

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MAY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. EMERY, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, ENGRAVED BY
RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

• *A Portrait of Mr. Matherus, the favourite Comedian, of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, will shortly appear.*

The *Biographical Sketch* of Mr. EMERY in our next.

The contents of the article signed ROBERT, from *Sunderland*, have been mostly anticipated by JULIUS, in his account of the same company at *Newcastle*.

Sir Henry Weston on Queen Elizabeth, communicated by J. H. shall appear next Month.

We thank VERITAS (*Birmingham*) but the private theatrical performances at Birmingham are not an object about which the public can have any curiosity.

The letter of C. H. did not arrive in time for this month.

W. R.'s note on a passage in *Love's Labour's lost*, the first opportunity.

We have received Numbers V. and VI. of *Melancholy Hours*, which shall immediately appear.

We have received a printed address from *Dr. Trismegistus Catharplebotemnemeticoglysterus* to the inhabitants of *Stamford*, but the meaning of it we are at a loss to comprehend, and must therefore decline inserting it.

The two "poetical blossoms," from *Cambridge*, by JUVENIS, are not sufficiently matured to encounter the rough gale of criticism.

• We lament exceedingly the omission of Miss HOLFORD's concluding stanza to her very animated and elegant *Ode to Time*, but she might have assured herself that it could have originated only in a mistake, and might, consequently, have spared an observation, in her letter, which we think too unworthy of the writer to merit any reply.

The hint by E. A. P. (*Stamford*) in our next.

J. T.'s poetical favour is under consideration.

The *Refuge*, by MELMOTH, is not sufficiently striking.

• *We have the pleasure to announce the speedy publication of Clifton Grove, and other poems, from the pen of Mr. Henry Kirk White, of Nottingham.*

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.

Page 250, line 7, for retrograde read retrograde.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

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MAY, 1803.

OBSERVATIONS

ON STERNE, ON MANDEVILLE'S FABLE OF THE BEES, ON MADAN'S THELYPTHORA, & LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

STERNE, in his *Tristram Shandy*, by way of excuse for the freedom of his own pen, mentions the indecency of a grave German professor numbering the amorous exploits of a sparrow. I thought this, like the Latin dissertation on noses, had been a creature of Yorick's imagination; but I found the passage in the notes on the *Carmina Priapeia*, where the German commentators have investigated the indecencies of antiquity with an accuracy truly astonishing; and whence probably Sterne took it, unless he found it where I have since found it, in the bookseller's *Biographical Dictionary*, under the article *Scioppius*. The words are: "*Cum Ingolstadii agerem, vidi e regione musæi mei passerem coitum vicies repetentem, et inde adeo ad languorem datum, ut avolatus in terram deciderat.*"

I suppose few writers have done more injury to morals than Sterne. * By blending sentiments of benevolence and delicacy with immorality and looseness, he induces some people to think that debauchery may be innocent, and adultery meritorious. Since his time, novel-writers try to corrupt the principle* as well as to seduce the imagination. Formerly, if a man felt a passion for the wife or the mistress of his friend, he was conscious at least that, if he persisted in the pursuit, he was acting wrong; and if the novel-writer invented such a character, it was to hold him out as an object of detestation and punishment. Now this is so varnished over with delicate attachment and generous sensibility, that the most shocking acts of perfidy and seduction are committed not only without remorse, but

* Many of the heroines of the best modern novels seem to hold the opinion of certain ladies mentioned in the history of John Bull, concerning the indispensable duty of cuckoldom.

with self-complacency; for we are always ready to find causes of palliation for those crimes we are addicted to, and to bend our conscience to our inclination. Sterne has shewn this in a most incomparable sermon. *O si omnia sic!*

Much has been said against the Fable of the Bees. Indeed the book on its first publication was presented by the grand jury of Middlesex. The treatise of Mr. Madan, called *Thelyphthora*, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters, have been equally the subject of popular deprecation; so much so, that an attempt to vindicate them will seem to originate from a love of paradox. But let us coolly examine the real tendency of each.

The plain intent of the Fable of the Bees, is to destroy the fine and specious theory of the dignity of human nature, so much insisted on in the writings of the pedantic Shaftesbury. Mandeville appeals boldly to the heart. The opposers of his hypothesis evade the force of this appeal, by deterring his readers from answering it candidly; as they roundly assert, that whoever, after examining his own feelings, acquiesces in the doctrine, bears himself testimony to the depravity of his own heart. This is a favourite argument of Fielding, who of all men should have been the last to urge it, as, in his inimitable portraits of human life, the good characters bear a very small proportion to the bad. Let any person read with an unprejudiced mind, the apology of Mandeville for the Fable of the Bees, and then fairly say if he thinks him wrong in all the motives to which he imputes human actions.

But the most surprising thing of all is, that divines should have taken such universal offence at a book which supports one of the tenets of our religion, the natural corruption of human nature, unless assisted by divine grace. I do not mean to argue like a methodist; but, assuredly, whoever depends for victory on arms which he fancies he possesses, when in fact he does not possess them, will certainly experience defeat. When the love of fame, and the dread of disgrace, are held up to mankind, we know they are capable of making any exertion, and undergoing any danger or pain; and these motives have at least as often animated the resolution of the soldier, and steeled the nerves of the martyr, as disinterested patriotism and pure religion. To know if virtue acts on principle alone, we must place her in other situations. Suppose a man, tempted by the most seductive of all passions, and certain that the gratification of that passion, though a breach of the laws of gratitude and hospitality, will be also the path to safety and to honour,

while the rejection of it will involve him in ruin and disgrace, and ask what the bare principle of conscious virtue would avail him, in a case where the exertion of that virtue could never be known, without the idea that he was acting under the eye of an omniscient Being, to whom he was responsible for his actions, and enquiring of himself, "How shall I do this thing, and sin against God?" I would much sooner trust my life, my property, and my honour, in the hands of him who feels his weakness, than in those of him who confides in his imaginary strength; or, what is more common, who boasts of a strength which his conscience whispers to him he does not possess; for, though the humble tax-gatherer was sincere, the insolent pharisee was an hypocrite.

As for Thelyphthora, the whole argument amounts to this, and it is to me unanswerable. If marriage is a divine institution, the essential nature of it cannot be altered by human laws. Human laws may prescribe with what forms, and on what conditions, the legal relation of husband and wife, father and son, shall be enjoyed as to their civil rights, in the country where those laws are in force; but as for their real relation in the eye of God, and their natural rights, it is impossible for the power of any legislature to make that an act of fornication and adultery to-day, which was a solemn and religious rite yesterday. There was this very judicious argument *ad hominem*, used against the author, in one of the Reviews:—"How would you like to have your daughter married, otherwise than by the legal ceremony of the church of England?" He might as well ask a strenuous advocate for parliamentary reform, whether he would choose to be returned for Manchester or Old Sarum, in the present parliament.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters are, on the whole, well calculated to lead a young man to a polite and amiable deportment. If he dwells too much on the minutiae of this, it betrays a frivolity of mind. If he insists on making a man an ambassador, who was destined by nature for a fellow of a college, it shews an obstinate adherence to a favourite point. But omitting one instance, in which he tries to make his Cymon grow polished by falling in love, and where he a little oversteps the decorum of parental admonition, the general tendency of the book is by no means immoral, as Lord Chesterfield says more than once in the course of his letters, "I omit insisting on the duties of virtue and morality, as without them no man can be endured."

H. J. P.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

THERE is a strange propensity in persons of genius to obtrude forgeries on the public; and a still stranger propensity in the public to admit them as genuine.

The late Earl of Orford first gave to the world his "Castle of Otranto," as having been "found in the library of an ancient catholic family, in the north of England, printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." As such it was received, and such it continued to be estimated, until the appearance of the second edition, in which he apologises for having offered his work to the public under the borrowed personage of a translator. Nor must we forget a much bolder attempt of the same writer, viz. his endeavour to turn a whole national current of belief, by means of his "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third."

Chatterton's Rowley and Macpherson's Ossian had each their reign over popular credulity. The "Travels of Mr. Marshall," and "Letters of the Duchess of Orleans," had also theirs, though short. Genelli and Kolben, perhaps, still keep their ground.

The "Letters of Pope Ganganeli" were read with admiration, even by Protestants, until Voltaire detected the imposture; and the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," was esteemed a book of authentic history, till an unknown writer, in a magazine, demonstrated it to be a forgery of the ingenious Daniel Desse.

"Hardyknute," which Mrs. Wardlaw pretended to have "found on shreds of paper, employed for what are called the bottoms of clues," is still believed by many to be an ancient ballad; though the language, manners, every thing shew it to be modern, and though the author be well known. Such is the case also with the "Flowers of the Forest," and "Auld Robin Gray," the latter written by Lady A. L.

To these instances may be added Parnell's imposition upon Pope of a pretended Leonini translation of some lines in his "Rape of the Lock;" Gray's Alcaic Fragment; the attempt of Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, to prove Milton a plagiarist from Grotius, Massenius, &c. M. Rose's translation of Moliere's song, "Qu'ils sont doux," &c. which he gave to the Duc de Montausieur as the original; a similar trick played upon the writer of *Alzuma*, by the author of the *Dying Negro*; and Percy's "Hau Kiou Choaou," advertised as translated from the Chinese, with a pretended letter

from Canton, to James Garland, Esq. vouching for its authenticity.

Mr. Ireland's imposition upon the public of the Shakesperian manuscripts, is yet recent and well known.

A distinction is, after all, to be made between those performances, which aim at misleading in matters of history; and others, not one of which, considered as a *jeu d'esprit*, loses its value as a modern composition.

Chester.

T. W. F.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,
KING OF SWEDEN.

THIS great general was certainly one of the heroes of the last century—a century abounding in heroes; his courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety, well entitling him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Lewis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says, "I am not so ill at my ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town. "Rise, rise," said he; "it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am."

Gustavus, differently from our modern generals, never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy, sometimes with, and sometimes without book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. (The effect of this chaunt with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.)

Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army, he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Cobourg, which begins "God is our strong castle." The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began, "My dear little army, fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin." The word given by the king for that day was, "God be with us."

The ministers of Louis XIII. king of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their sovereign and Gustavus, that the King of France had the King of Sweden under his protection.—Gustavus spiritedly replied, "I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God I acknowledge no superior, and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone."

In a conference he had with the minister from our court, Sir Harry Vane, whom he supposed to have been bribed by the court of Spain, as Sir Harry was pressing him in a manner which he did not like, he said to him, in Latin, "Sir, I do not understand you; you talk Spanish."

He always preferred foreign soldiers, who served voluntarily for pay, to those who were enlisted by the authority of government in their own country. "A hound," said he, "that is dragged by force to the field never hunts well."

In one of his journies he was accosted by a student in Latin, who desired him to permit him to serve in his cavalry. "Be it so, Sir," replied the king; "an indifferent scholar may make a very good soldier. But why, Sir, do you wish to discontinue your studies?"—"Alas! Sire," said the student, "I prefer arms to books."—"Ah! man," returned the king, who spoke Latin very fluently, and who was a good classical scholar, "I see what it is—it is as Horace says,

"Optat ephippia bos piger: optat arare caballus."

"The slow dull ox gay trappings wants;

"To plough the fiery courser pants."

A SHORT HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED :

Translated from the original by a Gentleman of distinguished literary eminence, residing at Calcutta; and transmitted to his brother in England.

GOD :—according to the *Gentoos*.

I. GOD is the creator of all living creatures, and resembles a perfect sphere; has neither beginning nor end. He rules and governs all animated nature by a general providence, which results from fixed and determinate principles. We ought not to endeavour to pry into the nature and essence of the Eternal, nor by what laws he governs the world. Such enquiry would not be merely fruitless, but even culpable. We ought to content ourselves, with beholding, day and night, his stupendous works, his wisdom, and his power, and avail ourselves of his mercy.

CREATION OF THE DEWTAHS :—according to the *Gentoos*.

II. The Eternal, in the contemplation of his own existence, resolved, in the fulness of time, to share his glory and his essence with beings capable of tasting his beatitude, and of contributing to his glory. Such beings were not as yet in existence;—he willed it, and they were. He formed them partly of his own essence, capable of attaining perfection, and likewise endowed them with the power of destroying and losing the one and the other. The Eternal first created Chirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, and afterwards Moisasoor, and all the Dewtahs. The Eternal gave pre-eminence to Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb; he made Bhirmah the prince of the Dewtahs, and put them under his authority; he also constituted him his Vicegerent in Heaven, and gave him for colleagues, Vistnou and Seeb. The Eternal divided the Dewtahs into different classes and ranks, and appointed a chief to each. They surrounded the throne of the Eternal, according to their ranks, and adored him; and peace reigned in Heaven. Moisasoor, the chief of the order of Dewtahs, sung hymns of praise and glory and adoration to the Creator, and submission and obedience to Bhirmah, the first created; and the eternal took a pleasure in contemplating the new creation.

THE FALL OF SOME OF THE DEWTAHS.

III. On the creation of the Dewtahs, happiness and harmony reigned about the throne of the Eternal, for the space of a thousand thousand munnuntoors, and would have continued to the end of time, if envy and jealousy had not seized on Moisasoor, and the

other chiefs of the orders of Dewtahs, amongst whom was Raubon, the next in degree after Moisasoor. These chiefs, forgetting the happiness of being created, and the duties imposed on them, rejected the power of attaining perfection, with which the Eternal had graciously indued them; committed evil in the sight of the Eternal, and withdrew themselves from the obedience they owed him, and refused to submit to the authority of his Vicegerent, and his colleagues, Vistnou and Seeb, and said in their hearts, "We will govern, and neither dread the omnipotence of the Creator, nor his resentment." They disseminated false notions among the Dewtahs, and deceived and corrupted the fidelity of many, and withdrew from the throne of the Eternal. Grief seized on the Dewtahs who retained their fidelity and allegiance, and sorrow, for the first time, reigned in Heaven.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER
FROM THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.
TO MR. PARK.*

DEAR SIR,

Weston-Underwood, March 10, 1792

YOU will have more candour, as I hope and believe, than to impute my delay to answer your kind and friendly letter, to inattention or want of a cordial respect for the writer of it. To suppose any such cause of my silence were injustice both to yourself and me. The truth is, I am a very busy man, and cannot gratify myself with writing to my friends so punctually as I wish.

You have not in the least fallen in my esteem on account of your employment,† as you seemed to apprehend that you might. It is

* A previous letter from Cowper to the same correspondent, has been inserted in "The Monthly Mirror," by permission of its possessor, and may be seen in Vol. XI. p. 9.

† That of mezzotinto-engraving; to which many early years were regretfully devoted. In a momentary oscillation of mind between graphic, poetic, and harmonic pursuits, the following lines were penned, and are now for the first time printed.

IDYLLIUM.

By fancy warm'd, I seiz'd the quill,
And POETRY the strain inspir'd;

an elegant one, and when you speak modestly as you do of your proficiency in it, I am far from giving you entire credit for the whole assertion. I had indeed supposed you a person of independent fortune, who had nothing to do but to gratify himself, and whose mind, being happily addicted to literature, was at full leisure to enjoy its innocent amusement. But it seems I was mistaken, and your time is principally due to an art which has a right pretty much to engross your attention, and which gives rather the air of an intrigue to your intercourse and familiarity with the Muses, than of a lawful connexion. No matter.—I am not prudish in this respect, but honour you the more for a passion virtuous and laudable in itself, and which you indulge not, I dare say, without benefit both to yourself and your acquaintance. I, for one, am likely to reap the fruit of your amours, and ought, therefore, to be one of the last to quarrel with them.

You are in danger, I perceive, of thinking of me more highly than you ought to think. I am not one of the *litterati*, among whom you seem disposed to place me. Far from it. I told you in my last how heinously I am unprovided with the means of being so, having long since sent all my books to market. My learning accordingly lies in a very narrow compass. It is school-boy learning somewhat improved, and very little more.* From the age of twenty

MUSIC improv'd it by her skill,
Till I with both their charms was fir'd.

Won by the graces each display'd,
Their younger SISTER† I forgot;
Though first to her my vows were paid,—
By fate or choice it matters not :

SHE, jealous of their rival powers,
And to repay the injury done,
Condemn'd me through life's future hours,
All to admire, but wed with MUSIC.

T. P.

* Mr. Hayley, in reference to this passage, has, with propriety, remarked, that Cowper spoke too slightly of his own learning : for he was in truth a scholar, as any man may fairly be called who is master of four languages besides his own. Cowper read Greek and Latin, French and Italian; but the extraordinary incidents of his life precluded him from indulging himself in a multiplicity of books, and his reading was conformable to the rule of Pliny,—*non multa, sed multum*. See Life of Cowper, ii. 227.

† PAINTING. Used here with poetic license, and with due deference to a superior art: the writer having always considered the relation of an engraver to a painter, as that of a translator to an original author,

to twenty-three; I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law. From thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness; and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review in my hand, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and which will probably be my last.

Thus you see I have had very little opportunity to become what is properly called—*learned*. In truth, having given myself so entirely of late to poetry, I am not sorry for this deficiency, since great learning, I have been sometimes inclined to suspect, is rather a hindrance to the fancy than a furtherance.

You will do me a favour by sending me a copy of Thomson's monumental inscription. He was a poet, for whose memory, as you justly suppose, I have great respect; in common, indeed, with all who have ever read him with taste and attention.

Wishing you heartily success in your present literary undertaking,* and in all your professional ones, I remain,

Dear Sir, with great esteem,
sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

P. S. After what I have said, I will not blush to confess, that I am at present perfectly unacquainted with the merits of Drummond, but shall be happy to see him in due time, as I should be to see any author edited by you.

DISCOURSE ON
THE CAUSE OF THE ECHO.

Pronounced on the 1st of May, 1718.

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

ON the birth-day of Augustus, a laurel sprung up in the palace, with the branches of which those warriors were crowned who deserved the honour of a triumph. Laurels have also sprung up with this academy, gentlemen, which it employs to make crowns for

* An edition of the poems of Drummond, of Hawthornden; since resigned to Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh.

those learned men who have triumphed over the learned. There is no one so remote as not to court its suffrages: the depositary of reputation, the dispenser of glory, it takes a pleasure in consoling philosophers for their labours, and in avenging them, as it were, on the injustice of their own times, and the jealousy of little minds.

The fabulous gods dispensed their favours differently amongst mortals: to vulgar souls they granted long life, pleasures, riches; with rains and dews they recompensed the children of the earth; but glory they reserved for more grand and elevated souls, as the only reward that was truly worthy of them.

It is for that glory that so many fine geniuses have toiled; that they laboured to conquer by the energies of the mind—the most divine and celestial part appertaining to mankind.

How highly flattering is so personal a triumph! We have seen great men solely affected by those successes for which they were indebted to their virtues, and regarding all the favours which fortune could bestow as things wholly foreign to them. We have seen heroes, when covered with the laurels of Mars, ambitious for those of Apollo, and disputing for the glory of a poet and an orator.

“Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria cura.”

When that great Cardinal, to whom an illustrious academy owes its institution, saw the royal authority established, the enemies of France dismayed, and the subjects of the king returned to their obedience, who would not have thought that this great man would have been contented with himself? No: while at the highest pinnacle of his fortune, he had, in the recess of an obscure closet, at Paris, a secret rival of his glory. In Corneille he found a new rebel, whom he was unable to subdue. It was too much for him to bear the superiority of another genius, and was sufficient even to disgust him with the glory of his own ministry, which will be the admiration of ages to come.

What, then, should be the satisfaction of him who finds himself crowned by your hands this day—the conqueror of his rivals?

The subject proposed was more difficult to be treated than it at first appeared. We should vainly pretend to succeed in the explanation of the echo, that is to say, of the reflected sound, without previously having a perfect knowledge of the direct sound. It would be equally in vain for us to seek for any assistance from the ancients, who were, no doubt, as unfortunate, in their hypotheses, as the poets in their fictions, who attributed the effect of the echo to the mis-

fortunes of a chattering nymph, whom Juno, in a rage, changed into a voice, for having amused her jealousy, and, by the length of her tales, (an artifice employed in all times) prevented her from surprising Jupiter in the arms of his mistresses.

All the philosophers, in general, agree that the cause of the echo is to be attributed to the reflection of sounds, which, impelled by the sonorous body, strikes upon the organ of hearing; but if they agree thus far, it must be allowed that they do not travel far together, that the details are at variance, and that they differ much more in those which they do, than in those which they do not, understand.

In the first place, if, enquiring into the nature of a direct sound, we ask them in what manner the air is impelled by the sonorous body, some will say it is by an undulatory motion, and will not fail to draw an analogy between those undulations and those that are produced by throwing a stone into the water: but others, not satisfied with that comparison, will immediately form a separate sect, and will sooner renounce the reputation of philosophers, than admit the existence of such undulations in a fluid body like the air, which does not, in the same manner, form a smooth surface stretched upon a bottom. Besides, say they, according to that system, the sound of a bell must be heard several times, for the same impression forms many circles, and many undulations.

They are more willing to admit direct furrows, proceeding, without interruption, from the mouth of him who speaks to the ear of him who hears: the pressure given to the air by the spring of the sonorous body being sufficient to communicate that action.

If, considering sound in relation to its swiftness, we ask those philosophers why that is always equal, and why, when the report of a cannon at one hundred and seventy-one toises distance, takes a space of a second to be heard, any other sound, however weak, will reach us in as short a time? they will be obliged to confess their ignorance, or to enter upon long dissertations on it, which amounts to the same thing.

Go more deeply into the subject, and ask the cause of the echo? The general answer is, that the reflection is sufficient to produce it; but an individual contends that it is not sufficient, and perhaps his reasoning may make some impression upon those who are willing to divest themselves of the prejudice in favour of multitudes against one.

Those who admit that reflection alone will suffice, tell us that

the walls of a chamber would produce an echo if they were not too close to us, and gave the reflected sound at the same instant that our ears are struck by the direct one. Echo, according to them, exists in all places—"Jovis omnia plena." It may be said that, with Heraclitus, they allow a concert and harmony in the universe, which habit conceals from us; and the more so, as the reflection being frequently directed towards parts different from those whence the sound was produced, it often happens that the echo does not return the sound to the place where it originated. This nymph does not always make her responses to him who addresses her. There have been occasions on which her voice was mistaken by those who heard it, which may account for some marvellous stories, and those voices heard in the air, which Rome, built upon seven hills, has so often reckoned in the number of its prodigies.*

Others, who do not think nature altogether so liberal, refer to particular situations, which give an infinite variety to the reflections: but, after all, we are not far advanced in our knowledge of the cause of the echo. I cannot here pass over a difficulty common to all systems, which, notwithstanding the satisfaction we feel in contributing to bring to light some things which were before obscure in physics, tends to our humiliation. We can easily comprehend that the air, which has already produced a sound, encountering a rock at a little distance, is reflected towards him who speaks, and reproduces a new sound, or an echo; but how does it happen that the echo repeats precisely the same words, and in the same tone in which they are pronounced? Why are they not at times more shrill, and at other times more grave? Why does not the rugged surface of rocks, or other reflecting bodies, make a change in the impulse which the air has already received in order to produce the direct sound? I am aware of the difficulty, and still more of my own inability to solve it:

* "*Vixi etiam audire vocem ingentem ex summi cœminis luo.*" Livy, B. i. Chap. 31.

"*Spreta vox de cœlo emissa.*" Ibid, Chap 32.

"*Templo sospitæ Junonis nocte ingentem strepitum exortum.*" Ibid, B. 31, Chap. 12.

"*Silentio proximæ noctis ea sylva Arisia ingentem editam vocem.*" Ibid, B. 2, Chap. 7.

—————"Cantusque ferantur
"Auditi, sanctis et verba minacia lucis."

TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

[Continued.]

Llansteffn, August 7, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

THE sun was rising over the mountains on the east, as we descended to the beach—the voice of the mariner was alone heard filling the gale at a distance, and nothing was wanting that was lovely in landscape, to dispose the mind to a delicious sense of nature's inexhaustible beauties. I never repeated with more pleasure the beautiful passage of Milton—

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds, &c.

As we were wandering on the shore, amusing ourselves with the various forms and colours of the stones, washed on the shore by the sea, I could but call to mind the exquisite picture that Cicero draws of the amusements of Scipio and Lælius, and the romantic situation of Britton in some measure coincided with my ideas in the picture I had mentally drawn of Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber. The recognising a prospect similar to those we have seen or heard described, is like contemplating the features of a friend in those of a stranger, and fills the mind with inexpressible pleasure. We passed over the ferry, and pursued our route over the sands washed by the British Channel, and, after the course of three miles, entered the capital of Glamorganshire.

The harbour of Swansea is tolerably convenient, and the trade to Cornwall in coals, the importation of copper ore from thence, and of the clay for the pottery from Corfe, in Dorsetshire, are very considerable.

I might here give you a learned account of the misfortunes this town has experienced, to whom it fell in the division of Glamorganshire among the twelve Norman knights, and a description of the lead by which the cross is covered, the gift of Cromwell; but the subject is exhausted, and at best affords but little pleasure, unless read in the immediate scene of action. I shall only observe, that the castle which was built by the Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I. like many others, has descended from the honour of being guardian to the nobility, to the degrading office of guarding offenders of the laws of society. Towns are generally of little importance to a lover of landscape; they are mostly of a similar stamp

in every country, and deserve but little the attention of a traveller to seek pleasure in each rural scene.

We hastened from the bustle of business, and the pleasure of the bathing machines, over a Roman way, till we reached what is called *Gowerland*.* From hence the poet Gower derived his title, and the following is a portrait of him, copied from an ancient MS. and printed in the *Monthly Magazine*, 1801, p. 35, and will give you a perfect idea of the prevailing fashion of that age.

Large he was—his height was long ;
 Broad of breast ; his limbs were strong,
 But colour pale ; and wan his look,
 Such as they that ply'n their book ;
 His head was gray, and quaintly shorn ;
 Neatly was his beard yworn ;
 His visage stern, and grave, and grim,
 Cato was most like to him :
 His bonnet was a hat of blue ;
 His sleeves were straight, of that same hue ;
 A surcoat, of a tawney dye,
 Hung in plaits across his thigh ;
 A breeche, close unto his nock,
 Handsomed with a long stocke ;
 Peeked before was his shoone,
 He wore such as others donne ;
 A bag of red was by his side ;
 And, by that, his napkin ty'd.

Thus John Gower did appear,
 Quaint attired as you hear.

After some miles travelling, we arrived at the small town and ferry of Lwghor, called in Antoninus' Itinerary, *Leucarius*. The river Lwghor here winds in a most enchanting manner under the mountains, whose sides are enlivened with woods and cottages, churches and houses, and a distant view of the opening of the river, filled with ships, closes this delightful prospect.

The church yard, which is of the true Welch character, has the following offspring of a rustic muse.

Epitaph on Mary Pengree.

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
 The fragrant garland each returning spring ;

* Collin's Peerage, vol. 5, p. 241.

Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid
 Who underneath this hollow turf is laid:
 Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye,
 Like her too soon they languish, fade, and die.

This sentiment has always been a particular favourite with almost every poet, ancient and modern.

Thus Ausonius, Idyl 14.

Again, in Theocritus, Idyl 23.

Fragrant the rose, but soon it fades away,
 &c. &c. &c.

Such is the bloom of beauty, cropt by time,
 Full soon it fades, and withers in its prime.

Ovid, Art. Amor. b. 2, l. 115.

Nec violæ semper nec Hianthia lilia florent
 Et riget amissâ spina relicta rosâ.

Our own Shakespeare too continually, *Passionate Pilgrim*, l. 147-8-9, stanza 11. Again, in *Venus and Adonis*, l. 130. In *Twelfth Night*, act 2, sc. 3. Lest, however, you may wish to bring this as a farther proof of the learning of Shakespeare, I shall quote authors from whom, in my opinion, he imbibed the idea.

Thus the Earl of Surry, upon the *frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie*:

Brittle beautie, that Nature made so fraile,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,
 Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to faile.

Again, in Fletcher's beautiful *Faithful Shepherdess*, act 4,

—— Such beauty may
 Spring and perish in a day.

Brown, too, in *Shepherd's Pipe*, Ecl. 5, when lamenting Philarete's death, says, beautifully,

Look, as a sweet rose, fairly budding forth
 Bewrays her beauties to th' enamoured morn,
 Until some keen blast, from the envious north,
 Kills the sweet bud that is but newly born.

And old Tom D'Urfey, in his *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. 6, p. 39,

Then boast not young Phillis because thou art fair,
 Soft roses and lilies more beautiful are
 Than ever thou wast, when they in their prime,
 And yet they do fade in a very short time.

It was not likely Milton should suffer this thought to escape him, as in *Comus*, l. 743, and his ode on the Death of a fair Infant.

You must call up all the powers of friendship, to excuse so much garrulity: but you promised to read all I should think proper to write, and you see I have put your patience to a severe trial.

On the opposite side of the ferry, we, for the first time, felt the misery of a Welch road, which lasted till we arrived at the small town of Llanelly, from whence, creeping up the side of a mountain for about two miles, and making a curve to the left, a most unbounded view on every side presented itself. Hills rose on hills in west and north, crowned by one resembling the sugar loaf in Monmouthshire; the left occupied by an extensive view of the channel, with the fine front of Worm's Head towering over it, gave the scene a more determined character than birds' eye views generally possess. They are seldom picturesque, for, by becoming general, they lose all local effect; and, by possessing little or no foreground, lose their richness in the variety and multitude of their parts.

Kidwelly was the next town we entered. It has two excellently paved streets, which led us to the church. In the portal of this church is a miserable figure of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, to which many Irish still pay reverence. The castle is in the highest state of preservation, and was one of considerable strength when the contemptible John retired to seek refuge from the fury of his irritated barons and his own thoughts. This town was founded by Londres, and enlarged by the Duke of Lancaster, to whom it devolved at the death of his wife's father. This is the reason of its being in the dutchy of Lancaster, so much marvelled at by many.

Our guide directed us to the mint, the towers, and the chapel, for a description of which I shall refer you to our numerous tourists, who, to fill a volume, will tell you what you never wish to know, or what you have heard ten times before. You observe I drop the importance of antiquarian information, to assume the right of reading the many wars each castle has waged in SILENCE, and shall afterwards send them to the *Mirror*, that, at some future year, I may contemplate more easily scenes of such exquisite beauty, together with the impressions that they made upon me. The evening was closing as we reached the east bank of the mouth of the Towy, opposite the town and castle of Llanstiffin. This scene would exercise the powers of a painter. Two mountains on each side the river, which here enters the bay of Carmarthen, are formed by na-

ture to protect its entrance, while the castle, on a lower one, composes a most picturesque landscape, diversified on the N.W. with a long line of cottages and pastures. I have seen a print of this view, which has as little resemblance to it, as the Hercules Farnese to the Apollo Belvidere. It is to be lamented, that truth and justice are less regarded in landscape than in any other department of painting. It is the most essential qualification, and it is from this sole reason that we experience the more pleasure in analysing the pictures of Swanvelt and Waterloo, than the exquisite pieces of Claude or Poussin.

While we were endeavouring to procure a passage over this wide river, I saw the prettiest woman I had seen in Wales. She spoke English to me, and Welch to a woman and her son, who were milking some cows in a small pasture adjoining her cottage. She was an emblem of Lady Mortimer: for

Her tongue

Made Welch as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower

With ravishing division to her lute.

Henry IV. Act 3, Scene 1.

After indulging in conversation for some time, I wished her good evening, and was soon wafted over the Towey to the village of Llanstiffin, from whence I direct you this letter.

Adieu.

MORTIMER

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUN'S HEAT.

NOT being satisfied with the manner in which the various degrees of the sun's heat has been accounted for, I have been induced to seek some other cause, and the following is the result.

I consider the atmosphere surrounding the earth to operate as a *lens*, or burning glass, when in conjunction with the sun's rays. This view of it will solve many difficulties, and, perhaps, afford some new ideas upon this branch of astronomy.

The properties and effects of a lens are well known, such as the necessity of the object to be operated upon, being at a precise *distance* from the lens, if the focus be perfectly round. Any departure from these rules will diminish the effect, just in proportion to the deviation. Thus the degree of heat is diminished accordingly, whether you advance to, or recede from, the true focus. If

the true distance is preserved, and the focus is made *oblong* instead of round, the heat is diminished accordingly. Also, the heat of a focus from a lens, is most intense in the centre, and diminished as you recede from the centre to the extremity. Now apply these principles to the operation of the sun upon the earth; the sun is the burning power, the atmosphere the lens, the levelled surface of the earth is its true focus. From late experiments it is well known to be considerably colder, the nearer we approach to the origin of light and heat, notwithstanding the vertical rays are precisely the same. The like effect will be produced by descending below the surface of the earth, even though the sun's rays came upon you in the same direction. The solution of this is, that you then have quitted the true focus; this plainly accounts for high mountains, even in warm climates, being continually covered with snow, and also for our earth's not receiving any heat from the moon. Heat is as capable of being reflected as light, but *not through a lens*. Hence we receive light, but no heat from the Moon, and the light from that body being reflected, and passing through the atmosphere, presents to our sight that pale cast.

The planet Mercury being situated seven times nearer to the sun than the earth is, it has been concluded by some, that it is utterly impossible it can be inhabited by our species; but may it not, for want of a lens, be even colder than the earth? Or is it probable that it is fitted with an atmosphere, exactly suited to its distance from the sun? The observations may be applied to the most distant planets, even the Herschel, which is supposed, from its immense distance, to be almost in darkness. The GLARE of light from a small luminary, assisted by a lens, is so well known, that it cannot be doubted, but that the most distant planets are as well lighted as our earth is: the dimensions of the earth are well known, one half of which is always acted on by the sun's rays.

When we contemplate the application of a burning glass, &c. it will, in some degree, reconcile us to the astonishing effects we behold! "Ah," we exclaim, with the well known author, "how contemptible are the grandest of our works, compared with those of Nature." Perhaps I trespass too far on the limits of your work. Should any of your scientific correspondents take up the subject, and convey the result of their experiments, through the medium of your valuable miscellany, it will confer an obligation on one of your most constant readers.

City Road.

J. B.

IDLE HOURS.

NUMBER VI.

"Les malheureux, qui ont de l'esprit, trouvent des ressources en eux-mêmes."

BOUGHOURS.

THE sensations with which we look and think upon the dead, create in the reflecting mind a disposition to do good, to cultivate the social affections, and bear with the weaknesses of the living. There is something in death which sanctifies the objects of its rapacity. Our deadliest foes, and our most successful rivals, are no longer fit objects of contention; our envy and hatred subside into gentler emotions, and we frequently turn with something like regret from the remains of those, whose life was a continued check upon our ambition, and a drawback upon our fame, with an eye of censure on ourselves. The critic, in reviewing the works of an author, who is alike deaf to his censure or applause, and who can no longer receive encouragement from praise, nor profit from correction, sits down, in true dispassionate philosophy, to see what he can find to admire. The volume of poetry by William Vernon, which I have with some difficulty procured, consists principally of scattered pieces, that had been inserted in the magazines of the day, on various subjects, and unequal in merit.

Ah me! environ'd with what ill
Is he that meddles with a quill!

From these lines our poet appears to have been aware of the fate that awaits an author. He experienced it in its severest degree. I know of no situation more wretched than to be condemned to be the companion of men, who at once "enjoy and despise you;" to prostitute your talents, and devote your nights to the amusement of those who, in the day, are ashamed to acknowledge you. The love of fame *alone* cannot be a sufficient inducement for a man to forego the common enjoyments of life, to brave the shafts of criticism, to tempt the malice and provoke the envy of mankind. In his musing mood the poet exists in *another world*, peopled by the beings of his own prolific imagination. He is here compensated for the neglect he meets with in life. Here every thing is adjusted to his taste, his rivals are always disgraced, and his nymphs are always kind. From some introductory lines which our poet has prefixed to his volume, it appears he had published some "tales and songs," some time

before, and the reception they met with had nearly deterred him from making another attempt. When this was, and under what circumstances, I have not been able to learn, though, if it were ascertained, it would determine some singular coincidences of thought and expression that may be found in cotemporary writers. I have met with several of his poems that do not appear in the volume which he published on his returning from abroad, and which have not any date affixed, but are paged for the beginning of a work, and bound up with other fragments of poetry and prose.

"The Race of the Maids" is a spirited poem, and has many good lines. The following are bold and descriptive.

"——— O muse! in faithful numbers tell
How vig'rous strove the Chetkil maid and Nell,
As up the pathway furiously they sweep,
How closely in each others steps they keep!
And now, involv'd in clouds of rising dust,
The rapid racers to the sight are lost;
And now again appearing full in view,
No ground is gain'd by Nell or lost by Sue.
As of a chariot, that outstrips the wind,
The wheels before and those that run behind
Whirl with an equal swiftness o'er the plain,
And at an equal distance still remain:
So ran the maids—the rais'd spectators gaze,
In mind suspended whom they most should praise."

In an epistle to Mr. Sharp, jun. of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, he describes his feelings on being doomed

"——— In works of death to toil,
And fertilize with blood a foreign soil."

From this poem, Yorick's platonic friend, the accomplished Eliza, has selected the following lines, which appear in one of the letters that are now published in her name. * The poet is supposing that he remained with his literary friend, and is writing on the eve of his departure; Eliza is supposing herself married to her Bramin.

"My genius rough, should by degrees refine,
Acquiring worth by imitating thine,
With thee I'd wander o'er th' historic page,
And view the changing scenes of ev'ry age;
Or, led by thee, the latent paths explore
Of grave philosophy's extensive lore;

Or now reclining on the sylvan bow'r,
With tuneful bards enjoy the peaceful hour."

This piece was originally communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine, for September 1757. In the number for November following, there appears another piece, entitled "Bardolph and Trulla," an imitation of Horace and Lydia, to which is prefixed a note, wherein he informs the editor that he is their old Staffordshire correspondent, who is not a sailor, as he understood, but a private soldier in the Old Buffs. He then refers back to his former communications, as early as 1745 and 1746, at which period he must have been miraculously young for an author in his circumstances to have written any thing. He had several friends who countenanced his earliest flights in the regions of rhyme, but none of them had sufficient *active* benevolence to rescue the poet from the drudgery of a vile profession, that checked the ardour of his genius, and finally drove him to seek a scanty maintenance among the refuse of society. His best poem that I have yet seen is his "Parish Clerk." Where, and when, it made its first appearance, I have not been able to discover. It is written after the manner of Shenstone's "School-mistress," and has many natural beauties. It may be found in "Harrison and Co.'s Lady's Poetical Magazine, or Beauties of British Poetry." Vol. 1st.

After a few introductory Stanzas I select the following :—

"Ent'ring the village in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak his dwelling stands ;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay ;
All rudely rais'd by his forefather's hands.
Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
And pity the good man who lives so wretchedly.

"Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow,
And naked arm, he at his anvils plies ;
What time Aurora in the east does glow,
And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies ;
The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
And from the tortur'd mass the sparkles fly around.

"Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
And slyly peeping o'er the hatch is seen,
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle keen .

Unthinking little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled sore, and cruel task beside."

I have not Mr. Holloway's poems by me, but, as far as I recollect, there is a strong similarity between a few lines there, and the former part of this latter stanza.

The Parish Clerk's learning is characteristically delineated in the following lines :

" A deep historian well I wot is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's Gebrge, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of Merlin's mirror, and the brazen head ;
With hundred legends more, which, to recite,
Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest night."

The poet then describes the various ceremonies of a village wedding in appropriate numbers, and gives the following impressive picture of his hero in the decline of life.

" But now, alas, his ev'ry pow'r decays,
His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd his hands,
No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,
No more to melody the harp commands ;
Sadly he mourns the dulness of his ear,
And when a master plays, he *presses close to hear*."

The following lines are in Gray's style :—

" Late o'er the plain by chance or fancy led,
The pensive swain who does his annals write," &c.

But in the succeeding ones there is a direct hit.

" Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,
Whose twisted roots above the greensward creep,
There freed from toil my pious father laid,
Enjoys a silent unmolested sleep."

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high."

GRAY.

The following is the concluding verse :—

" In that sweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,
My neighbours kind, I trust will see me laid,
In humble hope of mercy to repose.

Evil and few the Patriarch mourn'd his days,
Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways."

"*There they alike in trembling hope repose,*
The bosom of his father and his God."

GRAY.

The occasional emanations of genius may be discovered through the whole of his poems, and we cannot but regret that an author of much local celebrity, whose works have been thought worthy of being ranked among the happiest effusions of the press, should have continued unheeded, to the end of his life, in so mean and repugnant an office as that of a private soldier; the continual associate of men of rude and ferocious character; to see day rise upon day, and year close upon year, with no variation but that of wretchedness; the rays of genius beaming on his mind, and the clouds of oblivion and neglect encircling his head!

Wolverhampton, May 10.

CIVIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

◦ **TIMIDITY**, says the celebrated Montesquieu, has been the bane of my life. It seems to affect even the organs of my body, and my intellect; to arrest my tongue; to cast a cloud over my thoughts; and to confound my language. I am less subject to this humiliation before men of sense than fools, because I trust to *their* perceiving my ideas. Three times in my life I have chafed to acquit myself well enough. Being at Luxembourg, in an apartment where the Emperor was at dinner, Prince Kinski said to me, "You, Sir, who come from France, must be surprised to see the Emperor so ill lodged."—"Sir," I answered, "I am not sorry to see a country in which the subjects are better lodged than the sovereign."

Being in Piedmont, the King said to me, "I understand, Sir, you are a relation of the Abbé Montesquieu, whom I have seen here with the Abbé D'Etrade!" "Sir," I replied, "your Majesty is like Cæsar, who never forgot any one's name."

Dining in England, with the Duke of Richmond, the French envoy there, La Boine, who was ill qualified for his situation, contended that England was not larger than the province of Guienne.

I opposed the envoy. In the evening the Queen said to me, "I am informed, Sir, that you undertook our defence against Monsieur la Boine?" I replied, "Madam, I cannot persuade myself that a country over which *you* reign is not a *great* kingdom."

I CALL genius a secret gift of the Deity, which the possessor displays unknown to himself.

THE sublimely simple and comprehensive precept of christianity, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you," leads the moralist to compress the various tenets of his doctrine, into "Behave unto all men as ye would they should behave unto you." The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are *all lost* in the character of the *well bred man*. Or, if nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and does not shew enough of herself to become disgusting. The Abbé Bellegarde justly tells us, "Ill breeding is not a *single* defect. It is the result of *many*. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others the attention due to them; it is a *peevish malignity*, which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which has no complaisance for any other person. The effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility: or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour."

HE who runs after wit is apt to embrace folly.

THE reason why fools so often succeed in their plans, is, that never distrusting themselves, they always persevere.

BE *singular* if you please: but let it be in the elevation of your thoughts, and the rectitude of your manners. He that can distinguish himself *only by the abuse of others*, is a despicable creature in every country.

A LIAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

THE difference there is between *honour* and *honesty*, is chiefly in the *motive*. The honest man does that from *duty*, which the man of honour does for the sake of *character*. True honour is to honesty, what the court of chancery is to common law!

Q. Z.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

 QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVANT.

 MISCELLANEOUS.

Select Odes of Anacreon, with critical Annotations; to which are added, Translations and Imitations of other ancient Authors. By the late Rev. Hercules Younge, and published by the Rev. Mr. Drought.

THIS elegant little work is ushered into the world under the auspices of Earl Moira, whom the editor has addressed in a dedication so delicate and appropriate, as well as brief—another excellence in epistles dedicatory—that we shall lay it before our readers.

“MY LORD,

“Having long contemplated the character of Earl Moira with silent, though sincere veneration, it is impossible for me to resist profiting by the opportunity which the publication of these posthumous papers, of a near and dear relative, affords, of testifying it to the world, by inscribing them to a nobleman, who has taste to appreciate, and knowledge to distinguish, their merits; and it is a highly gratifying circumstance to find, that, though I am not prepared, or, I fear, competent, to make this manifestation by my own talents, yet I shall not go out of my family to assure your lordship, that I am your obedient servant,

“ROBERT DROUGHT.”

The incontestible merit of “Anacreon” may be deduced from the single circumstance of his enjoying an unfading character as a poet, for so many centuries; his odes being as much admired at the present time as they were in their first appearance. Imitations of his thought and manner have been innumerable; and the avowed literal translations of distinct odes have been no less. They have been also given to the public in an English translation, collectively, with great general effect, by Mr. Fawkes; and more recently, as well as more in the spirit of the original, by Mr. Moore. The genius of the latter gentleman, indeed, seems to have assimilated better with that of the Tæan Bard than any other, and particularly in the more voluptuous, not to say licentious, part of his author. Notwithstanding which we fully subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Pratt, who, on seeing the manuscript of those selections, observed—that a chaste yet animated selection of these captivating odes, giving in a fashionable pocket volume the *Beauties of Anacreon*, in a liberal yet guarded translation, so as to preserve the delightful sport, the jovial

sentiments, and playful spirit of the original, without bringing forward any thing that o'er-steps the bounds of modesty, appeared to be a desideratum in English poetry: and we hesitate not to say, that the translations under our immediate consideration are, to adopt the language of another of the editor's friends, chosen with great delicacy, and that the warmest glow of passion has been shaded by a lovelier modesty in such of the odes as required it. Though we acknowledge, in justice to the present translator, that it must have been by a very skilful hand that these chastening touches were given, without injury to the rich and joyous imagery which characterizes the Grecian bard.

In proof of this assertion, we shall present our readers with the celebrated address to the painter, about to draw a portrait of Anacreon's mistress, ode 28, of which Mr. Younge has given two translations. We give the preference to the first.

Master of the rosy art,
Try the pleasing friendly part:
Paint my beauty all divine;
Colour you, and I'll design.

Make her tresses easy lie,
Softly touch'd, and black the dye,
If your tint so far prevails,
Paint them breathing od'rous gales.

Next, her forehead, smooth and fair,
Gently raise beneath her hair.

Form a brow on either side;
Mix them not, nor yet divide;
Let no eye distinctly see
Where they part, or where agree:
Then her eye-lash must arise
Black and circling o'er her eyes.

Now her eyes your hand require;
Paint them sparkling as the fire,
Awful as the queen of arms,
Lively as the queen of charms.

Next attempt her cheeks and nose;
Blend the fairness through the rose;
Then her lip's persuasive grace,
Softly courting an embrace.

Let a thousand graces deck
All her Pærian-marble neck.

Painter, now, to clothe the rest,
Form a purple, slender vest,
Clear, pellucid, that her skin,
Half observ'd, shall lie within:

Prying fancy thus may know,
 Wond'rous beauties are below.
 Hold ! enough ! I see the fair
 All her charms confess'd appear !
 Such the work'n ev'ry feature,
 Voice would make it real nature.

The famous address to Anacreon's dove is very happily transfused, and we cannot refuse it to our readers.

STOP, my beauteous dove, and pray
 Tell me whence your airy way ?
 Why do all your little plumes
 Send a gale of rich perfumes ?
 Who's your lord, and where you dwell,
 Lovely stranger, stay and tell.

DOVE.

Me the Teian bid with care
 Search and find his idol-fair,
 Her, whose beauty's early pride
 Conquers all the sex beside,
 Venus, for an ode he gave her,
 Much delighted with the favour,
 Bid me, since you long to know it,
 Serve obsequiously the poet.
 Now his fair one I pursue,
 Charg'd to give this billet-doux.
 Once he told me—"Dove," said he,
 "Soon I mean to set you free."
 But, so easy now my case,
 Should I quit the happy place ?
 Should I range the hill and wood,
 Seeking mean and scanty food ?
 Now securely I may stand,
 Crumbs receiving from his hand ;
 Or, if thirsty, go and sup
 Wine delicious from his cup,
 Cheer'd with this, I play and bouffé,
 Nimbly dancing on the ground ;
 Then caress the bard, and spread
 Both my pinions o'er his head ;
 Last, to quiet sleep retire,
 Perching on the very lyre.
 Thus I told—a prattling jay—
 All my case—now go my way.

The imitations from Bion, Moschus, and Horace, are not less happily executed. A familiar imitation of the latter, Book I. Epist. 4, we resolve to make room for.

Since you, my friend, without a courtly sneer,
 Can sit on oak, and feast on country cheer,

To supper come, and come in easy guise,
 Ere Phœbus sets, or noxious damps arise.
 Light is my claret; *** is strictly true;
 Th' importer he, the vintage fifty-two.
 For meat, the brook can eels and trouts supply,
 My barn a chicken, and my doves a pie.
 Add that *Pomona*, o'er vicarial land,
 Her fruits diffuses with a bounteous hand.
 If more than such your better tithes afford,
 Dress when you please; and I'll attend the board;
 If not, your fav'rite *Chillingworth* resign,
 For social converse, harmless mirth, and wine.
 Since this fair eve precedes th' auspicious morn,
 On which, thank heav'n, our George the good was born,
 We'll sit, uncensur'd, chat the hours away.
 Till light appears, then grateful toast the day.
 Plagu'd with no doubts, unanxious for an heir,
 Free from lean av'rice, and the frown severe,
 Be mine to quaff, or stretch in careless ease;
 And fools may call me thoughtless, if they please.

What cannot wine perform? Its genial fire
 To am'rous youth restores the tott'ring sire;
 It arms the coward hand, revives the brave,
 Strikes off his fetters from the lab'ring slave;
 Nay, bids e'en B***y fearless ope the door,
 And give (strange pow'r!) one farthing to the poor!

Though little cost adorns my friendly treat,
 At least the furniture is plainly neat:
 Each knife, well whetted, cuts exactly keen;
 In each bright dish your face is clearly seen;
 The cloth is fair as *Kitty's* wondrous breast:
 And all may satisfy an easy guest.
 Nor dread, my friend, to see a motley train
 Of clam'rous blockheads, or of pertly vain:
 I hate disputes, and hold this gen'ral rule,
 'Tis fretful labour to oppose a fool.
 No barrister, who, joy'd himself to hear,
 Refuses quarter to the wounded ear;
 Who—in the hall, unworthy of a part—
 To spoil good liquor, keeps his terms of art:
 No rev'rend doctor, with important face,
 Who palms stupidity for heav'nly grace;
 O'er whose broad head fat waves unwieldy flow,
 Impartial emblems of the brains below;
 Who in polemics shews Herculean pow'r,
 When not oppos'd, and dulls the festive hour!
 None such expect:—I'll bid a sprightly few,
 Or leave the choice of company of you.

These are my terms: if grateful these, attend,
And quit a wife, one night, to please a friend.*

The editor, Mr. Drought, justly observes, that the majority of the NOTES will be gratifying chiefly to those who are intimate with the Greek; yet, besides that the commentary is too valuable to be lost, it seems expedient to admit this estimable edition, without swelling the size, or increasing the price of the book, by printing the original text to each ode. These illustrations not only throw an agreeable and general light upon the subject and the author, that may assist the English reader, but present the learned with opportunities of reference, augmenting at the same time the reputation of the erudite translator.

Mr. Drought, the editor of the present elegant selection, has prefixed a short account of the last-mentioned gentleman, his ingenious and learned relative; but, as he observes, it is very scanty of materials. He tells us Mr. Younge was educated at the university of Dublin, where he was eminently distinguished for his literary talents, and the strict propriety of his conduct. When ordained, the Bishop of Waterford, at the desire of Lord Chesterfield, who still extended to him his patronage, gave him a valuable living in his diocese.—Mr. Younge usually resided at *Carrick on Suir*, where his time was divided between study, and the conscientious discharge of his parochial duties. Dr. Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, acknowledges himself indebted to our author for several ingenious hints, in his well known dissertations on the prophecies.

Mr. Younge remained in retirement, greatly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was usually called the Christian Socrates, on account of his uncommon patience, in cheerfully submitting to a wife whose temper procured her the appellation of a young Xantippe. Though our author survived his thirteen children, and languished for many years under a painful disease, yet he bore his misfortunes with that pious resignation, which, by precept and example, he had always enforced on the minds of his parishioners. He died January 14, 1798, aged 77, admired for his talents, and revered for his virtues.

The grandmother of this gentleman was the daughter of the illustrious, but unfortunate, Montmorenci, high-constable of France, who, after the revocation of the famous edict of Nantes, was imprisoned as a Hugonot. The violent and indignant exertions of this eminent Frenchman, to prevent his enemies from loading him with

* The notes to the poems, being very long, are omitted. EDITOR.

chains, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel, which quickly terminated his sufferings and his life.

The Mild Tenour of Christianity, an Essay, elucidated from Scripture and History, containing a new Illustration of the Characters of several eminent Personages. By Mr. Jerningham. 12mo. 3s. Clarke, New Bond Street.

THE benevolent purpose of this performance is to present to the dissolute, to the thoughtless, to the half-infidel, the Christian doctrine in its most attractive form, which we think the author has happily effected. He summons to our view many eminent personages, who all received the doctrine of christianity under that mild acceptation in which it is here presented to our view. Though the several arguments our author uses may have been separately considered by different writers, they have never been united into one consistent system before; and it was a marked desideratum in our literature.

Practical Sermons on several important Subjects. By the Reverend J. St. John, L. L. B. Price 6s. Vernor and Hood. pp. 394.

WE have perused these sermons with more than common satisfaction. They are exactly what sermons should be. The author considers that he is addressing an assembly of Christians, in order to persuade them to become useful to one another, and acceptable to God. Instead of taking up our time, as many authors do, by abstruse reasoning, he seizes on the affections, and continues his hold from the beginning of his discourse to the end of it.

"The French and English writers of sermons," Dr. Blair observes, "proceed upon very different ideas of the eloquence of the pulpit; and seem indeed to have split it betwixt them. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm, animated exhortation; an English one is a piece of cool, instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions; the English almost solely to the understanding. It is the union of these two kinds of composition, of the French earnestness and warmth, with the English accuracy and reason, that would form, according to my idea, the model of a perfect sermon. A French sermon would sound in our ears as a florid, and often as an enthusiastic, harangue. The censure which, in fact, the French critics pass on the English preachers is, that they are philosophers and logicians, but not orators." We perceive this union of English accuracy and reason with French earnestness and warmth, throughout

the whole of these animated and valuable discourses. Indeed we have seen none so admirably adapted to effect the great purpose of public speaking, which is persuasion, as these now under our notice.

Whether the preacher is exhorting to a duty, or dissuading from a vice, every hearer conceives himself to be the person addressed.—The historical sermons, in particular, are so exceedingly interesting and pathetic, that hard must be the heart that can read them without the most lively emotion. Many of them conclude with prayers, which are truly appropriate and devotional. The language being always elegant, and often sublime, we recommend them, as models of composition, to young divines; and as sermons proper for the closet, for families, schools, &c. &c. We have no hesitation in saying, that we are not able to mention a volume by the most celebrated author, either ancient or modern, which contains more real excellence.

Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Continued from p. 246.

THE views, given by Mr. C. of Loch-Kaitrin, and the hill of Binean, convey gratifying specimens of wild magnificence, though these are exceeded, in point of execution, by the lucid sketch of Loch Lubnaig. The traveller, he tells us, who may be inclined to visit the loch of Monteith and Loch Aird, a distance from Callander of about twelve miles, will be much delighted with scenery, if not sublime, yet little less interesting than that already visited. Loch Monteith is a sheet of water, remarkable not only for picturesque beauty, but also for having in former times been chosen as a sweet retreat for a priory*, the ruins of which are still to be seen on the largest of two small islands, that constitute the chief ornaments of this lake.—Loch Aird is about five miles south-west of Loch Monteith. We pass by a description of the botanical and mineralogical productions of these parts, to notice some of the popular superstitions.

“Although this district can hardly be deemed *highland*, yet the language spoken by the generality of the people is a bad dialect of the ancient Celtic or Gaelic, greatly corrupted in point of pronunciation. The dialect of the Scots-Saxon, or language of the lowlands, is spoken much in the same vulgar and drawling accent. The customs, however, of this part of the country are altogether

* Said to have been founded by Murdoch, earl of Monteith, who was killed at the battle of Duplin in 1332; but Spottiswood seems to doubt this, as in Prynne's collection, vol. iii. p. 653, mention is made that Adam Priour de Pisle de Saint Colmoch swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296, as also did Alexander, earl of Monteith, father to the above Earl Murdough. See Spottiswood's account of religious houses.

ther highland. For example:—on the first day of May, O. S. which is *Belting-day**, the boys of the neighbouring hamlets meet, and retire to some sequestered spot amid the hills, where they cut a circular trench out of the green turf, in the centre of which a table is formed, round which they sit, and eat a repast dressed in the following manner, for the occasion:—Milk and eggs being made into the consistence of a custard, an oatmeal cake is kneaded very thick, and toasted by being set up against a stone at the embers: this is called a *bonnacb-chloich*, or stone-cake. As to each person present a portion of this cake is to be distributed, it is cut into the requisite number of pieces. One bit of it is then bedaubed with charcoal, and the whole put into a bonnet. Each lad draws out a bit; and he to whose lot the black falls, is said to be devoted to Beal-taine, Beltin, or Baal's fire, as a sacrifice. Instead of actual immolation, the victim is made to skip three times through the glowing embers, and here the ceremony ends†.

“Another custom is still observed, though, like the former, it is falling rapidly into neglect. On the first of November, *All-saints even*, fires, usually made of fern, are kindled on knolls, within sight of each other, and the boys interested in each fire, set stones on end, amid the ashes, which are collected carefully into a circular form, one stone for each of the party concerned; and if it should happen that any stone is moved out of its place before next morning, the person represented by such stone is supposed to be *fey*, i. e. unfortunate, devoted, and doomed to die within a year from that day. But through most other parts of the north and west of Scotland, the festival of All-saints, or Hallow-e'en, is still kept with much fantastic ceremony and festivity; for a characteristic description of which, see Burn's admirable poem entitled “Halloween,” subjoined to which are notes that explain many of the strange customs not altogether exploded even to this day.”

Proceeding from Callander westward, Mr. C. passes through the small village of Kilmahoog, pleasantly situated along the river Teath, and soon reaches the pass of Laing to the north-west highlands. Here a new scene of desolate grandeur presents itself. A glen, wild, sterile, bleak, shut out from all but the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, which here appear almost inaccessible, strikes the stranger with awe, and may induce him to thank Heaven that he was not destined to inhabit so cheerless a spot. Yet here, beneath the brow of the hill of Ardchulery, a solitary but small mansion, close on the margin of Loch Lubnait‡, was formerly the hunting seat of the Abyssinian traveller, Bruce of Kinnaird.

On an elevated plat on the left, he comes in sight of Loch Earn and Edinchip, the residence of Mr. Campbell. The prospect of the lake, from the inn of Locherin-head, is by no means interesting at first sight; but when thrown into a breadth of light and shade, by

* i. e. May-day.

† See other ceremonies observed on May-day, in Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*.

‡ i. e. The winding-lake.

some casual stream of floating light, it produces a happy effect, as Mr. C. has shewn.

Noticing the rich and extensive valley of Strathern for its picturesque beauties, our tourist leaves Locherinn-head, and passes through an inhospitable and dreary valley called Glenogle, than which a more wild and barren tract is hardly to be met with in the highlands of Scotland. Glendochart next presents a region of sterile magnificence, though several hamlets, disposed on the adjacent eminences, give it some interest. Proceeding by the banks of the river Dochart to Killin, the hill called Stron-chlachan, the craggy heights of Finlaing, and the lofty wilds of Ben-lauris, with Loch Tay stretching its ample breadth along the base of the mountains, form a grand and simple picture, as delineated by the hand of Mr. C.

Some very entertaining extracts are here introduced from the narrations of various travellers, contrasting the *former* customs, occupations, and manners of the highlanders with the *present*, from Donald Monro's account in 1549, to that of Dr. Johnson in 1775. Some ingenious disquisitions are then subjoined, relating to the "king of woody Morven." Of these we can take but a very cursory glance; sufficient, however, to shew that Mr. C. is still a stickler, as he was in his poetic history, for the authenticity of Ossian.

"Fin-mac-cumhal, or (as Macpherson has translated it) Fingal, is well known as the celebrated hero of antiquity among the native Irish, and the Scottish highlanders. Both lay claim to him, and to the poetical rhapsodies respecting him and his heroes; and, as the Scottish highlanders and the Irish aborigines are undoubtedly one and the same people, whose language, in great measure, even at this day, whose customs and manners are the same, it seems a matter of small importance on which side of the water Fingal and his heroes were born and flourished.

"The first author of any note who mentions Fingal, is the celebrated author of "the Bruce," Barbour, who wrote towards the latter end of the fourteenth century.

"The Lord of Lorn is made to say:—

———"Methynke Marthoeke's son

"Right as Gowmakmorn* wes won,

"Tyl haif fra *Fyngal* his menyie,

"Richt sa fra us all hys hes hee."

"Hector Boethius, Buchanan, and Leslie, mention *Fin-mac-cuil*; as doth also Nicolson in his Scottish historical library, but in such a way as to class what relates

Gaul-mac-morn, and Fin-mac-cumhal, i. e. Gaul, the son of Morni, and the Fingal of Ossian, as translated by Macpherson.

relates to him with the fictions of romance. To whatever period of our traditional history the *Fians* are referable, their existence at some time is undoubted.—The whole highlands and isles, with respect to traditional remains, bear witness. Names of places to this hour clearly evince the age of Ossian."

We do not perceive why the "names of places" might not be fabricated as easily as any other part of the work, and made to correspond with history or tradition. The term "romance" has been misconceived, from having become perverted. Its genuine signification did not imply fictitious narrative, but a history of facts related in the romance or vulgar tongue, the *lingua Romana rustica*. The name of the language was at length transferred to the subject; and all legendary tales of ancient date seem now to have taken, however inaccurately, the title of "Romance."

"To the lover of picturesque scenery, says Mr. C. the environs of Killin will be found peculiarly interesting. All the assemblage of wood and water, hill and valley, that constitutes landscape, is to be met with here in endless variety. To be minute, therefore, in description, were needless, and a general enumeration would fall greatly short of what, on actual survey, can hardly fail to please."

Mr. Campbell has well compensated, in general, for the want of minute description, by the aptitude of his pencil to portray the characteristic features of highland scenery. On leaving Killin, it is recommended to the traveller to proceed down the right border of Loch Tay, as being, in point of prospect, by far preferable to the left; besides, that the road is less hilly, and superior to that on the north border of the lake. Stations for prospects are pointed out, at the fourth, sixth, and twelfth mile stones. Taymouth, the family residence of Lord Breadalbane, is next visited, and, with the village of Kinmore, affords a rich and diversified composition, and displays the delicate skill of Alken in the art of aquatinta. On leaving Taymouth, Mr. C. proceeds down the Tay, along whose banks the face of the country bespeaks the hand of cultivation, and promises, in a few years, to wear the aspect of plenty and cheerfulness. The places next touched on, in this tour, are Fortingal and Aberfeldie. The latter of these will recal to every poetic reader the lyrical tribute of Burns. Pennant notices the wild beauties of these solitudes with peculiar delight. On leaving Aberfeldie (says Mr. C.) if, instead of pursuing our journey directly to Dunkeld, we would rather visit Blair in Athol, it is necessary to pass the Tay by Wade's bridge, and proceed along the windings of the river, till we come to its confluence with the Tummel, over which we pass by boat. But another route, more circuitous indeed, though not less interesting, is to cross the Tay by the bridge at Aberfeldie, and ascend through Apen

a Dull to the bridge of Tummel; thence to make an excursion along the south side of Loch Rannoch, and return by the north border of the lake to the bridge of Tummel; thence to cross over the hills to Blair in Athol, and proceed to Dunkeld; the whole way from the ferry of Tummel to Blair, being one continued series of diversified prospects.

[To be continued.]

Sketches and Observations taken on a Tour through a Part of the South of Europe. By Jens Wolff. 181. 4to. Richardson.

[By a Correspondent.]

THIS tour was made in the year 1785, and the work will, therefore, not excite the public attention so strongly as if it afforded a description of more recent events; the author, however, has executed the task he proposed to himself in a manner that does him great credit. "Far from aiming at the higher ornaments of composition, he purposes only to relate the occurrences of an agreeable excursion, in easy and familiar language; fortunate indeed, if, by an occasional stroke of pleasantry, he may rather dispose his reader to accompany him through the work with the cheerfulness of a companion, than to fasten upon its defects with the severity of a critic."

We think Mr. Wolff has been thus fortunate in the following whimsical description of a scene in the coffee-room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles, which we transcribe as a specimen of the entertainment the reader may expect from a perusal of the whole performance.

"Strolling into the coffee-room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles one day at the hour of dinner, I could not avoid remarking the manners of different people, and the effect of various languages on the ear of a stranger. Several persons were assembled, either at dinner, reading the newspapers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full-dressed, hungry, meagre Frenchman, *bossu avec des jambes longues et un nez crochû*, with his napkin tucked under his chin, and devouring a salad with impatient gestures, was, at every mouthful, vociferating, "*Garçon? Garçon!*"—The latter arriving out of breath, with big drops of symptomatic heat emitting from his brows: "*Quoi diable, garçon, est ce donc comme ça qu'on fait des attentions ici? Il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'ai appelé, et personne ne vient! appelez vous cela être bien servie? Qu'avez vous donc pour dîner? Donnez moi la carte sur le champ*"—"Eh bien, Monsieur, la voilà"—"*Ah! voyons un peu!*"—Taking a magnifying eye glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflection of the candles, seemed to set the bill of fare on fire.

Bouille a la sauce.

De ros-bif a l'Anglois.

Cabillau a la sauce blanche.

Demi canard roti, ou aux nayets.

Quarré de mouton en chevreuil, ou à la reine.

Poitrine de mouton pannée grillée.
 Fricandeau à Pozeille, ou à la Dauphine.
 Des Epinauds au jus.
 Omelette aux pommes.
 Poudin au ris.
 Oeufs au miroir.
 Macaroni, &c. &c.

"A blustering German baron, six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him, was muttering to himself, '*Was Teufel! donner wetter! hat er mir gegeben? dis kun ich bey meiner seele nicht essen*—' What the devil, thunder and lightning, has he given me? By my soul this is not eatable.'—'*Garçon! sien ici tunc*—' *Eh bien, me viola, Monsieur, que vous plait il?*—' *Ke tiable kes que ça qu'on m'apport? Me prend on per en pete sauvage ke je pis manger ceci ou cela in-çi, ke tous vos autres tiables te plats, he?*—' *Mais, Monsieur, (said the waiter, with an humble and submissive tone of voice) je vous assure que tout est bon dans notre maison, et*—' *Et quoi tunc, Monsieur Hans Wurst! foila des raisonnemens toujours, tes tometiques quant on temande kek chose, c'est les Carçons de nous faire tes tispates, tes kerelles!—donner blicksum allez foo au tiable, et dit à ton maître qu'il sient ici.—Tiable! der versuch'et kerl meint dass man hier mit allez zufrieden seyn muss.*—The cursed rascal conceives that one must here be satisfied with every thing.'—At this moment, an English naval officer entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognised by an old acquaintance, his countryman. 'Ah, George, my worthy, who the D—l would have thought of seeing you in France? How are you?'—'Why Bedford, G—d dam'me, where do you come from?' replied the other, 'I thought you were safely lodged in Old England among the loungers in Bond-street, by G—d!'—'No, I'm on my travels with my tutor.'—'Are you? Well I'm d—d glad to see you, by G—d! Let's sit down and crack a bottle of Burgundy together. Here you waiter, garçon, scaramouch, what's your name, lay the cloth, and bring a bill of fare, d'ye hear?'—'Monsieur,' said the waiter, staring, '*me no understand English.*'—You don't, hey. Why then, G—d damme, tell your master to send us a fellow that does.' (Another waiter arriving.) 'Here you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent to eat. None of your black broths, cursed fricassee of frogs, or half-starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw; some beef dam'me, plain roast is good enough for me, by G—d!'—'Où, Monsieur, vous aurez le ros bif toute de suite.'

"This interesting conversation, and volley of expetives, was checked by a large Newfoundland dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce Abbé and Italian opera daucer *bien poudré*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton fuit à la merveille avec sauce piquante*, was, or was not preferable to *macaroni à la parmesan*. In the heat of controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table by the arm of the impetuous Abbé; when impatient Cæsar, thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and with an irresistible pull brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth, and plates, on the extended leg of Signor Scamperio, and ran growling,

with the gigot in his mouth, under his master's chair. Up started the Abbé in a rage, vociferating—*Ob! Morbleu! sacristie! quel voleur! Oh! mon gigot—Voilà un infame chien—je voudrais qu'il t'étrangle, mllain!*—*A il mio gamba,* (cried the Italian, rubbing his leg,) *eratta, e non piu ballare—cospetto di Dio! corpo di Christo! maledetto sia il dog Inglese che ho fatto! A me! son disfortunato e rovinato!*—Oh my leg! it's broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—O Bacchus! body of Christ! curses alight on the English dog who did the act—Oh Lord! I'm undone! I'm ruined! These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes, and the coolness of the dog gnawing the gigot under the table, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the distress of the Signor and his friend, the passionate Abbé, the latter crying out furiously *pour son chapeau, ses gonds, sa canne, le compte, tout étant en desordre ou perdu,* in the confusion of a crowded room, where *la jolie maitresse* at the bar, was too deeply engaged in receiving the *milles attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out *bonbons* from a *boudoir orné*, to attend to any mishap at a distance; her surrounding galants pressing her to give them ices *à la crème, à la pistache, des marons glacés, des verres de limonade, d'orgeat, des bavoroises, une tasse de café, des liqueurs de cannelle, anis, girofle, noyau de la Martinique, de Mde. Amphion, des isles,* and a thousand other et-cetera, with which her *joli cabinet* was replenished. This agreeable confusion of tongues, and discordant sounds, continued till a boy entered the room, and distributed *les petites affiches*, announcing the play of the evening, (wherein *la charmante Ponteuille* was the chief performer) a piece which had had a run of several nights, but of which *tout le monde* was still anxious to be spectators. This broke up the sittings, the *amateurs* quitted their seats with alacrity, the *dilettante* hopped off in graceful attitudes, and the *cogno-scenti*, after taking their *pousse café* with a grave and dignified air, marched *au spectacle, sans deliberation.*"

Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, performed in 1793 and 1794. By P. S. Pallas. Translated by Francis Blagdon, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.

THESE volumes conclude the Travels of Pallas, and, for the present, as we learn from an advertisement to Vol. IV. suspend the publication. From various causes enumerated by Mr. Blagdon, and which will be admitted by his readers as perfectly satisfactory, it has been found very inconvenient, and nearly impracticable, to carry into execution the original design of publishing a volume of this work on the first day of every month. It is intended, therefore, to discontinue the publication for a few months; after which it will be resumed on a different plan. Each Book of Travels will appear in a complete state at once, by which means, the editor observes, "a greater portion of time will be afforded to every person concerned in the undertaking, which must consequently receive a greater share of attention in its execution; while the advantage to be derived by the reader from this new arrangement is too obvious to need remark."

Mooriana: or Selections from the Moral, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. John Moore; illustrated by a new Biographical and Critical Account of the Doctor and his Writings; and Notes, Historical, Classical, and Explanatory. By the Rev. F. Prevost, and F. Blagdon, Esq. 12mo. 10s. Crosby, 1803.

THERE are few writers, who, either from the extent or variety of their publications, have afforded scope for a selection of *ana*, at once so agreeable and instructive as the present. The extracts are very judiciously made, and the notes discover much taste and critical acumen. A well executed engraving, from a drawing by Wm. Lock, Junr. sketched posterior to the picture of the doctor by Lawrence, appears in the front of the volumes.

The Praise of Paris; or a Sketch of the French Capital; in Extracts of Letters from France, in the Summer of 1802; with an Index of many of the Convents, Churches, and Palaces, not in the French Catalogues which have furnished Pictures for the Louvre Gallery. By S. W. F. R. S. F. A. S. 5s. 6d. 8vo. Baldwins. 1803.

As companions in a tour to Paris, books of this sort will unfortunately be no longer required; but their value in the closet will rise in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining a personal view of the capital of the French empire. The letters from which these extracts are drawn, seem to have been written *currente calamo*, for the amusement of the author's friends. The style is very pleasing, and the author appears to be a man of good taste and general information.

Some Remarks relative to the present State of Education in the Society of the People called Quakers. By George Harrison. 1s. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1802.

THIS is an exhortation from a Quaker to his brethren, to pay more regard to the education of their youth, and to put their schools under some stricter regulation. The remarks are worthy of attention.

Martyn of Fenrose; or the Wizard and the Sword. A Romance. By Henry Summersett. 12mo. 9s. 3 Vols. Dutton. 1803.

A STORY full of enchantment and horrid descriptions, in which the author, however, has shewn some occasional flights of fancy and genius. This romance is very superior to works in general of a similar description.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*

The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

THE NEW COMPANY

AT THE

HAY-MARKET.

IN conformity to the new arrangements, Mr. Colman opened his theatre, on Monday the 16th of May, with an introductory piece, under the title of *No Prelude*, the comedy of the *Jew*, and the musical entertainment of the *Agreeable Surprise*. Whatever may be the result of this experiment, it is certainly worth the trial. The advantage of having performers established in the opinion of the town, is no doubt considerable; but if, in order to obtain their assistance, the proprietor must be content to await the convenience of the winter managers, and to lose six or eight weeks out of the four months to which the patent confines the performances of the Hay-market theatre, it becomes a point of policy to render it totally independent of the other houses, and to collect a company of its own, which, in the course of a season or two, may so recommend itself, as to become equally respectable and attractive with any that might be formed from the joint companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. How far the scheme may answer, is a question that can only be decided by time. We are among those who think that the issue will be successful; and, at any rate, the attempt to disencumber himself of a dependence which reduced his property to insignificance, and almost to contempt, is worthy of Mr. Colman's spirit, and entitled to every degree of favour and encouragement on the part of the public. Though we have hitherto had but few opportunities of visiting the theatre, we have seen enough to enable us briefly to notice the merits of some of the performers.

Mr. Elliston, who is appointed stage manager, and who will take the lead in the principal characters in tragedy and genteel comedy, has already received the sanction of a London audience. Beyond all question, no other gentleman could have been found, unconnected with the winter theatres, so eminently calculated, from the

respectability of his character, to recommend an infant theatrical scheme to the notice of the town, and by the splendour and versatility of his talents to bring it into speedy reputation.

Mr. Mathews, from the York stage, we pronounce to be an actor of genuine merit. He is rich and abundant in humour, original both in conception and manner, and rigidly faithful to the characters he represents. His *Jabal*, *Tag*, *Scout*, and *Sharp*, are irresistible, and in *Lingo* he displays uncommon genius, particularly in the songs, which are constantly encored, and into which he introduces so much novelty with so much neatness, that we may justly set him down as one of the best *comic singers*, as he is also decisively one of the most whimsical and valuable comedians whose appearance we have for a long time had to welcome on the London boards. He has some striking peculiarities of figure, voice, and countenance, all of which tend to excite and keep alive the merriment of the audience. He is already an astonishing favourite.

We can speak of Mr. Chapman's capabilities more confidently than we should be entitled to do from the slender opportunities he has yet had of exhibiting them at the Haymarket, from having seen him perform on provincial boards several characters of great difficulty and importance, in a manner that gave us the highest opinion of his judgment, and of his general qualifications for the stage. He is, indeed, one of the most judicious speakers we have ever heard.

Mr. Blissett, from Bath, has performed *Falstaff*, which he conceived with great propriety, but with less force of humour, we presume, than he displayed in it some years ago. This gentleman, we understand, is very happy in *Lord Duberly*, and characters of that description.

Mr. Seymour, from the Norwich stage, has made his appearance in *Baron Wildenhaim*, but we were not fortunate enough to have it in our power to be present. We understand, however, that he was received with universal applause; and when we state that this is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the masterly notes upon *Shakspeare*, which have been inserted in regular series in this work, no one will entertain a doubt respecting the good sense and judgment which he must have manifested throughout the part.

Among the rest of the company are Mr. John Palmer, surprisingly improved; Mr. Trueman, a vocal performer of much merit, late of Drury Lane; Mr. Archer, the gentleman who performed *Shylock*, and Mr. Denman, who appeared in *Foigard*, at

the same theatre; Mr. H. Kelly, from the Southampton stage, an actor of considerable promise; Mr. Burton, who played one season, a few years back, at Covent Garden; Mr. Hatton, from Windsor, &c. &c. All these gentlemen have been frequently noticed in our reports of the various country companies.

It is unnecessary to say how valuable so interesting and sensible an actress as Mrs. Gibbs must prove to the theatre. Her engagement at Covent Garden only extended, we believe, till the opening of the Haymarket. Mrs. Atkyns also is a singer of established rank; and Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. T. Woodfall, late Miss Collins, whose return to the stage we are happy to record, are acquisitions of considerable importance. Mrs. Mathews has a very interesting countenance and figure, and though evidently too much under the influence of timidity, sings with taste and sweetness. Mrs. Keys, from Weymouth, mother to Mrs. Mills of Covent Garden, is the best *Dorcas* we have seen, and, in a particular line of character, will be found extremely useful. Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Cleland, are both in possession of requisites that will render them serviceable to the theatre.

It is impossible to judge thus early, with any accuracy, of the pretensions of the several new candidates, and every allowance must be made for the imperfect manner in which some of the pieces have been exhibited. These irregularities cannot be avoided at first with a *new* company, (*undique collatis membris*) called upon to succeed established actors in *new* parts, before a *new* audience, and agitated by those overwhelming apprehensions which are always attendant upon modest merit.

Mr. Waldron continues the prompter, and Mr. Kelly succeeds Dr. Arnold as composer. A new farce, under the whimsical title of *Mrs. Wiggins*, by the author of the Marriage Promise, will have made its appearance before our publication; and *Three-fingered Jack*, is already in rehearsal.

Ay, that's the way,
Dull not device by coldness or delay.

Their majesties commanded the entertainments on the second night, which were the same as on the first, and have since repeated their visit.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

MACBETH.

ACT III.—SCENE, BANQUET.

299. "The table's full—"

IN the late representations of this play, at one of the great theatres in the capital, Macbeth is seen to

—"start and tremble at the vacant chair,"

according to the conception of Lloyd, in his poem called *The Actor*. It would be deemed only a waste of criticism to combat an opinion so defenceless, which presumes that Macbeth's agitations are merely the result of phrensy; whereas, there can hardly be a serious doubt that the poet designed the real introduction of the spectre; and the superstition, wherever it prevailed, has been, that though the ghost was sometimes invisible to all except the special object of its visitation, yet it was really and *bonâ fide* present. What I am going to advance will not obtain quite so ready an assent, though I am almost as firmly persuaded of its propriety.

I think two ghosts are seen; Duncan's first, and afterwards that of Banquo; for what new terror, or what augmented perturbation, is to be produced by the re-appearance of the same object, in the same scene? or, if but one dread monitor could gain access to this imperial malefactor, which had the superior claim? or who was the more likely to harrow the remorseful bosom of Macbeth, "the gracious Duncan," he who had "borne his faculties so meek, had been so clear in his great office," and in "the deep damnation of whose taking-off," not only friendship, allegiance, and kindred, but sacred hospitality had been profaned,—or Banquo, his mere "partner," of whom it only could be said, that, "in his royalty of nature reigned that which would be feared;" that wisdom guided his valour, and that under him the genius of Macbeth sustained rebuke?—which, I demand, of these two sacrifices to his "vaulting ambition," was more likely, at the regal banquet, to break in upon and confound the usurper? Besides this obvious general claim to precedence, exhibited by Duncan, how else can we apply these lines:

"If charnel houses and our graves must send

"Those that we bury back, our monuments

"Shall be the maws of kites;"

for they will not suit with Banquo, who had no grave or charnel house assigned to him, but was abandoned in a ditch, to find a monument in the "maws of kites," but must refer to Duncan, who, we may reasonably suppose, received the formal ostentatious rites of sepulture.

I do not overlook the words—

"Thou canst not say I did it,"

which may be urged against my argument; but if this sentence will stand, in the case of Banquo, as the subterfuge of one who had, by deputy, and not in person, done the murder, it surely will accord with the casuistry of him who knows he struck a sleeping victim; and this, with the pains that had been taken to fix the murder on the grooms, may sufficiently defend the application of the remark to the royal spectre. Besides, to whom, except Duncan, can these words apply:

"If I stand here I saw him?"

The ghost being gone, and Macbeth "a man again," he reasons like a man, and gives this answer to his wife, who had reproached him with being "unmann'd in folly;" but if Banquo were the object referred to in this declaration, it must be unintelligible to the lady, who had not yet heard of Banquo's murder. The ghost of Duncan having performed his office and departed, Macbeth is at leisure to ruminate on the prodigy, and he naturally reflects that, if the grave can thus cast up the form of buried Duncan, Banquo likewise may start up, regardless of the "trenched gashes," and "twenty mortal murders on his crown." The lady interrupts this reverie, and he proceeds to "mingle with society," and when he insidiously, with the raised goblet in his hand, invokes the health of his friend, the friend whose life he had destroyed, just at that moment his friend's ghost confronts him.

All this, indeed, is only conjecture; but conjecture, I trust, on the ground of strong probability; a basis that, in the estimation of those who are best acquainted with the subject, will, I doubt not, be deemed at least as secure as the authority of Messrs. Heminge and Condell, which unhappily is the best we have yet had to build upon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROLOGUE,

TO DR. VALPY'S Alteration of KING JOHN.

Performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Written by H. J. Pye, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

TO-NIGHT our scene from British annals, shews
 How British warriors brav'd their country's foes ;
 Whether their hardy bands with martial toil
 Dar'd the proud Gaul upon his native soil,
 And by his ravag'd plains and prostrate tow'rs
 Led in triumphant march their conqu'ring pow'rs,
 Or on his own insulted fields, defied
 The whelming deluge of Invasion's tide.

The Muse Dramatic, with an angel's tongue,
 Proclaims the ills from civil Discord sprung,
 When bound by Union, England's heroes stand,
 Dread of each wave-worn shore and hostile land ;
 When warp'd by Faction,—sun'd, dismay'd,—they mourn
 Their fairest wreaths by foreign inroad torn.—
 Then be this truth on every English breast
 In adamantinè characters impress'd :

“ That England never did and never shall”
 Bow to a victor foe's inglorious thrall,
 Till her own sons, seduc'd by faction's sound,
 Aim at her heart the parricidal wound.

Far now such fear,—if specious arts awhile
 Lure some misguided sons of Albion's isle
 To think those train'd to bend the suppliant knee
 Could teach the manly Britons to be free—
 The fiend awhile, in Freedom's semblance dress'd,
 In all his native horrors stands confess'd ;
 And still o'er fertile Gallia's weeping land
 Despotic empire waves his iron hand.

Britons be firm—*Be firm?*—We know ye are !
 Pride of the field ! the thunderbolts of war !
 And when the sword insulted Valour draws,
 When sacred Justice combats in our cause,

While the fam'd charter, offspring of the days
 The awful era which our scene displays,
 Beams now with bright effulgence o'er the land,
 Protected by a monarch's guardian hand,
 Tho' Europe tremble at the Gaul's alarms,
 "Come the three corners of the world in arms,"
 That force the island Queens united form
 "Smiles at the whirlwind, and derides the storm."

EPILOGUE TO KING JOHN.

WRITTEN BY MAURICE JAMES, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. Litchfield.

CONSTANCE alive! ah yes, that gen'rous sigh,
 Warm from the soul of honest sympathy,
 Caught her distracted spirit as it flew,
 And gently pow'rful drew it back to you.
 Grant she may meet a friendly welcome here;—
 Greet with a smile, you mourn'd her with a tear.
 Kind, pitying Britons, if she vainly plead,
 Constance must die again, and die indeed.

But hold! I'll fib no more—alive! ah no,
 'Twas but to try you, that I told you so.
 Robb'd of her child, poor soul! in very spight
 She died as mad as any Bedlamite.
 Weak, silly Constance—oh, had I been you,
 So young, so handsome, and a widow too,
 I could have turn'd, I think, two maudlin kings,
 Like John and Philip, into diff'rent things;
 Chang'd the dire foe and the perfidious friend
 To whining lovers, who for smiles contend;
 Leer'd, ogled, languish'd, fainted, sicken'd, sigh'd,
 Storm'd, flouted, pouted, any thing but died.

But, to say truth, in those barbaric days,
 Widows wore manners, stiff as were their stays:—
 Scarce could the panting heart be felt at all,
 Thro' buckram breastwork, and thro' whalebone wall;
 Much less the passions' soft vicissitudes,
 Alike now obvious in coquettes and prudes,
 Thro' Grecian folds, and Grecian attitudes.

Oh, age of Reason, when soft female grace
 May, like the savage, say, I am *all* face.

'Tis not alone the lips or eyes impart
 The thoughts and feelings of the mind and heart;
 Each limb, each motion can a language speak,
 Plain as th' expressive brow, or varying cheek—
 E'en shoulder bones have ta'en a hostile part,
 And help'd to storm the battery of man's heart—
 Cupids have ambush'd in a well-turn'd ear,
 And rosy elbows cost beholders dear.

Rise, rise, academicians, hail the flame
 That nobly glows in ev'ry British dame.
 Lovely enthusiasts!—artists, cease to roam
 For Grecian models—they abound at home.
 Frenchmen, your antique trophies we defy,
 The blood-stain'd spoils of groaning Italy—
 Britain presents her sons a nobler school,
 A breathing study, and a living rule:
 Robbers, what works d'ye boast thus? senseless stone—
 Ours are all life, all soul, all beauty, all our own.

Oh! had the lady Constance flown for arms,
 To all the bright artill'ry of her charms!
 No!—she was chaste as ice, and pure as snow,
 Witness the tears that grace her mimic woe.
 In such a case our British matrons cry,
 Madness is reason, death a victory;—
 A mother's pangs, her anguish, her despair,
 Her rage, her phrenzy, all are sacred here.

I am a mother too—this night I try
 The genuine force of British sympathy.
 May not this plea fastidious frowns restrain?
 Say, shall a mother plead her cause in vain?
 Ah no! the brow severe soft smiles array.
 Relenting critics throw their shafts away—
 Britain will take a suppliant mother's part,
 And own to night no critic—but the heart.

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE IPSWICH THEATRE, 1803.

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

In these enlighten'd days, when genius smiles
 To hail the polish of her favour'd isles;
 When British Thespians, children of the arts,
 Mount the gay stage—instead of mounting carts;

When even rustics own, without a joke,
 That *actor* people *may* be worthy folk—
 In these glad times we come, with hearts sincere,
 To bid our gen'rous patrons welcome here ;
 Nay more, to hope, as heretofore, from you,
 That *we* shall meet a lib'ral welcome too.
 What, if we may not boast a scene so wide,
 As where the rival mansions, side by side,
 Deck London's drama in such fine array ;
 She wears her best apparel ev'ry day :
 Yet here the Muses, though in plain attire,
 To gain your praise shall, emulous, aspire ;
 And could our *wish* to please you stand for *space*,
New Drury should be nothing to this *place*.
 Here where our efforts have your leave to claim
 " A local habitation and a name,"
 Here we should act, by inspiration's aid,
 For here—with rapture be the spot survey'd !
 His giant powers Garrick first essay'd ;
 The torch of genius lit from your warm praise,
 And kindled to a never-dying blaze.
 Immortal Shakspeare, whose Promethean hand,
 Assum'd, with rage poetic, nature's wand,
 Found here a subject, at his magic call,
 And grac'd with swan-like numbers Wolsey's fall ;
 And many a bard has sung, with sad delight,
 Of hapless *Grey*, who here first met the light.
 May you, benignant circle ! never know
 A pang beyond our transient mimic woe ;
 Or when you'd *chase* the sympathetic tear,
 May genuine humour ever meet you here.
 May Ipswich flourish ; may its commerce thrive ;
 May Peace the hand of Labour keep alive ;
 And here, like Britons, may we often sing,
 Our liberties, wives, sweethearts, and our King.

WINTER.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

INTENSELY cold although the season prove,
 And hard as adamant the roads be bound,
 O'er beds of moss although no currents move,
 But gath'ring snows, wide-drifted, hide the ground ;—

Yet there are objects to attract the sight—
 The silver rime in filligree appears;
 The mimic spar, this moment sparkling bright,
 The next is seen dissolv'd to pearly tears:
 Upon the frozen lake's fair polish'd breast
 The active skaiter sails with graceful pride;
 His waving shadow, on the ice imprest,
 And varying as he glides from side to side;
 And, warm with exercise, though fogs arise,
 The keenest temper of the air defies.

LINES

By T. GENT.

Al! why is the stern eye averted with scorn,
 Of the stoic, who passes along?
 And why frowns the maid, else as mild as the morn,
 On the victim of falshood and wrong?

For the wretch sunk in sorrow, repentance, and shame,
 The tear of compassion is won:
 And must she alone forfeit the wretch's sad claim,
 Because she's deceiv'd and undone?

Oh! recal the stern look ere it reaches her heart,
 To bid its wounds rankle anew,
 Oh! smile, or embalm with a tear the sad smart,
 And angels will smile upon you.

Time was, when she knew, nor opprobrium, nor pain,
 And youth could its pleasures impart,
 'Till some serpent distill'd through her bosom the stain,
 As he wound round the strings of her heart.

Poor girl! let thy tears through thy blandishments break,
 Nor strive to restrain them within;
 For mine would I mingle with those on thy cheek,
 Nor think that such sorrow were sin.

When the low-trampled reed, and the pine in its pride,
 Shall alike feel the hand of decay,
 May your God grant that mercy the world has deny'd,
 And wipe all your sorrows away.

CONCLUDING STANZA
TO
MISS HOLFORD'S ODE TO TIME.
INSCRIBED TO MISS SEWARD.

(Omitted last month by mistake.)

THEN, Seward, live, till time itself shall close,
Nor mourn mortality's promiscuous doom,
Since Death in vain his dreaded ice-bolt throws,
To blast the laurel Genius bids to bloom.
Lift to thy Muse the soul-enkindled eye—
She grants a glorious boon—'tis Immortality.

STANZAS

BY OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST, ESQ. F. A. S.

STELLA! at twenty, o'er my heart
You may remember, girl, you gain'd
An undivided rule; by art
Till now the empire have maintain'd.

Twelve-months, unconscious of your pow'r,
Flew by, unmingled with alloy;
I heeded not the fleeting hour,
But shook my bonds with thoughtless joy.

As in the sportive dance I press'd
Thy hand, what sense of bliss was mine!
What thoughts of transport throng'd my breast,
With thrills of ecstasy divine!—

When circulates the festive cheer,
And each their favourites impart,
I hide the name to me most dear,
But toast thee, Stella! in my heart.

How oft with fondness on the voice
That utter'd from thy lips I've hung,
How oft have gaz'd upon those eyes
That lend enchantment to the tongue;

Enraptur'd watch'd the crimson dye
Upon thy cheek quick come and go,
And caught the half-suppressed sigh,
That frequent from thy breast would flow.

Then curb ambitious beauty's scope,
 Disdain the coquet's wand'ring part,
 Nor "make the promise to my hope,
 "And break it to my heart."

In pity to my anxious pains,
 Let love pronounce my destiny;
 Bind me with thee in wedlock's chains,
 Or set my heart for ever free.

So shall I, as life's sorrows press,
 Meet her stern frowns with brow serene,
 Or mourn, in heart-sunk heaviness,
 That love and hope are but a dream.

Stamford.

O D E,

SUPPOSED AS FROM SIMONIDES TO ANACREON.

BARD of Teos! strike the lyre,
 Gods might envy, men desire;
 Softly sweet, and clearly strong,
 Matchless flows thy melting song.
 Hark! already at the sound,
 See the Muses rang'd around,
 Venus, lovely to behold,
 Bursting from a cloud of gold.
 Perfumes round the Graces fling,
 Cupid flaps his purple wing;
 Happy urchin! thus to meet
 All that's lovely, all that's sweet.

Bid thy gentlest measures flow,
 Softly, warmly, 'witching slow;
 In the dance the Graces move,
 Pleas'dly smiles the Queen of Love;
 Round her minstrel's brow so fair,
 Twines the braid herself did wear,
 Breathing her, while yet reposes
 Rapture's tear upon its roses.

Bacchus, merry God! appears,
 Raise the song, o'erjoy'd he hears.
 Many a rosy maid and swain,
 Deftly tripping in his train,

Crossing, mingling, hand in hand,
Shaking oft the leafy wand!—
When thou bid'st to press the vine,
All thy numbers savour wine.
Sweetest pleasures last not long,
Ever short Anacreon's song.

Glasgow.

J. F. W.

IMITATION OF AN ODE

By Monsieur Menage,

As rendered in English Verse by THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

And given as a Note in his incomparable Translation of the Odes of Anacreon.

Vol. 1st. p. 75.

TELL the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
Of my rhymes the vast amount!
I've been writing all my days,
Many poems in many ways,
Elegy, epistle, song—
I've been deftly scribbling, long.
Sonnets, epigrams, and letters,
Rhymes that flow, and march in fetters.
Odes, enigmas, great and small,
Yes, I swear, I've try'd them all!
Ev'ry trifle soon was done,
Finish'd ere 'twas well begun;
Oh! I'm such a rhyming elf,
Even Stratocles himself,
Though he practis'd all his wiles,
Threaten'd, urg'd, or pled with smiles,
Alf his power and proud endeavour
Could not still my Muse for ever!

Glasgow.

J. F. W.

[Mr. Editor,

The following Lines were written for Mrs. CHALMERS, of the Theatre Royal Weymouth, some years since, during a severe indisposition, in which she was unable to undergo the fatigue of the long Epilogue-Song: and should they appear worthy of a situation in the Mirror, the insertion of them will oblige,

Yours, &c.

W. HOLLOWAY.]

YE rigid prudes, who, with dissembled art,
Assume a carriage foreign to the heart;
Ye gay coquettes, who flaunt in higher life,
And scorn the humble duties of a wife,
A widow's transformation O forgive!
And bid her doubtful fame unblemish'd live.
T' evade a sordid lecher's hated bed,
To vulgar, tho' not guilty schemes, she fled—
For this, the weight of scandal she endur'd,
And thus, the favourite of her soul secur'd;
Proud in deceit, she still resolves to prove
Her former *falsehood* by her future *love*!

W. H.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A PILLAR AT CARTHAGE.

WHILE cruel Sylla stalk'd through haughty Rome,
Besmear'd with crimson, his infuriate foe,
Amid the ruins of old Carthage taught
Himself and Carthage an instructive moral—
Stranger! (of royal or ignoble blood!)
Hence learn the dangers of ill-plac'd ambition,
For Carthage, aiming to eclipse the World,
And Marius striving to usurp its rule,
Carthage in him, and he in Carthage view'd
At once the cause and issue of their fate*

MORTIMER.

* Livy has a fine passage. "Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium cum Maius, inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri poscent esse solatio!"

A SHORT SKETCH
OF A
LONG KNOWN FRIEND.

HONEST Bob is my friend, I mean flattery scorn,
But, ask'd thus his merits to scan,
I'll (tho' I ne'er sketch'd much, since first I was born)
Make the outline as like as I can.

He is now no Adonis, whate'er he was once,
His blush don't outcrimson the rose,
And for ringlets, some dozen grey hairs grace his sconce,
And barnacles saddle his nose!

His features if regular form'd I sha'n't trace,
But this each beholder must strike,
Good humour and harmony dwell in his face,
His likeness, *and ever alike!*

I do'n't say his voice trills an Incledon's lay,
(Or his accents drop honey, forsooth,)
But when he attunes it, he says his blunt say,
In the bold manly language of truth!

In festive enjoyment, at Bacchus's board,
Of Mirth's crew he so long has ta'en care,
That ne'er can the absence of Mirth be deplor'd,
While her archetype, Bob, fills the chair.

But my sketch must be brief, with this stroke it shall end,
His presence a pleasure imparts;
He has lips for his girl, a frank hand for his friend,
And his *Heart's Core*, is *Worth's Heart of Hearts!*

J. C. C.

THE DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAY.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

Sonnet I. THE MORNING.

THE dawn dispers'd, the mist no longer seen,
The orient sun his grateful influence sheds,
Exhales the dew-drops from the moisten'd green,
And tips with op'ning rays the mountains' heads.

Now from the dusky cave, or watted cote,
 With frequent bleat, the woolly tribes repair,
 And, issuing from the rock, the bounding goat,
 Enjoys the freshness of the morning air.
 Their udders drain'd, the lowing cows proceed,
 With measur'd step, majestically slow,
 To brouze the herbage of the verdant mead,
 And sip the crystal currents as they flow;
 But when around the fervid beam's display'd,
 They chew the cud, and solace in the shade.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

MAY 2.—*Haunted Tower*.—Madame Bolla, from the Opera House, appeared in the character of *Adela*, and supported it with great vivacity; M. Gallet's grand ballet of *Vologese* followed, in which all the dancers from the King's Theatre assisted, for the benefit of Mr. Kelly.

3.—*No Song no Supper*.—Miss Ellis, a pupil of Dr. Busby, displayed considerable promise in *Margaretta*. Mr. Bannister had the misfortune to strain one of the sinews of his leg, which laid him up for a few days, but we are happy to find that no serious consequence is likely to ensue from the accident.

7.—In consequence of Mr. Bannister's confinement, Mr. Bartley, at a very short notice, undertook his part of *Tandem*, in the Marriage Promise, and acquitted himself very creditably.

9.—Mrs. Jordan's night.—*The Midnight Hour* was acted for the first time at this theatre. Mrs. Jordan appeared to great advantage in Flora, and introduced a new song, accompanied by two lutes.

11.—Benefit of Mr. Suet and Mr. Palmer.—Dr. Kenrick's comedy of *Falstaff's Wedding*, reduced into two acts, was performed on this evening; but, though strongly cast, and very judiciously compressed, it met with an indifferent reception.

16.—Mrs. Mountain's night.—A new musical drama, in one act, called the *Highland Lassie*, written by the author of the *Thorn* and the *Peit Captain*, was performed between the play and the entertainment. It is a pleasing trifle, with several charming airs, by Davy, Corrie, Hook, &c. to which ample justice was done by Miss De Camp, Dignum, Mrs. Tyrer, and Mrs. Mountain. The burletta of *Midas* followed, with the novelty of Mrs. Mountain in Apollo. The house was very full.

19.—Mr. C. Kemble played Hamlet, for the first time, for his own benefit, and has greatly increased his reputation, before deservedly high, by his chaste and animated performance.

23.—Mrs. Powell's night. A sister of this lady made her curtsy to the public in the little part of *Emilia*, in the *Winter's Tale*. She has a handsome person, and talents that may be rendered useful to the theatre.

24.—Mrs. Young's night.—This lady performed Mrs. Haller, for the first time, in a very impressive manner. Her sister, Miss Biges, an admirable actress in her line, made her first appearance in the *Old Maid*, a character which she supported with infinite humour and address. She was received with the loudest applause, and merits a permanent situation on the London stage.

COVENT-GARDEN.

APRIL 12.—Mrs. Davenport being indisposed, Mrs. Powel supplied her place in Mrs. Brulgruddery, which she played, with great success and applause, for several nights.

20.—Mr. Cooke's night.—*Man of the World*, and *Comus*. An indifferent house. Another instance to be offered in proof that talent is no consideration on benefit nights; but it certainly is not creditable to the English public, thus to neglect their most valuable performers, and distinguished favourites, on nights expressly set apart for their individual emolument.

28.—Mr. Munden's night.—A new farce, called *All fair in Love*, was presented for the first time, and favourably received.

MAY 4.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston's night.—A new tragedy, under the title of the *Harper's Daughter*, was performed on this evening; but, previous to the drawing up of the curtain, Mr. Johnston stated to the audience that Mr. Cooke had signified to him, in the morning, by a message, that, on account of a recent circumstance, he could not perform in the new tragedy, or in any other play that might be substituted on that evening; that being thus thrown into a very distressing situation, Mr. Siddons had undertaken to read the character, and he therefore entreated the usual indulgence of the audience not only on behalf of Mr. Siddons, but also of the play, which must necessarily suffer by this unavoidable arrangement. This address was followed by loud and universal applause; and it must be confessed that, owing to Mr. Siddons's judicious management, and his aptitude in committing the most important speeches to memory behind the scenes, there never was experienced so little disappointment, upon any similar occasion. The tragedy is an alteration from Mr. Lewis's play of the *Minister*, which is a liberal translation of Schiller's *Cabal and Love*. A copious review of the *Minister* appeared long since in this work, and to that we beg leave to refer our readers for our sentiments respecting the piece, and the able manner in which Mr. Lewis has conducted his translation. As an acting drama, it exhibits several very interesting scenes and situations, but the plot is not, in every respect, suited to the feelings of an English audience; and the catastrophe is liable to many strong objections. No play, however, could be better received, and the performers were very happy in their respective characters. Mr. H. Johnston, particularly, never delighted us more, and we think never displayed a specimen of acting at once so judicious, animated, and striking, as in *Rosenberg*. Mrs. H. Johnston and Mrs. Litchfield performed the parts of Julia and Augusta Howard.

19.—Mr. Knight's benefit.—*The Mask'd Friend*.—This is a comedy in three

acts, altered from Mr. Holcroft's *Duplicity*, which seems to have afforded the materials for his *Hear both Sides*. The play was well acted in all its parts. Mr. Murray performed Osborn, Miss Marriot Clara, and Mrs. Litchfield Mis. Turnbull, for the first time. The last is a character which touches the extreme of broad comedy, and afforded Mrs. Litchfield another opportunity of displaying the versatility of her powers. A new farce, called *Hints for Painters*, was afterwards produced. It is upon the whole a promising attempt, and presents many farcical situations. The principal character, an enthusiastic painter, performed with great spirit by Mr. Brunton, is evidently drawn after Vapid.

12.—Mr. Murray's night.—*A Tale of Terror*; or, *a Castle without a Spectre*, a dramatic romance in three acts, written by Mr. Siddons, was received with very great applause. The author has evinced considerable knowledge of stage effect, and, by means of a pleasing fable, appropriate sentiment, and *spectacle*, produced an agreeable *melange* altogether, that places his dramatic talents in a very favourable light. The piece received every advantage from the acting of Messrs. H. Johnston, Emery, Blanchard, Murray, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Mrs. H. Johnston.

13.—Captain Caulfield appeared in *Richard III* and the *Liar*, for his own benefit.

16.—The *Fair Fugitives*.—A musical entertainment in three acts, by Miss Porter (the music by Dr. Busby) after frequent postponements, and changes in the cast, was at length brought forward on this evening. Miss Porter is an accomplished young lady, and a very elegant writer; but we do not think she has been fortunate on the present occasion, either in the choice of her subject or the conduct of her fable. When she has had a little more insight into the mechanical artifices of dramatic composition, we doubt not she will prove more fortunate. The piece was laid aside after the second night.

20.—Mrs. Litchfield's night.—Dr. Valpy's alteration of Shakspeare's *King John* was performed, for the first time, and received with the most unbounded approbation. The re-commencement of hostilities, and Bonaparte's renewed threat of invasion, gave electrical force to numerous passages in the play, which immediately apply to the state of affairs at the present moment. If they had been expressly written for the occasion, the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism could not have been more opportunely introduced. We shall have a future opportunity of pointing out the omissions and variations, for which Dr. Valpy is accountable. Mr. Cooke made his first appearance since his indisposition, which we understand has been very severe, in the part of *King John*. He was saluted on his entrance with some slight marks of disapprobation, upon which he begged permission to be heard. He said he could not affect to be ignorant of the cause of this disapprobation. He had lately failed to sustain a part in a new play (*The Harper's Daughter*), which it was announced he had undertaken. He solemnly declared that this was through no fault of his. For twenty-four hours he was confined to his bed by a violent disorder. There were many things in the part which he admired, and he never was more anxious to come forward.—Whatever acts of imprudence he might have committed, in this instance he felt that his conduct was unimpeachable. The applause he had received in that

house had made the deepest impression upon his mind, and it should be his study to shew himself not undeserving of the public favour. The audience appeared perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and applauded him very fervently. Mr. Cooke performed the part of *John* in a masterly style. In the scene with Hubert, where he prompts the latter to the murder of *Arthur*, he was particularly great, and, indeed, throughout the whole character, he appeared to infinite advantage.

Mr. H. Johnston exhibited the gallant qualities of *Falconbridge* with noble animation. He gave the following speech, in reply to the offers of the *Dauphin*, with peculiar energy, and the audience were enthusiastic in applauding it.

Fal. "France offer freedom! Was France ever free?"

No, from the days of *Cæsar* to this hour,
France bow'd the neck beneath a master's sway.
And should the hapless time arrive, when France
Shall see the honours of her throne laid low,
Then shall her nobles bleed, her temples blaze,
Her towns fall prostrate, and her fields lie waste;
Then grinning o'er her prey, fell Anarchy
Shall arm her hundred tyrants with the scythe
Of desolating rage; nor shall her people
E'er taste of ease again, till happier times
Shall raise a lawful Monarch, and restore
The mild protection of her ancient laws!—
Give England freedom! Did she ever stoop
To bondage unreveng'd, nor reassume
Her wonted fire? Did not invading Julius
Start at the form of Liberty, that frown'd
From Albion's tow'ring cliffs? Did not the Norman
Soon feel the sacred flame? And has not John
Seal'd the GREAT CHARTER of our liberties?
Blest with our rights, we urge no further claim.
The English laws are written in our hearts;
We will not change them! May they last for ever!
The happiness of those, who feel their blessings,
The admiration of the envying world!"—

Mrs. Litchfield's *Constance* was a very powerful and affecting performance. In the bursts of indignation and contempt, on the falling off of the French king and Austria from her interest, she was eminently successful; and her pathos and despair, after the loss of her son, made a deep impression upon the audience.

Miss Norton, the young lady who appeared last season at the Haymarket, excited a strong interest in *Arthur*. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that this prince should be represented, as is usually done, by a mere child. [See our remarks on this subject on the late revival of *King John* at Drury Lane.*] Miss Norton gives every promise of becoming an excellent actress.

Mr. Charles, the gentleman who performed *Othello* and *Jaffier* at this theatre, very kindly gave his assistance in *Hubert*, and increased the reputation he had

* M. Mirror, vol. X. p. 395.

previously acquired by the able manner in which he acquitted himself. Mr. Brunton was judicious and spirited in the *Dauphin*: he brought the character very conspicuously forward indeed. The venerable Hull looked and spoke the Cardinal exceedingly well. The other parts were creditably sustained, particularly *Blanch*, by Mrs. Beverley.

An excellent prologue, from the pen of the Laureat, was delivered by Mr. Brunton; and one of the neatest and most effective epilogues we ever heard was spoken with admirable address by Mrs. Litchfield. They are both inserted among our Original Poetry of this month.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday evening, May the 5th, Madame Hilligsberg, who has so long and so deservedly been the favourite of the public, took her leave of the stage in the following short speech, which was honoured with the most enthusiastic plaudits we ever witnessed:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am so grateful for your favours, that any attempt to express my acknowledgments, would fall short of what I feel. Nothing could flatter me more than the hope of having continued your favourite until the conclusion of my theatrical career; and I shall for ever bear in my heart the remembrance of your kindness."

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

Louisa of Lombardy, has proved very attractive indeed; the house is generally full, which is the strongest test of its excellence, and an argument in favour of its continuance night after night.

For the two last months we have been so minute in our notice of the summer places of rendezvous, as to render more than a mere mention of them this month superfluous.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

With constant novelty and perpetual change, like its sister, "fares sumptuously every night."

SADLER'S WELLS.

YOUNG Dibdin's Philip Quarll is an interesting and well managed subject. The new proprietors still go on prosperously.

VAUXHALL

Is newly painting, and preparing to open, with the addition of considerable vocal talent.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

CAROLAN.

IT is probable, that, on his marriage with Miss Mac Guire, Carolan fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the county of Leitrim, here he built a neat little house, in which he gave his friends,

"If not a sumptuous welcome, yet a kind."

Hospitality consumed the produce of his little farm: he ate, drank, and was merry, and improvidently left to-morrow to provide for itself. This, sometimes, occasioned embarrassments in his domestic affairs; but he had no friend to remind him "that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." *Dr. Johnson.*

At what period of his life Carolan commenced an itinerant musician, is not known; nor is it confidently told whether he did it through necessity, or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Doctor Campbell indeed seems to attribute his choice of it to an early disappointment in love: but we will leave these points unsettled, and follow our bard in his peregrinations. We find him mounted on a good horse, and attended by an harper in the character of a domestic, setting forth on his journey, and directing his course towards Connaught. Wherever he goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table; near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice, and supply his want of skill in practical music. "Carolan," says Mr. Ritson, "seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard."

On his return from one of those excursions, Mr. O'Connor asked him, had he visited Colonel Archdall. "No," replied the bard, emphatically, "but I visited a prince." Thus intimating the hospitable reception this gentleman had given him.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Carolan, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by "the flowing bowl," never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp, with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish (of which he was an eloquent speaker) to her mother: "Madam," said he, "I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound, when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long amongst us: nay," said he, emphatically, "she will not survive twelve months." The event verified the prediction, as several of the family can attest. By relating this circumstance, it is not our wish to insinuate that Carolan was endowed with the gift of prophecy; but scepticism must be at a stand, when we consider that many individuals, who could look no further into the womb of Time than the ordinary mass of mankind, have, at certain periods of their lives, foretold events in as extraordinary a manner. From an error in his education, if the manner in which he was reared deserves that name, Carolan, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it: but inordinate gratifications carry their punishment along with them, nor was Carolan exempt from this general impo-

sition. His physicians assured him, that unless he corrected this vicious habit, a scurvy, which was the consequence of his intemperance, would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though (to him) delicious cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was, at that time, his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about like a *reueur*; his usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked with a dejection of spirits, approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his harp, his favourite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation neglected and unstrung.

Passing one Day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six week's quarantine, was tempted to step in. Undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment, "Well, my dear friend," cried he, to the young man who stood behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks I have refrained from whiskey: was there ever so great an instance of self denial? but a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition, and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled; his countenance glowed with an unusual brightness; and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup, was the effusion of an heart, newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius, which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he once more quaff'd the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had fully resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing that much admired song which goes by the name of Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) receipt. For sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern drinking songs, as our nicest critics will readily allow; he commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning, he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination, in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elfin.

Carolan's inordinate fondness for Irish wine (as Peter the Great used to call whiskey) will not admit of an excuse: it was a vice of habit, and might, therefore, have been corrected. But let us say something in extenuation: he seldom drank to excess; besides, he seemed to think, nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his Muse, and for that reason, generally offered it when he intended to invoke her. "They tell me," says Dr. Campbell, "that in his (Carolan's) latter days, he never composed without the inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical hour, he always took care to have a bottle by him." Nor was Carolan the only bard who drew inspiration from the bottle; there have been several planets in the poetical hemisphere, that seldom shone but when illumed by the rays of *posy* wine.

Cunningham wrote his best pastorals, after he had made a moderate sacrifice to Bacchus. It is said, that the amiable Addison's wit sparkled most, when his pulse beat quick; and the goblet always "Flows with wines unmixt," for Demodocus, (in whose person Homer represents himself) before he tunes his "vocal lay."

"When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain
Great Homer was not of a sober strain;
And Father Ennius, till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial song inspir'd."

To deny Carolan the "Sparkling bowl," was a certain method of rousing his satire. Residing for some time in the house of a parsimonious lady, he happened one day, as he was playing on his harp, to hear the butler unlock the cellar door: instantly he arose, and, following the man, requested a cup of beer; but the fellow thrust him rudely out of the cellar, declaring he would give him nothing, unless by orders from his mistress. In a rage the insulted bard composed the following bitter epigram.

What a pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn,
So surly a dog would let nobody in.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

The new Elector Duke of Wirtemberg lately issued the following edict, respecting theatrical representations:—His Most Serene Highness, having, with great displeasure, perceived that many persons dare hiss during the public performances at the theatre, it is his Highness's will, that, in future, any offender of this description, shall be taken out of the playhouse by the military, and delivered into the hands of justice for punishment. His Most Serene Highness further expects, that, during his presence at the theatre, *no one shall hiss or applaud, unless His Highness himself, by his example, shall give the signal for doing so.*"

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—Our theatre having been almost entirely rebuilt, with new scenery and decorations, equal in splendour to the London theatres, will open on the 6th of June, under the joint management of those deservedly great favourites Messrs. Lewis and Knight, with Morton's pleasant comedy of "Speed the Plough," in which Mrs. Mountain will perform Miss Blandford, and Margaretta in "No Song no Supper." The expectations of the town, in favour of the new arrangement, is very great indeed. We understand they have been extremely liberal in providing an excellent company and a great variety of new entertainments; let us hope, as we do not doubt, that public countenance and support will keep pace with them.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE LATE DUEL.—Mr. Editor,—As various illiberal unfounded reports are in circulation, reflecting on the conduct of the seconds in the late unfortunate duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, I feel it my duty, as the second of the latter, to state (with his knowledge and approbation) the following particulars:—As the origin of the dispute is irrelevant to my purpose, I shall make no comment on it. Captain Macnamara and myself, accompanied by Mr. Heaviside, on our way to Chalk Farm, overtook Sir William Kier, who making himself known, I left the chaise, having previously received my friend's instructions. After the first compliments were over, Sir William Kier observed, "This is an unfortunate business, but I hope we shall be able to do it away." I replied, "Yes, I hope we shall; but, Sir William, I will at once inform you that no apology will come from Captain Macnamara, as he feels himself the offended party." I then related the particulars of the dispute, as Sir William appeared unacquainted with them. Sir William observed on the word *arrogant*, used by Captain Macnamara. I agreed with him that it was a severe word, but that the conduct of Colonel Montgomery had drawn it from Captain Macnamara. Sir William then wished to put off the meeting that evening, observing, that he hoped in the morning we might do it away, and that he thought it was getting too dark. To this I replied, that I much lamented the very prompt appointment of his friend, Colonel Montgomery, who had so decidedly fixed the meeting at precisely two hours from the time I delivered Captain Macnamara's message, and for that purpose had set his watch to mine: that as to the light, having accepted Colonel Montgomery's time, it was not for us to object to that, even were it moon-light; but, as I was equally anxious with him to do away the dispute, I would, the moment the time was expired (if Colonel Montgomery did not appear,) quit the ground with Captain Macnamara, and wait on Sir William Kier at any time he pleased, that evening or the following day; but that I did not think we could, as men of honour, quit the ground till the time was elapsed.

A few minutes before the appointed time, Colonel Montgomery appeared. Sir William Kier then went from me, to speak to him, before they proceeded to the ground. After a very short conversation, Sir William and Colonel Montgomery walked towards the ground, Sir William ordering his servant, in French, to bring the pistols. I then directed a servant to bring mine. When on the ground, Sir William Kier and I went apart, and I then repeated, that if Colonel Montgomery would make a written apology, it was not now too late. Sir William spoke to the Colonel, but soon returned, saying, "A written apology, you know, Captain Barrie, would be entirely out of the question; but Colonel Montgomery declines making any apology." The pistols were then loaded, and it was agreed that they should stand at twelve paces distant from each other, then level and fire as they pleased. The exchange of shots was almost instantaneous, but Colonel Montgomery fired first. The parties were immediately conveyed to Chalk Farm, and while I was binding up Captain Macnamara's wounds, Sir William Kier informed me Colonel Montgomery was dead. Sir William then

waited for me till my horse was brought out, and we accompanied each other to town.—This, to the best of my recollection, is a correct account of the conduct of the seconds.

ROBERT BARRIE.

Captain Barrie having sent the above statement to Sir William Kier, received the following answer:—

SIR,

London, May 2, 1803.

I have read the enclosed, which is, as far as my memory serves me, a correct statement of the substance of what passed between us.

Your most obedient Servant,

To Captain Barrie.

WILLIAM KIER.

Captain Macnamara has been tried, on the coroner's inquest, for manslaughter, and acquitted. Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, was not brought to trial; the grand jury not returning any bill against him. The following elegant defence was made by Captain Macnamara. It is said to have been drawn up by his counsel, Mr. Erskine.

"Gentlemen of the jury,

"I appear before you with the consolation that my character has already been delivered, by the verdict of a grand jury, from the shocking imputation of murder, and that, although the evidence against me was laid before them, without any explanation or evidence of the sensations which brought me into my present unhappy situation, they made their own impression, and no charge of criminal homicide was found against me. I was delivered at once from the whole effect of the indictment. I therefore now stand before you upon the inquisition only, taken before the coroner, upon the view of the body, under circumstances extremely affecting to the minds of those who were to deliberate on the transaction, and without the opportunity, which the benignity of the law affords me, at this moment, of repelling that inference of even sudden resentment against the deceased, which is the foundation of this inquest of manslaughter.

"The origin of the difference, as you see in the evidence, was insignificant. The heat of two persons, each defending an animal under his protection, was natural, and could not have led to any serious consequences. It was not the deceased's defending his own dog, or his threatening to destroy mine, that led to the fatal catastrophe; it was the defiance alone which most unhappily accompanied what was said: Words receive their interpretation from the avowed intention of the speaker. The offence was forced upon me by the declaration that he invited me to be offended, and challenged me to vindicate the offence by calling upon him for satisfaction. "If you are offended with what has passed, you know where to find me." These words, unfortunately repeated and reiterated, have, over and over again, been considered, by criminal courts of justice, as sufficient to support an indictment for a challenge. The judgments of courts are founded upon the universal understandings and feelings of mankind, and common candour must admit that an officer, however desirous to avoid a quarrel, cannot refuse to understand what even the grave judges of the law must interpret as a provocation and a defiance. I declare, therefore, most solemnly, that

I went into the field from no resentment against the deceased; nothing indeed but insanity could have led me to expose my own life to such imminent peril, under the impulse of passion, from so inadequate a cause as the evidence before you exhibits, when separated from the defiance which was the fatal source of mischief, and I could well have overlooked that too, if the world, in its present state, could have overlooked it also. I went into the field, therefore, with no determination or desire to take the life of my opponent, or to expose my own. I went there in hopes of receiving some soothing satisfaction for what would otherwise have exposed me in the general feelings and opinions of the world.—The deceased was a man of popular manners, as I have heard, and with a very general acquaintance. I, on the other hand, was in a manner a stranger in this great town, having been devoted from my infancy to the duties of my profession in distant seas. If, under these circumstances, the words which the deceased intended to be offensive, and which he repeatedly invited to be resented, had been passed by and submitted to, they would have passed from mouth to mouth, have been even exaggerated at every repetition, and my honour must have been lost.

"Gentlemen, I am a captain in the British Navy. My character you can only hear from others; but to maintain my character in that station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge any thing against the laws of God, or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the general feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action: But, in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowance for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence have supported this happy country many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.

"Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer. I will bring before you many honourable persons, who will speak what they know of me in my profession, and in private life; which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence may safely be received by you as truth. Gentlemen, I submit myself entirely to your judgment. I hope to obtain my liberty, through your verdict, and to employ it with honour in the defence of the liberties of my country."

An Irish Gentleman called to inquire the health of Captain Macnamara, and was shewn the surgeon's report, which was entitled '*Bulletin*.' On taking it up and reading it, he exclaimed '*Bullet-in!* by J—!—I thought the *Ball* had been extracted.

A singular and diverting occurrence took place near Taunton, in Somersetshire.—Some time ago a favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parsley, Esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and cry of the hounds, he began to be very resive; the ostler going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport, he instantly saddled him, to which he

affixed a large monkey, and turned him loose, who, following the sound, joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

The miners working at the Huddersford canal-tunnel, near Manchester, lately found a stratum of curious polished stone, of a light grey colour, except the polished side, which is as black as ebony; the polish is as high as that of the best marble, and reflects objects nearly as well as an ordinary looking-glass.

Extract of a letter from a friend on a visit to the Lakes:—On Friday I dined at Buttermere, and was waited on by MARY; what a libel on beauty! She is, nevertheless, a good sized person, and walks very upright; has a full black eye, and those kind of features which, at an early period, would give pubescence. She was dressed in a short cotton bed-gown, blue petticoat, coarse white apron, tied very high, and wore black stockings. Her deportment is modest and respectful; rather of a melancholy appearance; perhaps occasioned by her misfortune; but, were I to hazard an opinion, I should pronounce it in some measure habitual. She is as far advanced in pregnancy as may be expected. The father appears an honest coarse old man; the mother of the same cast, and both bending beneath the weight of years."

In the following anecdote, which is taken from *Breca's* publication of "The Conduct of Heroic Women during the French Revolution," Despair, resulting from strong conjugal affection, is forcibly depicted:—

"In one of the prisons of Paris, among a multitude that expected their trial, was a young man of a most interesting figure and countenance, who was accompanied, by his wife, an extremely young and beautiful woman. Happy that they were not separated in this dreadful moment, this young couple fully persuaded themselves that the same blow would release them from this life, and unite their souls in a better; and the sweet hope of a union that never could be dissolved, spread inexpressible charms even over the horrid scenes with which they were surrounded. One day, while the youthful wife was walking in the court with the other prisoners, she heard her husband called to the outer gate of the prison. She comprehended that it was the signal of his death: she ran after him, resolved to share his fate. The gaoler refused to let her pass. With unusual strength derived from her grief, she made her way, threw herself into the arms of her husband, hung upon his neck, and with the most affecting cries, besought them to suffer her to die with her husband. She was torn away by the guards. 'Barbarians,' she cried, 'can you compel me to live?' at the same moment she dashed her head violently against the gate of the prison, and in a few minutes expired."

Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, in his account of a late visit of three months to Great Britain and Ireland, has astonished the people of the Continent, with the following exhibition of the power of English industry:—"There is," says he, "a case in which a raw material, value one halfpenny, is raised by manufacture to the worth of 35,000 guineas!—This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron only costs a halfpenny; it is converted into steel, the steel is made into watch-springs; every watch-spring is sold for half-a-guinea, and weighs only one-tenth of a grain. There are in a pound weight

7,000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs.—The value of all these, at half-a-guinea each, is 35,000 guineas.

Among the vegetable productions of this country, none are more generally useful than the potatoe; hence we are induced to insert the account of *A new Method of propagating Potatoes*; communicated to the Bath and West of England Society, by the Rev. J. Barton.—Having a piece of ground choaked up with potatoe stalks, from the negligence of the labourers employed in clearing it of a preceding crop, this gentleman carefully planted about 100 of them in drills, in the same manner as cabbage plants, first pulling off the potatoes that adhered to the roots. The experiment succeeded beyond his expectation; as each stalk produced from ten to fifteen, some of them uncommonly large.—Should this method be generally adopted, it will prove highly beneficial, and the farmer's industry in cleaning his ground will thus be rewarded; the man of fortune will give these stems, hitherto considered useless, to his cottagers, to plant in their gardens, while those who have small potatoes, that are usually thrown to the hogs, may now turn them to a better account, by planting them in beds in November, and removing their stalks in the spring. This method of culture, particularly in wet soils, may probably succeed better than that commonly practised, as there would be no danger of their rotting, which the seed potatoes are apt to do: thus the markets might be supplied, not only with the root itself, but also with the stems, which could be sold in the same market as cabbage plants.

An inquisition was lately held at Hollinwood, on the bodies of one Hesketh, Alice Ogden, and an infant. It appeared that Hesketh and Ogden had lived together nearly three years, and that early on Monday morning, a man going to work in the garden of the deceased, saw a quantity of blood running under the door. He alarmed the neighbours, who forced open the door, which was locked and bolted, and found Hesketh, with the infant across his thighs, both quite dead, and miserably bruised, lying across the floor. Hesketh had the key of the door in his pocket, and the end of the tongs in his hand. Ogden was also in a dying state, and so much bruised as to be incapable of giving any account of this horrid business. She expired almost instantly. These circumstances induced the jury to believe that one or both of them killed the child and each other, which verdict they accordingly gave. The father of the woman, and another man, had been drinking at the house of the deceased on Sunday evening, and at ten o'clock they were left in perfect good humour with each other, not an angry word having passed.

A circumstance of a very shocking nature took place lately at Ward's-hill, in the Liberty. A pig seized in its mouth a child, and ran with it into an entry, or passage, where it would have devoured the infant, but for the timely interference of some persons who saw the frightful transaction, and pursued the ferocious animal, which was so very savage as even to turn upon its pursuers. The poor child did not escape unhurt, having been very much bruised and lacerated.

We have the following melancholy recital in a letter from Gardinstown, near Banff.—“On Tuesday, the 19th instant, we had a very hard gale from W. S. W. which increased, towards afternoon, to a complete hurricane, abating only by short intervals throughout the night. Next morning a variety

of wreck, scattered along the shore, announced the destruction of some vessels at no great distance. Some of the inhabitants, eager to make a further discovery, went to survey the west rocks, where, from the top of a stupendous promontory, in a curved stone, called Whalecove, they discovered a large mass of wreck, which convinced them this had been the scene of the unfortunate event they had anticipated. Actuated by a spirit of enterprising humanity, some young men ventured to crawl down the tremendous precipice, and, notwithstanding the fluctuating and furious flaps of wind peculiar to the time and place, actually descended the depth of ninety feet perpendicular. On reaching the bottom of the rock, their attention and feeling were suddenly interested in a very striking object indeed—the only survivor of an unfortunate crew (eleven in number) insulated on a rock near the wreck, in whom the tide of life was fast ebbing! nor was it till low water that these laudable adventurers were able to rescue him from this dread assylum. This, however, they at last happily effected, and succeeded, weak and bruised as he was, in bringing him safe up the hill—an achievement which any stranger would certainly pronounce impossible. The wreck proves to be the *Reliance*, of Newcastle, William Allen Master, 198 tons register; sailed from Shields on the 17th, coal-laden, for Jamaica. The bodies of six of the crew have been found and interred. The survivor, Colin Burn, a native of Montrose, only engaged with Captain Allen on the 16th, of course very little acquainted with his ship-mates, but thinks three of them are from Aberdeen. People are daily employed securing what remains of the wreck may drift ashore; and the poor surviving tar is now so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad occasionally."

An odd circumstance has taken place at Berlin, which for some days furnished the topic of general conversation. A Jew waited on the Queen with a rich collection of valuable lace, which he had for sale. Her Majesty thought it extremely beautiful, but said she declined purchasing, as she was in no want of the article, and it was besides too dear. The Jew, however, as is customary with these people, would take no denial, and at last even presumed to desire her Majesty to take the lace of him *in commission*, to the king, who, he was sure, would be enraptured with its beauty, and consequently become a purchaser. The Queen, seeing no possibility of disengaging herself from the importunate Israelite, at length consented, and took charge of the lace, in order to shew it to her illustrious consort. His Majesty, however, was equally averse to part with his money; and therefore gave the goods in charge to a lady of the court, for the purpose of returning them to the Jew. The next day, however, he returned to the court with a sorrowful countenance; and, having obtained an audience, informed her Majesty that he missed a piece of lace of seven ells, which must remain *somewhere*. The Queen's confusion and astonishment may be easily conceived; a general search took place, but it was nowhere to be found. In the mean time the King entered the apartment, and enquiring very naturally what the matter was, asked the Jew in a serious tone, if he dared abide by his assertion. Being now conscious that he had a just cause in hand, he answered undauntedly, that he would *stick to his text*. The King, on this, contrived to have the lady sent out of her apartment, and, during her absence, one of the ministers examined the bureau of this lady, and

where, strange to say, he discovered the lost piece of lace, to the inexpressible joy of the Jew, the satisfaction of their Majesties, and the utter confusion and disappointment of the fair pilferer, who was immediately conducted to prison.

BATH, APRIL 29.—On Monday died in this city, George Ring, formerly a baker, and celebrated as one of the first pugilists in the kingdom. He was rather under the middle size, but the quickness of his eye, and the muscular power of his arm, and his general activity, brought him always off victorious, though opposed to men of far superior size and strength. To his method of fighting, Ward, Mendoza, Humphries, and other noted heroes of the fist, it is said, owed their celebrity; for he introduced what is termed the present scientific mode of combat. But the glory of George Ring was of short duration: hard blows, frequently experienced, and a life of continued dissipation, brought on premature old age, poverty, and neglect; at a period when he ought to have been in the bloom of health and vigour, every "puny whipster" could "knock him about the scone, and he durst not tell him of his action of battery." As a contrast to the above character, we cannot avoid noticing that the celebrated George Maggs, whose fame rang through this country nearly fifty years ago as the champion of England, when he beat the noted Stephens, the nailor, in London, is now living in this city, a hale, hearty, respectable old man; a handsome and venerable pile of stately ruins.

Six of the young naval officers, who lately committed a riot at the Portsmouth theatre, were arraigned at the sessions, and pleaded guilty.—Mr. Burroughs, the recorder of the place, addressed them in a very impressive manner. He made some very strong remarks on the heinous offence of obstructing peace-officers in the execution of their duty; and the more especially by gentlemen of their profession: and earnestly recommended to them never to draw their swords again, except in defence of their country. He should not sentence them to imprisonment, as some of their ships were on the point of sailing; yet he felt it his duty to pass a sentence, as he trusted would serve to prevent such outrages in future—but, if it failed of that effect, he should feel himself called upon to add imprisonment to fine in any future similar case. The recorder then sentenced two of them to pay a fine of 40*l.* three of 25*l.* each, and one of 10*l.*

On Saturday, April 23, whilst Mr. Cornell, farmer, of Needham-street, in the parish of Gazely, Suffolk, was overlooking his workmen at plough in the field, a very severe tempest arose, when suddenly one of his ancles received a shock like a violent blow; and on casting his eyes downwards, he saw the lightning playing on his shoe, which affected his face and whole frame so much, that he called his seedsman to support him: but, finding the man's back towards him, Mr. Cornell made an effort to run, and caught hold of the seedsman just in time to save him from falling; and, after leaning upon him for two or three minutes, Mr. C. recovered from a state of stupor, when looking up, he perceived, at the distance of about 100 yards, two of his best horses had also been struck by the lightning, one of which was totally dead, and the other in the most acute agonies, which it survived only a few minutes.

Vaccination has been found, in Turkey, an antidote to the plague; some persons, who had been inoculated with the cow-pock, have escaped infection, although purposely exposed to it. This process has been tried on dogs, but does not preserve them from the disorders so peculiar to them.

MARRIED.

Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. R. N. to Miss Drummond, only daughter of the late George Drummond, Esq. banker, at Charing-Cross. Major Maxwell, eldest son of Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Monreith, to Miss Catharine Fordyce. The Rev. Henry Hodges, to Miss Murray, eldest daughter of the late Hon. General Murray, of Beaufort, in the County of Sussex. At Balindean, in Perthshire, Philip Dundas, Esq. M. P. to Miss Wedderburn, daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, Bart.

DIED,

At Brunswick, on the 21st of March, in the 68th year of his age, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, Privy Counsellor of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and Knight of the Order of St. Ann. At her house in Baker-street, Mrs. Dunlope; she caught the influenza on a Sunday morning, and in a fit of coughing on Monday evening, burst a blood vessel, and expired in a few hours after. At Paul's Cray, in Kent, the Dowager Lady Hoghton, relict of the late Sir Henry Hoghton, Bart. of Walton-hall, near Preston. At the Swan Inn, Bedford, Sir John Payne, Bart. of Temsford Hall. On the 25th of January last, on her passage from India, Mrs. Popham, wife of Major-General Popham. At Darn-hall, Vice-Admiral Sir George Home, Bart. In the prime of life, Sir John Davie, of Creedy, Bart. Merlin the ingenious mechanic. At Stratford House, Essex, the Right Hon. John Lord Henniker, Baron Henniker, of Stratford-upon-Avon, of Stratford House, and Newton Hall, Essex; Great Blealing's Hall, Suffolk; and St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet. He is succeeded in his title by the Hon. John Henniker Major, of Portman-square. Anne Baroness Dowager Camelford, in the 65th year of her age. At Canterbury, aged 68, the Rev. John Lynch, LL. D. Archdeacon of that diocese, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of St. Dionis Back Church, London. Lately, Mr. Conolly. He had for a series of years been considered the first Commoner in Ireland. His estates, including those which he inherited by the death of his uncle, the late Earl of Strafford, produced upwards of 30,000l. per annum. He was married to Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and was related to Mr. Fox, Mr. Byng, and several other persons of consequence. Dying without issue, the great bulk of his fortune is divided between his nephew, Mr. Byng, Member for Middlesex, and his nieces, Viscountess Castlereagh, and the Lady of Admiral Pakenham.
