

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JUNE, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. PRATT, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL
PAINTING BY BEACH.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*A Portrait of Mr. Braham, from a Painting by Mr. Charles Al-
lingham, is intended for our next number.*

Miss HOLFORD's elegant verses are inserted in the present number. We earnestly solicit this lady's further communications.

MORTIMER is entitled to our best thanks, for his constant attention to us.

We differ in opinion with our constant reader, W. R. respecting the merits of the actor upon whom he comments so severely, and must therefore decline inserting his letter,

J. F. is informed that it has never been our plan to publish the prologues and epilogues indiscriminately. We shall, perhaps, at a future opportunity, insert the prologue and epilogue to John Bull.

Melancholy Hours, No. V. in our next.

Douglas and Anna, a tale, by J. T. and the verses written at the tomb of Gray, are reserved for insertion.

We hoped, last month, to have had an opportunity of noticing the communications of an Impartial Observer (*York*) but were prevented through want of room.

We beg to be favoured with a continuation of *A Tale in the Manner of Ossian*. The verses by the same writer shall appear next month.

Lines by Mr. George Bloomfield at the same time.

We find that W. R.'s remarks on a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost* affords nothing new upon the subject.

The hints respecting the teachers of youth shall be attended to.

Sir Henry Wotton on Queen Elizabeth is postponed till the next number.

E. A. P. (*Stanford*) will find his favour among the contents of the present number.

We are much obliged to a YORKSHIRE MAN, but the letter he has been so kind as to transmit, does not exactly suit the character of our work,

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. PRATT.

With a Portrait.

IN the progress of our work, we have had the pleasure to record the lives of a variety of persons, who have distinguished themselves for their virtues or their talents; but few of them unite a more rare assemblage of qualities that do honour both to the head and the heart, than the subject of the following memoir.

MR. PRATT is a native of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, where he was born on Christmas-day 1749-50. His father twice served the office of high sheriff for that county, and many years acted as an upright and assiduous magistrate. His mother was niece of Sir Thomas Drury, who produced her husband fifteen children, most of whom died in early infancy, and of whom our author has long been the only survivor.

Mr. Pratt received the rudiments of classical education at Felstead, a celebrated seminary in Essex, in which county the family seat of Rookwood-hall was situated. This mansion was once the residence of the Capels, and is famous in history for being the place where the princess Elizabeth was concealed from the jealous rage of her sister Queen Mary, till she could be conveyed to a more secure retreat. It appears that afterwards, Mr. Pratt was some time under the private tuition of the celebrated Dr. Hawkesworth, a fact we have ascertained from his elegant dedication of the fifth volume of his "Gleanings," to the Marquis of Lansdown.

Thus, from his original splendour of situation, compared with that mediocrity of condition which has long been his lot, it is evident

That Fortune smil'd deceitful on his birth.

The causes that led to the decay of his family, and the frustration of his hopes as a man of independent property, it is not our business to enquire into, nor are we qualified to develope them. It

is sufficient here to observe, that his life seems early to have been chequered by hopes and fears, by success and disappointment; and that, in consequence of these alterations quickly succeeding each other, he fixed in neither of the learned professions, though his genius and his talents would have reflected a lustre on the highest situation in the church, or at the bar.

The bias which the mind receives in early life from fortuitous circumstances, and the direction given it by uncontrollable events, often stamp the character for ever. The constant concomitants of genius, ardour and enthusiasm, Mr. Pratt possessed in a high degree. Formed to enjoy and to reciprocate all the sensibilities of tenderness and affection, his heart was not proof against the delusions of love; and a disappointment of this nature, at an age when those who are blessed with constitutional apathy, scarcely know the passion but by name, appears to have long tinged the colour of his destiny, and even to have operated on his future prospects.

Yet to the misfortunes of his family, in which he was necessarily involved, and to his own particular disappointments, the world is probably indebted for that public display of talents, which, for the space of thirty years and upwards, have delighted, instructed, or reformed mankind. To the same source may be ascribed that refined sensibility, that diffusive philanthropy, and that soothing attention, which he has ever shewn for the unfortunate and the unhappy. In the words of Dido he may justly say,

Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Mr. Pratt's first essays in literature, as is usual, were for a time confined to the private circles of partial friends and admirers, or anonymously published in the periodical works of the day. Born to independence, it is not likely that he wrote with any other view than to amuse himself, or those he esteemed; but after family dissensions had diminished his patrimonial property, and much of the remainder was spent in ineffectual litigation, instead of sinking under the pressure of misfortune, the elasticity of his mind raised him superior to events; and, conscious of his powers, of which indeed he did not make a false estimate, he boldly entered the lists for literary fame, and found the public ready to applaud his attempts. Still, however, he used an adopted signature; and the reputation of Courtney Melmoth, Esq. was widely disseminated and firmly established, before Mr. Pratt was known, beyond the circle of his immediate friends and connexions.

The first poetical work, of any length, published by our author when he could not be more than twenty years of age, was the

“Tears of Genius,” occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith, whom it appears he knew, and of whose spirit a considerable portion has descended on his admirer and elegiast. In this poem the style and sentiment of our most illustrious bards are happily caught; and in erecting a monument to departed genius, the author has laid a solid foundation for his own.

Of the classical poem of “Sympathy” it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate praise. It has gone through numerous editions, and will unquestionably run down the stream of time with the “Traveller” and “Deserted Village” of Goldsmith, whose mantle he seems to have caught.

*Deliciæ nostræ, GOLDSMITH, iturus ad astra
Hæredem, dixit te mihi, Pratte volo.
En! tibi lapsa cadit divino jure poetæ
Vestis sacrâ; sacro munere digne fili:
Risit pauperies, risère jacentia rura,
Nam simul humanæ fila movêre lyræ.
Est redivivus, inops exclamat rusticus, alter
GOLDSMITH jam nostro dulce dolore dolet.**

When the English Roscius departed this life, our author offered a poetical compliment to his memory, under the title of the “Shadows of Shakspeare,” in which, with peculiar felicity, he has delineated the different characters of our immortal bard, which derived a new lustre from Garrick’s performance. Since that time, he has contributed the epitaph, which is engraved on his monument in Westminster-abbey.

It would far exceed our limits to enter into an enumeration and analysis of Mr. Pratt’s various publications. They are all in high estimation with the public, which has long appreciated their separate worth; and therefore it shall be our business, in what follows, to class and arrange rather than to enter into details, which would fail to draw from obscurity works which in themselves excite no interest, and which, in the present instance, would be unnecessary; as the want of new editions of several of Mr. Pratt’s publications, not of new readers, is felt and lamented. It will however be agreeable to the admirers of Mr. Pratt’s novels in particular, to learn, that an uniform edition of them, revised and corrected by the author, is likely to make its appearance soon. The public also loudly calls

* We believe this very elegant and deserved compliment, and hitherto we believe unpublished, was paid to Mr. Pratt on the publication of his “Poor,” a poem, of which we shall speak farther in the sequel.

for a collection of his poems, which having been published in various forms, can scarcely be procured complete on any terms. We trust, therefore, the lovers of elegant poetry will speedily be gratified in this respect also; and we cannot doubt but that such a long and deserved favourite with the public, would find his reward in bringing forward this work, in a style equal to the merit of the subjects it embraces.

When the elegant hospitalities of the Bath Easton Villa were kept up by Sir John and Lady Miller, with a liberality that would have done honour to the first nobleman in the kingdom, Mr. Pratt was a frequent contributor to the "Vase," and generally gained the envied laurel. In his "Miscellanies," which were published many years ago, in four volumes, many of his contributions are preserved; and if they are not uniformly equal to his more elaborate productions, they shew the happy versatility of his talents, and the facility with which he composes on any subject.

"Landscapes in Verse," which next claim our notice, possess all the merit which can belong to that species of poetry; but here we think Mr. Pratt was less fortunate in his subject than in his preceding and subsequent offerings at the shrine of the Muses.

The "Triumph of Benevolence" was more consonant to his feelings as a man, and his powers as a poet; and it does equal honour to the benevolent Howard, from a contemplation of whose labours in the cause of misery it originated, and to the author who pointed out those labours to the imitation of all posterity.

"Humanity, or the Rights of Nature," if we mistake not, first appeared in 1788, and added another wreath to the crown he had so long wove and worn.

For some years after, his occasional poetic effusions, all of them excellent, and many deserving to be presented in a separate form, chiefly appeared in the "Gleanings," which remain to be noticed.

His last great poem, "The Poor, or Cottage Pictures," written and published in 1801, at a period of unexampled distress, will require to be mentioned at some length. In its structure it is most happy, and in pathos and energy it is superior to any of Mr. Pratt's former publications, as may well be imagined from a fervid fancy operating on a benevolent mind.*

* This poem has had the honour to have some of its principal scenes illustrated by the pencil of De Louthembourg. The subjects are worthy of this distinguished artist; and those who can possess the 4to edition of the "Poor," with the plates taken from his designs, will in time find that they have got a treasure, which will become more valuable as it becomes more rare.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. EMERY.

MR. JOHN EMERY was born at Sunderland, in the County of Durham, on the 22nd of Dec. 1777. At a very early age he left his native place, and continued to travel with his parents (both of them on the stage) until they thought it expedient to send him to a boarding-school at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he was chiefly brought up. On his return from school, his father was anxious that he should make choice of a profession, but having no preference, our hero submitted the selection to his father's maturer judgment, who accordingly desired him to direct his attention to the study of music, in which he soon made a considerable proficiency; and his knowledge of this science he considers as having been of infinite service to him in the profession of an actor. Mr. Emery played in the orchestras of *Exeter, Plymouth, &c.* But his love of music was not so great as his desire to become an actor; and he often sighed from behind his violin, and thought the most humble condition on the stage more desirable than all the honours which were to be acquired in the service of Apollo. His inclination was soon gratified; for in the time of Mr. Bernard's management at Plymouth, he saw himself in the enviable situation of actor and scene-painter. Mr. Bernard was much pleased with his first essay as an actor, which was in *Little John in Robin Hood*, a part for which his figure was tolerably suited, he being then only about 15 or 16 years of age. Before he attained his 17th year he adventured in a singular line of acting for one of his age, viz. the *feeble old men*; such as *Crazy, Sir Francis Gripe, Kecksey, &c.* in all of which he was fortunate enough to succeed. He next performed at Dover, Deal, and Sandwich, with Mr. Diddear, where his line of business became more and more extensive; and having become tolerably conversant with the profession, at the age of 17 he left his parents, and entered into an engagement with Mr. Bernard, who was then manager of the Brighton theatre: from thence he went, in the year 1795, to Mr. Wilkinson at Hull, where he opened in *Caleb*, in *He would be a Soldier*, and *Dickey Gossip*. His old men followed very successfully; and he then embarked in the arduous characters of the *Miser, Item, &c.* in which he discovered talents of a very superior order. It was in this circuit that he first acted the countrymen; and, in consequence of his success in those characters, his fame reached London, and he had the offer of an engagement from Mr. Harris, which, however, he could not then accept, being under

articles to Mr. Wilkinson for three years, who would have been much inconvenienced by being deprived of so favourite a comedian. In the interim, he had a most liberal offer from Mr. Jones, the Dublin manager, which he made known to Mr. Wilkinson, who observed, the offer was a good one, but that if he left him then, the penalty of his article would be a poor equivalent for the loss of his services. He accordingly remained in the York Company; and, in consequence of his so doing, Mr. Wilkinson wrote to Mr. Harris, to inform him that our hero should be at his service at a particular time (before the expiration of his article,) an indulgence for which our hero considers himself under great obligation to Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Emery appeared at Covent Garden Theatre on the 21st of September, 1798, in the characters of *Frank Oatland* and the *Miser*. Our observations on his performance appeared at some length in the number for the following month. The decided opinion we then formed of his talents has been fully confirmed by the favour and reputation he has since gradually acquired with the public. In the *Yorkshire men* he is particularly excellent. Perhaps there is not a more completely characteristic and humorous piece of acting on the stage than he affords in *John Lump* in the *Review*. Mr. Emery has also considerable merit as an artist, and several of his performances have appeared in the exhibitions of the Royal academy.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

MR. EDITOR,

I BELIEVE all the considerate part of mankind are agreed, that the worst effect of war is the evil influence which it has upon the *morals* of a country. It is well known that the generality of common soldiers, when they return from service to their native homes, are to the last degree idle and profligate, and consequently become fatal corrupters of their relations and neighbours. The readers of the Monthly Mirror will not be displeased with the following quotation from a celebrated Chronicler, much in point. Sir R. Baker, after mentioning the raising of the siege of Stenwich, in Friesland, by General Norris, in the year 1580, adds, "Here it must not be omitted, that the English, (who of all the dwellers in the northern parts of the world, were hitherto the least drinkers, and deserved praise for their sobriety,) in these Dutch wars learned to be drunkards; and brought the vice so far to overspread the kingdom, that laws were vain to be enacted for repressing it." Baker's Chronicle, page 382. Edition 1670.

Stamford.

E. A. P.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston-Underwood, March 30, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

IF you have indeed so favorable an opinion of my judgment as you profess, which I shall not allow myself to question, you will think highly and honourably of your poem,* for so I think of it. The view you give of the place that you describe is clear and distinct, the sentiments are just, and the reflections touching, and the numbers uncommonly harmonious. I give you joy of having been able to produce at twenty years of age, what would not have disgraced you at a much later period; and if you chuse to print it, have no doubt that it will do you great credit.

You will perceive, however, when you receive your copy again, that I have used all the liberty you gave me. I have proposed many alterations; but you will consider them as only proposed. My lines are by no means obtruded on you, but are ready to give place to any that you shall chuse to substitute, of your own composing. They will serve at least to mark the passages which seem to me susceptible of improvement, and the manner in which I think the change may be made. I have not always, seldom indeed, have given my reasons, but without a reason I have altered nothing, and the decision, as I say, is left with you in the last instance. Time failed me to be particular and explicit always in accounting for my strictures, and I assured myself that you would impute none of them to an arbitrary humour, but all to their true cause—a desire to discharge faithfully the trust committed to me.

I cannot but add, I think it pity that you, who have evidently such talents for poetry, should be so loudly called another way, and want leisure to cultivate them; for if such was the bud, what

* This poem, so partially appreciated by the most liberal of men and lenient of critics, was a juvenile offering of gratitude to the place where the writer had received his scholastic education. Its length, its locality, and triteness of subject, prevented it from appearing with a miscellany of minor poems, which were printed in 1797; nor will the plaudits even of COWPER make its author forego his ripper judgment, for the futile chance of obtaining popular approbation. The praise *whispered*, not *published*, has been regarded by him as "the praise that's worth ambition;" and he has enjoyed the singular good fortune *Laudari a laudato viro*.

might we not have expected to see in the full-blown flower? Perhaps, however, I am not quite prudent in saying all this to you, whose proper function is not that of a poet; but I say it trusting to your prudence, that you will not suffer it to seduce you.

I have not the edition of Milton's juvenile poems which you mention, but shall be truly glad to see it, and thank you for the offer.

No possible way occurs to me of returning your MS. but by the Wellingborough coach: by that conveyance therefore I shall send it on Monday, and my remarks,* rough as I made them, shall accompany it.

Believe me with much sincerity

Yours,

WILLIAM COWPER.

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

[Continued from p. 298.]

Punishment of the guilty Dewtahs.

IV. THE Eternal, whose knowledge, foresight, and power, extend over every thing, except the actions of beings whom he has created free; beheld, with as much grief as resentment, the defection of Moisasoor, Raubon, and the other chiefs of the Dewtahs. Merciful in his anger, he deputed Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, to forewarn them of their crime, and to induce them to return again to their duty: but they deluded themselves with the hope of being independent, and persisted in their disobedience. Then the Eternal commanded Seeb to arm himself with his omnipotence, and to drive them out of the Maha Surgo (or the upper heaven), and to plunge them in the regions of darkness, there to suffer unceasing torments, for the space of a thousand thousand munantors.

* Those remarks extended to seven octavo pages, and united the most consummate candour with a scrupulous desire to 'discharge faithfully' the trust reposed in this condescending friend, and able critic. From Mr. Hayley's estimable Life of Cowper, it appears that the commendations imparted in this letter, were imparted with a sincerity which dignified every action of the author of the Task; for they were reiterated in epistolary communications, about the same period, to Lady Hesketh and to Mr. Rose. See Hayley's Life, vol. ii, pp. 29, 30.

N. B. In Mr. Cowper's former letter, at page 300, line 1, for *twenty-three* read *thirty-three*.

Mitigation of the punishment of the rebellious Dewtahs, and their Final Sentence.

V. The rebellious Dewtahs, having incurred the displeasure of the Creator, groaned in darkness during the space of a munnuntor; during all which time, Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, and the rest of the Dewtahs, who had preserved their fidelity, never ceased praying the Eternal to pardon and restore them to their former condition. The Eternal was softened by their prayers, and as he could not foresee the effect his mercy would produce on these guilty Dewtahs, he relied on their repenting, and declared his will: he ordained that they should be enabled to work out their own salvation, on giving certain proofs of repentance. The Eternal revealed his intention, and, after having entrusted the government of the upper heaven to Bhirmah, he became absorbed within himself, and was invisible to all the celestial host for five thousand years. At the end of this period he appeared again, and mounted his throne of light, and re-appeared in all his glory. The Dewtahs who remained faithful to him, celebrated his return with hymns of joy and gladness. After all the Dewtahs made silence, the Eternal said,—“ Let the Dounea Houda, containing fifteen bonbons of expiation and purification, appear, to serve as a place of residence for the rebellious Dewtahs;” and it instantly appeared. The Eternal added, “ Let Vistnou, armed with my power, descend to the Dounea Houda, which I have just created; and let him withdraw the rebellious Dewtahs out of the regions of darkness, and place them in the lowest of the bonbons.” Vistnou presented himself before the throne of the Eternal, and said, “ O Eternal, I have executed what you enjoined me.”—All the faithful Dewtahs were surprised at seeing the wonders and splendour of the Dounea Houda, which God had just created. The Eternal again addressed himself to Vistnou, and said, “ I will form bodies for each of the rebellious Dewtahs, which shall be instead of a prison, and as an habitation to them for a certain space of time: they shall be subject to natural evils in proportion to the crimes they have committed. Go, and command them to prepare themselves to enter into those bodies, and they will obey you.”

Vistnou presented himself again prostrate before the throne, and said, “ I have fulfilled your commands:” and the faithful Dewtahs, astonished at the wonders they had just heard spoken of, celebrated the praises and mercy of the Eternal in songs. After they had ceased again, the Eternal said to Vistnou, “ The bodies I am going to prepare for the rebellious Dewtahs, shall be subject to change, to

decay, and to death and regeneration, through the principles of the matter of which they shall be fashioned. The guilty Dewtahs, inclosed in these mortal bodies, shall undergo eighty-seven successive transmigrations, and shall be more or less subject to natural and moral evil, in proportion to their original sin, and according as the actions they may commit in passing through these successive transmigrations, may correspond with the limited faculties which I shall give to each. That shall be the termination of their punishment, and expiation; and when the rebellious Dewtahs shall have undergone these eighty seven transmigrations, they shall (by my indulgence) animate a new form, and you, Vistnou, shall call it ghay, (i. e. cow.) When the cow shall die through old age, the guilty Dewtah, by an extraordinary degree of my goodness, shall animate the body of man. I will increase his intellectual faculties to the same degree they were when I created him, and it shall be under this transmigration that he must undergo the strongest and severest trials. The guilty Dewtahs shall hold the cow as holy and sacred. I will give them food the most agreeable, and I will exempt them from a portion of the labours to which I have doomed them. They shall neither eat the flesh of the cow, nor that of any mortal body which I have prepared as an habitation for them, whether it creepeth on the earth, or swims in the water, or flies in the air. They shall feed on the milk of cows, and fruits of the earth. The mortal bodies in which I shall enclose the guilty Dewtahs are the works of my hand: they must not be destroyed, but suffered to die a natural death. So that should any Dewtah premeditatedly, or by force, occasion the dissolution of any body animated by his brethren, the guilty Dewtahs; you, Seeb, shall plunge the spirit which has committed this crime in the regions of darkness, for a certain space of time; and you shall cause him to pass through eighty nine transmigrations, whatever may be his rank and quality, at the time of committing this crime."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM VERNON, THE SHROPSHIRE POET.

MR EDITOR.

I MAKE bold to introduce myself to you, as a plain homely kind of man, and a lover of the good old fashioned poetry, which speaks to our hearts, and comes home to our passions and feelings; yet, by

the bye, I think I can discern the beauties of the most fanciful productions of the Muse, as well as those who pretend to greater penetration. Well, now, to come to the point, I was exceedingly pleased to see, in your last month's Mirror, your correspondent CIVIS, in his "Idle Hours," bring again into notice that long neglected poet William Vernon, about whom very few readers have any knowledge. "Now, is not this a melancholy thing?" I have often wondered that some liberal-minded bookseller should not have undertaken to republish the works of this son of genius. I would almost venture to answer for his success. English poetry is again coming into repute; it has found its level, and it will find admirers, as long as the love of nature exists in a British bosom.

The "Parish Clerk" has always been such a favourite of mine, from my boyish days, that, if I had lived in the time of the author—provided he could have hit upon any better employment than that of writing poetry—I should gladly have saved up all my idle pence, for the purpose of purchasing his discharge. I believe the imitative lines in Holloway's poems, to which your correspondent alludes, are as follows:

"Beneath yon elders, furr'd with black'ning smoke,
The sinewy *Smith*, with many a labour'd stroke,
His clinking anvil plied, in's shed obscure,
And truant school-boys loiter'd round the door.
There would the swains on wintry eve retire,
To warm their limbs, and blow the rumbling fire;
While various tales their proffer'd toil repaid,
And vast improvement to the mind convey'd;
For much of life th' experienced *Smith* had seen,
In peace and war, since royal *Anne* was queen;
And much of fights and shipwrecks sad he told—
Of burning mountains, and of *Scythian* cold—
Of spectre forms, that haunt the convent's gloom,
Or fiends that glare around the murderer's tomb."

Peasant's Fate. Book I. L. 429.

I will not pretend to say that this is a direct imitation of Vernon's stanza; but rather a proof how near two writers may come to each other's expression, when they copy closely from nature.

While pondering on the above subject, I chanced to cast my eyes over the conclusion of that charming rural poem the "Farmer's Boy;" when I was struck with its more remarkable similarity to some lines which I had somewhere seen with the signature of W.

Vernon; and which, it is very probable, the Suffolk bard never saw.

“ The mead, the rill, the *flow’r*, the *tree*,
 Shall *lift* my wand’ring thoughts to THEE :
 Thy *bounties* all conspire to *raise*
 My heart to gratitude and praise !”

VERNON.

“ Let the first *flow’r*, corn-waving field, plain, *tree*,
 Here round my home, still *lift* my soul to THEE ;
 And let me ever, midst thy *bounties* *raise*
 An humble note of thankfulness and *praise* !”

BLOOMFIELD.

Having now assisted the recollection of your ingenious and sensible correspondent, in the first instance, I should be glad if he could assist mine in the second; for I have not another line of his admired author at hand; and if, by his exertions, he could produce a republication of the poor soldier’s works—his manes would smile upon his labours; every man of true genius would be gratified, and he would ensure the sincerest acknowledgments of

June 6, 1802.

RUSTICUS.

DETACHED THOUGHTS

ON

BAD TEMPER.

THERE seems to be, with persons of ill nature, an opinion which few persons who have no evil passions to hide, will allow—“ That a man of good sense and quick parts, is of a bad temper, and that a man of bad temper, is generally a man of abilities.” Never was a more erroneous idea, fatal to the interests of society, and palpably false in principle. A friend remarked to me the other day, while conversing on this subject, that he had observed through a long and laborious life, that those who have possessed abilities, honesty and integrity, have mostly possessed good humour, the general result of an unguilty mind.

It is not sense in Acasto to find fault with every thing another man does; such a propensity springs from ill-nature, and a desire to raise himself by a pitiful expedient. It does not denote ability to decry the want of abilities in others, as this is too often a scheme to prevent the world from saying the same of him.

Mad men and fools, says Rochefoucault, see every thing through the medium of their humour: thus, if an ill-natured person is dis-sented from in a debate, as he can never imagine himself wrong, he sets his antagonist down for a fool, little suspecting that the company fastens the same cap upon himself with more propriety.

An ill-tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts seeks for hidden meanings, never meant—

He sees more devils than all Hell can hold:

his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

All the heroes who possessed a bad temper, have been villains of the blackest dye, as Marius, Sylla, Dyonysius, Maximian, Tiberius, &c. &c.

All the most valuably conspicuous persons were to the contrary, as Socrates, Epaminondas, Cyrus, Cymon, Aristides, Alexander, Cæsar, Plato, Virgil, Alfred, Addison, Henry Vth, Edward Vth, Montaigne, Goldsmith: but they are innumerable.

Openness and candour have been mistaken by subtle and designing men, for want of capacity, not knowing that honesty and honour are the surest proofs of profound wisdom.

Acasto calls him weak and fickle who changes his opinion, not regarding that an alteration of circumstances will cause an alteration of sentiment. The Portuguese have a fine proverb on this subject, "The wise man changes his opinion often, the fool never." He is never more wrong than in misnomers; he calls obstinacy, firmness;—cunning, depth;—a resistance to the charitable feelings, a resolution not to be imposed upon.

The will of an ill-natured man is his law; his fist is his logic; he is generally envious, avaricious, always tyrannical, ambitious, and contemptuous; mostly ungrateful, illiberal, passionate, and treacherous; a bear in society, and a pest to his family.

He is seldom a friend to any one, not even to himself; his own misery not being problematical, he renders all around him as miserable as himself.

He dies detested, and is literally hissed out of the world.

S K E T C H
OF
AN HISTORICAL EULOGIUM,
ON
The Marshall Duke of Berwick.

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

HE was born on the 21st of August, 1679; was the son of James Duke of York, (afterwards King of England) and Miss Arabella Churchill. It was the fate of this family to produce, at the same time, two men, one of whom was destined to shake, and the other to sustain, the two greatest monarchies in Europe.

At the age of seven years, he was sent to France, in order to complete his studies and his exercises. The Duke of York coming to the crown, on the 6th of February, 1685, he sent him, the following year, into Hungary, where he served at the siege of Buda. He went to pass the winter in England, where the king created him Duke of Berwick, and returning to Hungary in the spring, the Emperor made him colonel of the regiment of the Cuirasseurs of Taaf. He served the campaign 1689, in which the Duke of Lorraine gained the victory of Mohatz, and on his return to Vienna, the Emperor promoted him to the rank of serjeant general of battle.

Thus was it under the great Duke of Lorraine that the Duke of Berwick began his career, and the remainder of his life was in a great measure military.

On his return to England, the king conferred upon him the government of Portsmouth, and of the county of Southampton. He had before a regiment of infantry, in addition to which he obtained the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse guards. Thus, at the age of seventeen, he had before him that prospect so flattering to an elevated mind, of seeing the road to glory open to him, and the possibility of performing great exploits.

In 1688 came on the Revolution in England; and in that round of misfortunes, which all at once encompassed the king, the Duke of Berwick was charged with the management of those affairs which required the greatest confidence. The king having appointed him to assemble the army, the orders, through the treachery of the ministers, arrived too late, which afforded the opportunity of bringing it over to the Prince of Orange. The Duke met by accident with

four regiments going to join the Prince of Orange, and brought them to his own post. He left nothing undone to preserve Portsmouth, blockaded both by sea and land, and without any other provisions than what it was supplied with daily by the enemy, until the king sent him orders to surrender it. He was one of the five persons in whom the king confided, on leaving the kingdom, and who accompanied him to Florence. As soon as the king landed, he sent the Duke of Berwick, then scarcely eighteen years of age, to Versailles, requesting an asylum.

Almost the whole of Ireland remaining faithful to King James, he passed over to it in the month of March, 1689, and then ensued an unfortunate war, in which valour never failed, and conduct was always wanting. Of that war it may be said, that in London it was considered as the most important object of England, and, in France, as a war of private affection and civility. The English, unwilling to have a civil war amongst them, reduced Ireland. It even seems as if the French officers, employed on that occasion, considered it in the same light as those who sent them. There were only three things they thought of;—to go there—to fight—and then come home again. Time has shewn that the English thought better on this subject than we did.

The Duke of Berwick distinguished himself on some particular occasions, and was made Lieutenant-general.

Lord Tyrconnel having come over to France, in 1690, left the chief command of the kingdom to the Duke of Berwick. He was then no more than twenty years of age, and his conduct shewed him to be the man, in that age, on whom Heaven had bestowed the greatest share of prudence, at an early period. The loss of the battle of the Boyne had broken the Irish forces; King William had raised the siege of Limerick, and was returned to England; but this did not much mend the state of affairs in Ireland, where Lord Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) suddenly landed with a body of eight thousand men. It was necessary, at the same time, to retard his progress, to restore the army, to dispel factions, to unite the minds of the Irish,—and all this the young Duke was enabled to accomplish.

In 1690, Lord Tyrconnel having returned to Ireland, the Duke of Berwick repassed into France, and followed Louis XIV. as a volunteer, to the siege of Mons. In the same capacity he served the campaign of 1692, under the Marshal de Luxembourg, and fought at the battle of Steinkerque. The following year he was appointed

a lieutenant-general in the French service, and gained great honour at the battle of Nerwinde, where he was made prisoner.

All that the world has said on the occasion of his being taken, could only be imagined by those who formed the highest opinion of his firmness and his courage. He continued to serve in Flanders, under Marshal Luxembourg, and afterwards under Marshal de Villeroy.

In 1696 he was sent secretly into England, for the purpose of conferring with those English Lords who had determined to restore the king. It was an awkward commission, to endeavour to prevail upon those lords to act against the dictates of good sense. He did not succeed, but hastened his return, on hearing that a conspiracy had been formed against the person of the king, because he would not incur the suspicion of being concerned in such an enterprise. I recollect to have heard him tell that a person recognised him by a certain family air, and particularly the length of his fingers. Fortunately for him, this man happened to be a Jacobite, and relieved him from his uneasiness by saying—"God bless you in all your undertakings!"

The Duke of Berwick lost his first wife in the month of June, 1698. She was the daughter of Lord Clanricard, and they were married in 1695. By her he had a son, born the 21st of October, 1696.

In 1699 he travelled into Italy, and on his return married Miss Bulkeley, niece to the lord of that name, and daughter to Mrs. Bulkeley, Lady of Honour to the Queen of England.

[To be continued.]

TINTERN ABBEY,

A WELCH TALE.

THE remote village of Tintern seemed the only spot to which persecuted innocence could resort from the hostile din of civil war; and hither, accompanied by her mother, did the beautiful and amiable Maria retire, with feelings agitated but too much for the loss of their most valuable and nearest relative.

Few vestiges of inhabitants could be traced in this sequestered retreat, and the tranquillity that reigned around was seldom interrupted by aught but the rollings of the Wye, or the distant chimings of the neighbouring abbey.

The austerity of virtue, which Maria imbibed with her earliest years, was chastened by a tender cast of thought, a bewitchedness of sentiment, which fashion or folly denominate romantic. She had resources within herself of which nothing could deprive her; the charms of nature struck the tender chord of sensibility, and wandering along the inaccessible windings of the woods, her heart would expand with rapture while casting her eyes over the grand and beautiful scenes that displayed themselves on every side.

In all her pursuits, studies, and inclinations, Maria was the counterpart of her mother when at the same period of life. The dangers of sensibility were consequently often a theme of instruction for the experienced matron, and while her lovely daughter reclined upon her bosom, in all the tender endearments of mutual confidence, she would warn her to beware of its fatal consequence.

"The time may come," she would say, "when you will be induced to leave this solitude and all its endearing charms, to mix in the gay circle of the world, where its inhabitants are alien to feeling and all the valuable qualities of the heart. Ah! then beware of its infatuating influence! The struggles which you may be doomed to encounter in your future intercourse with the world ought to call forth all your energies, in order to fortify your mind against unavoidable contingencies or unmerited misfortunes.

For know, dear girl——
That extreme feeling proves a foe,
For though it deals in promised joy
It pays, alas! in certain woe."

Such were the warnings of the mother—yet, when constitution, taste, and solitude conspire to lead the mind into a particular train of amusements, the sentiments arising from those amusements can never be eradicated.

The last rays of the sun were hovering in the horizon to the west, a mellow sombre hue had succeeded in uniting the various foliage of the trees into an embrowning shade, when, captivated by the tranquillity of the scene, Maria wandered from her cottage and ascended the mountain on the left, to catch the first tints of the rising moon. Scarce a breath of air agitated the "leafy honours" of the oak, and not the most distant sound disturbed the solemn silence that pervaded all the landscape. Maria, lost in silent meditation, appeared the only contemplator of the glorious scene; the power of the Creator is felt as much in an awful stillness as in the

most tremendous earthquake. The nightingale however was soon heard warbling her melancholy notes, and Maria seated herself upon the trunk of an oak covered with ivy, to listen more attentively.

Something of a sympathetic dread always pervades the heart in such eminently impressive scenes:—to overcome her sensations, at each pause of the nightingale, she tuned the following verse upon her guitar.

“ Sad philomel ! ah ! quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
Around my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

“ Wild are thy notes, sweet bird of sorrow ! How many a time, from night to morn, hast thou told thine unfortunate tale : still thy grief admits of no solace ; still dost thou love the silence and seclusion of the forest ; and still, from age to age, have thy sorrows soothed the heart of many a forlorn traveller in this world of misfortune ! how sweet and soothing are thy notes to my heart ; with what force do they touch the chords of feeling, and titillate each softer nerve !”

The mind of Maria was tinged with early and rational piety : she looked up to the Author of nature with tears of gratitude at each enlivening scene : words, since embodied by the amiable Thompson, flowed spontaneous from her tongue.

• Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

With what *sublime* awe did she tread the path that led to the abbey ; the chauntings of the monks were heard rolling in *sacred* volumes on the silence of night : now they were in full chorus, and gaining the highest pitch of altitude, sunk down in a rich and graceful piano. Now, as she turned with the path, the sound died away upon the ear, the nightingale was again heard, and she sat herself down upon a bank of green, overcome with the solemnity of the scene.

Every nerve thrilled with divine and tender rapture ; her voice could no longer accompany the nightly cloister ; she was overwhelmed with awe, pleasure, and surprise : she said, mentally, ‘ surely no one would wish for a more delightful heaven than an enlarged faculty of receiving impressions from musical sounds.’

Withdrawing her eyes from the moon, they fell upon the countenance of a man half shaded by the partial gloom of the forest. Terror and surprise, like a basilisk, transfixed her to the seat: the intruder, habited in the cloak of a monk, rushed by her, exclaiming, "Ambrosio, thou art lost for ever."

At length, fear adding wings to her energies, she flew, like a deer transfixed by an arrow, to the cottage, and fainted in her mother's arms.

MEMNON.

, [To be continued.]

 OLLA PODRIDA.

 NUMBER IV.

ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, as it depends so much upon idea and difference of taste, can never be defined in a manner truly satisfactory to all parties. While some insist that it depends not upon a certain set of features, however truly lined; others declare that beauty is composed of true harmony and proportion. Beauty has been rendered intricate, whereas it is one of the most simple of all ideas: it is only keeping close to nature, and every difficulty in its composition will be lost. Hogarth's principles of beauty are, fitness, variety, uniformity, simplicity, intricacy, and quantity. Mr. Thompson, in his Elements, thinks it the result of six different accidents, each of which is a distinct beauty of itself, and consequently communicates that peculiar beauty to which it is joined.

Mr. Burke is of opinion that neither proportion, fitness, nor perfection, are real causes of beauty. According to him, its requisites are smallness, smoothness, variety in the direction of the parts, and melted in each other, delicacy without strength, and colours clear and bright.

Beauty may be divided into two departments; the sublime, and what may be styled the harmonic: they are totally different from each other in effect, and are the peculiar distinctions of the two sexes. In proportion as the male partakes of the harmonic, so much does he lose in dignity; and the more the female acquires of the sublime, the more she loses in sweetness and delicacy, and the chief characteristics of her order.

Strict proportion, the first principle of the sublime, is seldom seen, except in pictures and statues, and being the result more of reason than of nature, is more applicable to the reflective sex. Mr. Burke, in reasoning by analogy, led himself into a gross error in supposing that proportion was not a real cause of beauty, whereas, in the sublime order, it is the most distinguishing point. Beauty (says a Spanish Author, translated by Mr. Southey)

Rightly defined, is symmetry of parts,
And where that symmetry of parts exists,
There is the figure perfect.

Expression is likewise a grand assistant: it was the error of Guido to be so extremely solicitous in attiring his figures with beauty (cold and artificial) that he never consulted the temper or disposition of his subject, and thereby rendered most of his pieces insipid and unintelligible to the mind's eye, by their want of expression. The forehead is the seat of majesty; the eye and eyebrows those of expression. Without this distinguishing requisite, the most perfect symmetry loses its effect—

For what are all

The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.

Akenside, b. 1. l. 525.

Grace is analogous to elegance; it may be called elegance in grandeur, and consists in that certain fitness of doing things, so seldom acquired, and belongs to attitude and motion. In this, more than any other, the sublime connects itself with the harmonic, and, by blending the austere graces of Michael Angelo with the more soft and finished colouring of Titian, renders the possessor more agreeable to the delicate tastes of the softer sex.

The harmonic consists in shape, smoothness, and colour. The beauty of shape consists in its symmetry, the proper disposition of every part, and a judicious melting into an entire whole. The figure rather inclining to the diminutive, than height: the head small, the neck straight, flexible and rather long, increasing in size and whiteness towards the bosom: the bosom well divided, the breasts rising gently, round and firm, and its natural whiteness

heightened by a few blue swelling veins; the shoulders gently spread, with some appearance of strength; the sides long, and the hips rather wider than the shoulders, gradually rounding and tapering to the knee; the knee even, and the leg straight, yet varying with the just swelling of the calf, and descending with a quick turn towards the feet, the smallness of which is their greatest beauty.

Smoothness is particularly requisite in the harmonic, as it gives an air of delicacy to the most ill-made form.

The beauty of colour is so imposing, that colour, with some, is synonymous with beauty. The variety of colour is in the head and face; the beauty of the rest of the body is in its uniformity of white. To begin with the hair:—the colour of the hair is according to taste: the Romans were particularly partial to red—

*Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?*

So were the Greeks; but Anacreon appears to have preferred black, as in his 28th ode.

The length of the hair, too, is subject to the same ordeal. The ancients were so sensible of the beauty which it gives to the countenance, that they seldom adorned it, unless upon particular political occasions. Although a black-coloured hair is particularly calculated to set off the whiteness of the skin, I do not hesitate to give the preference to a light brown, full, and waving carelessly in unpremeditated ringlets.

The forehead, being the largest part of the face, should be small, smooth, and open, with a gentle rising eminence, and the eye-brows, formed by nature to protect the eye, well divided, broad, and freely, not stiffly, arched.

The eyes, speaking a language more delicate than the tongue, should be full of expressive eloquence, and either blue, hazel, or black: its beauty consists chiefly in its languor or briskness. In the first there is more sweetness and delicacy; in the latter more vivacity and expression. When once the languid eye makes itself understood, its expressions are deep and lasting; the other, surprising by its splendour, and dazzling by its vivacity, loses the effect by the quickness of the cause.

The cheeks require to be soft and plump, with an air of delicate health richly tinted with a vermilion colour.

The nose placed exactly in the centre of the face, mounting abruptly, with an imperceptible rising upon its top.

The beauty of the mouth are the teeth and lips. The teeth should be rather long, narrow, and highly polished: the lips pouting, with a living redness. 'Tis in the lips, as Ariosto says,

That those soft words are form'd, whose power detains
Th' obdurate soul in Love's alluring chains.
'Tis here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth.

Orlando Furioso, b. 7, l. 89.

The chin small, white, soft, and decorated with *dimples.

MORTIMER.

SELECT SENTENCES.

EVERY single instance of the insincerity of a friend, increases dependance on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an *external* respect—when one is disappointed of that which is *internal* and sincere. This, perhaps, contributes to render old age covetous.

HIGH spirit in a man is like a sword; which, though worn to annoy his enemies, is often troublesome, in a less degree, to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company.

WHEN a person for a splendid servitude foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an *advancement*—but it appears to me to be an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay.

THE skull of the pedant, vacant in other respects, generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

Q. Z.

* The poets have generally made the chin the seat of love;—as in Drummond of Hawthornden, sonnet 25, part 1.

“ Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,

“ And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein?”

And in the Shepheard's Tales, by Richard Brathwayte:

“ ————— A dimpled chin,

“ Made for Love to lodge him in.

And Matthew Prior:

“ In her forehead's fair half round

“ Love sits in open triumph crown'd:

“ He, in the dimples of her chin,

“ In private state by friends is seen.”

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clifton Grove, or a Sketch in Verse, with other Poems, by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham. Dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire. Vernor and Hood. 3s. 6d. 1803.

WHEN Mr. Shandy was told of a poetical production of a very early period of life, he made an observation too gross for us to repeat, but well remembered, probably, by most of our readers, which, though justly satirical on most of the youthful compositions that have been presented to the world, could not be applied to these before us, without a greater desire in the observer to be witty, than to shew his judgment in appreciating merit, or his capability of feeling the genuine inspiration of the Muse. From Mr. White's preface, we learn, that, self-taught, and devoted to traffic, he has but just attained his seventeenth year, and that the leading piece in this collection was written when he was sixteen, and some of the other verses at the age of thirteen. We, who have read these extraordinary performances, cannot refrain from exclaiming, with Shakespeare's Jew,

"How much more elder art thou than thy looks!"

If Mr. W.'s preface is enough to disarm criticism of its rod, his work is assuredly equal to the task of smoothing the front of the most rigid of just critics into a placid smile of agreeable surprise and cheering approbation. In the interesting Ode to his Lyre, he expresses a wish in which we most heartily concur, and from the gratification of which we might have every thing to expect.

"O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Is's winds along,
Perchance, inspir'd with ardour chaste,
yet might call the ear of Taste
To listen to my song.

"O! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And thro' the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise."

We now come to a *Sketch in Verse*, as the author modestly terms it, which gives the first title to this little work; and the best com-

ment, as well as recommendation, we can bestow on *Clifton Grove*, will be to quote from it as largely as we are able. Dwelling on the delights of rural scenery, he exclaims,

“ Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied chasms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms:
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain, thro’ all the storms of Fate.
Tho’ not for me ’twas Heaven’s divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet, still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover’s eye.”

“ Happy is he, who tho’ the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn’d him when he thought to kiss;
Who still, in abject poverty, or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain;
Tho’, were his sight convey’d from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries, with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me;
For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me, yon lab’rer guides the shining share,
While happy I, in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where’er by Fortune plac’d,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste. p. 10—12.

The length of the “tragic legend,” is the only obstacle that deters us from gratifying the reader with an episode so beautifully simple and pathetic. A hundred years since, Margaret, “the far-fam’d Clifton maid,” became enamoured of Bateman, who returned her love. The swain is compelled to leave his native land for three years, and expressing his fears, as they part, with regard to her constancy, she vows eternal truth to him, wishing, if she breaks her word, that *fiends of hell may hurl her headlong down the deeps of Clifton*. Then dividing a ring, she parts “the mystic charm” between them. “Two years glided on, in silent grief,” but on the third, “absence had cooled her love,” and “the weak maid became another’s wife!” The youth returns, and, becoming frantic at hearing the fatal news, seeks the banks of the Trent—

“ Death in his mien, and madness in his eye,
He watch’d the waters as they murmur’d by.”

He by degrees succeeds in tranquillizing his ruffled spirit—

“ When casting far behind his streaming eye,
 He saw the Grove—in fancy, saw *her* lie,
 His Marg’ret, lul’d in *Germain’s** arms to rest,
 And all the demon rose within his breast.
 Convulsive now, he clenched his trembling hand,
 Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
 Then, at one spring, he spurn’d the yielding bank,
 And in the calm deceitful current sank.”

Margaret, just about to become a mother, is seized with remorse, and being delivered of her child, expires. Her body is missing, and the rustics tell and believe that it was conveyed away by fiends, and plunged, for her falsehood, into the deeps of Clifton.

After describing the beauties of Clifton, and wishing, though he should visit other climes, to

“ Trace once again Old Trent’s romantic shore,
 And tir’d with worlds, and all their busy ways,
 There waste the little remnant of his days—”

he continues ;

“ But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
 And doom me on some foreign shore to die ;
 Oh ! should it please the world’s supernal king
 That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing ;
 Or, that my corse should on some desert strand
 Lie stretch’d beneath the Simoön’s blasting hand ;
 Still tho’ unwept I find a stranger tomb,
 My sprite shall wander thro’ this fav’rite gloom,
 Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
 Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
 Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
 And mix its moanings with the desert wave.”

And here terminates a poem of very uncommon attraction, and by no means deserving of the poet’s censure, in *his fear that it is deficient in numbers*, (pæf. p. ix.) which is so far from being the case, that the verse is remarkable for its easy, smooth, harmonious flow, and is in this, and in every other respect, full of the most flattering prognostication of rare and superior excellence in the future and more mature exertions of our author’s poetical genius.

Having devoted so much space to the principal object in this bouquet of blossoms of poesy, we must be brief in our remarks on the smaller, but not less ingenious and graceful, effusions that succeed.

* *Germain* is the traditionary name of her husband.

Gondoline, which occupies four and twenty pages, is a ballad in the style of the ancient reliques, and is executed with great success, exhibiting, in no trifling degree, the brilliant fancy and bold invocation of a true poet.

Mr. White appears to be a master of every "tuneful measure," and, like Timotheus of old, can with equal skill *choose any Muse* he pleases. Heroic or ballad rhymes, blank or Hudibrastic verse, the musical numbers of an ode, or the Petrarchian laws of a sonnet, are alike subject to his will, and are, in his hands, (with some unimportant exceptions, which it would be ungrateful hypercriticism to particularise) constantly the source of all the varying pleasure, designed to be excited by the changeful moods of the poet's lyre.— This will be severally experienced by the perusal of *Clifton Grove*; the *Ballad* in the style of the ancient reliques; *Lines* written on a survey of the Heavens; *my Study*; *Ode* to the morning; and *Sonnet VII.* which is composed "in reply to an elegant admonition," in a sonnet addressed to our author, and inserted in this work by the permission of the poet, Mr. Capel Lofft, whose name, as a steady patron of genius, and a warm promoter of every good and virtuous action, can never be mentioned without esteem and reverence.

It would be very unlike critics to dismiss a publication without finding some fault, therefore, as we cannot discover any worthy of our animadversion in the English, we shall beg leave to impeach the Greek. We have before observed, and shall now repeat, that there is no necessity, in such works as the present, to quote Greek; but if it must be given, it should be given correctly. In the two passages here cited, there are as many errors; but it is very probable that these are to be ascribed exclusively to the printer, as well as the pointing, which is exceedingly negligent.

This thankless part of our office performed, it merely remains for us to express our firm conviction, that, if Mr. White's desire of knowledge, his ardour of mind, and strong impulse of genius, do not abate, but proceed, judging from the past, in any fair ratio with his coming years, he cannot fail to occupy a foremost stand on the immortal scroll of poetical fame:

Non te carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit;
Orphei Caliopea, Lino formosus Apollo!

Narrative Poems, by J. D'Israeli. 4s. pp. 55. 4to. Murray. 1803.

WE are indebted for this elegant production to the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, who has before so often, in the various literary shapes of

a gleaner of extensive and industrious reading, an essayist, a satyrist, and a writer of romance, contributed to the public stock of moral instruction and harmless amusement. As it would be difficult for a labour of considerable magnitude to add to Mr. D'I.'s reputation as an author of taste and ingenuity, we cannot promise him much increase, from this little work, to that which he has so deservedly acquired; but if it cannot be said to enter into, and augment the great bulk of his merit, we may safely venture to foretell, that it will hang on the more solid body of his fame, like one of those jewels, those *eximia*, which Nature so powerfully recommends by their excessive rarity.

The volume before us contains *An Ode to the Poet's favourite Critic*, and three narrative poems, *The Carder and the Carrier*, *Cominge*, and a *Tale addressed to a Sybarite*.

With respect to his *Ode*, we have no quarrel with Mr. D'I. though he does handle the critics of the "three kingdoms" rather severely; but we confess that, for the sake of the *retort*, we should have been pleased to have caught some one of the numerous race of somnambulators in the fields of literature, who are continually thrusting themselves into our presence, with these words in his mouth:

"So grave, so gay, so sad, so sage,
I dese with him from pag^e to pag^e!"

The story of the *Carder and the Carrier*, like that of *Cominge*, is told in very easy verse, and is full of pleasing imagery, as well as graceful delicacy, and beauty of expression. But as we are informed by Mr. D'I. that the latter "may be found in a little novel, by Madame Tencin," we think he might also have added, that the former is simply a versification of *Novella VII.* in the *giornata quarta* of the *Decameron* of *Giov. Boccaccio*. It is exceedingly well turned, and if we regret any omission, it is that Mr. D'I. has neglected to account clearly for the destruction of the two lovers in consequence of having rubbed their teeth with sage leaves, which is not passed over in silence by the Italian novelist. *Era sotto il cesto di quella Salvia una Botta di maravigliosa grandezza, dal cui venenifero fiato avvisarono quella Salvia essere velenosa divenuta.*

Although there is much to praise and delight in each of these little performances, the palm is certainly due to *Cominge*, which is indeed a morceau of superior excellence. The story in some measure resembles the *Hermit* of Goldsmith, but differs in its catastrophe, and is more solemn in its action.

It is no easy task to select from this exquisite composition, but

as far as our limits will permit of gratification, we shall not deny it to the reader. Coming having taken the cowl in the severe order of the monks of La Trappe, is discovered there by his mistress, who, after other explanation, thus proceeds :

“ ’Twas then I vow’d, the impious deed forgive,
A woman vow’d beneath your roof to live;
From silence, and from solitude, I sought
Stillness of soul, and loneliness of thought.
But gives the holy spot a holy mind ?
A saint is oft a criminal confin’d.
The lifted torch that gilds the pomp of might;
The anthem swelling in the gorgeous rite ;
Think ye such forms can wing the sinner’s soul,
When passion burns beneath the saintly stole ?

These frightful shades some transient pleasures move :
How sweet to watch the motions of my love ;
O’er his still griefs in secrecy to melt,
And kneel on the same cushion where he knelt ;
Musing on him, to sit beneath the tree,
Where, a few minutes past, he mus’d on me !

p. 36—7.

The glowing language, and amorous expression of feeling, that pervade this poem, often reminded us of “ the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” which compose the *Eloisa and Abelard* of Pope.

“ Me all ungracious, prayer nor penance mov’d,
My heart rebellious grasp’d the crime it lov’d.
What tho’ I dropt a tear before the shrine ?
Thine was the image, and the tear was *thine* !”

p. 40.

But if this passage approaches these verses of Pope,

“ I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me !”

the originality of the idea does not consequently belong to him, since we may surely, with justice, till some more ancient claimant appears, attribute it to Cowley :

“ Thou ev’n my pray’rs dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, but end them all with thee !”

The Mistress.

We now come to the last piece in this ingenious collection, *A Tale addressed to a Sybarite*, which is, in grace and elegance, every way worthy of its companions. The subject of this tale is a very happy variation of the story of Pygmalion, and Mr. D’I. has shewn his classical taste, by a felicitous adaptation of several thoughts in the eighth fable of the tenth book of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.

It is not improbable that our poet did not forget the *nymphs of Great Britain*, when he thus expressed himself with regard to the Nymphs of Sybaris. The friendly censure or wholesome satire here contained may perhaps be read with advantage by our fair country-women.

The boy no nymph of Sybaris could touch ;
 In love they nothing give, who give too much,
 Nor blame Anasillis, he griev'd to find
 The private beauty with a public mind ;
 And justly deem'd those graces not his own,
 To stranger eyes solicitously shown." p. 45.

We have heard much of the *Loves of the Plants*, and their various sensations on this occasion, but must own that the following idea, which we could not read without a smile, appears to us entirely new, and would, we think, have cut no little figure in the verses of Dr. Darwin.

" Love gives a soul to plants, they bend to meet,
 Their green blood dances, and their pulses beat."

At present but one thing remains for us to add, and that is the apprehension of a complaint, which does not often attend authors, especially the poets of the days we live in. It has been alledged, against several bards of distinguished talent of the old school, that they wrote too much, but we have strong reason to believe that the only complaint likely to be made against Mr. D'Israeli will place him in the singular and enviable situation of a *poet* who has written *too little*.

Sermons selected and abridged chiefly from Minor authors, adapted generally to the Epistle, or Gospel, or first Lessons, or to the several Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. S. Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hants; and of Great Ouseborn, Yorkshire.—Vol. 1st. Large Octavo, 639 pp. Price 8s. Fernor and Hood.

WE lately recommended to our readers an abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology, by Mr. Clapham: besides the intrinsic excellence of the book, which, as being originally the production of that learned prelate, it would necessarily possess, we could not but notice the very low price at which it is sold, in order that it might be within the purchase of all who are a degree above the lowest classes of the community. We have now to announce to our readers the first volume of a selection of sermons by the same zealous editor. Our first observation respecting the selection shall be, that there is more letter-press in this volume, than in most other works at three times the price—a circumstance which, if

we did not notice, we should do great injustice to both the work and the editor: to the editor, as it would defraud him of that praise to which he is justly entitled, for having obviously sacrificed his own advantage to the convenience of the purchasers; and to the work, as, if its cheapness as well as its merit were not known, many would be deprived of the possession of a very valuable book, which contains abundant matter both to inform the understanding, and to edify the heart. Mr. C. cannot be accused of having hastily put together a number of sermons for the sake of making a collection; but he has, with great industry and judgment, selected such as are adapted to the epistle or gospel, or first lessons of the day, or to the several seasons of the year; and, which enhances their value, from authors accessible to not many readers. These sermons he has with much care pruned of whatever would be tedious or uninteresting; by which means even the doctrinal discourses assume a popular cast; and the pious reader, who is not able to attend public worship, or who wishes to understand at home what he has heard in the church, is supplied with two sermons for one half of the year, upon such subjects as he feels a satisfaction in thoroughly comprehending. It being an objection made to sermons in general, that they are dry and uninteresting, the editor has been very careful to guard against this prevailing, and, in some measure, well-founded objection: he seems to have been influenced in his choice, by the consideration of what would be at once instructive and edifying.—Mr. C. has been exceedingly attentive in the selection of sermons upon speculative points, every discourse being strictly consonant to the acknowledged received doctrines of the established church.

As this volume possesses peculiar merit, we warmly recommend it to the perusal of our readers, and we earnestly hope that Mr. Clapham will be encouraged to publish a second volume, and thereby complete his excellent plan. To utility, combined with disinterestedness, we wish all possible success.

Cowper, illustrated by a Series of Views in or near the Park of Weston-Underwood, Bucks; accompanied with copious Descriptions, and a brief Sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storey and John Grig, Engineers. 4to. 1l. 1s. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. pp. 51. Boards. Verner and Hood.

THE progress of the fine arts, in this country, has of late years been particularly rapid; and it might, perhaps, without any considerable infringement on classic dignity, be made a question, whether the boasted patronage of Augustus ever contributed to the produc-

tion of so many works of elegance and taste, as have appeared under the auspices of George the Third. Not that we imagine the approbation of the sovereign has that *direct* tendency to reward merit, which some writers have been willing to attribute to it; for, however liberal may be the purchases made by the monarch of a great nation, they must still bear but a very small proportion to the aggregate of the performances deserving praise. The chief good is remote; it results from the influence which the smiles of royalty has upon the possessors of rank and fortune. It *spreads the fashion*, if we may apply a vulgar phrase to an important subject, and buyers become numerous, because no man wishes to be thought possessed of less taste, or less judgment than his neighbour.

The fine arts and literature are intimately connected, and, in fact, may be regarded as sister sciences. They attract and are attracted; and, as if by mutual concurrence, deduce individual strength from reciprocal action. These truths are particularly apparent in the present day. Hardly a publication of any eminence appears, without deriving collateral advantages from the arts of painting and engraving; and embellishments are multiplied to keep pace with the increased demand. The work under review is a very elegant specimen of this mutual operation.

The eminence of Cowper, as a poet, is acknowledged by a very great number of persons; and however, in numerous instances, he may sink the dignity of language in colloquial familiarity, his general merit is incontestible. If he sometimes creeps with the pismire, he at others soars with the eagle, and lights his poetic reed at the fountain of day. It has been objected that his descriptions are local, and that he has neglected general beauty, for individual delineation: this may be true, but are the features he has described unworthy of the choice? We think not, and refer to the present work in support of our opinion. The views it contains were all drawn on the spot; and we can vouch for the resemblances being accurate.

“Our design in this undertaking,” says the author, “was to rescue from obscurity, and preserve from the dilapidating hand of time, resemblances of every favoured subject which engaged the attention of Cowper in his rural walks.” This they have endeavoured to effect by thirteen engravings, representing the following objects and places, most of which are described in the poem of the *The Task: Cowper’s Summer-House, The Peasant’s Nest, The Rustic Bridge, The Alcove, View from the Alcove, The Wilderness, The Temple in the Wilderness, Weston Lodge, Weston House, The Elms, The Shrub-*

bery, *Olney Church, Olney Bridge*. These prints are exceedingly well executed, and reflect considerable credit on the talents of the artists; though, in one or two instances, perhaps a more judicious choice of subject might have been made. The accompanying descriptions are correctly, and not inelegantly, written. That which delineates the Wilderness, we shall extract, as it contains two short pieces of Cowper, not inserted, we believe, in any edition of his works.

“ From the avenue we enter the wilderness by an elegant gate, constructed after the Chinese manner. On the left, is the statue of a lion, finely carved, in a recumbent posture: this is placed on a base-ment, at the end of a grassy walk, which is shaded by yews and elms, mingled with the drooping foliage of the labernum, and adorned with wreaths of flaunting woodbine. The walk forms a border to the wilderness, on its northern side, and is ornamented with two handsome urns, one of which we have represented. On its base is engraved an epitaph to NEPTUNE, a favourite dog of Sir John Throckmorton's, written by Cowper, which we have transcribed :

“ Here lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew ;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd :
At his signify'd desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb ;
Scores have fled at sight of him ;
And to all this fame he rose,
By only following his nose.
Neptune was he call'd ; not he
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land ;
And your wonder, vain to shorten,
Painter to Sir John Throckmorton.

The other is inscribed to a Spaniel, as follows :

“ Though once a puppy, and, though *Fop* by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim :
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And, though no hound, a martyr to the chase.
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice.

This record of his fate, exulting view,
 He died, worn out with vain pursuit of you.
 'Yes,' the indignant shade of Fop replies,
 'And, worn with vain pursuits, man also dies.'"

A sketch of the poet's life is prefixed to the descriptions; and it displays the most interesting events that befel him, in perspicuous and nervous language. Every possessor of the works of Cowper will undoubtedly become a purchaser of this publication, as the former cannot be considered as complete, without having this illustration as an addendum.

Female Biography; or Memoirs of illustrious and celebrated Women, of all Ages and Countries, alphabetically arranged. By Mary Hays. In six Volumes. Small 8vo. Phillips. London. 1802.

MARY HAYS, (says a highly respectable writer) I believe, is little known; but, from her Letters and Essays, she is evidently a Wollstonecraftian! She predicts that the Rights of Woman, and the name of Mary Godwin, will go down to posterity with reverence; while she ridicules 'the good lady who studied her Bible, obliged her children to say their prayers, and go stately to church*.' Relying on the veracity of this report, since the letters and essays of Miss Hays form no part of our library, how lamentable is the reflection that such a contemner of all that is most estimable in the female character should become the biographer of the sex; that the Amazonian Esquire to our Donna Quixote, should appear as the chronicler of woman-kind! But hence it is, that, in the very preface to this work, we meet with sentiments inflated by the pompous phraseology of Gallic philosophism, which may be defined, in the language of Shakspeare, "sounds signifying nothing."

"I have at heart," says this literary heroine, "the happiness of my sex, and their advancement in the grand scale of rational and social existence."

All our modern Alexanders and Alexanderesses plan their intellectual operations on a "grand scale," the *scala perfectionis*, which points to the perfectibility of human reason, though they look not upwards to attain it:

'From instrumental causes proud to draw
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake;
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of Philosophy, so call'd,
 But falsely.'

* Polwhele's *Unsex'd Females*, p. 21.

In the life of Mary de Agreda, vol. i. p. 9. we were interrupted by the following characteristic touches of our peripatetic in petticoats.

“While the philosopher regards with contempt this solemn trifling, let it not be forgotten, that to the subtleties of theological controversy the human mind owes much of its acuteness: in the wrangling and dissensions of the schools, a foundation was laid for that critical sagacity, discrimination, and research, to which we are indebted for the overthrow of authority in matters of speculation, and for the emancipation of our reasoning powers.”

All hail, thou worthy disciple of the Cosmopolitan school! With such principles and propensities, Miss Hays has given full scope to her wishes for their propagation, though she has shewn little respect for those dull unilluminated mortals, who prefer piety to profligacy, continency to libertinism, and virtue in sequesterment to vice in an imperial robe. Hence the life of Catharine, late empress of Russia, extends to more than four hundred pages, because she was “the Semiramis of the north;” while the life of Mrs. Rowe is compressed into fourteen pages, that of Lucretia into four, and Lady Fanshaw, who has been so amiably and interestingly depicted by Mr. Seward, does not appear at all. The obvious reason is, that those females are most accredited, whose characters were most masculine, and who ‘in emulation of the severer virtues of one sex, lost sight (like Christina of Sweden) of the delicacy and decorums of the other.’

Bibliographia Poetica: a Catalogue of English Poets, of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth Centuries, with a SHORT Account of their Works. 8vo. London. Nicol. 1802.

“THE history of men who have *done nothing* cannot be TOO SHORT, as it can neither be made profitable nor pleasant.” Burney.

Most of these metrical nothing-doers will never have been heard of before, nor are likely to be enquired after again. Requiescant in pace. Horace sufficiently designates such verse-mongers, when he says—

‘———— pedibus quid claudere senis
Hoc tantum contentus.’

Elegant Extracts, in Prose and Verse, abridged: with additional modern Pieces of Celebrity. 8vo. London. Lackington. 1802.

THE utility of similar compilations has long been acknowledged. The bulk, and the consequent expence attending several modern selections of this kind, are the only objections that we have heard in their disfavour. These are effectually obviated in the present in-

stance; the wish of the compiler having been, to furnish, on moderate terms, a miscellany of pieces, in prose and verse, from the most approved authors, which may be proper for the instruction of youth, and not undeserving the perusal of more mature age. We think he has succeeded.

The Economy of Human Life. By Robert Dodsley. With thirty two elegant Wood-cuts, by Austin and Hole, from Designs by Craig. 8vo. & 12mo. London. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

ADVERTISEMENT.—“The universal esteem with which this little piece has been received by the public for a series of years—the spirit of virtue and morality which breathes through almost every sentence—its force and conciseness—and the hope it may do good—has induced the publishers to print another edition: and as it is now pretty generally known who was the *real* author, it would be an imposition on the good sense of the public, in the present day, to continue the mask of an oriental original, under which it was first ushered into the world.”

We are much pleased to see this valuable enchiridion assume another new and attractive form. It cannot be too much diffused, or too frequently read. We also applaud the manly propriety of the publishers in removing that oriental veil which the British moralist had diffidently placed before his work, for temporary purposes; and this became an act of justice as well as judgment, since the late Lord Chesterfield has by some been erroneously spoken of as the concealed author. A good head of Mr. Robert Dodsley is prefixed.

An Address to the People of Great Britain; Observations on the late Negotiation between this Country and France; and an Account of Bonaparte's Project for the Invasion of England, in concert with a certain great Potentate. By John Corry. 12mo. 1s. London. Crosby, &c. 1803.

THIS spirited address proceeds from an author whose exertions in the cause of probity and virtue we have repeatedly had occasion to commend. His present effort is marked by a patriotic enthusiasm, which would seem to propagate the sentiment of our great dramatic bard, that

“Antipathy to France is here *hereditary*.”

But this is more than we desire to see inculcated among the rising generation of two states, which profess the religion of PEACE! We are again engaging in a war with France, not because it is inhabited by Frenchmen; but because those Frenchmen have become the vassals of an arbitrary ruler, who aims at universal subjugation, and

who is forging shackles for the free-born limbs of Englishmen.— The *divina necessitas* is the only justifiable plea for warfare. Under this view of the motive which impels us to take up arms, we join with our author in exclaiming :

“ Let us then be united, firm, and vigorous, in defence of all that we hold dear, while we look forward with the hope that the speedy termination of this war will be honourable and auspicious to our country, confiding as we do in the justice of our cause, in the resources of the state, and in the protection of OMNIPOTENCE.”

Many of the diplomatic documents imparted by Lord Whitworth, are here printed with occasional observations.

Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Concluded from p. 326.

IN passing onward along the winding of the Tummel, says Mr. C. we meet with several retirements pleasantly situated; among which, that of Fascailly, near the confluence of the rivers Garry and Tummel, is the most favoured in this respect. The pass of Killiecrankie is about a mile beyond Fascailly, and is one of those scenes which are calculated to inspire feelings of the sublime in nature, which, when associated with historical incident, becomes interesting in the highest degree. The pass of Killiecrankie acquired this additional interest from a combat which took place in July, 1689, between a party of the prince of Orange's army, commanded by General Mackay, and a body of raw Irish recruits, combined with a handful of fierce Highlanders, headed by the undaunted Clavers, Lord Viscount Dundee, which terminated fatally to the cause of James, though victory remained on the side of the Irish and Scottish Highlanders. Mr. C. has given the relation in detail. Passing the village of Moulin, the united parishes are noticed of Blair-Athol and Strewan, or Struan; and here the tourist pauses to remark, with a sentiment of becoming pride, that poets, philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen, have been furnished to the world from the mountains of Scotland; that Struan has to boast of Robertson, a native, eminent as an accomplished gentleman, and a poet of considerable merit; while the parish of Moulin gave birth to Dr. Adam Ferguson, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, a name respectable for literary eminence, and the characteristics that best distinguish man. Mallet and Macpherson, as poets, and John Duke of Argyle, as a soldier and statesman, may likewise be mentioned with respect.

Some description of Athol-house, or Blair-castle, is given, with an

intermixture of historical anecdote, and health-restoring superstitions, which have been also descanted on by Martin and Pennant. The following traits of national character will perhaps apply to the inhabitants of other districts, in a rude and unpolished state of society, as well as the Highlanders of Scotland.

“The peculiarities of original habit and early association,” says Mr. C. “are distinctly marked from the highest to the lowest. A natural warmth of temper, a strong tincture of family pride, a love of shew and of pleasure, and a thirst almost insatiable for distinction, seem in a particular manner to characterize the highlander. Inflexible, and ever in extremes, his soul glows fervently in friendship, or rages in unextinguishable hatred. A perfect savage in his desires and aversions, he knows no bounds to his resentment, no limits to his love; and he rarely turns his back either on a friend or a foe.”

This report from Mr. C. who is himself a Highlander, very nearly accords with Dr. Beattie’s poetic representation of a people

“Fam’d for song and beauty’s charms—
Inflexible in faith;—invincible in arms.”

Returning through the pass of Killiecrankie, should the traveller have sufficient leisure to make an excursion into the district called Rannoch, he will be amply rewarded for his trouble.

“As we proceed westward,” says Mr. C. “Lock Rannock soon comes within view; nor is it easy to conceive a more beautiful sheet of water, with all the grandeur of mountain-perspective, bays, and promontories; leading the eye, till lost in the extreme distance, where the mountains of Braidalbane and Argyle hide their aerial summits in the clouds that rise from the western ocean.”

The wild irregularity of the mountain-heights is well conveyed in the view of Kinloch Rannoch, but the effect of the water is lost. Mr. C. now makes another circuit to Aberfeldie, and then proceeds toward Dunkeld, little more than eight miles distant; the scenery of which, he says, is highly picturesque, though it does not partake much of the sublime. Meandering by the north bank of the Tay, within five miles of Dunkeld, he passes through Dowally, a wretched group of huts; and he recommends, on surveying Dunkeld and its environs, that it may be better to dismiss any professed guide, than to be teased with unmeaning chit-chat. We are now introduced to the Brahan, to the rumbling bridge over its thundering cataract, and to Ossian’s-hall, a building (which those who have not seen it represented in former tours) will be surprised to hear “is a pavilion of modern taste”; not constructed, as a stranger would naturally expect, in a style of rude magnificence, suitable to our idea of the æra of Ossian, but elegant in its exterior form, and finished within to a de-

gree of finical nicety. Can a greater solecism be committed against poetical costume? The views of the windings of the Tay, taken from the mountains of Athol, and the heights of Dunkeld, are highly rich and picturesque. Of Dunkeld, or Dunchalion, as the Highlanders are still said to call it, Mr. C. has given a copious and interesting account, nor has he neglected to record its literary boasts. One of his biographical notices we shall extract.

“Of the celebrated men of letters, the ornaments of Scottish literature, Gavin Douglas, the thirty-sixth bishop of Dunkeld, stands eminently distinguished. He ranks high as a scholar, as an antiquary, and as a poet. His well-known translation of the *Eneid* of Virgil, is a lasting monument of his talents. Considering the age in which it was produced, it is a work of uncommon merit. A vigorous display of imagination, together with a degree of taste and refinement *not even surpassed at this day*, characterize this masterly performance.* Other two poems, viz. King Hart,† and the Palace of Honour,‡ both allegorical poems, have also descended to our times: but these, in the estimation of our best critics, are inferior to his prologues to the books of the *Eneid*.

“Douglas was not more distinguished for his genius and learning, than for the higher characteristics of humanity. Prudence, moderation, generosity, constancy, magnanimity, and integrity, were ever present when required to be brought into action. Whether in the kindly intercourse of private friendship, or in the more important duties of public employment, his wisdom and benevolence beamed forth in full splendour, yet mild and serene. Our accomplished poet, on the death of George Brown, in 1514-5, was raised to the diocese of Dunkeld, and after some opposition, was left in quiet possession of that appointment. Amid the sequestered retirements which Dunkeld afforded, it is said he dedicated his leisure to the Muses. His translation of the *Eneid*, as he himself informs us, was “*compilyt in auchtene monethis space*,” a proof of what genius can achieve when in full vigour. He died at London in April 1522, in the 48th year of his age, and was buried by the side of Thomas Halsey, bishop of Loughlin in Ireland, in the hospital church of the Savoy.”

On leaving Dunkeld, and keeping the heights of Birnam-wood on the left, and the Tay on the right, Mr. C. passes through the hamlet of Inch Eoen, which may be considered as the last group of highland huts that the traveller meets with, on coming out of the defiles of the Grampians. By Murthly castle (a seat of the Grantully family,) and Dunsinnan, one of the Sidlow hills, (made classic ground by the magic pen of Shakspeare,) our tourist passes on to

* He also translated Ovid's *Remedium Amoris*. See the Epilogue to his translation of Virgil's *Eneid*.

† Printed in Pinkerton's “*Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print*,” 1786.

‡ This piece is among the same compiler's “*Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions*,” 1792.

Sprathmore, a vale extending in length to sixty miles, and connected with many particulars respecting the history and antiquities of North Britain. These, therefore, occupy deserved attention.—Scone-house, a seat of Lord Mansfield, is next noticed: but it remains a doubt whether this mansion is built on the site of the ancient palace of Scone, the residence of several Scottish kings. The ancient Bertha, by some writers supposed to be that where the town of Perth formerly stood, was situated near the conflux of the Tay and Almond. Hard by is a field called Cromwell Park, on which it is said the Protector had an advanced post stationed. Adjoining to Cromwell-park is Pitcairn-green, according to Mrs. Cowley, the future rival of Manchester*. The river Almond runs through a considerable part of the classic ground of Scotland.

"The scenery of Glen Almond," says Mr. C. "for sublimity and beauty, is celebrated by every traveller of taste and feeling. Its streams, cascades and caverns, craggy wilds and mountains, are viewed by strangers with admiration and delight. Above all, the antiquary, and the warm admirers of the poems of Ossian, must find objects to contemplate with veneration and regard: for many remains of Roman stations are still visible, and the grave of Ossian, which was discovered by General Wade's workmen, will continue to be visited with fond enthusiasm by the lovers of those admirable compositions ascribed to the first of our Celtic bards."

Perth is next visited and described, with the spirit of industry and speculation by which that city is distinguished; and which are directed chiefly to tanning, bleaching, cotton-works, printing-works, and paper-making.

"One of the first branches of untried manufactures, we are told, was that of paper; which was attempted by two very spirited citizens, Morison and Lindsay. The Morisons of Perth are well known printers and publishers. From 20 to 30,000 volumes are printed annually at Perth; the greater part of which comes from the press of the Morisons."

As friends to the prosperity of the press, we are not sorry to hear this wholesale report, for the sake of those who may hence obtain employ; but as admirers of typographical accuracy and elegance, we have frequently regretted the very slovenly manner in which the Morisons have ushered forth their publications, and which has necessarily retarded the circulation of them in England. Perth and its immediate neighbourhood was the scene of action where many exploits were performed by Wallace and his valorous compatriots†,

* See her "Scottish Village," a poem, p. 10.

† See the Metrical Life of Wallace, by Blind Harry, the minstrel.

and became the head-quarters of the Pretender's army, in 1715 and 1745. The improvement in agriculture along the whole course of the Tay, but especially round Perth, is said to be in a style of almost unrivalled excellence. From the summit of Moredun-hill, near Perth, Dunsinane (the proud eminence on which Macbeth bade defiance to fate) is distinctly seen; and gives occasion to an apposite citation from the statistical accounts published by Sir John Sinclair.

At a small distance from the ancient seat of the Grays of Lednoch, are the graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two celebrated beauties of the 16th century, whose charms live in the well-known Scottish song.*

The next place deserving of a visit is Ruthven castle, or (as it is now called) Hunting tower, the residence of the family of Gowrie. Two passages of history are connected with Ruthven castle; the one traditional, called 'the Maiden's Leap'; the other well known by a transaction which took place in 1582, denominated by Scottish historians, 'the Raid of Ruthven.' For these passages we have not room.

About two miles below Perth, the ancient remains of Elcho castle are seen, and appear to much advantage; while the termination of the Ochil hills forms a bold feature in the distance, and produces, in the general effect, a degree of elevation and harmony that adds grace and dignity to the scene, which Mr. C. has managed to pour-tray, with much clearness, tenderness, and force, in his view of the Carse of Gowrie.

"A few miles farther," says Mr. C. "we lose sight of the Tay, and pass on the left, the seats of Balthayock, Glendoeg, Fingask, and Rossie; and on the right, a number of comfortable farm-houses, and a few family residences. Between the 12th and 13th mile stones are the ruins of Kinnaird Castle on the left; and on the right, two miles further on, are the remains of Moncur Castle: but what will most arrest the traveller's attention is Castle Lion, formerly a seat of the earls of Strathmore."

The Abbey of Lindores, and of Balmerino, are noticed *en passant*, ere our tourist reaches Dundee, the most considerable town in the county of Angus, and which ranks after Perth, as third of the royal-burghs. Dundee is noted for its manufacture of threads, and carries on a considerable trade, but has few objects, we are told, in its immediate neighbourhood, that merit the employment of the

* Bessy Bell was daughter of Bell of Kinnaird; and Mary Gray was daughter of the Laird of Lednoch. See Cant's History of Perth, p. 19.

pencil. About three miles from Dundee waterside, the village of Beuchar's occurs, with the old castle, formerly belonging to the earls of Southesk, but forfeited in 1715. A little farther, the river Eden is crossed, over a bridge of some antiquity; and about a mile beyond this, the ancient city of St. Andrews comes into the range of prospect. The gloom and silence of this depopulated city have been described by Dr. Johnson, and are not denied by the present writer. Its former wealth and consequence were owing, in a great degree, to religious establishments, which now have ceased; but its university continues to be respectable. Dr. Johnson has given the latter creditable praise.

From St. Andrews we are conducted through Kingsbarns, Crail, Kilrenny, Easter Anstruther, Pittenweem, and Monance, to the ample and finely-formed bay of Largo, of which a tranquil and characteristic view is given. From Largo our tourist passes through the villages called Lundin-mill, Leven, Easter and Wester Wemyss, on to Dysart, a royal burgh. The 'lang town o' Kirkaldie' is next surveyed, whose public seminary opened the volume of science to Adam Smith, author of 'Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' and the 'Theory of moral Sentiments.' This was the birth-place also of Drysdale and Oswald, the former an ornament to the established church of Scotland, the latter a distinguished patriot and statesman. From Kirkaldy Mr. C. pursues his course to Kingtown, another royal burgh, principally noted for spinning flax and knitting stockings. At this place we receive the following instructions.

"Should the traveller be disposed to go no farther up the shores of the Forth, the passage to Leith is safe and speedy. The distance is from 7 to 8 miles; and the time taken up in the passage is from forty minutes to an hour and a half: but should the traveller wish to cross the Forth at the Queen's Ferry, he may proceed along the sands to Bruntisland. The village of Aberdour is somewhat less than three miles distant from Bruntisland, and lies about a quarter of a mile from the sea-shore. Aberdour has seen better days. The old castle still preserves the gloomy aspect of its former grandeur: but what will more particularly attract the traveller's notice, is the island that lies within a short distance of the shore, called Inchcolme, on which appear the ruins of an abbey founded by Alexander I. in the year 1123, and dedicated to St. Columba, abbot of Icolmkill."

Dinnybirsle, the Earl of Murray's seat, Inverkiething, Queen's Ferry, Dalmeny, Barnbogle, Cramond bridge, Lauriston, Grantoun, Draylaw, Craigcrook, and Ravelstoun, are the remaining places

noticed in Mr. Campbell's return to Edinburgh, of which metropolis he takes a minute survey, and from which he has enriched his delineatory sketches by many well-selected scenes.

Much as we have trespassed upon the portion of our miscellany allotted to the Review of Literature, we have only been able to draw a descriptive chart of the track, which has been marked out by Mr. C. in his extensive circuit. Those who wish to fill up the outline of this plan with suitable embellishments, must have recourse to the work itself, where, independent of numerous engravings, executed in a very expressive and masterly style, they will meet with an assemblage of local information, literary anecdote, historical extracts, and biographical narration, which cannot fail to amuse the intelligent, and instruct the uninformed. Mr. Campbell has spared no pains or trouble to entertain his readers by the alternate exertion of his pen and pencil, and we trust that his laudable exertions to gratify popular curiosity, will not have been employed in vain.

Something New, or Adventures at Campbell House. By Anne Plumtree. 3 Vols. 12mo. 15s. Longman and Rees.

Nothing new would have been a more appropriate title. The author treads a beaten path, and we have found it rather a wearisome task to follow her.

Proverbs, or the Manual of Wisdom; being an Alphabetical Arrangement of the best English, Spanish, French, Italian, and other Proverbs. To which are subjoined the wise Sayings, Precepts, &c. of the most illustrious Antients. 3s. Large 8vo. Kirby.

We have nothing farther to observe of this volume, than that the selections appear to have been diligently and judiciously made.

A Series of Novels. By Madame de Genlis. 12mo. 4 Vols. 18s. Longman and Rees. 1802.

Apostacy, or the Religious Fair. Mademoiselle de Clermont. The Herdsmen of the Pyrenees. The Reviewer. The Castle of Kolmeras. The Man of Worth. The Perplexed Lover. Destiny, or the Unfortunate. The Princess des Ursins. The Green Petticoat. The Husband turned Tutor. The Palace and the Cot. A Woman's Prejudices.—The novels contained in these volumes bear the abovementioned titles. They appeared originally in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, published at Paris, and, in point of fancy, interest, and moral tendency, are entitled to very high encomium.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUECUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cleric.*
 The Imitation of LIFE--The Mirror of MANNERS--The Representation of TRUTH.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

[NO. 1.]

[*At the suggestion of an intelligent correspondent, we intend to collect, and re-publish, under this title, a few of the most ingenious and valuable essays, which have appeared at different times upon the subject of the Stage, and dramatic composition. We do not know that a portion of this department of our work can be better occupied. We begin with David Hume's Essay on Tragedy.*]

ON TRAGEDY.

IT seems an unaccountable pleasure which the spectators of a well-wrote tragedy receive from sorrow, terror, anxiety, and other passions, which are in themselves disagreeable and uneasy. The more they are touched and affected, the more are they delighted with the spectacle; and as soon as the uneasy passions cease to operate, the piece is at an end. One scene of full joy and contentment and security is the utmost that any composition of this kind can bear, and it is sure always to be the concluding one. If in the texture of the piece there be interwoven any scenes of satisfaction, they afford only faint gleams of pleasure, which are thrown in by way of variety, and in order to plunge the actors into deeper distress, by means of that contrast and disappointment. The whole art of the poet is employed, in rousing and supporting the compassion and indignation, the anxiety and resentment of his audience. They are pleased in proportion as they are afflicted, and never are so happy as when they employ tears, sobs, and cries, to give vent to their sorrow, and relieve their heart, swoln with the tenderest sympathy and compassion.

The few critics, who have had some tincture of philosophy, have remarked this singular phenomenon, and have endeavoured to account for it.

L'abbé *Dubos*, in his reflections on poetry and painting, asserts, that nothing is, in general, so disagreeable to the mind as the languid, listless state of indolence into which it falls, upon the removal of every passion and occupation. To get rid of this painful situation, it seeks every amusement and pursuit; business, gaming, shews, executions; whatever will rouse the passions, and take its attention from

itself. No matter what the passion is. Let it be disagreeable, afflicting, melancholy, disordered, it is still better than that insipid languor which arises from perfect tranquillity and repose.

It is impossible not to admit this account, as being, at least, in part satisfactory. You may observe, when there are several tables of gaming, that all the company run to those where the deepest play is, even though they find not there the best players. The view, or at least imagination, of high passions, arising from great loss or gain, affects the spectators by sympathy, gives them some touches of the same passions, and serves them for a momentary entertainment. It makes the time pass the easier with them, and is some relief to that oppression under which men commonly labour, when left entirely to their own thoughts and meditations.

We find that common liars always magnify, in their narrations, all kinds of danger, pain, distress, sickness, deaths, murders, and cruelties; as well as joy, beauty, mirth, and magnificence. It is an absurd secret which they have for pleasing their company, fixing their attention, and attaching them to such marvellous relations, by the passions and emotions which they excite.

There is, however, a difficulty of applying to the present subject, in its full extent, this solution, however ingenious and satisfactory it may appear. It is certain, that the same object of distress which pleases in a tragedy, were it really set before us, would give the most unfeigned uneasiness; though it be then the most effectual cure of languor and indolence. Monsieur Fontenelle seems to have been sensible of this difficulty, and accordingly attempts another solution of the phenomenon; at least makes some addition to the theory above-mentioned*.

“Pleasure and pain,” says he, “which are two sentiments so different in themselves, differ not so much in their cause. From the instance of tickling, it appears, that the movement of pleasure, pushed a little too far, becomes pain; and that the movement of pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence it proceeds, that there is such a thing as a sorrow, soft and agreeable: it is a pain weakened and diminished. The heart likes naturally to be moved and affected. Melancholy objects suit it, and even disastrous and sorrowful, provided they are softened by some circumstance. It is certain, that, on the theatre, the representation has almost the effect of reality; but yet it has not altogether that effect. However we may be hurried away by the spectacle; whatever dominion the senses

* *Reflections sur la poétique.*

and imagination may usurp over the reason, there still lurks at the bottom a certain idea of falshood in the whole of what we see.— This idea, though weak and disguised, suffices to diminish the pain which we suffer from the misfortunes of those we love, and to reduce that affliction to such a pitch as converts it into a pleasure.— We weep for the misfortune of a hero, to whom we are attached. In the same instant we comfort ourselves, by reflecting, that it is nothing but a fiction. And it is precisely that mixture of sentiments, which composes an agreeable sorrow, and tears that delight us. But as that affliction, which is caused by exterior and sensible objects, is stronger than the consolation which arises from an internal reflection, they are the effects and symptoms of sorrow, which ought to prevail in the composition.

This solution seems just and convincing; but perhaps it wants still some addition, to make it answer fully the phænomenon which we here examine. All the passions, excited by eloquence, are agreeable in the highest degree, as well as those which are moved by painting and the theatre. The epilogues of Cicero are, on this account chiefly, the delight of every reader of taste; and it is difficult to read some of them without the deepest sympathy and sorrow. His merit as an orator, no doubt, depends much on his success in this particular. When he had raised tears in his judges, and all his audience, they were then the most highly delighted, and expressed the greatest satisfaction with the pleader. The pathetic description of the butchery made by *Verres* of the *Sicilian* captains is a masterpiece of this kind. But I believe none will affirm, that the being present at a melancholy scene of that nature would afford any entertainment. Neither is the sorrow here softened by fiction: for the audience were convinced of the reality of every circumstance. What is it, then, which in this case raises a pleasure from the body of uneasiness, so to speak, and a pleasure, which still retains all the features and outward symptoms of distress and sorrow?

I answer. This extraordinary effect proceeds from that very eloquence with which the melancholy scene is represented. The genius required to paint objects in a lively manner, the art employed in collecting all the pathetic circumstances, the judgment displayed in disposing them; the exercise, I say, of these noble talents, together with the force of expression, and beauty of oratorical numbers, diffuse the highest satisfaction on the audience, and excite the most delightful movements. By this means, the uneasiness of the melancholy passions is not only overpowered and effaced by something stronger of an opposite kind; but the whole movement of those passions is

converted into pleasure, and swells the delight which the eloquence raises in us. The same force of oratory, employed on an uninteresting subject, would not please half so much, or rather would appear altogether ridiculous; and the mind, being left in absolute calmness and indifference, would relish none of those beauties of imagination or expression, which, if joined to passion, give it such exquisite entertainment. The impulse or vehemence arising from sorrow, compassion, indignation, receives a new direction from the sentiments of beauty. The latter, being the predominant emotions, seize the whole mind, and convert the former into themselves, or at least tincture them so strongly, as totally to alter their nature: and the soul, being at the same time roused by passion, and charmed by eloquence, feels on the whole a strong movement, which is altogether delightful.

The same principle takes place in tragedy; with this addition, that tragedy is an imitation, and imitation is always of itself agreeable. This circumstance serves still further to smooth the motions of passion, and convert the whole feeling into one uniform and strong enjoyment. Objects of the greatest terror, and distress in painting, please more than the most beautiful objects, that appear calm and indifferent*. The affection rousing the mind, excites a large stock of spirit and vehemence, which is all transformed into pleasure by the force of the prevailing movement. It is thus the fiction of tragedy softens the passion, by an infusion of a new feeling, not merely by weakening or diminishing the sorrow. You may by degrees weaken a real sorrow, till it totally disappears; yet in none of its gradations will it ever give pleasure; except, perhaps, by accident, to a man sunk under lethargic indolence, whom it rouses from that languid state.

To confirm this theory, it will be sufficient to produce other instances, where the subordinate movement is converted into the predominant, and gives force to it, though of a different, and even, sometimes, though of a contrary nature.

Novelty naturally rouses the mind, and attracts our attention;

* Painters make no scruple of representing distress and sorrow as well as any other passion: but they seem not to dwell so much on these melancholy affections as the poets, who, though they copy every emotion of the human breast, yet pass very quickly over the agreeable sentiments. A painter represents only one instant; and if that be passionate enough, it is sure to affect and delight the spectator. - But nothing can furnish to the poet a variety of scenes and incidents and sentiments, except distress, terror, or anxiety. Complete joy and satisfaction is attended with security, and leaves no farther room for action.

and the movements which it causes, are always converted into any passion belonging to the object, and join their force to it. Whether an event excites joy or sorrow, pride or shame, anger or good will, it is sure to produce a stronger affection, when new or unusual. And though novelty of itself be agreeable, it enforces the painful, as well as agreeable passions.

Had you any intention to move a person extremely by the narration of any event, the best method of increasing its effect would be artfully to delay informing him of it, and first excite his curiosity and impatience, before you let him into the secret. This is the artifice practised by *Iago* in the famous scene of *Shakespeare*; and every spectator is sensible, that *Othello's* jealousy acquires additional force from his preceding impatience, and that the subordinate passion is here readily transformed into the predominant.

[To be continued.]

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

“ Now I perceive that she hath made compare
“ Between our statures,” &c.

All this appears to be a very pointed reference to the jealous coquetry of Queen Elizabeth, displayed in her conversation with Sir John Melville, about Mary of Scotland; yet, surely, it must have been a very dangerous allusion.

———“ overflow'n.”

Mr. Malone observes, that this should be “ overflow'd,” and, doubtless, he is right; notwithstanding the authority which Mr. Steevens would bring from Johnson's dictionary, to support the text: “ *flow'n* ” is the participle passive of “ to fly,” “ *flow'd* ” of “ to flow,” and so, of the compounds, *overflow*, *overflow*.

—“ Hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.”

Doctor Warburton calls this nonsense, and dictates

—“ Hot ice, a wonderous strange shew;”

an expression, that, with much less injustice, I believe may be styled nonsensical; such a wonder being an object not of *sight* (or

shew) but of *feeling*. Mr. Upton would read and Dr. Johnson adds, "not *improbably*,")

"And wonderous black snow,"

but so, the wonder itself being only in the *blackness*, such wonderous tautology can hardly be admitted. Sir Thomas Hammer, with similar pleonasm, proposes, "wonderous *scorching* snow;" and though Mr. Steevens had at length given the plain sense, which, indeed, one would think, could not readily be overlooked, Mr. Monk Mason steps forth, to purify and invigorate the text, with "wonderous *strong* snow," and this, as he tells us, because there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*; but what antithesis or what sense can be expressed by *strong*, any more than by *weak snow*? If the reference be to the chilling power of snow, all opposition is annihilated; whereas the epithet *strange* does evidently imply contrariety. By *strong*, however, it is possible that Mr. Monk Mason means *hard*, in allusion to the effect of frost upon a body of snow—but that being a natural, and no uncommon instance, it cannot well be associated with the prodigy "hot ice;" and from Mr. Malone, in this case, I should have expected some better recommendation of Mr. Mason's amendment, than that *strong* and *strange* have sometimes, by printers, been confounded. *Miraculous ice* and *miraculous snow* were to be expressed; the ice was described as *hot*, and an epithet different, yet suitable and strong enough, not being at hand, the quality of the snow came under a more general character:—it was *wonderous strange*.

"Unless you can find sport in their intents."

This Dr. Johnson remarks as being obscure, and he supposes that a line has been lost. Mr. Steevens, to clear up the difficulty, observes, that as *to attend* and *to intend* were formerly synonymous, "intents" here may have been put for "*the objects of attention*,"—but as the objects of attention or regard, in the present instance, can be no other than the duke and count, we are still unfurnished with the sense, which, after all, I suppose, is to be found in the word "intents,—unless you can be amused by the preposterousness of their *designs*, and the absurd pains they take to shew their duty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXPERIENCE TO THE POET.

BY MISS HOLFORD,

WHY idly, shepherd, through the live-long day,
 In thriftless song thy youthful leisure waste?
 The busy world now beckons thee away;
 Oh! quit thy dream of solid joys to taste,
 Nor vainly liberal of life's golden prime,
 Give to the thankless Muse thy swiftly fleeting time!

Say, will thy Muse, 'mid Fancy's radiant beams,
 On age and want her airy favours shed,
 Lull thee with hopes, and flatter thee with dreams,
 And bind her laurels round thy drooping head,
 Bless with bright visions thy declining hour,
 And on thy closing ears her heavenly accents pour?

And will she, should neglect thy bosom rend,
 From thy dim eye forbid the tear to flow,
 Teach thee unmov'd to meet each alien friend,
 Or bid thee smile on memory's hoarded woe?
 Will air-built castles yield thy homeless form
 Rest from perturbing cares, and shelter from the storm?

How wilt thou bear, when Folly's idiot smile
 Shall coldly mark thee for the vulgar scorn,
 And sneering, thank indulgent heaven the while
 That genius beam'd not on his natal morn,
 But worldly thrift a glimmering light supplied,
 He hail'd the taper's gleam, and took it for his guide?

Whil'st thou, poor bard, the Muse's luckless child,
 In evil hour a dazzling track pursu'd,
 Which steer'd thy wandering course thro' regions wild,
 Where never Prudence led her pigmy brood;
 Where never toil up tore the verdant sod,
 To seek man's golden prize—his earth-extracted god!

There, seldom fortune's summer-breathing gale
 Fans the young impulse with auspicious wing,
 But Poverty uprears her visage pale,
 And checks, with icy grasp, the bosom spring,

Blasts the fair promise of youth's vernal hour,
Arrests the vital sap, and nips each opening flower!

Ah! many a name does dark oblivion claim,
Once cherish'd names, to faithless Genius dear!
Ah! many a bard, too late the boast of fame;
Press'd with cold limbs an unattended bier,
And felt unmark'd, hope's treacherous hectic die,
And breath'd, where none could hear, his last unecho'd sigh!

Thus vainly, Otway, did thy numbers flow!
Thus idly swell'd thy unavailing song!
Ah! did thy Muse immortal aid bestow,
When Famine's fever parch'd thy tuneful tongue,
When man, thy brother, from thy suppliant eye,
Regardless turn'd away, and let a poet die?

Oh! why each throbbing sense to anguish wake!
Why on the bard fix Fate's tremendous seal,
And bid him suffer, for the Muse's sake,
Such pangs as common souls ne'er dar'd to feel!
Why must the touch of Sorrow's venom'd dart,
Thro' every fine-strung nerve run quivering to his heart!

Oh Chatterton! how gay thy morn arose!
Bright on thy youth celestial Genius smil'd,
But Poverty thy heart's warm current froze,
And Misery clasp'd thee, her devoted child;
Urg'd, while thy lips the poison'd chalice drain'd,
And on thy wasting form each lurid eye-ball strain'd:

Yet from thy breast tho' each fair form was fled,
Pride held her state in thy unconquer'd soul—
"What! shall I, bending low my laurel'd head,
From affluence beg a slowly yielded dole,
From pity's boon life's poor support obtain,
Or drag its weary load in flattery's helot train!"

Oh! ever following in the Muse's rear,
Of perish'd hopes a spectre band is seen!
There, Melancholy drops the frequent tear,
There, Memory raves of joys that once have been,
There, keen-ey'd Want assails with famish'd cry—
Who clanks the sounding chain? 'Tis wild Insanity

Chester.

QUATUORZAIN:
BY MR. GEORGE BLOOMFIELD;

To the new-born Daughter

OF

CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.,

SWEET opening BUD of Innocence;—how dear
The infant smile that first imprints thy face!
Whose Parents fondly every feature trace,
Their minds alternate fill'd with hope and fear.

II.

For thee, to danger, ah! how much expos'd!
What ills unnumber'd compass thee around!
Fate may their every fairest hope confound:
By Death their blissful Prospects may be clos'd.

III.

O may benignant Providence preserve
Thy tender frame from all impending harm:
And add to personal each mental charm!
Thy Great CREATOR may'st thou truly serve!
May the whole tenour of thy Life set forth
Thine high Descent for Genius and for Worth!

15th June, 1803.

JOHANNIS SECUNDI BASIUM III

IMITATED.

I.

One kiss—dear Maria—one kiss and adieu—
Thy lips sweet as nectar in amorous play,
To mine with an ardour all graceful you drew—
Then—snatch'd 'em with trembling impatience away.

II.

So the swain, when the sports of the village invite,
With festivity crown'd and with innocence blest,
As he trips o'er the meadows—aghast with affright,
Recoils from the adder his footstep has prest.

III.

This was surely no kiss—it serv'd only, my fair!
To leave to desire my fond bosom a prey,
To add a new sting to the pangs of despair,
And—the passion inflame it was meant to allay.

J. A.

THE EXCURSION,

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

Now the chill Winter's gloomy reign is o'er,
 And hence to climes remote withdraws the Spring;
 London! well pleas'd, I leave your busy shore,
 Where Toil and Commerce all their treasures bring.

Awhile your crowded streets I quit, to taste,
 In flower-enamell'd meads, a purer air;
 To tread the polish'd lawn, or furze-clad waste,
 Or the green copse, whence starts the timid hare;

To view the hamlet near the villa gay;
 To hear responsive warblings fill the glade,
 The happy rustic greet the rising day,
 And sing the beauty of his cottage maid;—

While she supine as yet in pleasing dream,
 Is with her favor'd swain at wake or fair;
 Attentive list'ning to his constant theme,
 Love, joy, and peace alone their mutual care.

But, oh! what tender recollections rise,
 In myriads twine quick round my throbbing brain,
 As on those spires I fix my longing eyes;—
 Heave the fond sigh, and heave, alas! in vain!

As thro' this avenue of lofty trees,
 Which skirts yon town, I bend my devious way,
 Spur on my steed, which, in the summer breeze,
 Scents the full fragrance of the new mown hay.

Ye Gothic towers which grace your Hanton's side,
 Presenting scenes that, ever pleasing, charm,
 Whence anxious Henry* first his fleet descried,
 And crush'd conspiracy with dauntless arm!

* Henry the Fifth waited, at Southampton, the arrival of the fleet which was to convey himself and troops to France, and, in the interim, discovered the plot against him by the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey, who soon after received the reward due to their treachery.

Whence the usurper William's woods* he saw,
 And sigh'd to think how thousands were oppress,
 Who groan'd submission to tyrannic law,
 In distant exile sought for peaceful rest.

Impatient must I quit your green retreats ;
 Your walks umbrageous, whilst I've power to trace
 The lowly mansion where ('mid prouder seats)
 I first beheld my Laura's angel face.

Yes, near that spot the plant, sweet Friendship, grew,
 Tho' hard thy mists, malignant Envy ! strove
 To blight its blossoms with their baneful dew—
 The fruit once set—soon ripened into love.

Yes—there—ere fled her cheeks' soft roseate hue ;
 Ere they became the pallid lilly's throne ;
 Ere Death, stern sovereign, snatch'd her from my view,
 My Laura's vows were mine—and justly mine alone.

What tho' my fragile bark, in life's rough sea,
 Long tempest-tost, may sink—though hard my lot ;
 One balmy comfort softens his decree,
 Blest be the Deity, she shares it not.

Hence let me on—where Netley's sacred fane,
 High o'er the streamlet rears her ivied wall ;
 Where frequent screech-owls to the moon complain,
 While pond'rous fragments from the fabric fall !

There, mid the solemn silence of the grove,
 Vent, freely vent the sorrows of the heart ;
 Like Ezzelin† muse “ upon my long lost love,”
 And with his anguish—feel a keener smart !

* The New Forest, to form which the Conqueror depopulated this country for upwards of thirty miles.

† Who has not seen with admiration this inimitable effort of Fuseli's pencil? Count Ezzelin Bracciaseno, returned from a crusade, found, to his inexpressible concern, that he no longer possess the affection of his beloved mistress ; his mind brooded upon the loss, till tenderness was supplanted by revenge, and madness the result ; though the catastrophes certainly differ, the disappointment in each case was forcibly felt.

Ah! now my steps profane this mossy grave,
 (Down whose slope side the deadly hemlock grows)
 The last kind boon his cloister'd brethren gave,
 To one who, spurning life, sought here repose;

Whose blood-stain'd feet these flinty paths hath trod,
 Whose sighs reecho'd thro' each long-drawn aile,
 Whose hopeless passion wean'd him from his God,
 His soul's best wish, his Eloisa's smile.

Yes thou art tranquil—Eloisa's smile,
 Or frown, is nothing now, alas! to thee;—
 The Circe hope no longer can beguile;
 From sorrow, care, and trouble thou art free.

A little longer—my consuming heart,
 Like thine, incorporates with kindred earth:
 A little longer, and no more shall start
 The tear of anguish, or the smile of mirth.

Perhaps, while stretch'd upon this verdant plain,
 Beyond those elms I view the winding stream—
 The distant mast slow rising from the main,
 The sail new whiten'd by the solar beam.

On ebon wing the delegate of death,
 (My chequer'd leaf in Fate's vast book unfurl'd)
 Ecstatic thought, may win my fleeting breath,
 And lead to Laura, "in a better world."

Isle of Wight.

P—TA.

THE DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAY.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

NO. II. NOON.

'Tis noon—the sun-beam gilds the sparkling tide,
 With dimpling lapse now murmur'ing on its way:
 With shining scales the sportive fishes glide,
 Reflecting back the summer's vertic ray.

* In several monastic institutions, it is customary, at the decease of an inmate, for each of the surviving Monks to dig up a spadeful or two of the mould, till the grave is completed, by way of a memento mori.

Beneath the grotto's cool recess, recline,
 Attentive to the tinkling rill that creeps,
 Or, under shelter of the blushing vine,
 Beneath whose gloom, enraptured silence sleeps,
 The village maiden, and the rural swain—
 Alike remov'd from jealousy and strife,
 This plies the distaff, that beats out the grain,
 And lead a harmless and contented life :
 And, care but little, if they see around,
 Or pride, or shew, or opulence abound.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY LANE.

MAY 27.—Mrs GLOVER'S Night.—A new comedy, from the pen of Mr. Steffington, was performed this evening, under the title of the *High Road to Marriage*. Its merit will scarcely entitle it to a repetition.

JUNE 6.—The *Road to Ruin* was acted for the first time at this theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Russell, who performed *Goldfinch* with so much spirit and success, that we are surprised the managers do not call upon him more frequently for the exercise of his talents. Mrs. Jordan, in *Sophia*, did not appear to her usual advantage. Downton's *Old Dornton* was excellent, and Cherry is the best *Sibby* we have seen since its original representative, Mr. Quick. The *Black Knight*, or *Persidy punished*, the ballet which was represented at Ranelagh at the Knight's ball, closed the entertainments of the evening. It is, upon the whole, a pleasing exhibition, and the audience seemed highly interested and delighted with the exertions of that astonishing infant, Master Byrne.

10.—Mr. COOPER'S Night.—Othello.—Mr. Cooke, of Covent Garden, for this night, played *Iago*. Mrs. Pope was taken so ill in the midst of the performance, that Mrs. Ansell, the *Emilia* of the night, was under the necessity of performing the remainder of *Desdemona*, and Mrs. Sparks supplied Mrs. Ansell's place in *Emilia*. It is with much concern that we have to add, that, on Saturday the 18th, Mrs. Pope, who had been gradually recovering, fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired before any medical relief could be obtained. The stage has thus lost an invaluable actress, and society a most amiable and accomplished woman. She has been buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in the same tomb with the former Mrs. Pope.

14.—The theatre closed, after a season which we fear has not been very profitable, with the usual address of thanks from the acting manager.

15.—The house again opened its doors for the annual benefit of Mr. Lacy.

COVENT GARDEN.

JUNE 1.—Mr. CARLES' BENEFIT.—*Alexander the Great*.—Mr. Carles in the Macedonian hero, evinced good sense and sufficient spirit; but his powers are not quite adequate to some of the impassioned passages of the character.

Mrs. Litchfield, who acted *Statira* when the tragedy was last performed, resigned it for this night only, to accommodate the theatre by appearing in *Roxana*, which she played with great effect. Mrs. H. Siddons being taken suddenly ill, *Statira* was undertaken by Mrs. Beverley, a very serviceable actress, who acquitted herself very creditably on this occasion.

3.—Dr. Valpy's alteration of *King John* was again performed, with additional effect if possible. The theatre rung with repeated plaudits at the new loyal speech which the editor has put into the mouth of Falconbridge. It surpasses even Rolla's celebrated address to the Peruvians.

15.—Mrs. Smith's night.—Mr. Winston, a gentleman whom we have frequently noticed in our provincial register, made his first appearance in *Ollapod*. He was most warmly applauded by the audience, and played the part with considerable address and effect, notwithstanding a hoarseness which seized him toward the middle of the play. He introduced the *Cosmetic Song* from the *Blind Girl*, which was rapturously *encored*. Mrs. Smith (late Miss Dixon) appeared for the first time in *Emily Worthington*, and made a respectable stand in the character. The *Poor Gentleman* was attempted to be *read*, on account of the illness of Mr. Murray; a circumstance which greatly injured the effect of the comedy. A young lady afterwards made her appearance in *Rosina*, and sang the airs with some taste.

23.—The theatre closed, after a season of unexampled prosperity, with the following address of thanks from Mr. Lewis.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have often had the honour to address you at the close of our winter campaign, but never at the termination of one so successful as the present. We would wish our acknowledgments to be proportioned to your kindness and protection, but I cannot find words sufficiently powerful to convey the thanks of the proprietors and performers for the unexampled favours which you have conferred. We must therefore respectfully take leave, in the hope of meeting you all, after a short recess, with hearts as completely happy as our own, which, be assured, you have filled with the deepest gratitude."

24.—Mr. Lee Lewes had a benefit, and performed *Lisardo* in the *Wonder*. We never before saw this gentleman, once one of the most distinguished favourites with the town. From the specimen of this evening, we can well believe that he deserved all the reputation he acquired. Mrs. Jordan performed *Violante*; Mrs. Litchfield recited *Alexander's Feast*; and Mr. Townsend gave his imitations. Mr. Lewes delivered the following address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, between the play and farce.

Ye liberal friends to the Arts and the Muses,
Whose sanction prosperity's sun-shine diffuses;
Whose fiat, by every party respected,
Adds fame to known merit and cheers the neglected!
Ye patrons of one, who, in times scarcely ended,
Has oft by your plaudits and smiles been befriended;
For past favours bestow'd, and for present bestowing,
The tribute accept of a *heart* that's o'erflowing.
Accept his best thanks, and believe them sincere,
Tho' in language far short of his gratitude here.

Since here in my duty I nightly was found,
 And nightly my efforts with kindness were crown'd,
 Some yeas have claps'd—yet amid all the changes
 Which whirligig fashion effects where she ranges ;
 One French mode remains—I have scarcely occasion
 To say 'tis their fashion to *talk* of invasion,
 They say they *will* come, and so long they have said it,
 We might almost afford the assertion some credit,
 If it were not, the picture they draw of our fear,
 Would lose all its colour in coming too near,
 And their boasted attempt to be barely effective,
 Must be kept, as it always has been, *in perspective*.
 And, as France minds no promise, we all must allow
 'Twould be breaking a custom to keep her word now ;
 Or suppose she did come and attack us, why then
 Their leader may boast of a troop of *wise men* :
 For he owns, when at Folly's main-top he has got 'em,
 'Tis a hundred to one but they all find—the bottom.
 Then he tells ye, to make with more ease his way over,
 He'll build *Jodi's* bridge between Calais and Dover :
 That our ships he'll destroy, and moreover, folks say,
 He means to accomplish his plan in this way :
 With potent steam-engines the ocean he'll drain,
 And leave all our ships on a dry sandy plain,
 And he'll do this, in hopes those French laurels to find
 Where Britannia has plung'd them down time out of mind.
 But, whatever he says, or whate'er he may do,
 We may equally scorn, to ourselves while we're true ;
 And our quarrels with France, let foes how they will state 'em,
 Can only produce this most sure *ultimatum* ;
 That as we have prov'd, so we *will* prove again,
 The right of Britannia to govern the main :
 And Britons are ever resolv'd, to a man,
 To let France take it from us, *whenever she can*.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

Goes on prosperously with the new company, though it is but an indifferent one upon the whole ; and the new study which is and must for some time be unavoidable, occasions some of the plays to be acted in a very slovenly and imperfect manner. We repeat our opinion that a company thus collected is entitled to every indulgence ; but the consideration that weighs with the public now, must not be admitted in another season. Some of the performers are very inadequate to the situations they hold, and are so feeble to encounter the most candid criticism. Of those who are new to the London stage, we must single out Mr. Matthews, as a most rare and admirable comic genius. His versatility is truly surprising, and we will venture to predict that he will become one of the most popular actors which the town has ever countenanced. Mr. Blisset also is a per-

former of sterling merit, as his *Sir Robert Bramble* will testify. Mr. Hatton, though he colours rather coarsely, is a serviceable and meritorious actor. These gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Chapman, are the only strangers whom we can venture to compliment. Mr. Seymour does not appear to be a regular member of this little community. There have been a few new appearances since the opening. Mr. Holliday, in *Lope Tocco* and *Will Steady*, was not very successful. A Miss Davis, the lady who performed Floranthe last season, for Miss Dixon's Benefit, was introduced in the part of Phœbe, in *Rosina*, and promises to be an acquisition of importance. Miss Grimani, from Bath, who was very favourably received in the *Child of Nature*, is a young lady of merit. She has a pleasing countenance, person, and voice, and her acting evinces intelligence and sensibility. There is however a defect in her articulation, which we fear cannot be surmounted. Mr. Grove, a gentleman who has often appeared on a private stage, and before the public on some charitable occasions, made a most successful debut in *Robin Roubhead*. Why the bills were silent respecting his performance, it is not easy to imagine; it could not be, we presume, because, Mr. Mathews excepted, he is the best comedian in the theatre!

Mrs. Wiggins, a farce by Mr. Allingham, is the only new piece which has yet appeared. The idea upon which it is built is truly farcical. The hero, a remarkably fat man, "aye as fat as butter," as Shakspeare has it, comes up from the country to avoid his wife, whose economical turn is little relished by this "huge feeder." His son, *Tom Wiggins*, who has chambers in the Temple, is married, without his father's knowledge, to a woman who has a former husband living; and has an intrigue with another woman who assumes his name; at every turn the poor fat man is haunted by a *Mrs. Wiggins*, and supposing it to be his wife, who has followed him to London, the name is no sooner announced than he makes his escape as fast as his belly will let him. In the end the mistake is cleared up by the appearance of the *real Mrs. Wiggins*. The character of *Wiggins* is sustained with infinite humour, and if, to maintain the plot, it had not been necessary to recur to characters of a description too uniformly low, the piece would have been successful in an extraordinary degree. Mathews was irresistible in *Old Wiggins*, and looked and dressed the character most admirably.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

We have just room to notice two or three events which have taken place in consequence of the late theatrical revolution. Mr. Johnstone, the inimitable Dennis Brulgruddery, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, go from Covent Garden, upon better terms, to Drury Lane. Mrs. Glover and Mr. Charles Kemble come over to Covent Garden. Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Billington, and Braham and Stora are all expected at the latter theatre next season.

The alterations which are to take place in the architectural department of Covent Garden theatre, for next season, are already decided, and will be carried into immediate effect. The frontispiece, upon a grander scale, and lighter and more elegant in its effect than the present one, is to be decorated with appropriate embellishments. The ceiling is to be changed from a sweep, into a perfect flat, so as to give to the audience in the one shilling gallery, a complete view of the stage. The slips of the two shilling gallery will be converted into private boxes, and the whole of the third tier of boxes, is to have an additional seat.

The new painting of the audience part of the house will possess more variety and brilliancy of colouring, and the boxes are to be lighted up on a system similar to that adopted at the opera at Vienna.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

The new divertissement exhibits, to peculiar advantage, the exquisite vocal talents of Miss Howels, who, though little in person, is gigantic in power of voice, blended at the same time with the utmost delicacy and sweetness.

The Installation of the Knights of the Bath is a splendid spectacle, and almost equals, in effect and grandeur, the original installation at the Abbey.

The Duke and Duchess of York were recently at the Circus, and expressed their admiration of the performances in terms of the highest panegyric: indeed, the overflowing houses night after night evince the popularity of the Circus.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The *Silver Star* hath produced a golden mine to the manager. *St. Pierre's* new ballet, called the *Two Prisoners*, is nightly received with approbation. The *Castle of Otranto*, as we predicted, possesses the attraction consequent on a variety of exquisite scenery and music. We are informed that, on the eve of the publication of the present number, a new comic pantomime will be produced, called the *Genii's Tomb*, or *Harlequin Robber*, in which the pleasing Wybrow, and the laughable and eccentric Laurent and Johannot, will exhibit their various talents.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Unusual novelty hath been produced at the Wells since our last, and very successfully indeed. *Little Red Riding Hood*; *Philip Quarll*, an admirable witty and comic song, called *Mammoth and Bonaparte*; the harlequinade of *Wizard's Wake* revived; a new Scotch dance, called *Hey for the Highlands*; Bickerstaff's burletta of the *Recruiting Sergeants*, with the original music by the elder Dibdin; *Ko and Zoa*; a new pantomime, founded on the story of *Goody Two Shoes*, or *Harlequin Alabaster*, in which Bologna, jun. is the successful hero. The scenery in the pantomime is beautiful: St. Alban's Cathedral, St. Michael's Mount, Druid's Temple at Park Place, Northforeland, and light-house, changing to a fairy pavillion, have a good effect; Mall in St. James's Park, with the great gun, changing into a crocodile, and the sentry box into mummies, are very ingenious.

A new grand military pantomime, and other entertainments, are in preparation.

Townsend is very successful in all his songs, and Mrs. C. Dibdin is a most pleasing Burletta singer.

The Wells, notwithstanding the rather unfavourable weather, in general overflows with very fashionable company.

VAUXHALL.

The recent fine evenings have occasioned this rural scene of mirth and festivity to resume all its attractions. The band this season seems augmented, and the songs are, if possible, more various than usual. Upton hath been very happy in many of the words, and Hook in the music.

RANELAGH.

The ball given by the New Knights gave the ton to Ranelagh. The subsequent masquerades and concerts have been numerous and fashionably attended.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

RUSSIA.—Duval, who has been mentioned in the papers, as having received from the Emperor of Russia a present of 2000 rubles, for a play, was formerly an actor at the theatre of the French Republic, and has written several popular dramas and comedies. In January 1802, one of his productions, called *Edward in Scotland*, was represented at the theatre de la Republique, and received with great applause; but applications being made in several passages to the *French Pretender*, and often incited by the spectators, it was by the orders of Bonaparte, stopped, after a second representation. The author was arrested, and sent to Brest for transportation, but by the intercession of Mademoiselle Beauharnois with her Corsican father-in-law, the order of transportation to Cayenne was changed into banishment to Russia for five years, and Duval now enjoys at St. Petersburg, not only protection, but that liberty which his countrymen at Paris, and in free France, only know by name.

PARIS.—By a new regulation in the theatre Francois, every performer who retires after having been thirty years on that establishment, is to have an extraordinary representation by way of benefit.

The *Journal de Paris* of the 28th May, says, "Wednesday last the First Consul went to the theatre Francois, and was so long, so repeatedly, so unanimously, and so strongly applauded, that never were the sentiments of attachment which the French people feel for their first magistrate, displayed more manifestly."

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—The liberal proprietors and managers of this delightful theatre are reaping a golden harvest. Knight has been very successful during the absence of his friend and partner Lewis, who is just arrived, and the town seems so much delighted with the whole company, and the various bills of fare, that no doubt seems to be entertained as to the ultimate success and eminent advantage of the concern. The new theatre is considerably larger than the old one, and is of a circular form, having three heights of boxes at the sides, and two in front; the pannels all round are beautifully painted, and the decorations of the frontispiece rich and elegant. The chandeliers are the most splendid we have seen in any theatre, and the furniture throughout is very handsome. The scenery in general is extremely good, and gives a very different appearance to what it has had for many seasons past. The drop curtain by Walmsley is admirably painted.

The following advertisement was addressed to the inhabitants previous to the opening.

"Messrs. Lewis and Knight most respectfully submit to the liberality and candour of the public, the justice of a small addition to the prices of admission; the considerable increase of weekly disbursements, in consequence of rebuilding the theatre; the great expence of new scenery, decorations, wardrobe, furniture, additions to the band, and the general establishment (so effectually necessary to render it worthy the opulence and spirit of the second town in England) encourage the managers to rely with confidence on the support of a generous public; and while they presume that, for elegance and accommodation, and for the *true purposes* of a theatre, that of Liverpool is not surpassed by any in the kingdom, they have the honour to assure the town that, in the DIRECTION of it, no exertion shall be wanting to support its consequence, and to give general satisfaction. Boxes 4s. 6d. Upper Boxes 4s. Pit 3s. Gallery 1s. 6d."

The old prices are to be restored in the winter, when the London performers are not employed.

Among the company are Messrs. Young, Carles, Emery, Simmons, Penley (from Manchester) Lewis, the son of the manager, a very promising young comedian; Banks, Murray; M^s. Chapman, Miss Edmead, Miss Sims, Mrs. Glover, Miss Biggs, &c. Mrs. Mountain is performing for a stated period, and Fawcett and Munden are expected in the course of the season. The following address (written by Mr. T. Dibdin) was spoken, on the night of opening, by Mr. Knight, in the character of a *sailor*.

Well—our tackle's all ready—our hands are all staunch,
 And a glorious sight of ye come to the launch!
 We've built, as you see, a snug, tight pleasure boat,
 And we hope that your honours will keep it afloat.
 Each *cabin's* convenient, at least so we plann'd,
 We've snug births *below*, and our *tops* are well mann'd;
 Our timbers are taught—all our canvass is new,
 From London *first rates* we've selected our crew.
 And each on *this* deck comes with free inclination,
 To rise in the service by your approbation,
 At least we'll endeavour, in good or bad weather,
 To keep all our passengers happy together;
 Tho' with other provisions you find your own table,
 We'll keep you in *spirits*, as long as we're able.
 We've *artillery* too, care and folly to shoot,
 And are arm'd, as these gentlemen tell ye, *en flute*, (*The Orchestra*.)
 We've great guns of tragedy, loaded so well,
 If they do but go *off*, they'll be certain to *tell*;
 While with small shot of farce, and low comedy swivels,
 We've sworn to burn, sink, and destroy the blue devils;
 But aim where we will, we shall ever desire,
 From your hands a broadside to second our fire.
 Should you ask with what freightage our vessel is stor'd,
 What cargo, what riches, we carry on board,

Look round, you'll see all Briton's value on earth,
 True freedom, good nature, wit, beauty, and worth;
 With such lading as this, while our voyage we measure,
 Our anchor is Hope, and our compass—your pleasure: (*Going, returns.*)
 Yet hold—ere I go, you may think it but right,
 To know under what sort of colours we fight,
 Our vessel is royal—the standard you view,
 Which can ne'er be pull'd down—while supported by you.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

FETE AT RANELAGH.

Wednesday night, the 21st of June, a most magnificent Fete and Ball were given at Ranelagh, in commemoration of the Installation of the Knights of the Bath, which took place the 19th of May last. A superb temporary building was erected on the right of the Rotunda, under the direction of Mr. Marks, one of the most complete and extensive structures ever exhibited on a similar occasion. Its size 160 feet by 80, and its height 35 feet, covered with floor-cloths.

The principal entrance was under a beautiful arch of variegated lamps, supported by two columns, representing the entrance to London by Hyde Park corner. Within the building were two rows of sycamore-trees, twelve in each, completely covered in. The trunks of the trees were covered with green baize, as were also the seats and floor, except the part appropriated for dancing on the left-hand side.

At the upper end stood the orchestra, and on the right near the centre was an elevated stage where a ballet was exhibited, got up by Byrne, in a most ingenious manner, consisting of four acts. It commenced at eleven o'clock, and the Ballet was introduced by the following Address or Proclamation, written by T. Dibdin, and recited by Fawcett, as a Crier, in a kind of chaunt.

O yes, O yes, O yes! God save the King and People!
 And like my bell, let all the bells ring out from ev'ry steeple.
 While, as my office bids me, I proclaim the merry warning,
 That every Knight that's here to-day, must keep it up till morning.
 Each laughing face is welcome here, while those who're fond of sorrow
 Have leave to go, indulge their woe, and call again to-morrow.
 Those who love feasting and good cheer, as long as they are able,
 May claim a seat, as it is meet, like Knights of the Round-table.
 At supper each may have a treat, for well we know the trade is,
 Of every Knight, to take delight, in helping all the Ladies.
 Those who, on light fantastic toe, would dance away the vapours,
 While other folks are cutting jokes, are welcome to cut capers:
 Those who prefer the sparkling glass, in merry moderation;
 The toast may pass, to some sweet lass, the King, and British Nation.
 Or who the noise of sing-song verse prefer to pipes and tabors,
 Like jocund elves, may sing themselves, then call upon their neighbours.
 Each errant Knight may seek adventures here, while he is walking,
 'Midst singing, dancing, eating, drinking, laughing, sporting, talking,

'Midst Music, Painting, Science, Art, Grace, Beauty, Wit, and Glee;
And lastly, those who nonsense love, may come and list to me.

The first act was over in three quarters of an hour, when Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden Theatre, sung *Paddy's Description of Pizarro*. After the second act, Mr. Fawcett sang a mock Italian song. After the third act, Mr. Inledon sang a new loyal song. Mr. Fawcett closed the fourth act with his favourite song in *Lock and Key*. The above performance was conducted with much judgment, taste, and professional merit, and highly gratified the admiring spectators. The Company now adjourned into the Supper-room, upon the left of the Saloon. In the centre was a magnificent Temple, adorned with stars of variegated lamps; at the lower end stood an Orchestra, concealed by a curtain, which, soon after the company were seated, suddenly drew up and presented a military band. Supper was provided for upwards of 2000 persons, who could not all be accommodated in the grand room, where places were provided for eighteen hundred persons allowing a space of two feet for each person. Nine hundred hot dishes were served up in a splendid style; two hundred quarts of pease were provided, together with every delicacy which nature and art could afford. While the company were gratifying their palates with the most delicious viands and fruits, their ears were penetrated with the melodious harmony of vocal and instrumental music. Among the vocal performers were Inledon, Denman, Miss Howells, and many others, who added greatly to the hilarity of the evening. In short, the whole entertainment was conducted in a manner highly creditable to those who had the management of it. Mr. Byrne's little boy attracted much notice, as did the Miss Adams, whose light and graceful manner of dancing was greatly admired. Miss Adams's dress displayed much taste and elegance.

The rooms were brilliantly illuminated with many thousand lamps, and decorated in the highest style imaginable. The utmost conviviality prevailed during the whole of the entertainment. Pleasure and satisfaction were the order of the night, and shone on the countenances of both sexes. Perhaps such an assemblage of beauty and elegance has been rarely witnessed on any public occasion before.

DREADFUL FIRE—Friday morning, about two o'clock, a fire broke out at the house of Mr. Williams, the sign of the Three Cranes, Mile end Old Town; the fire was first perceived at the back part of the house, and in less than twenty minutes the whole was burnt down; and the entire family, with the exception of one child which was from home, perished in the ruins. It consisted of the landlord, his wife, her mother, and three children: a lodger, named Andrews, a drover, who jumped from the garret into the road, was taken to the hospital without hopes of recovery. The maid-servant was found naked at the back part of the house, in the garden, with her foot broken, and was taken into the house of J. Liptrap, Esq. About twelve o'clock the firemen dug out the bodies, limb by limb, of Williams and his wife, and one child, with the taster-rods of the beds bent round them.

As we have now commenced another war with the French Republic, for the information of our readers we insert the following list of the wars between this country and France, with the terms of their duration, since the one which commenced in 1116, and continued two years;—1141, lasted twenty-five years;—1161, one year;—1201, fifteen years;—1224, nineteen years;—1294, five years;—1339, twenty-one years;—1368, fifty-two years;—1422, forty-nine years;—1492, one month;—1512, two years;—1521, six years;—1549, one year;—1557, two years;—1562, two years;—1627, two years;—1666, one year;—1669, ten years;—1702, eleven years;—1744, four years;—1756, seven years;—1775, five years;—and lastly, 1793, which continued until the 29th of April, 1802.

A singular discovery has been made in the neighbourhood of Nice. It is a vast cavern, the entrance to which is very narrow. The inside of this cavern, the whole extent of which has not yet been explored, contains several vast apartments, which resemble temples, ornamented with columns formed by crystallized water. One of the apartments is capable of holding four hundred persons. From the reflection of the crystal, very little light is necessary to illuminate the inside in the most magnificent manner.

The lowest window tax in the new regulation is 6s. where there are only six windows, and the highest £.83 per ann. except the number of windows exceeds 180. For one carriage £.10, for nine and upwards £.15 each. For all small chaises, drawn by one horse, five guineas each; drawn by two horses, seven guineas; every post-chaise lett to hire, eight guineas. Coachmakers to pay a licence of 3s. a year, and 10s. for every two-wheeled, and £.1 for every four-wheeled carriage built by them. For one horse, £.2 per annum; for 19, four guineas each. Horses belonging to farmers paying a rack-rent of less than £.20 a year, 6d. each. For one dog 6s. per annum, for two and upwards 10s. Every horse-dealer in the metropolis £.20 per annum, in the country £.10. The hair powder and armorial bearing duties remain unaltered.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—The annual examination of the Students for the prize medals was held on Wednesday. About eleven o'clock in the morning the theatre was filled by visitors of the first rank and respectability. The ceremony commenced by the admission of Lord Francis Spencer, son of the Duke of Marlborough, to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Eight gentlemen of the different colleges were next admitted to the degree of Masters of Arts. Mr. Crowe, the public Orator, next delivered a most eloquent Latin oration on the occasion of the meeting, particularly on the dignity, importance, and utility of these public examinations. Mr. Shuttleworth, of New College, then delivered an excellent Latin Poem, the subject, "Byzantium." A Member of Christ Church read an "Essay on Common Sense," which was generally admired. The last composition, and certainly the most admired, was a Poem in English, by Mr. Heber, of Brazen Nose College, the subject, "Palestine." To these gentlemen the prizes were awarded.

An American printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this N. B.—"the matrimonial article in large type, for the use of Ladies advanced in years, who may be tempted to enter into that holy state!"

The curious conversation which passed between our Ambassador and the First Consul, at the Thuilleries, is thus described by Lord Whitworth:—"At the Court which was held at the Thuilleries, he accosted me evidently under very considerable agitation. He began by asking me if I had any news from England. I told him that I had received letters from your Lordship (Lord Hawkesbury) two days ago. He immediately said, and so you are determined to go to war. No! I replied, we are too sensible of the advantages of peace. Nous avons, said he, déjà fait la guerre pendant quinze ans. As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed only, C'en est déjà trop.—Mais, said he, vous voulez la faire encore quinze années, et vous m'y forcez.—I told him, that was very far from his Majesty's intentions.—He then proceeded to Count Marcow and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing together at a little distance from me, and said to them, Les Anglois veulent la guerre, mais s'ils sont les premiers à tirer l'épée, je ferai le dernier à la remettre. Ils nes respectent pas les Traités. Il faut dorenavant les couvrir de crepe noir.—He then went his round. In a few minutes he came back to me, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. He began again. Pourquoi des armemens? Contre què des mesures de precaution? Je n'ai pas un seul vaisseau de ligne dans les ports de France; mais si vous voulez armer, j'armerai aussi; si vous vous lez vous battre, je me battraï aussi. Vous pourrez peutetre tuer la France, mais jamais l'intimider.—On ne voudroit, said I, ni l'un ni l'autre. On voudroit vivre en bonne intelligence avec elle.—Il faut donc respecter les Traités, replied he; malheur a ceux qui ne respectant pas les Traités; ils en seront responsable a toute l'Europe.—He was too much agitated to make it advisable for me to prolong the conversation; I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment, repeating the last phrase. It is to be remarked that all this passed loud enough to be overheard by two hundred people, who were present, and I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency on the occasion.

BIRTHS

Sunday 12th June, at Troston Hall, Suffolk, the Lady of Capel Loft, Esq. of a daughter. Mrs. H. Siddons, of Covent Garden theatre, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

March 22nd, at Ipswich, Searles Wade, Esq. of that place, to Miss Laura Carthew, daughter of the late Rev. T. Carthew, of Woodbridge, Suffolk. 12th March, Mr. Taylor, of Ludgate Street, to Miss Charlotte Losson. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Lieut. Col. Maitland, of the 1st regiment of Guards, to the Hon. Louisa Crofton, second daughter to the Right Hon. Lady Crofton. The Right Hon. Lord Redesdale, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Percival. At Gloucester, Captain Weller, to Miss Caroline Raikes, daughter of Robert Raikes, Esq. of that city. Colonel W. B. Davis, of the India Company's service, to Miss Maria Blair. D. Gould, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Willes, daughter of the Archdeacon of Wells. At Rome, on the 16th of

April, Lord Cloncurry, to Miss Eliza Morgan. Henry Cadwallader Adams, Esq. of Ansty Hall, in the county of Warwick, to Miss Curtis, eldest daughter of Sir William Curtis, Bart. of Cullans Grove, Southgate, in the county of Middlesex. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Langford, of the Navy, to Miss Ramsbottom, of Windsor. At St. Martin's, near Canterbury, Capt. Cheshyre, R. N. to Miss Sandys, of St. Martin's. At St. James's Church, J. S. Hage, Esq. Commissioner General from his Danish Majesty in the Island of Santa Cruz, to Miss Maria Ruspini, daughter of the Chevalier Ruspini, of Pall-mall. The Rev. William Anrobus, Rector of Acton, to Miss Bowles. Lord Viscount Clerawley, to Lady Is. St. Lawrence, daughter to the Earl of Howth.

DIED.

On the 4th June, at Forglan, Scotland, the Right Hon. William Lord Bann. At Lydiard-Tregotze, the Hon. Mr. St. John, eldest son of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. At Euston-hall, Suffolk, aged 22, Lady Caroline Fitzroy, sixth daughter of the Duke of Grafton. The Rev. Mr. Porteus, nephew of the Bishop of London. It is remarkable, that Mr. P.'s Lady died suddenly, at her father's house at Cambridge, within a few hours after the dissolution of her husband. After a few days illness, at his apartments in Cavendish-square, in the 43d year of his age, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Father in God, Lord George Murray, D. D. and Lord Bishop of St. David's. His Lordship was the second son of John, late Duke of Athol, and brother to the present Duke. He married Ann, daughter of the late General Grant, by whom he had left ten children all under age. He was promoted to the See of St. David's in October, 1800. On Thursday, the 8th June, Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. for Newport, in Cornwall, and one of the Proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre. He was at an inn in the neighbourhood of Bagshot Heath, and was suddenly taken ill on the Wednesday night. Medical assistance was soon procured, but in vain—he died on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Richardson was in the forty-seventh year of his age. He had, within the last three or four years, suffered severe shocks by the rupture of a blood vessel, but it was hoped that the natural vigour of his constitution would have triumphed. See the *Biographical Sketch of this Gentleman*, in our Number for November, 1800. The Right Rev. H. R. Courtney, Lord Bishop of Exeter, at his house in Lower Grosvenor-street. After a short illness, at the Earl of Derby's, in Grosvenor square, Mrs. Farren, mother to the Countess of Derby. At Bridgend, in Glamorganshire, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Morgan, a sister of the late Dr. Price. At Dublin, Robert Jephson, Esq. a gentleman of high literary character, author of *Braganza*, the Count of Narbonne, and other dramatic works. Lately, at Trinidad, in the service of his Majesty, Henry Swinburne Esq. father-in-law to Mr. Paul Benfield. At the Bull and Punch Bowl inn, Liverpool, Mr. Philip Breslaw, aged 77 years, well known for his celebrated deceptions, &c. He was born near Berlin, in Prussia, and has been 44 years in England.—Mrs. Pope, of Drury-Lane theatre.

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