that instant I awoke. I laugh heartily at the circumstance; and the



operation it had on my waking ideas was, that I had better not attempt to correct that which is incorrigible. Thus when we have met I have always waived the subject; and, though we are upon speaking terms, intimacy is at an end.

The thing would make an essay of itself; but I have tired you enough for this time. At a future opportunity I shall address you again.

Yours, SOMNUS.

## ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

### No. III.

#### *The Talisman.*

DICK, told his lovely wife would die,

Was in a perfect agony;

And, for some doctor of renown,

Swore he would ransack all the town.

On this kind errand as he ran,

A friend cried, take this talisman;

Invisible to all but you,

At each physician's house, you'll view

The rooms with the true number fill'd

Of all their ghosts which he has kill'd.

Thank you, cried Dick, thou friend in need!

Thus I'll infallibly succeed.

At the first doctor's house he knock'd,

The ghosts in shoals around him flock'd;

The next, owned by a man of fame,

Was crowded pretty near the same;

Again he tried, again he toil'd,

Yet in his search was always foil'd.

At length he to a doctor flew—

Come, come, cried he, here are but two;

This man much merit has, and skill,

• Of patients only two to kill.

Delighted at the thought, cried he,

My wife's sir in extremity;

You'll save her life, if any can,

Or else you see me a dead man.

Yes, sir, I know what I'm about;  
But pray how did you find me out?

I own I know things have renown;

But I have only in this town

Lived a few days; am not solicited;

Have only two sick people visited.

Dick ran away the tale to tell,

The wife took nothing, and got well.

### No. IV.

#### *The Galley Slave.*

A CERTAIN duke, meed of his bravery,

Possessed a right to free from slavery

Once every year, and to restore,

Some slaves who labour'd at the oar;

And, by this generous impulse led;

One day a galley visited;

His act and deed the only quorum,

He summoned all the slaves before him.

He found they all were in one mind;

That they had been by foes confined,

Or out of spite, whence wrong proceeds,

Or envy of their better deeds,

By rogues deserving punishment,

But that they all were innocent.

One he observed, who hung his head,

And sighed, and grieved, but nothing said.

And you my friend, cried he, what view

Had they to chains who sentenced you?

Sir, said the slave, my lot is sore;

I have deserved all this and more;

To every crime I have been driven,

Nor can my sins be e'er forgiven.

Indeed cried out the duke, how then

Came you to mix with honest men?

Let some one there, this moment, see

This guilty culprit be set free.

How dare he in this manner prate!

If he were suffered, at this rate,

Much longer 'bout his crimes to bawl,

This fellow would corrupt them all.

## INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

[THIS Gazette contains the Ceremonial, which took place at the Queen's Palace, on Wednesday, the 26th April, of the investiture of Lieutenant-general Sir David Baird, and of the Knighthood and investiture of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir John Hope, Major-general Sir Brent Spencer, and Sir Thomas Cockrane, commonly called the Rt. Hon. Lord Cockrane, (eldest son and heir apparent of Archibald Earl of Dundonald) a Captain in the Royal Navy, Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, APRIL 29.

Extract of a Letter from Admiral Lord Gambier, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels employed in the Channel Soundings, &c. to the Hon. Wm. Wellesley Pole, dated on board the *Caledonia*, in Basque Roads, the 16th instant.

It has blown violently from the southward  
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and westward since the departure of the *Impériuse*, which has rendered it impracticable to act in any way with the small vessels or boats of the fleet against the enemy.

I have the satisfaction to observe this morning, that the enemy have set fire to their frigate (*L'Indienne*); and that the ship of the line, which is aground at the entrance of the River, (supposed to be the *Regulus*) there is every reason to believe will be wrecked.

Transmitted by Admiral Lord Gambier, to the Hon. W. W. Pole.

His Majesty's ship *Arethusa*, off Bilbao  
SIR,  
20th March.

I have the pleasure of acquainting you, for the Commander-in-chief's information, that on the 15th instant, at day-break in the morning, a party of seamen and marines belonging to this ship were landed under the command of the First Lieutenant, Mr. Hugh Pearson, and Lieutenant Scott of the Marines, and destroyed upwards of twenty heavy

guns mounted on the batteries at Lequito, defended by a detachment of French soldiers, a sergeant and twenty of whom were made prisoners, who, on our people forcing the guard-house in the principal battery, threw down their arms, and begged for quarter; the rest of their comrades effected their escape by running for it.

This little affair was conducted by Lieut. Pearson, with that boldness and promptitude which generally commands success, to which I attribute our having only three men wounded, notwithstanding a quick fire of musketry for some time from the battery and guard-house as our people advanced. A small chaloupe, laden with brandy, was found in the harbour and brought away.

The following day, having received information of two *chassé mares* being up the River Andaro, laden with brandy for the French army in Spain, in the evening the same party was again landed, who found them aground, about four miles up, with their cargoes on board, which were destroyed; but the vessel appearing to be Spanish property, and forcibly seized on to carry those supplies, were restored to their owners.

On the 20th, Lieutenant Elms Steele, with a party, destroyed the guns at Baugnio, and captured a small vessel laden with Marmow, which had run in there for security, from St. Andero bound to Bayonne; whilst Lieutenant Fennel, of the Marines, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, the Purser, and a boat's crew, ascended the mountain and destroyed the signal posts.

The same evening Lieutenant Pearson, with the officers and men who were with him at Laquito, took possession of the batteries at the town of Paisance without opposition, and destroyed the guns; the small parties of the enemy stationed at these places retiring as our people approached.

I am, &c.

(Signed) R. MENDES.

To Charles Adams, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship *Resistance*.

Transmitted to Sir Edward Pellew, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the East Indies, to the Honourable Wm. Wellesley Pole.

Modeste, Off Sandshead,  
Oct. 9, 1808.

SIR,

I have great satisfaction in acquainting your Excellency of his Majesty's ship *Modeste*, under my command, having last night captured *La Jena*, French National corvette, pierced for 24 guns, but only 18 on board, and complement 150 men, commanded by Mons. Morice, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, after a chase of nine hours, and a running action of nearly one hour, (from it being but a light breeze, which enabled her to keep her distance with her sweeps) when she struck, a complete wreck in her sails and rigging; she had cut away her bows and booms, and

thrown three guns overboard, in the chase. We received no damage to signify, but the loss of Mr. Wm. Donovan, (the Master) a very valuable and gallant officer, unfortunately killed, and one seaman wounded. *La Jena* has not received any material damage in her hull; she sails well, and appears a very fit vessel for his Majesty's service. She had been four months from the Isle of France, and taken the *Jennet* of Madras, and the *Swallow* of Penang; the first she sunk, the latter was in sight during the chase, but sailing very well, got out of sight to leeward before *La Jena* was taken, and we have not been fortunate enough to see her since.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE ELLIOT,

[The much-talked-of Order of Council, respecting in some measure the one of the 11th of November 1807, appears in this Gazette. It states, that on the north west side of the Continent the interdiction shall not extend beyond the Ems; neutrals, therefore, may now trade to Hamburgh, Cuxhaven, Tonnungen, and other ports in the North Sea; they may also trade to the Baltic, if the French and Russian Governments will permit them. On the southern side of the Continent, the interdiction of commerce is taken off all the ports of Italy, as high up as Orbitello on the western coast, and Pesaro on the eastern side of that peninsula.—These include the kingdom of Naples and the Pope's territories, and of course neutrals may trade to them; but they are prohibited from trading with the part of Italy north of Orbitello and Pesaro, called the kingdom of Italy, including the ports of Venice and Leghorn, against which, and all the ports of France and Holland, the Orders in Council remain in force, and under a strict blockade.—Neutrals captured subsequent to the date of this new regulation under the authority of the former Orders, are to be released.]

SATURDAY, MAY 6.

[This Gazette contains a letter from Captain Brisbane, of the *Belle Poule*, to Lord Collingwood, informing his Lordship of his having fallen in with, and captured, the French frigate *Le Var*, in the gulph of Valona. She surrendered after a few broadsides; is pierced for 32 guns, but had only 22 nine-pounders and four 24-pounder carronades mounted, commanded by Capitaine de Frigate Paulin, with a complement of 200 men, from Corin, destined to any port in Italy she could reach. The *Belle Poule* sustained no loss whatever; that of the enemy could not be ascertained, as the greater part of her officers and ship's company took the opportunity of getting on shore the moment the ship struck. *Le Var* is but two years off the stocks, copper, and copper-fastened, and 300 tons burthen.

Also, a letter to his Lordship from Captain Mordaunt, of the *Amphion*, stating his having



captured a French armed brig, mounting six guns, and a trabaccolo, which were employed in transporting troops from Zara to the coast of Italy.

Likewise, a letter from Captain Maxwell, of his Majesty's sloop *Royalist*, stating his having captured la *Princesse* French privateer, of 16 guns and 50 men, off Dieppe.

Rear-admiral Sir Richard Strachan has transmitted to the Hon. W. W. Pole, two letters from Lieutenant Samuel Burgess and Joshua L. Rowe, commanding his Majesty's gun-vessels the *Pincher* and *Centor*: the former, giving an account of the capture, near the Watt Sand, of a Danish privateer, mounting one carriage gun and four swivels, and a galiot laden with deals, by the boats of the *Pincher* and *Basilisk*, under the command of Sub-lieutenant William Woolcock, of the *Pincher*: the latter stating the capture, in the river Ems, of a Danish privateer, mounting one long gun and four swivels, by the boats of the *Censor* and *Bresdrageren*, commanded by Sub-lieutenant G. Anderson, of the latter.

#### ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 13.

*Extract of a Letter from Captain Harward, of his Majesty's Sloop the Porthian, to Admiral Young, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships at Plymouth, and transmitted by him to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated at Sea, the 5th instant.*

On the 2d inst. in lat. 45 N. long. 9 W. a brig was discerned in the west, and from the description previously received, soon made out to be la *Nouvelle Gironde*, the noted privateer of Bourdeaux: which vessel, I am happy to acquaint you, was captured after a chase, in light winds, of 36 hours, owing to the unremitting, exceeding great, and determined exertions of every individual on board, who perseveringly continued to labour hard at the sweeps nearly the whole chase. La *Nouvelle Gironde* is a fine copper-fastened brig, commanded by Mons. Leconte, mounting four 12 and ten 4-pounders, with a complement of 86 men (53 on board), out 45 days.—In the capture of such a scourge to the trade, I cannot but feel gratified; particularly as she has been chased during this last cruise by 12 different men of war, none of which, by the prisoners' accounts, had the smallest chance of nearing her.

[This Gazette contains a Proclamation, revoking the Order in Council of the 13th of May, 1807, for laying an embargo, and seizing all ships and vessels belonging to the subjects of the Grand Signor, or bearing the flag of the Ottoman empire.]

MAY 20.

*Copy of a Letter transmitted by Vice-admiral Sir J. Saunarez.*

*H. M. S. Melpomene, in the Sleeve,*

SIR,

May 1.

I beg leave to acquaint you, that having

chased a Danish man of war cutter, of six guns, and apparently quite new, on shore at Huilbo (a harbour in Jutland), and anchored H. M. S. in 19 feet water, the boats were sent under the direction of Lieutenants Plumridge and Rennie, who succeeded in boarding and destroying her, with some other vessels, under a most tremendous fire. The immense crowds of the enemy exposed to the fire of the *Melpomene*, and that of her launch's carromide, leaves me good reason to suppose their loss must be very considerable. Ours is confined to Lieutenant George Rennie and five men wounded in the boats, but more might have been expected from the severe and galling fire altogether directed on them. I cannot close this letter without expressing how much Lieutenants Plumridge and Rennie are to be admired, with every officer and man, for their zealous and gallant conduct on this occasion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) PETER PARKER, Captain.

[Commodore Owen has transmitted to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, a letter from Captain Dolling, of H. M. sloop the *Trompeuse*, giving an account of his having, on the 15th instant, in company with the *Badger* sloop, fallen in with eleven of the enemy's gun-sloops, standing to the eastward from Boulogne. On the approach of H. M. sloops, the enemy endeavored to put into Ambletense; but three of the vessels having overshot that harbour, were obliged to go round Cape Grisnez, and were attacked in the night by the boats of the *Trompeuse* and *Badger*, under the direction of Lieutenant Strong, of the former; two of them, mounting two long 6-pounders and two howitzers, with 15 men each, were boarded and brought out under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries and musketry on the beach, and the third was driven amongst the rocks, where she appeared to be rendered useless. One person belonging to the *Trompeuse* was slightly wounded; the enemy had two wounded, and six threw themselves into the water.]

#### ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 23, 1809.

Rear-Admiral Sir A. Cochrane has transmitted a Letter to the Honourable W. W. Pole, dated on board the *Neptune*, *Nona Passage*, April 17, announcing the escape of the *L'Orient* squadron, from the Saints, with the exception of the *La Hautpoul*, a new 74, which was captured by the *Pompee*—The Admiral states, that according to a plan formed in conjunction with Geo. Beckwith, for the reduction of all the Saints, and if possible, to secure the French squadron lying there, Major-Gen. Maitland, with a body of troops, debarked on the 13th ult; and on the same day, two howitzers and mortars began to play upon the enemy. Information was at the same time received that one ship of the line had weighed her anchors, but that the others did not appear to be pre-

paring for sea. From the local situation of the Saints, which have three passages, the enemy could escape through, and these being situated in different directions, the Admiral's task of guarding with five ships of the line, so as to bring an equal force to meet the enemy at either point, was rendered peculiarly difficult. At half-past nine in the evening, the concerted signal was made for the enemy's ships having put to sea; but the signals were for their having gone both to windward and to leeward of the Islands, the two frigates proceeding one way, and the three line-of-battle ships the other. When day-light approached, they were clearly discovered, and every endeavour used to come up with them, the Pompee and Neptune being the only battle-ships in company, and the frigate not joining until the following day. The superiority of the enemy's sailing, left little chance for the Neptune getting up, unless some of the ships were disabled, and if any accident had happened to the Pompee's masts, they must inevitably have all escaped; the Admiral therefore directed Captain Fahie to endeavour to cripple the sternmost ship, without bringing on the collected fire of the three, then in line-a-breast. In this attempt he was most gallantly supported by Captain Napier, of his Majesty's sloop Recruit, who kept close up, although fired at from all their stern chase guns, and did every thing that was possible to be done to cut away the enemy's masts and rigging, and continued on this service during the whole chase, which lasted until this morning at half-past three, when Le D'Hautpout was brought to action by the Pompee and Castor, as will more fully appear by Captain Fahie's Letter, here inclosed.

[The Admiral then bestows great praise on Captain Fahie for his skill and bravery,—states his having detached the York and Captain with two frigates and a sloop of war to the Northward, to endeavour to intercept the enemy's two ships that escaped—and announces his having appointed Capt. Napier to the command of the prize (now named the Abercrombie) until their Lordships' pleasure is known.]

*H. M. S. Pompee, April 17, 1809,  
Cape Royo, Porto Rico, N. E. by  
N. seven or eight leagues.*

SIR,

Having, in obedience to your orders, communicated to me by telegraph at five P. M. on the 14th inst. proceeded under the Lower Saint, for the purpose of watching the enemy's motions, should they attempt to escape from thence to the northward, I observed soon after nine o'clock the signal from the small ships and brigs made in shore, under the orders of Capt. Cameron, of the Hazard, that the enemy had put to sea; those signals were repeated to you; and at 40 minutes after nine o'clock, the Lower Saint bearing east, about

a mile and a half, I distinctly saw three large ships coming down under all sail, and followed by the Hazard and several others of the in-shore squadron, with the signal for their being the enemy. At ten o'clock, I closed up with the sternmost ship, and endeavoured to stop her, by the discharge of two broadsides; but being under a press of sail, and a strong breeze, steering away W. S. W. she succeeded in crossing us, without returning our fire. At this moment, the Neptune was seen in the S. W. standing towards us with all sail, and as you hailed me soon after, and joined in the pursuit, it is unnecessary for me to touch on any of the occurrences on board this ship from that period until five o'clock P. M. of the 15th inst. at which hour we entirely lost sight of the Neptune from the mast-head; the Latona and Castor then in company, and one of the enemy's ships about three miles ahead, steering away N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N.—Our exertions to close her continued unremitted. Just before sunset, the high land of Porto Rico was then bearing N. N. E. about nine leagues. The night shut in extremely dark; and as we drew in with the land, we were baffled with light and variable winds from the northward and westward, but fortunately never for a moment lost sight of the enemy. At half-past three A. M. the Castor succeeded in getting within shot of him, and soon after begun a smart cannonade, which was immediately returned by the enemy, who, in yawing to bring his guns to bear, gave me an opportunity of ranging up abreast of him. At four o'clock, I brought him to close action, and continued hotly engaged with, and constantly nearing him, until a quarter past five, when both ships being complete wrecks in their rigging and sails, and within their own lengths of each other, the Pompee nearly unmanoeuvrable, and the enemy entirely so, she surrendered.

I must here, Sir, express my obligations to Captains Pigot and Roberts, of his Majesty's ships Latona and Castor, for their attention during the chase, and their spirited efforts to afford me their support in the battle. The latter, as I have already stated, had a partial opportunity of doing so; and I am assured that the want of opportunity alone, prevented my receiving it equally from the former.—And it may not be improper here, Sir, to go back to the occurrences of the 15th inst. in order to express my admiration of the gallant conduct of Capt. Napier, of his Majesty's brig the Recruit, in keeping within the fire of the stern-chasers of three sail of the line throughout that day, and constantly annoying them with his.—To the officers and crew of his Majesty's ship under my command, my warmest thanks are due, for their unabated and cheerful exertions throughout so long and anxious a chase, and for their steady and gallant conduct during the action; to Mr. W. Bone, the first lieutenant, I must particularly offer them. The captured ship is the D'Hautpout, of 74 guns, commanded by Capt. Armand Le Due,



chevalier of the legion of honour, with a crew of 680 men; between 80 and 90 of whom were killed and wounded, including several officers. She is a perfectly new ship, never at sea until she quitted L'Orient in February last.

I have, &c.

(Signed) W. C. FAHIE.

[The Pompee had 9 killed and 30 wounded, among the latter, are Capt. Fahie, 1st Lieut. Bone, and Lieut. Atkins, royal marines. The Neptune, 1 killed and 4 wounded. The Castor, 1 killed and 6 wounded.—The Recruit, 1 (serjeant of mines) wounded.]

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,  
MAY 25.

DOWNING-STREET, MAY 24.

*A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, was received this evening, from Lieut. Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, by Viscount Castlereagh.*

MY LORD, Oporto, May 12, 1809.

I had the honour to apprise your lordship, on the 7th inst. that I intended that the army should march on the 9th from Coimbra, to dispossess the enemy of Oporto. The advanced guard and the cavalry had marched on the 7th, and the whole had halted on the 8th, to afford time for Marshal Beresford with his corps to arrive upon the Upper Douro. The infantry of the army was formed into three divisions for this expedition, of which two, the advanced guard, consisting of the Hanoverian Legion and Brig.-Gen. Stewart's brigade, with a brigade of six-pounders, and a brigade of three-pounders, under Lieut.-Gen. Paget, and the cavalry under Lieut.-Gen. Payne, and the brigade of Guards; Brig.-Gen. Campbell's and Brig.-Gen. ———'s brigades of infantry, with a brigade of six-pounders, under Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, moved by the high road from Coimbra to Oporto, and one composed of Major-Gen. Hill's and Brig.-Gen. Cameron's brigades of infantry, and a brigade of six-pounders, under the command of Major-Gen. Hill, by the road from Coimbra to Aveiro.

On the 10th in the morning, before daylight, the cavalry and advanced guard crossed the Vouga, with the intention to surprise and cut off four regiments of French cavalry, and a battalion of infantry and artillery, cantoned in Albergaria Nova and the neighbouring villages, about eight miles from that river, in the last of which we failed; but the superiority of the British cavalry was evident throughout the day; we took some prisoners and their cannon from them, and the advanced guard took up the position of Oliveira. On the same day, Major-Gen. Hill, who had embarked at Aveiro on the evening of the 9th, arrived at Ovar, in the rear of the enemy's right; and the head of Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke's division passed the Vouga on the same evening.

On the 11th, the advanced guard and ca-

valry continued to move on the high road towards Oporto, with Major-Gen. Hill's division in a parallel road, which leads to Oporto from Ovar. On the arrival of the advanced guard at Vantas Novas, between Souto Rolondo and Grijon, they fell in with the outposts of the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of about 4000 infantry, and some squadrons of cavalry, strongly posted on the heights above Grijon, their front being covered by woods and broken ground. The enemy's left flank was turned by a movement well executed by Major-Gen. Murray, with Brig.-Gen. Langworth's brigade of the Hanoverian Legion, while the 16th Portuguese regiment of Brig.-Gen. R. Stewart's brigade attacked their right; and the riflemen of the 95th, and the flank companies of the 29th, 43d, and 52d of the same brigade, under Major Way, attacked the infantry in the woods and villages in their centre. These attacks soon obliged the enemy to give way; and the Hon. Brig.-Gen. C. Stewart led two squadrons of the 16th and 20th dragoons, under the command of Major Blake, in pursuit of the enemy, and destroyed many, and took many prisoners.

On the night of the 11th, the enemy crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge over that river. It was important, with a view to the operations of Marshal Beresford, that I should cross the Douro immediately; and I had sent Major-Gen. Murray in the morning with a battalion of the Hanoverian Legion, a squadron of cavalry, and two six-pounders, to endeavour to collect boats, and, if possible, to cross the river at Ovinas, about four miles above Oporto; and I had as many boats as could be collected, brought to the ferry, immediately above the towns of Oporto and Villa Nova. The ground on the right bank of the river at this ferry, is protected and commanded by the fire of cannon, placed on the height of the Serra Convent at Villa Nova, and there appeared to be a good position for our troops on the opposite side of the river, till they should be collected in sufficient numbers. The enemy took no notice of our collection of boats, or the embarkation of the troops, till after the first battalion (the Buffs) were landed, and had taken up their position under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Paget on the opposite side of the river. They then commenced an attack upon them, with a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of Marshal Soult, which that corps most gallantly sustained, till supported successively by the 48th and 66th regiments, belonging to Major-Gen. Hill's brigade, and a Portuguese battalion, and afterwards by the first battalion of detachments belonging to Brig.-Gen. R. Stewart's brigade.

Lieutenant-Gen. Paget was unfortunately wounded soon after the attack commenced, when the command of these gallant troops devolved upon Major-Gen. Hill. Although

the French made repeated attacks upon them, they made no impression, and at last Major-Gen. Murray having appeared on the enemy's left flank, on his march from Ovatre, where he had crossed, and Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, who by this time had availed himself of the enemy's weakness in the town of Oporto, and had crossed the Douro at the ferry between the towns of Villa Nova and Oporto, having appeared upon the right with the brigade of guards, and the 29th regiment, the whole retired in the utmost confusion towards Amaranthe, leaving behind them five pieces of cannon, eight ammunition tumbrils, and many prisoners. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded in this action has been very large, and they have left behind them in Oporto 700 sick and wounded. Brig.-Gen. the Hon. C. Stewart then directed a charge by a squadron of the 14th dragoons, under the command of Major Hervey, who made a successful attack on the enemy's rear guard.

In the different actions with the enemy, of which I have above given your lordship an account, we have lost some, and the immediate services of other very valuable officers and soldiers. In Lieut.-Gen. Paget, among the latter, I have lost the assistance of a friend, who had been most useful to me in the few days which had elapsed since he had joined the army. He had rendered a most important service at the moment he received his wound in taking up the position which the troops afterwards maintained, and in bearing the first brunt of the enemy's attack. Major Hervey also distinguished himself at the moment he received his wound in the charge of the cavalry on this day. I cannot say too much in favour of the officers and troops. They have marched in four days over 80 miles of the most difficult country, have gained many important positions, and have engaged and defeated three different bodies of the enemy's troops.

[Sir Arthur then recommends to the particular attention of his lordship the services of Lieut.-Gen. Paget, Major-Generals Murray and Hill, Brig.-Gen. C. Stewart, Lieut.-Gen. Sherbrooke, Lieut.-Col. Delaney, and Captain Mellish, of the 10th; and of Col. Duckworth, Lieut.-Col. Drummond, Major C. Campbell, Brigade Major Fordyce, Captains Corry and Hill, of the 11th; as well as Majors Way, Blake, Murray and Hervey; Quarter-Master Colonel Murray, Lieut.-Col. Bathurst, and all the officers of his personal staff. The exemplary bravery of the Buffs, 48th, 66th, 29th, 43d, and 52d regiments, with the 16th and 20th light dragoons, are also mentioned in high terms of commendation.]

I send this despatch by Captain Stanhope, whom I beg to recommend to your lordship's protection; His brother, the Hon. Major Stanhope was unfortunately wounded by a

sabre whilst leading a charge of the 16th light dragoons, on the 10th inst.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLISLET.

*Abstract of Killed Wounded and Missing of the Army under Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, in Action with the advanced Posts of the French Army at Albergaria Nova, 10th May, 1809.*—None killed; 1 major, 2 rank and file, wounded: 1 rank and file, missing.—Total 4.—*Officer Wounded*, Hon. Major C. Stanhope, 16th dragoons, slightly in the shoulder.

*Abstract of Killed, Wounded, and Missing, in the Army under the Command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, in the action on the Heights of Grijon, 11th May.*—19 killed, 63 wounded, 14 missing. Total, 96.—*Officers Killed and Wounded*, 16th light dragoons, Captain Sweetman, wounded slightly; Lieut. Tomkinson, severely. 1st Batt. detachments, Captain Owens, 38th foot, wounded; Lieut. Woodgate, 52d foot, severely wounded. 1st batt. King's German Legion, Capt. Delanring, killed. 2d ditto, Captain Langrelin, severely wounded. Rifle corps King's German Legion, Lieut. Lotters, wounded.

*Abstract of Killed, Wounded, and Missing, in the Army under Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, in Action with the French Army under the Command of Marshal Soult, in the passage of the Douro, on the 12th May.*—23 rank and file, killed; 2 general and staff officers, 3 majors, 2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 1 sergeant, 65 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file, missing. Total, 23 killed, 96 wounded, 2 missing—121.

*Names of Officers Killed, Wounded, and Missing.*—Lieutenant-general Paget, lost his arm, but doing well.—Captain Hill, aide-de-camp to General Hill, slightly.—14th light dragoons, Major Hervey lost his right arm, but doing well; Captain Hawker and Lieutenant Knight, slightly.—3d foot, Lieutenant Monaghan, slightly.—48th foot, 2d battalion, Major Erskine, slightly.—66th foot, 2d battalion, Major Murray, severely in the arm: Captain Binning, slightly.—Royal engineers, First Lieutenant Hamilton, severely.

*Oporto, May 13, 1809.—Return of Ordnance, Ammunition, Carriages, and Ordnance Stores, &c. &c. taken in the Arsenal of Quatieria St. Oviedo, on the 12th May, 1809.*

Brass guns French, the carriages broken to pieces: ten 12-pounders, twelve 8-pounders, eighteen 4-pounders, sixteen 3-pounders.—Brass howitzers French, one carriage good: two 8-inch, one 6-inch.—French caissons, 4 serviceable, 36 unserviceable.—3,000 whole barrels of English gunpowder.—300,000 English musket cartridges.—Round shot, 2,000 nine-pounders, 256 18-pounders,



503 12-pounders, 650 eight-pounders, 580 four-pounders, 200 three-pounders.—Shells, 400 6 inch, 600 flannel-cartridges.—Case shot, 126 6-inch howitzers.—Wheels good, 8 guns, 30 howitzers, 18 carts.—60 hand-spikes, 12 tarpaulins, 3,000 French flints, to

slow matches, 100 sponges, and 30 copper ladles.

G. HOWARTH,

Brig.-gen. Royal Horse Artillery.

ERRATUM in p. 318, col. 2.—In the postscript to Lord Gambier's letter, for Lieut. Bisset, read Lieut. Bissell.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

**T**HE Austrians commenced the war under the most promising circumstances; they had compelled the enemy to resign Munich, occupied Barenth, Nurenburch, &c. and had made a successful irruption into the Tyrol.

A sanguinary battle, however, which totally changed the face of affairs, commenced on the 19th, and continued to the 23d. ult.; when victory was achieved by one of those bold and fortunate manœuvres which have generally succeeded with Buonaparte. He penetrated between the right wing and centre of the Austrian army, directed almost the whole of his force against the former, and by an unremitting succession of furious attacks finally overwhelmed and destroyed it.—The battle was fought near Ratisbon, on the right bank of the Danube. The Prince of Lichtenstein was mortally wounded: and upwards of twenty Austrian Generals were either killed or wounded.

A Dutch paper announced the fatal intelligence of the French having obtained a complete victory over the Austrians, in the following telegraphic communication:—

"Paris, April 25, Half-past Six in the Evening.—The French army, after completely defeating the Austrians, has taken 25,000 prisoners, a great number of cannon, and standards. A number of Generals are killed and wounded. The enemy is in full retreat, and is vigorously pursued.—

(True Copy.) "CHAPPE."

The Austrians entered Warsaw on the 19th ult.

The Dutch papers, which we have received to the 24th instant, state, that Buonaparte entered Vienna on the 12th. The Emperor of Austria, it is said, has already sued for Peace, which, according to the same accounts, has been rejected.

Private letters from Holland add, that Buonaparte's answer was, that the Emperor Francis must now be content with reigning in Hungary only; that he must for ever resign all his other states; and that Joseph Napoleon, (whom he had refused to acknowledge as King of Spain) should be placed on the Throne of Austria.

Russia is stated to have declared war against Austria, and obtained a victory in Galicia.

The copy of an intercepted letter from the French Minister for foreign affairs, to Buonaparte in Spain, has been published: and

it shews, that the violation of the integrity of Austria was one of the subjects of conference at Erfurth, agreed upon by Alexander and Buonaparte.

Buonaparte has given the Duchy of Salzburg to the Hereditary Prince of Bavaria forgetting that

"The man who once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was killed in hunting  
him;"

for we do not believe that the Emperor of Austria has sued for peace; and although the enemy be in possession of his capital, his armies are still unbroken. It is said, he is gone to the head-quarters of the Archduke Charles, who was proceeding from Bohemia to the Austrian frontier.

From the Austrian accounts, we learn that the whole of the Tyrol is in the hands of the Imperialists; the people, assisted by Austrian troops, having risen in one general insurrection, and completely expelled the French and Bavarians.

Buonaparte has ordered the Marquis de Chastelar, an Austrian general, who has rendered great services in the Tyrol, to be tried and executed, if he shall be taken, as the leader of highway robbers!

Colonel Schill, a Prussian officer, appears to gain force, and is very active in his operations against the French in the North of Germany.

Capo d'Istria, a seaport near Trieste, in the Gulf of Venice, has been taken, in conjunction with a British force.

The entrance of the British army into Oporto, and the victories which preceded it, obtained over Marshal Soult by Sir Arthur Wellesley, are detailed in an Extraordinary Gazette, a copy of which is given in our preceding pages.

Soult, on entering Oporto, gave up the city to his troops to plunder for three days; vast numbers of the inhabitants were murdered, and the females violated.

Joseph Buonaparte has attempted to temporize with the Central Junta of Spain; in order, as he professes, to prevent the further ruin and desolation of the country. The Central Junta, viewing this proposal as an artifice to gain time till his brother has terminated the war in Austria, has rejected the overture.—The affairs of Spain wear a favourable aspect.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

APRIL 24.

**I**N the Court of King's Bench, a long pending trial of the right of the City of London to gauge all goods coming into the London Dock, was determined, by a sitting at Bar, against the City of London; the words of their charter, "the City and Liberties," being determined to extend only within the Bars of London. By this determination, the City of London, or rather the Lord Mayor for the time being, will lose a perquisite of 200 or 300*l.* a year.

MAY 10. Wm. Wigram, Esq. was elected by ballot a director of the East India Company, in the room of John Manship, resigned.

In the case of the Hon. Henry Wellesley v. Lord Paget, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, the plaintiff obtained in the Sheriff's Court 20,000*l.* damages. Mr. Garrow was the advocate for Mr. Wellesley, and Mr. Dallas counsel for Lord Paget. The latter furnished some specimens of modern sophistry; but they told nothing in favour of his client or of Lady Charlotte Wellesley. Lord Paget, it is to be remembered, has a wife and eight children; and lady Charlotte deserted an excellent husband and four children, to take up with his lordship.

14. A fire broke out at night, on board a vessel alongside the quay adjoining Billingsgate-dock, at a short distance from the water-edge. The flames extended to other vessels, and to the warehouses extending from the dock; the entire stack of which, at Ralph's quay up to Thames-street, were

destroyed. They were chiefly filled with bacon, butter tallow, hides, salt-petre, &c. The Margate hoy, *Britannia*, had her rigging and deck burnt. Two brigs, laden with butter and tallow, were completely consumed. Several vessels were seriously damaged, and a number of barges burnt. The fire is supposed to have been caused in the following manner:—A lamplighter imprudently struck his link, when burning, against a cask of spirits of turpentine, which, it would appear, must have been leaky, and the contents immediately took fire. A watchman then came to the lamplighter's assistance, and the cask was pushed forward with the view of rolling it into the Thames. It took a different direction, however, and fell into and set fire to a vessel lying alongside the wharf. The insurances in the various offices do not exceed 25,000*l.*, while the loss is estimated at near 70,000*l.* We are happy to say, that no lives were lost.

A Court Martial on Admiral Eliab Harvey has been held at Portsmouth, for using improper language to Lord Gambier, in consequence of Lord Cochrane having been appointed to attack the French fleet in Basque Roads.—*Dismissed from his Majesty's service.*

Dr. Randolph, the Bishop of Bangor, has been translated to London.

The minor canons of St. Paul's have been victors in their title cause with the parish of St. Gregory. The Lords have affirmed the decree of the Chancellor with 150*l.* costs.

## BIRTHS.

**T**HE Countess of Selkirk, of a son and heir.—At the family-seat of Castle-Martyr, the Countess of Shannon, of a son and heir.—At Hampstead, the lady of Germain Lavie, Esq. of a daughter, her 11th child.—The lady of Captain Robinson, of the Royal Military College, High Wycombe, of a son and heir.—The Countess

of Pembroke, of a daughter.—At Bredwardine, Herefordshire, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hereford, of a son.—At Colchester, the lady of Lieutenant-colonel Birch, of a daughter.—Madame Catalani, of a son.—At Howick, in Northumberland, the Countess of Grey, of her fifth son, and tenth child.

## MARRIAGES.

**T**HE Rev. C. Phillott, student of Christ Church, Oxford, and rector of Kingston-Deverill, Wiltshire, to Frances, only daughter of Francis Pender, Esq. rear-admiral of the white, of Hardenhuish House, in the same county.—Thomas Erskine Sutherland, Esq. to Miss Highley, of Fleet-street.

\* \* ERRATUM in our last, among the Marriages (p. 327).—F. E. March, Esq. and Mr. Fitzgerald, are the same person; as are also Miss Jordan and Miss Ford: the former, the natural son of Lord Henry Fitzgerald; the latter, the natural daughter of the late Sir Richard Ford.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

**L**ATELY, at his seat, Brynhela, in Denbighshire, Gabriel Piozzi, Esq. husband of Mrs. Piozzi, the once justly-celebrated Mrs. Thrale.

April 9th. At his father's house, Wilmot-street, Brunswick-square, aged 23, Mr. Wil-

liam Hastings, late assistant-surgeon on the staff in Portugal. He had returned from thence, with the troops, to Remsgate, in perfect health; but in his great attention to the soldiers, he caught the Typhus fever, and died in a few days after.



17. At his house near Falmouth, Richard Bosanquet, Esq. (son of the late David Bosanquet, Esq.) He put a period to his existence at the advanced age of 74, by discharging a loaded pistol at his forehead. He appears, from the brains being scattered over the looking glass, and the blood sprinkled on the books lying on the table under the glass, and other circumstances, to have quitted his fire-side, and to have placed himself in front of the glass, for the greater certainty of fixing the pistol in the most fatal part. The ball entered his forehead, and took a diagonal direction, and it is supposed to be lodged near his back, as it never came out. An inquest was taken the following day before Pearce Rogers, Esq. the coroner, and a respectable Jury; who, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of *Lunacy*.

18. At Ashford, Kent, Mr. Wall, an eminent grazier, in the 71st year of his age.

19. At Stockton-upon-Tees, aged 43, Edward Brown, Esq. — At Cheshunt, Mrs. Taylor, wife of Mr. William Taylor, formerly of St. Paul's-Church-Yard.

20. At Prestwich, near Manchester, Mrs. Barnett wife of the Rev. William Barnett. — At Fulham, Mrs. Newborth, wife of John Henry Newborth, Esq. one of the ladies of her majesty's bed chamber.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Hunter, of Barjarg, professor of divinity. — The lady of Sir Gabriel Powell, of Heathfield, near Swansea.

22. Mr. Ricketts, who fought a duel at Lemon Common, Herts, on Thursday se'n-night, with a Mr. Wright, and who was wounded in the thigh. He died in consequence of a mortification, having refused to have the limb amputated.

23. At Paddington-green, the Right Honourable Charles Francis Greville, second brother to the Earl of Warwick. — At South Lambeth, Mrs. Mary Belfour, relict of John Belfour, Esq.

24. At London-street, Fitzroy-Square, the Rev. Dr. Donald Grant, in the 72d year of his age. — At Walthamstow, Philip Metcalfe, Esq. late of West-ham, Essex. — Mrs. Harriet Howard, of St. James's-place, widow of William Augustus Howard, Esq. F. R. S.

25. Suddenly, at her house in Hatton-garden, Mrs. Sarah Fasson, a maiden lady, aged 71. — The Right Honourable the lady Lucy Elizabeth Smith Stanley, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby, at his Lordship's house, the Oaks, Surry. — At Litchfield, aged 71, the Rev. James Falconer, D.D. Archdeacon of Derby, Divinity-Lecturer, a prebendary of gala minor in the cathedral church of Litchfield, rector of Thorpe-Constantine, in the county of Stafford, and vicar of Lullington, Derbyshire. — In London-street, Fitzroy-square, George Sewell, Esq.

26. At St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-within, Mr. George Griffin, many years organist of the said parish. — Mrs. Selby, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, relict of the late Thomas Selby, of Biddleston, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. — Age 18, Miss Bradshaw, of Yarwell, near Wansford. She had been abruptly informed of the death of a younger brother at Crowland (who had been on a visit to her a few days before); which had such an effect upon her, as to occasion her death a few hours afterwards. — In Cavendish-square, of a complaint in his bowels, William Tuffnell, Esq. aged 40.

27. At Walworth, Mr. Alexander Pope, aged 70, the last 36 of which he spent in the service of the firm now known as Angerstein and Rivaz. — At Lexdon, near Colchester, Charles Alexander Crickett, Esq.

28. In the harbour of Deal, in the 18th year of his age, Mr. James Murray Clapham, midshipman and master's-mate of the brig Pandora, only son of the Reverend S. Clapham, M.A. rector of Gussage St. Michael, Dorset, and vicar of Christchurch. — On Clapton-terrace, after a few hours illness, Richard Eaton, Esq. aged 80, formerly, and for many years master of the academy, Tower-street. — Lady M. G. Moredyth, relict of Sir R. Moredyth, Bart. — At Wincanton, Somerset, William Webb, Esq. late of the King's-Bench Office, Temple. — In Lansdown-place, Bath, Mrs. Stephens, relict of the late Samuel Stephens, Esq. of Fregenna-Castle, in the county of Cornwall.

30. At Horsey, Mrs. Milner, wife of J. Milner, Esq. of his majesty's customs. — In York-place, Portman-square, Henry, the eldest son of L. Evelyn, Esq. M.P. — At Baston-house, Kent, the daughter of James Randall, Esq. and early on the following morning his lady was safely delivered of a son. — At Doncaster, aged 28, Isabella, wife of the Reverend Richard Hawksworth, and daughter of the late Sir Michael Pakington, Bart. of Chevel. — At Hill, near Southampton, Capt. Sampson Baker, late in the Honourable East-India Company's service, in the 52d year of his age. — The celebrated pugilistic hero, Henry Pearce, alias the Game Chicken, and once the Champion of England. His fighting career was put an end to, by a complaint of the lungs, brought on by dissipated habits, and which at length brought on his dissolution. The title of champion of England has, from time to time, been bestowed on various candidates for pugilistic fame; but certainly it was never more justly bestowed than on the person in question; for in the numerous contests in which he has been engaged, he never was obliged to yield the palm of victory. Pearce was a native of Bristol, which has, of late years, been so celebrated for

producing heroes. He was about 30 years of age, stout and athletic in appearance, from 5 feet 9 to 10 inches high. Although a professor of boxing, he never was involved in pot-house brawls, or casual *rencontres*.

May 1. At his father's house, in Leicestershire, Mr. Joseph Wright, Printer, late of St. John's-square. — At Orleton, in Shropshire, of a rapid decline, William Cludde, jun. Esq. youngest son of W. Cludde, Esq. and late Captain of his majesty's regiment of Royal Horse-Guards (Blue), and Aid-de-camp to General Leighton. — Mrs. Elizabeth Guy, of Salisbury-place, New-road, Paddington, aged 70 years.

2. In Berner's-street, the lady of Robert Gregory, Esq. — In Berner's-street, J. Royer, Esq. formerly of the treasury. — William Beardmore, Esq. of Owen's-place, Goswell-street-road.

3. At Galway, in consequence of being rode over by two boys. Mr. McDonough, auctioneer. — At Brompton, in the 73d year of his age, Henry Barford, Esq. He, in early life, was a fellow-apprentice with the late Mr. Christie, and succeeded Mr. Langford as an Auctioneer in the premises at present occupied by Messrs. Robins, of Covent-garden. Upon quitting business, Mr. Barford, being highly respected and esteemed by the tax commissioners in St. Martin's parish, was appointed their secretary, a situation which, for 25 years, he filled with integrity, fidelity, and attention.

As a melancholy coincidence, Mr. Winfield, the apothecary in St. Martin's-lane, died on Monday; he was the intimate friend of Mr. Barford, nearly of the same age, and was taken ill about the same time.

4. Mrs. North, of Aldermanbury-postern. — In Dean-street, Mrs. Bullock, wife of Mr. Bullock, and mother to Mrs. Vaughan. — At her house in Dulwich, Mrs. Wright, widow of the late alderman.

5. Mr. J. Richardson, printer, late of Berwick-upon-tweed. — Of a decline, in the 50th year of his age, James, son of Mr. John Mackie, of Walworth. — At his house, Tottenham-court-road, John Coppinger, Esq. master of the Report-Office, aged 76, sixty-one of which he was in that office.

6. At Banff, Captain David Canning, of the royal marines, aged 71. — James Dick, Esq. of Puthero. — At his house in Holborn, Mr. Daniel Wildman, honey and bee-merchant. — Southampton-place, Tottenham-court-road, John Mandell, Esq. aged 72 years.

7. In the 58th year of his age, the Rev. John Blackiston, rector of Little Barford, Bedfordshire. — At Chilham, in Kent, the Reverend Jarvis Kenrich, 47 years vicar of that parish. — Was buried at the parish church of Thwing, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, the widow Dawson, aged one hundred and seven years! She retained all her faculties to the time of her death, and was ill only one week.

8. At Exeter, aged 84, the Reverend Christopher Watkins, 55 years rector of Bradstone, Devonshire. — At Naas, in the county of Kildare, the Reverend J. J. Harrison.

9. In Merriam-square, Dublin, Doctor Plunket, an eminent physician, and brother of the Right Honorable W. C. Plunket, his majesty's late attorney-general in Ireland.

— Mrs. Shearman, late wife of Dr. Shearman, of New North-street, Red-lion-square, aged 42 years. — Suddenly, at Bath, Walsh Porter, Esq. The deceased had on the preceding evening desired his valet to order the post-chariot to be got in readiness by five o'clock on the following morning. The man attended his master's order, and on entering the room found him dead in his bed. The deceased had, for some time past, been labouring under a severe liver complaint; he was lately much recovered, and had formed a determination to return to London. His death is supposed to have been produced by the bursting of an abscess which had been formed in his liver.

10. At his sister's, Lady Dowager Spencer's house, in Jernyn-street, the Reverend Charles Poyntz, D. D. rector of North Creek, near Dussam, Norfolk, and a prebendary of Durham. — John Delme, Esq. of Cam's Hall, and Titchfield-house, Hants. — At Mile-end, suddenly, Mrs. Hall, wife of Stephen Hall, Esq. of Fenchurch-street, banker. — At Cam's, near Fareham, John Delme, Esq. in the 37th year of his age. — In Queen-street, May-fair, the lady of Christopher Cooke, Esq. of Ashgrove, in the county of Kent. — In Sloane street, Mrs. Pitcairn, in her 80th year.

11. At Clapham, Mrs. Hammond. — Mrs. Godwin, relict of the late Colonel Godwin, of Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire. — In the 62d year of his age, George Croft, D. D. formerly fellow of University College, Oxford, preacher of the Bampton Lectures in 1786, vicar of Archcliffe, and rector of Thwing, in the county of York, late head master of Brewood school, Staffordshire, and for the last 18 years lecturer of St. Martin's, in Birmingham. — To great classical learning, he added a considerable knowledge of the Hebrew, the Syriac, and some modern languages, and an extensive acquaintance with ecclesiastical law. He made himself known in the literary world, by several publications on Theology, Politics, and Ethics.

12. At Muswell-hill, Richard Hewitt, Esq. aged 49. — At Midgham-house, Berkshire, William Poyntz, Esq. aged 76. — William Brouncker, son of Lewis William Brouncker, Esq. of Pelham, Dorset.

13. Near Dorking, Surrey, Mr. George Birch, second son of Mr. Alderman Birch, of the City of London, in the 19th year of his age. — At his house in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, Doctor Hugh Kennedy, husband of the late celebrated actress of that



name.—At Gloucester, Frances, daughter of the late Reverend William Denison, D. D. principal of Magdalen Hall.

14. At his house at Fulham, aged 78, the Right Reverend Beilby Porteus, Lord Bishop of London, an official trustee of the British Museum, a governor of the Charterhouse, dean of the chapel royal, visitor of Sion College, and provincial dean of Canterbury. This pious and learned prelate was a native of Yorkshire. [See a Portrait and Memoir of him, in Vol. XXVIII. p. 219.]

—Daniel Garnault, of Bull's-cross, Enfield, Esq. aged 36.—At Poplar, Mr. Thomas Maule.—In Bulstrode-street, in the 56th year of his age, Edward Otto Jues, Esq. of Titchfield, in Hampshire, and formerly resident at Lucknow, in the service of the East-India company.—In Bedford-row, Mrs. Wilkinson, the lady of T. Wilkinson, Esq. banker, Gracechurch-street.—In Baker-street, Mrs. Biggin, who some years ago was one of the most beautiful women in the metropolis.—This lady was so attached to Colonel Montgomery, who a few years ago unfortunately fell in a duel, that she lived wholly in retirement from that period, till within the last fortnight.

15. In Great Coram-street, George Fisher, Esq.—In Norfolk-street, aged 82, Mrs. Debary, wife of the Rev. Peter Debary, Hurstborn Tarrant, Hants.

16. At Great Driffield, Yorkshire, Henry Edwards Rousby, Esq. in the 23d year of his age.—At Peterborough, Mr. Cooper, Comedian. He had just recovered from a long fit of illness, and walked to the bridge to congratulate his friends (belonging to Mr. Robertson's company) on their arrival from Wisbech; when he fell down and died immediately.—In his 21st year, Charles Graham, son of the late Charles Graham, Esq. of Fenchurch-buildings.—Mr. Nicholay, her majesty's principal page, at an advanced age, at his apartments in St. James's Palace.—Mr. N. attended her majesty to this country.—In the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Anna Maria Smart, of Reading, relict of Christopher Smart, M. A. of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, sister to the late Mr. Thomas Carnan, and upwards of 40 years principal proprietor of *The Reading Mercury* and *Oxford Gazette*.

17. S. Esdale, Esq. of lower Eaton-street, Pinlicko. While standing up, apparently in health, for his wife to brush his coat, he suddenly fell down dead.—Mr. Richard Thomas, a shoemaker of Plymouth, while walking on Mount Wise, burst a blood vessel, and expired in 20 minutes after.

18. At Islington, in the 85th year of his age, William Welby, Esq. of the Middle Temple.—In Lombard-street, Mr. William Eity, aged 68.

20. In Gloucester-place, George Clark, Esq. banker, Lombard-street.

21. At his house, Rosslyn, near Hampstead, Robert Milligan, Esq.

22. Mrs. Servante, of Newgate-street.

24. Robert Allen, Esq. one of the earliest and most expert of our charioteers. He caught a cold by being put into a damp bed at Epsom races.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

On board his majesty's ship the *Pompee*, at Martinique (a few days after the capture of that Island), of the yellow fever, Mr. Charles Harvey Hilliard, fifth son of Edward Hilliard, Esq. of Cowley-house, Middlesex.

—At the Brazils, Commodore Michell, son of Mr. Michell, late of Croftwest.—At Surinam, Mr. John Griggs, Surgeon, aged 21, son of James Griggs, Esq. Enfield.—At the Cape of Good Hope, Andrew Cassels, Esq. aged 38. He was appointed King's Advocate in 1806; since which, he has filled the situation of Supreme Judge of the Vice-admiralty Court.—At Berhampore, Bengal, Thomas Frederick Bevan, Esq. of the Civil Service, and Collector of Moorshedabad.—At Breda, Sir David Nicolson, Bart. He is succeeded in his title by Lieut.-colonel W. Nicolson, of the 72d regiment, Deputy Adjutant-general at Madras.

—Of a fever, Henry Yorke Martin, Cornet of Native Cavalry, Madras, son of the late Wm. Byam, Martin, Esq.—At Mahe, in the East Indies, John Strachey, Esq. Second Judge of Circuit and Appeal in the province of Malabar, and son of the Rev. Dr. Strachey, Archdeacon of Suffolk.—At Allipore, Major George Downie, commanding the Calcutta Militia.—At Nundy Droog, in the East Indies, Hugh B. McGhie, Esq. Captain in the 1st, or Royal regiment of Foot.—Died in Feb. last, on board his majesty's ship *Wanderer*, in the West Indies, in the 21st year of his age, Lieut. William White, of the Royal Navy, eldest son of A. W. White, Esq. of Surinam.—At Nassau, New Providence, in Oct. last, Mrs. Lydia Edwards, wife of the Hon. Peter Edwards, Esq. of the Bahama Islands. A correspondent adds, that the grief of her husband is inconsolable, that her virtuous example is apparent in the deportment of her numerous family, and that she is deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Can a better tribute be paid to her memory?

—At Cawnpore, in consequence of his horse falling with him, in a gallop, while the corps was at exercise, Lieut. A. W. Bureau, of the First Regiment of Native Cavalry.—At Fort William, Bengal, after an illness of a few days, aged, 19, Helen Philadelphia, the Lady of Captain James Grant, of his majesty's 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons, and daughter of the late Major-general Sir Eccles Nixon.

—At sea, a few days after leaving St. Helena, Captain Thomas Hudson, Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship the *Ceylon*.—At Alloo, the Rev. Thomas Waters, in the 74th year of his age, and 41st of his ministry there.

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MONTHLY STATE OF COMMERCE.

London, May 24, 1809.

It may have been objected to us, that we have sometimes indulged in Political, instead of Commercial Speculations, but when it is considered how nearly they are allied, it is next to an impossibility to separate them; for instance, can any one descant upon the destruction of the *Brest Fleet*, in *Basque Roads*, without auguring the benefits which commerce will derive therefrom; or mention those advantages, without praising the means, from which they arise; such as the wisdom which plans, and the gallantry which executes them; the connection being thus established, we shall occasionally take advantage of it; and vacillate from one to the other, as we may see occasion: to shew further how much the Commercial world is indebted to such measures, we may now add, the dispersion of the *L'Orient* squadron, and taking of one of them, by another *Cochrane*, in the *West Indies*, together with the great probability of the capture of the remainder, before they can arrive at any safe asylum. We have the pleasure also, this month of announcing the arrival of nine Ships, on account of the *East India Company*, viz. the *Surat Castle*, from *China*; the *Diana*, and *Ceylon*, from *Bengal*; the *Wexford*, *Ann*, and *Alexander*, from *Bombay*; the *Phoenix*, from *Madras*; and the *Preston*, and *Tygris*, for *Madras*, and *Bengal*. Such eminent success on our favourite element, should call forth the utmost gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all human events, for thus safely conducting our fleet to their native shores, while those of the enemy, are dispersed, and scattered over the whole face of the ocean.

We have been prevented from continuing our description of the trade with *Spain*, by the arrival of the *India fleet*, on account of the space which the insertion of their cargoes occupies; but our correspondent may rely upon its being resumed in the next number, agreeable to his request, and our promise.

The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the *East Indies* do hereby declare, that they will put up to sale, at their present March and ensuing September sales, besides those goods already declared, the undermentioned, viz.

PEPPER—Company's.....	Black.....	5,000 bags.
Ditto.....	White.....	340 ditto.
Private trade, &c.....	Black.....	480 ditto.
Ditto.....	White.....	6 ditto.

The above pepper will be put up to sale at 11d. per lb.

On Friday, September 1; prompt 15th December following.

Likewise, on Friday, July 7: prompt 6th October following.

Company's Cotton wool..... 3,000 bales, more or less.

Also, on Tuesday, July 18; prompt 13th of October following.

Company's Bengal raw silk..... 300 bales, more or less.

Privilege and private trade ditto.... 100 ditto, ditto.

Cargoes of the *Surat Castle*, from *China*; *Diana* and *Ceylon*, from *Bengal*; *Wexford*, *Ann*, and *Alexander*, from *Bombay*; *Phoenix*, from *Madras*; and the *Preston* and *Tygris*, from *Madras* and *Bengal*.

	Chests.	Half Chests.	Quarter Chests.	
Tea—Bohea.....	175	100	300	101,629 lbs.
Best Ditto.....			4,719	424,779 lbs.
Congou.....			3,248	295,424 ditto.
Twankay.....			649	51,969 ditto.
Singlo.....			2,495	197,689 ditto.
	175	100	11,411	1,071,490 lbs.

BENGAL PIECE GOODS.

Muslins of various descriptions, stitched and plain.....	3,488 pieces.
Calicoes..... ditto.....	37,691 ditto.
Prohibited goods.....	7,947 ditto.

MADRAS PIECE GOODS.

Muslins of various descriptions, stitched and plain.....	400 pieces.
Calicoes..... ditto.....	73,240 ditto.
Prohibited goods ditto.....	8,790 ditto.

COMPANY'S.

Cotton, 5,178 bales, 3 1/2 do.	1,846,425 lbs.
Saltpetre, 17,504 bags.....	22,059 cwt.
Mocha coffee; 1 ditto	
Sugar, 9,600 ditto.....	17,474 ditto.
Sun, 622 bales.....	1,655 ditto.
Hemp, 18 ditto.....	47 ditto.
Cochineal, 46 chests.....	9,200 lbs.

Rice, 1,776 bags

Raw silk, 351 bales..... 52,425 ditto.

PRIVILEGE.

Mungeet.....	73 chests.
Sal ammoniac.....	90 ditto.
Safflower.....	38 ditto.
Lamplac.....	9 ditto.
Indigo.....	251 ditto.
Cotton.....	676 bales.
Cotton thread.....	103 ditto.
Turmeric.....	85 chests.
Tinical.....	29
Hides.....	9
Gum arabic.....	62 chests.
Long pepper.....	75 bags.
Raw silk.....	15 bales.
Piece goods.....	64 ditto.
Coffee.....	1,285 bags.

Besides other parcels of goods, the particulars of which are not yet known.



## SALES OF WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

From April 18th to April 25th.

1,715 hogsheads, 123 casks sugar	from 62s. 0d.	to 75s. 0d. per cwt.
818 hogsheads, 45 casks, 2,348 bags Plantation		
coffee	from 73s. 6d.	to 124s. 0d. per cwt.
49 casks, 26 bags Jamaica ginger	from 80s. 0d.	to 120s. 0d. per cwt.
60 bags Barbadoes ginger		75s. 0d. per cwt.
50 bags pimento	from 11d.	to 12d. per lb.

From April 25th to May 2d.

996 hogsheads, 35 casks, 5,508 bags Plantation		
coffee	from 70s. 0d.	to 121s. 0d. per cwt.
261 $\frac{1}{2}$ serons Carracca indigo	from 4s. 1d.	to 8s. 10d. per lb.
15 casks, 5 bags Jamaica ginger	from 5l. 3s.	to 8l. 0s. per cwt.
100 bags pimento bonded	from 10d.	to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.

From May 2d to May 9th.

104 hogsheads, 3 casks clayed sugar	from 72s. 0d.	to 93s. 6d. per cwt.
1,246 hogsheads, 53 casks, 2,380 bags Plantation		
coffee	from 70s. 0s.	to 126s. 6d. per cwt.
523 bags pimento bonded	from 10d.	to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.
20 bags Barbadoes ginger	from 80s. 0d.	to 81s. 6d. per cwt.

From May 9th to May 16th.

127 hogsheads clayed sugar	from 69s. 0d.	to 91s. 6d. per cwt.
270 hogsheads, 31 casks Tobago and Granada		
sugar	from 63s. 0d.	to 69s. 0d. per cwt.
664 hogsheads, 34 casks, 2,248 bags Plantation		
coffee	from 70s. 0d.	to 122s. 0d. per cwt.
254 puncheons, 30 hogsheads Leeward Island rum	from 3s. 4d.	to 3s. 8d. per gall.
19 puncheons Jamaica rum		4s. 7d. per gall.

From May 16th to May 23d.

926 hogsheads, 53 casks St. Croix, Granada, To-		
bago, and St. Vincent's sugar	from 61s. 6d.	to 79s. 6d. per cwt.
1,051 hogsheads, 62 casks, 4,076 bags Plantation		
coffee	from 70s. 0d.	to 124s. 6d. per cwt.
174 bags bonded pimento	from 10d.	to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.
20 bags Barbadoes ginger	from 79s. 0d.	to 80s. 0d. per cwt.

Average price of brown or Muscovado sugar, exclusive of the duties payable thereon:

For the week ending April 26, was 40s. 0d. per cwt.

For the week ending May 3, was 41s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.For the week ending May 10, was 41s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.For the week ending May 17, was 41s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

## SALES OF AMERICAN PRODUCE.

From April 18th to April 25th.

584 bags Brazil rice	from 11s. 6d.	to 30s. 6d. per cwt.
80 Brazil hides		3s. per lb.
245 hogsheads Surinam sugar	from 62s. 0d.	to 68s. 6d. per cwt.

From April 25th to May 2d.

87 hogsheads Virginia tobacco, bonded	from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.
63 hogsheads ditto, stemmed	from 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	to 14d. per lb.
1,713 bags Brazil rice	from 24s. 0d.	to 35s. 0d. per cwt.

From May 2d to May 9th.

561 bags Brazil, Surinam, Berbice, and Demarara		
cotton	from 1s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	to 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.
45 barrels Carolina rice	from 34s. 6d.	to 36s. 6d. per cwt.
1,744 bags Brazil ditto	from 18s. 0d.	to 30s. 0d. per cwt.
116 hogsheads stemmed tobacco	from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.

From May 9th to May 16th.

60 hogsheads Berbice sugar	from 64s. 6d.	to 66s. 0d. per cwt.
2 casks Brazil indigo		2s. 6d. per lb.
309 bags Brazil rice	from 25s. 0d.	to 50s. 0d. per cwt.
5,918 Buenos Ayres horse hides	from 5s. 9d.	to 7s. 11d. per hide.
94 ditto		4s. per hide.

From May 16th to May 23d.

243 hogsheads Surinam and Demarara sugar	from 61s. 0d.	to 65s. 0d. per cwt.
230 bags Carracca, Berbice, and Surinam cotton	from 1s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	to 1s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.
1 cask pearl-ashes		60s. 0d. per cwt.

Alum, English - - - ton	£ 22 0 0 to 23 0 0	Ditto Dutch Crop - - -	ft. 5 0 0	6 0 0		
Anniseeds, Alicant - - - cwt.	7 18 0	8 5 0	Mahogany, Honduras - - -	ft. 0 1 4	0 1 0	
Ditto German - - -	4 10 0	5 0 0	Ditto Jamaica - - -	- - -	0 1 3	0 2 0
Ashes, American Pot - - -	3 0 0	3 15 0	Ditto Hispaniola - - -	- - -	0 1 8	0 2 3
Ditto Pearl - - -	2 18 0	4 1 0	Molasses - - -	cwt. 1 9 6	1 10 0	
Barilla, Carthagea - - -	3 4 0	3 6 0	Oak planks, Dantzic, - - -	4 & 3 inch } load	11 0 0	12 0 0
Ditto Sicily - - -	2 14 0	2 15 0	Oil, Lucca - 25 gal. jar	30 0 0	34 10 0	
Ditto Teneriffe - - -	2 15 0	2 16 0	Ditto Spermaceti - - - ton	99 0 0	103 0 0	
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt. L.	35 10 0	38 0 0	Ditto Whale, Greenland - - -	37 0 0	38 0 0	
Ditto Foreign - - -	10 5 0	12 5 0	Ditto southern - - -	42 0 0	43 0 0	
Brandy, Cogniac - - - gal.	1 2 0	1 3 6	Ditto Florence 2-half chest	4 12 0	5 5 0	
Ditto Spanish - - -	0 18 6	0 19 6	Opium, Turkey - - - lb.	1 18 0	2 0 0	
Campfire, refined - - - lb.	0 7 0	0 7 4	Orchilla, Canary - - - ton	225 0 0	240 0 0	
Ditto unrefined - - - cwt.	33 5 0	34 0 0	Ditto Cape de Verd - - -	120 0 0	130 0 0	
Cochineal, garbled - - - lb.	1 12 0	1 14 0	Ditto Madeira - - -	85 0 0	93 0 0	
Ditto East Indian - - -	0 6 0	0 7 6	Pimento - - - lb.	0 1 6	0 1 8	
Coffee, fine - - - cwt.	5 15 0	6 5 0	Pitch, American - - - cwt.	- - -	uncertain	
Ditto ordinary - - -	3 10 0	4 10 0	Ditto Stockholm - - -	- - -	0 18 0	1 0 0
Ditto Mocha in Time - - -	18 0 0	18 18 0	Ditto Archangel - - -	- - -	0 17 0	0 18 0
Copperas, Green - - - lb.	0 6 6	0 7 0	Quicksilver - - - lb.	0 4 6	0 4 7	
Ditto White - - -	2 5 0	2 9 0	Raisins, Bloom - - - cwt.	4 16 0	6 0 0	
Cotton-wool, Surinam - - -	0 1 9	0 1 11	Ditto Malaga - - -	- - -	2 0 0	3 0 0
Ditto Jamaica - - -	0 1 4	0 1 6	Ditto Sun - - -	- - -	3 10 0	4 0 0
Ditto Smyrna - - -	0 1 1	0 1 2	Ditto Muscadine - - -	- - -	6 5 0	10 0 0
Ditto Bourbon - - -	0 2 6	0 2 9	Rice, Carolina - - -	- - -	2 0 0	2 8 0
Ditto Pernambuco - - -	0 2 0	0 2 1	Ditto East Indian - - -	- - -	1 5 0	2 0 0
Ditto East Indian - - -	0 1 4	0 1 10	Rum, Jamaica - - - gal.	0 4 6	0 5 7	
Currauts, Zant - - - cwt.	3 12 0	4 6 0	Ditto Lecward I. - - -	- - -	0 3 4	0 4 3
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in. 40 f. piece	0 0 0	0 0 0	Saltpetre, East India Rough	cwt. 4 0 0	4 1 0	
Ditto 2 1/2 36 - - -	0 0 0	0 0 0	Ditto British Refined - - -	- - -	4 7 0	4 8 0
Ditto 2 50 - - -	0 0 0	0 0 0	Shellach - - -	- - -	6 5 0	11 11 0
Elephants' Teeth 1. 2. 3. cwt.	32 0 0	36 0 0	Shumack, Faro - - -	- - -	1 8 0	1 11 0
Ditto 4. 5. 6. - - -	24 0 0	32 0 0	Ditto Malaga - - -	- - -	1 9 0	1 11 0
Ditto Scivell - - -	15 0 0	24 5 0	Ditto Sicily - - -	- - -	1 7 0	1 8 6
Figs, Turkey - - - ton	112 0 0	115 0 0	Ditto Oporto - - -	- - -	0 0 0	0 0 0
Flax, Riga - - -	112 0 0	120 0 0	Silk, Thrown, Piedmont - lb.	3 1 0	3 12 0	
Ditto Petersburg, 12 head	112 0 0	120 0 0	Ditto Bergam - - -	- - -	2 16 0	3 0 0
Fustick, Jamaica - - - ton	7 0 0	8 0 0	Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm.	- - -	0 0 0	0 0 0
Ditto Cuba - - -	20 10 0	22 10 0	Ditto 6 ditto - - -	- - -	1 10 3	2 3 0
Galls, Turkey - - - cwt.	3 0 0	3 10 0	Ditto Bengal, Sp. Sk. g. - -	- - -	1 3 0	1 14 0
Geneva, Hollands - - - gal.	1 0 0	1 2 0	Ditto Novi - - -	- - -	1 8 0	2 1 0
Ditto English - - -	0 11 0	0 13 9	Ditto Organzine - - -	- - -	2 10 0	3 0 0
Ginger, Jamaica, White cwt.	4 16 0	8 12 0	Sugar, Jamaica - - - C.	3 4 0	3 15 0	
Ditto Black - - -	3 5 0	3 11 0	Ditto East India - - -	- - -	3 5 0	4 5 0
Ditto Barbadoes - - -	4 6 0	4 4 0	Ditto Lumpa - - -	- - -	5 5 0	5 11 0
Ditto Best Indian - - -	2 15 0	3 13 0	Ditto Single Leaves - - -	- - -	5 0 0	5 13 0
Gum Arabic, Turkey - - - cwt.	2 0 0	2 5 0	Ditto Double Ditto lb.	0 1 4	0 1 7	
Ditto Seneca - - -	4 17 0	5 15 0	Tallow, English - - - cwt.	4 14 0	0 0 0	
Ditto Sandrach - - -	7 10 0	8 8 0	Ditto Russia, candle, white	4 10 0	4 12 0	
Ditto Tragacanth - - -	20 10 0	23 0 0	Ditto, yellow - - -	4 8 0	0 0 0	
Ditto Mastic - - - lb.	0 5 8	0 6 0	Ditto, Buenos Ayres - - -	4 9 0	4 10 0	
Hemp, Riga Rhine - - - ton	114 0 0	115 0 0	Far, Archangel - - - B.	2 2 0	2 5 0	
Ditto Petersburg clean - - -	114 0 0	115 0 0	Tar, Stockholm - - - B.	2 4 0	2 6 0	
Ditto East Indian - - -	95 0 0	105 0 0	Ditto, American - - -	- - -	2 8 0	2 10 0
Hides, English - - - lb.	0 31 0	0 0 5	Tin in blocks - - - cwt.	5 18 0	B 0 0 0	
Ditto Buenos Ayres - - -	0 0 3	0 0 6	Ditto, Grain, in blocks - -	7 7 0	0 0 0	
Ditto Dutch salted - - -	0 0 31 0	0 0 8	Turpentine, American - - -	1 15 0	2 0 0	
Ditto Spanish - - -	0 0 34 0	0 0 8	Tobacco, Maryl. yellow - lb.	0 0 0	0 0 0	
Indigo, Caracc. Flo. 1st & 2d -	0 9 6	0 10 3	Ditto, Mid. brown - - -	0 0 9	0 0 0	
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.	0 8 0	0 10 8	Ditto, Long Leaf - - -	0 0 0	0 0 0	
Ditto Brazil - - -	0 2 0	0 5 3	Tobacco, Virg. York River lb.	0 0 9	0 0 0	
Iron, Pig, British, - - - ton	7 0 0	9 0 0	Ditto, James River - - -	- - -	0 0 0	0 0 0
Ditto, in bars - - -	16 0 0	17 0 0	Wax, English - - - cwt.	15 15 0	17 10 0	
Ditto Swedish, bars - - -	23 0 0	24 10 0	Ditto - - -	15 0 0	15 15 0	
Ditto Norway - - -	24 0 0	25 0 0	Ditto African - - -	14 15 0	15 10 0	
Ditto Archangel - - -	25 0 0	26 0 0	Wax, American - cwt.	14 15 0	15 10 0	
Juniper Berries, German cwt.	5 12 0	3 15 0	Whale-fins, Greenland - ton	35 0 0	40 0 0	
Ditto Italian - - -	3 5 0	3 12 0	Ditto S. Fishery - - -	30 0 0	32 10 0	
Lead in pigs - - - 30d.	41 0 0	3 0 0	Wine, Red Port - - - pipe	75 0 0	105 0 0	
Ditto red - - - ton	60 0 0	41 0 0	Ditto Lisbon - - -	85 0 0	95 0 0	
Ditto white - - -	54 0 0	55 0 0	Ditto Madeira - - -	74 0 0	125 0 0	
Lignum Vitæ, American - -	10 10 0	20 0 0	Ditto Calceavella - - -	90 0 0	100 0 0	
Ditto Tortola - - -	0 0 0	0 0 0	Ditto Sherry - - - butt	71 0 0	105 0 0	
Logwood, Camp. - - -	18 0 0	19 10 0	Ditto Mountain - - -	65 0 0	80 0 0	
Ditto Honduras Chipt. - - -	16 0 0	17 0 0	Ditto Vidonia - - - hogs	70 0 0	85 0 0	
Ditto Unchipt - - -	uncertain	uncertain	Ditto Claret - - -	44 0 0	90 0 0	
Ditto Jamaica Chipt. - - -	14 15 0	15 15 0	Yarn, Mohair - - - lb.	0 3 3	0 8 3	
Ditto Unchipt - - -	uncertain	uncertain				
Madder Roots, Smyrna - cwt.	4 0 0	4 12 0				

## PRICES OF

Canal, Dock, Fire Office, Water Works, and Brewery Shares, &amp;c.

20th May, 1869.

London Dock Stock	121l. per cent.
West India ditto	175l. per cent.
East India ditto	129l. per cent.
Commercial ditto	135l. per cent.
Grand Junction Canal Shares	165l. per share.
Grand Surrey ditto	80l. per share.
Kennett and Avon ditto	22l. per share.



Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares	118l. per cent.
Albion ditto	58l. per share.
Hope ditto	6s. per share premium.
Eagle ditto	par.
Atlas ditto	par.
Imperial Fire Assurance	65l. per share.
Kent ditto	50l. per share
London Assurance Shipping	21l. per share.
Rock Life Assurance	4s. to 5s. per share premium.
Commercial Road Stock	120l. per cent.
London Institution	84l. per share.
Surrey ditto	par.
East London Water-works	55l. per share premium.
West Middlesex ditto	12l. per share premium.
Golden Lane Brewery	77l. per share.
British Ale Brewery	4l. per share premium.
Constitutional Ale Brewery	par.
Kent Water-works	12l. per share premium.
Tavistock Mining Canal	130l. per share.
South Lushington Mine	120l. per share.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers, No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN from May 6 to May 13, 1809.

MARITIME COUNTIES.						INLAND COUNTIES.							
	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans		Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans		
Essex	86	8 48	0 45	6 36	4 55	3	Middlesex	96	7 57	9 45	2 37	4 55	8
Kent	84	0 62	0 44	6 37	5 56	3	Surrey	93	4 55	0 46	6 41	4 54	0
Sussex	84	0 00	0 44	6 36	9 00	0	Hertford	86	4 19	0 48	4 35	8 59	0
Suffolk	88	5 00	0 44	6 53	9 18	11	Bedford	89	6 00	0 45	4 37	10 59	10
Cambridge	38	3 56	3 41	4 26	2 53	0	Huntingdon	89	0 00	0 44	8 35	6 52	1
Norfolk	89	10 58	0 59	6 00	0 48	0	Northampt.	93	0 70	0 49	10 36	2 72	0
Lincoln	92	0 70	4 46	9 28	9 58	8	Rutland	98	0 00	0 52	0 38	0 70	0
York	86	9 00	0 41	1 30	10 50	8	Leicester	94	7 54	7 50	2 34	4 55	7
Durham	94	8 00	0 00	0 32	7 00	0	Nottingham	98	8 71	5 53	0 34	2 63	6
Northumb.	84	10 68	0 45	11 31	4 00	0	Derby	98	8 00	0 55	3 37	4 73	0
Cumberland	104	1 67	0 48	7 31	10 00	0	Stafford	100	0 00	0 53	0 34	11 67	10
Westmorl.	116	2 30	0 52	9 35	0 00	0	Salop	95	4 63	4 50	2 31	5 00	0
Lancaster	100	7 00	0 49	9 33	2 70	8	Hereford	85	10 48	0 42	5 35	4 62	4
Chester	90	8 00	0 52	4 00	0 00	0	Worcester	91	8 00	0 51	5 41	8 67	11
Gloucester	96	6 00	0 50	4 00	0 69	4	Warwick	95	2 00	0 56	2 41	9 72	10
Somerset	90	1 00	0 43	8 27	4 63	10	Wilts	84	2 00	0 43	2 39	2 71	3
Monmouth	94	11 00	0 41	8 00	0 00	0	Berks	95	2 00	0 46	8 42	0 61	0
Devon	89	5 00	0 59	8 28	1 00	0	Oxford	93	5 00	0 45	6 40	4 62	3
Cornwall	93	6 00	0 42	4 26	4 00	0	Bucks	95	1 00	0 45	2 41	8 59	4
Dorset	88	3 00	0 44	11 00	0 58	0	WALES.						
Hants	89	1 00	0 46	8 57	0 66	3	N. Wales	97	0 00	0 48	4 29	8 00	0
							S. Wales	95	2 00	0 43	4 22	6 00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

	180°	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		1809	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
Apr. 27	29.70	50	S	Fair		May 12	30.04	62	SW	Fair	
28	29.50	52	E	Rain		13	30.01	62	N	Ditto	
29	29.67	48	NE	Fair		14	29.82	64	SE	Ditto	
30	29.50	49	NW	Ditto		15	29.77	63	E	Rain	
May 1	29.36	51	SW	Rain		16	29.82	65	SE	Fair	
2	29.51	49	NW	Hail		17	29.90	66	SE	Ditto	
3	29.75	46	W	Fair		18	29.84	67	E	Ditto	
4	29.99	52	SW	Rain		19	29.65	67	S	Rain	
5	30.00	51	WNW	Fair		20	30.05	64	SW	Fair	
6	30.27	50	NW	Ditto		21	30.20	63	W	Ditto	
7	30.30	54	SW	Ditto		22	30.21	63	SW	Ditto	
8	30.35	60	S	Ditto		23	30.27	62	NE	Ditto	
9	30.20	53	SE	Ditto		24	30.23	60	E	Ditto	
10	30.09	59	E	Ditto		25	30.14	61	E	Ditto	
11	30.02	60	E	Ditto		26	29.98	58	E	Ditto	

TEACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR MAY, 1899.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct Consols	3 per Ct Reduc	4 per Ct Consol	Navy 5 per Ct	New 5 per Ct	Long Anns.	Omn.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 per Ct	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	State Lot Tickets.	Cons. for Ac.
1899																		
Apr. 26	27	245	66½	82	98½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	184½	16s pr. 14s pr.	184½	16s pr. 14s pr.	22½ 4s	22½ 4s	67½
27	245	67½ a ½	66½	82½	98½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	185½	16s pr. 13s pr.	185½	16s pr. 13s pr.	22½ 4s	22½ 4s	67½ a 68
28		67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18 5-16	—	—	—	—	185½	16s pr. 13s pr.	185½	16s pr. 13s pr.	22½ 4s	22½ 4s	67½ a 68
29		67½ a ½	67½	82½	98½	—	18 5-16	—	—	—	—	185½	15s pr. 12s pr.	185½	15s pr. 12s pr.	22½ 4s	22½ 4s	68 a ½
May 1	holiday	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18 5-16	—	—	7½	—	185½	15s pr. 12s pr.	185½	15s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
2	245½	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18½	—	65½	7½	—	185½	12s pr.	185½	12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
3	4	245½	67	82½	98½	—	18½	—	65½	7½	—	185½	14s pr. 11s pr.	185½	14s pr. 11s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
4	246	67½ a ½	66½	82½	98½	—	18½	—	—	7½	—	—	13s pr. 10s pr.	—	13s pr. 10s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
5	246	67½ a ½	66½	82½	98½	—	18½	—	—	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 11s pr.	—	14s pr. 11s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
6	246½	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18½	—	—	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
7	246½	67½ a ½	66½	82	98½	—	18½	—	65½	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
8	246½	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18 1-16	—	—	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
9	245½	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18 1-16	—	65½	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
10	245½	67½ a ½	67	82½	98½	—	18 1-16	—	65½	7½	94½	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	67½ a 68
11	holiday	67½ a 68½	67½	82½	99	—	18 3-16	—	65½	7 3-16	—	185½	14s pr. 12s pr.	185½	14s pr. 12s pr.	—	—	68½
12	245½	68 a ½	67½	82½	99	—	18 3-16	—	65½	—	—	186	12s pr.	186	12s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
13	245½	67½ a 68	67½	82½	99	—	18½	—	65½	—	—	185½	15s pr. 13s pr.	185½	15s pr. 13s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
14		67½ a 68	67½	82½	99	—	—	—	—	—	—	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
15	245½	68 a ½	67½	82½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
16	245½	68 a ½	67½	82½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	185½	16s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
17	holiday	68 a ½	67½	82	99½	—	18½	—	66½	7½	—	187	17s pr. 14s pr.	187	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
18	246½	68 a ½	67½	83	99½	—	18 5-16	—	66½	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
19	246½	68 a ½	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	66½	—	—	186½	17s pr. 14s pr.	186½	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
20		68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
21	246½	68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
22	holiday	68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
23	holiday	68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
24	246½	68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½
25		68 a ½	67½	83½	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	17s pr. 14s pr.	—	—	68 a ½

FORTUNE and Co. Stock-Brokers and General Agents, No. 13, CORNHILL;

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Prices of each Day are given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.