

Cursory Thoughts on Learning
By
Henry Man



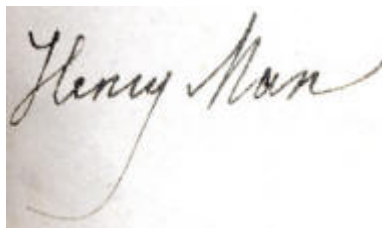
In 1774 at the age of twenty-seven, Henry Man published a series of articles under the title 'Cursory Thoughts on Learning' in *The London Morning Chronicle and Advertiser*. The series began on June 25 1774 and was continued on: July 2, July 9, July 14, July 19, July 25, August 2, August 6, August 13, August 20, August 27, Sept 3, Sept 10 and ended on September 24 of that year. Of these fourteen articles all but six were of included by the editors in the posthumously published *Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose of the late Henry Man* (1803). The six articles not found by the editors were: July 14 and 25, August 2 and 27, and September 10 and 24. All the articles appeared on the first page of each issue of the *Chronicle* except for August 20 which appeared on the second page and hence lacks the newspapers masthead running along the top of the page.

In the introduction the 'Miscellaneous Work' the editors wrote:

In 1774 he wrote some 'cursory' thoughts on learning in a series of letters which were published in Mr. Woodhall's Morning Chronicle for that year; such of these as we have been able to procure will be inserted in the present volumes, but the far greater part have hitherto from the distance of time eluded our search. These letters he intended to form a general plan of education on his own principles; but as we are not possessed of the whole series; we cannot say how far he carried it, or whether, like most other plans of this kind, it was not too visionary to be put in execution. Indeed, the author himself was not, we believe, very sanguine of its success, at least if we may be permitted to judge from a circumstance we well remember to have occurred at the time. A gentleman, from reading these Essays; which perfectly coincided with his own notions on the subject, endeavoured to prevail on the author to undertake the education of his son on the principles there laid down. Flattering as this

proposal was to a young man, as coming, unsolicited from a perfect stranger; yet, either persuaded of his own inability to perform the task, or, weighing seriously the difficulties that must attend it, he declined the offer, though enforced by every allurements of honor or profit, which might naturally bias the mind of a young man, who was not altogether insensible to praise, though at that time perfectly so to the value of pecuniary gratifications.

At an early age he was placed under the tuition of the Re. John Lamb of Croydon [which today is known as the [Whitgift School](#)]. Here his native genius, assisted by a retentive memory, soon raised him to the head of the upper class. His understanding was strong and vigorous, his conception quick, and the facility with which he accomplished whatever task was set him gave him a decided superiority over all his school fellows. At the age of fourteen he had acquired a general knowledge of the Latin and French languages, and would no doubt have succeeded with the other branches of a classical education, as are usually taught in seminaries, had not the severity of the master, for which the vivacity of the pupil was by no means adapted, forced him to quit the school at an earlier period than he would otherwise would have done, and with a rooted disgust for all literary acquirements beyond the English language, which he ever after insisted was sufficient for all purposes; whether commercial, professional or clerical, the more so, as we might at times refer for whatever is worthy notice in ancient authors to the excellent translations in our own language, with which this country at present abounds.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Henry Man". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid and elegant, typical of the 18th or 19th century.

It might not just have been Henry's clash with authority as a schoolboy that led to his early school leaving. Certain evidence would suggest that his father, John Man (1718-783), suffered severe business losses and was forced to leave the family and take up residence in Cardiff. It is probable that Henry was taken from school and articled as a clerk at the South Sea House, where his aunt's husband

George Cumberland was the Chief Examiner, in order to bring in some income to the family.

The Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser began publication on 28 June 1769. It was printed by William Woodfall, who was renowned for his ability to report parliamentary debates from memory. He used this skill to establish the newspaper as a leading London daily. In later years, however, he was unable to counter the challenge of James Perry's superior parliamentary reporting in the Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser. Perry bought the failing Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser in 1790, after Woodfall had left, and relaunched it under the shorter title Morning Chronicle which continued publication until 1896.

It is interesting to note that Henry Man used the anonym HOMO - appropriate enough given Henry's family name. Further searches of the Morning Chronicle will be made. Some initial searches of early British journals have revealed a number of articles by Henry using the anonym HOMO. These appear at the very end of the Cursory Thoughts series after P. 39 in this document.

David Man
New York City
March 1 2008

HAY MARKET.

AT the THEATRE-ROYAL, in the HAY-MARKET, On MONDAY EVENING next, Will be presented

The REHEARSAL.

Byes, Mr. FOOTE; The other characters by Mr. AICKIN, Mr. OWENSON, Mr. DAVIS, Mr. FEARON, Mr. WILSON, Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. JACOBS, Mr. JONES, Mr. LLOYD, Mr. PALMER, Mr. JOHNSON, Mr. EVERARD, Mr. FOLLET, Mr. PEIRCE, Mr. FRANCIS, and Mr. WESTON.

To which will be added a FARCE, called The PADLOCK,

Don Diego, Mr. BANNISTER; Leander, Mr. BRETT, from the Theatre Royal at Bath, being his first appearance on this stage

This Day is published, Neatly printed in quarto, price One Shilling, AN IMPARTIAL CHARACTER OF THE LATE DOCTOR GOLDSMITH;

Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas. Printed for G. Kearsly, No. 46, opposite Fetter-lane, in Fleet-street.

This day is published, In Two Pocket Vols. price 5s. sewed, or 6s. bound, SERMONS, chiefly upon RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY.

THE PURCHASERS OF the former edition of the Essays may have the Appendix separate, price 1s.

A NEW EDITION, greatly enlarged, with the Whole Law concerning Landlords and Tenants, and many other interesting Additions.

THE FARMER'S LAWYER: or Every COUNTRY GENTLEMAN his own COUNSELLOR.

Particularly all the laws concerning the game, brought down to the present period. The whole laws concerning highways and turnpikes, including the two last acts.

By His MAJESTY'S Letters Patent. IT is daily and voluntarily acknowledged by persons of all ranks that the STOMACH PILLS (made up of the most valuable simples) are the best remedy yet discovered for complaints in the Stomach and Bowels, either of a long standing, or newly contracted, by any natural weakness, or from a want of a proper supply of the alimentary juices, or from the bad qualities of some sort of food or drink;

A NEW EDITION, with considerable additions of the MODERN PARISH OFFICER; absolutely necessary for Churchwardens, Overseers, Surveyors of the Highways, Magistrates, Headboroughs, Constables, Vestrymen, Scavengers, and all other Parish and County Officers.

THE AGE OF LEWIS XV. Being the Sequel to the AGE OF LEWIS XIV. By M. DesVOLTARE. Printed for G. Kearsly, in Fleet-street; G. Robinson, Paternoster-row; P. Elmsey, opposite Southampton-street, in the Strand; and Richardson and Urquhart, Royal Exchange.

LIBERTY of Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, and Ely Rents. THE COMMITTEE for PAVING the said LIBERTY, will meet at the Workhouse on Saffron Hill, on Monday next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to receive proposals and contracts for taking up the present pavements, both foot and carriage way, of Leather Lane, and for paving the same in such manner, and with such materials, as are mentioned in particulars which are left with the clerk, of whom the same may be had by applying at his house, No. 30, Cattle-yard, Holborn.

MARYBONE GARDENS.

THIS EVENING will be A CONCERT. The Vocal Parts by Mr. DU-BELLAMY, M's WILDE, and Miss WEWITZER. In the course of which will be sung, An Entertainment of MUSIC, called ILL DILLETANTE. The Parts by Mr. REINHOLD, Mr. DU-BELLAMY, and Miss WEWITZER. IMITATIONS of the French, German, and Italian Style of Singing, by Mr. REINHOLD. Admittance Two Shillings and Six-pence each, The Doors to be opened at Five. And the Concert begin at Half past Six. The Gardens will be open To-morrow Evening for Company to walk in. Tea, Coffee, and other Refreshments may be had at the Bar.

COX'S MUSEUM. WILL continue open this Week, at the hours of Twelve at Noon and Six in the Evening. Clerks will attend at the Museum, and at the Lottery Office in Shoe-lane, for the sale of Lottery Tickets, admitting three persons at one Guinea and an half, which is more than even in the unimproved State of the Museum, was paid for the Sight only; nor will the Museum, from the Drawing of the Lottery, to the Delivery of the Prizes, be seen, unless by possessor of Admission Tickets) for less than One Guinea each person.

As numbers of persons that at the Museum Office purchase Admission Tickets, and after seeing the Museum, would gladly pay the remainder to have the Lottery Tickets also, Mr. Cox, to give every possible satisfaction, has directed the Clerks at the said Office to deliver the Lottery Tickets, whenever such application is made for them. Mr. Cox's Address to the Public, with every information relative to the Lottery, is delivered gratis at the above Offices.

DIRECTLY, For St. JOHN'S in Newundland, The CHESTER, WILLIAM ROGERS, Commander, BURTHEN 200 Tons, Guns and Men answerable. Lying at Rotherhithe stairs, And will actually depart on Saturday, the 28th of July.

DIRECTLY, For the Fair of Salerno, Naples, and Messina, The DEVONSHIRE, THOMAS WEBB, Commander, BURTHEN 150 Tons, Men answerable, Lying at Stone stairs. The Commander to be spoken with every morning at Sam's coffee-house, near the Custom-house; and on the Exchange at Exchange time, at the Antaglian Coffee-house, Threadneedle-street, or WALTER COPE and WILLIAM BIGNELL, for the Commander, at their Office in Sweeting's alley.

This day is published, In 2 vols. price 6s. sewed, or 7s. bound, A NEW EDITION, with a SUPPLEMENT, comprising an Account of all the Public and Private Affairs of FRANCE, from the Peace of Versailles, 1763, to the Death of LEWIS XV. 1774.

Necessary for every Master and Mistress, Butler and Housekeepers, and all who have the Direction of Families; This Day is published, Price only One Shilling and Sixpence, THE ART OF MAKING WINES from FRUITS, FLOWERS, and HERBS, all the native GROWTH of GREAT BRITAIN, particularly of grapes, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, mulberries, elderberries, blackberries, strawberries, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, quinces, plumbs, damascens, figs, roses, cowslips, scurvy-grass, mint, balm, birch, orange, sage, turnep, Cyprus wine imitated, Sillflower, mead, &c. With a succinct account of their medicinal virtues, and the most approved receipts for making raisin wine.

To the WORTHY LIVERYMEN of the CITY of LONDON.

Gentlemen, I AM truly sensible of the Honor with which you have this day distinguished me, by a very respectable majority, and rejoice at an opportunity of shewing my sincere attachment to the City of London at this critical and important juncture. The public declaration of my sentiments, which I made from the Husting, renders a repetition unbecomingly unnecessary. I therefore beg leave only to assure you, that I will ever bear in my mind the favour you have been pleased to shew me, and shall be happy to merit upon all occasions the continuance of your good opinion and confidence.

I am, Gentlemen, with due respect and gratitude and respect, your devoted humble servant, JOHN WILLIAMS. Friday, June 24.

To the WORTHY LIVERYMEN of the City of LONDON.

Gentlemen, PERMIT me to return you my sincere Thanks, for your very great and respectable Appearance in my Favour This Day at Guildhall. As nothing but the most pure and disinterested zeal for the Public, could have induced me to step forth to offer my service to you, in the very important office of one of your Sheriffs, I think it my duty to lay before you my reasons for soliciting that honor at this particular juncture.—The approaching era of the General Election, appears to me, to demand men of the most decided public principles, and who will maintain with the same unshaken firmness and integrity, with your present worthy Sheriffs, the rights of the nation at large, and will on every occasion assert, at the hazard of all that is dear, the peculiar and boasted privileges of the Citizens of London.

This, Gentlemen, amongst many other public reasons, added to the repeated solicitations of many respectable friends, has urged me to request your support, and should I be honored by your free and unbiased suffrages, I trust that you will find me a character not unworthy of those principles, you have so nobly continued to avow—and no less attentive to the duties of that very important office, than to your wishes and instructions. I am, Gentlemen, With the highest respect, Your most obliged, and Obedient humble servant, GEO GRIEVE.

To the WORTHY INDEPENDENT PROTESTANT LIVERY of LONDON.

Gentlemen, THE favour of your Votes, Interest, and Poll is most earnestly requested for JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq; Citizen and Needle-maker, AND GEORGE GRIEVE, Esq; Citizen and Frame-Work Knitter.

At the close of the poll yesterday the numbers were, For John Williams, Esq; 45 For George Grieve, Esq; 45 William Plomer, Esq; 56 John Hart, Esq; 55 The poll will begin this day at Nine o'clock and close at Three.

To the WORTHY LIVERYMEN of the City of LONDON.

Gentlemen, YOUR Votes, Interest, and Poll, are earnestly desired for WILLIAM PLOMER, Esq; Alderman, Tyler and Bricklayer, AND JOHN HART, Esq; Citizen and Skinner.

At the close of the poll yesterday the numbers stood as follows: For Mr. Alderman Plomer, 55 John Hart, Esq; 55 John Williams, Esq; 45 George Grieve, Esq; 45

To which is now added, The Complete Method of Distilling, Pickling, and Preserving. By WILLIAM GRAHAM M, Late of Ware, in Hertfordshire. Printed for W. Nicoll, at the Paper Mill, in Saint Paul's Church Yard; and sold by all the Booksellers and News-Carriers in Town and Country.

To the WORTHY LIVERY of the CITY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN, I Am greatly obliged to you for the favour of your attendance this day at Guildhall, in my behalf; and though not so fortunate as to succeed, give me leave to return you my hearty thanks for your very kind intentions, and to beg your friendship upon any future occasion. I am, With all due respect, Your obliged humble servant, ROBERT SIDDALL. Poultry, 24 June, 1774.

To the WORTHY LIVERY of the CITY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN, I Am much obliged, and very sincerely thank my friends, for their support of Hands in the Hall, for Bridge-Master, notwithstanding the failure of success. I have great reason to believe I had many friends that were pre-engaged to other candidates, otherwise would have been in my interest. I humbly request they will be so kind to retrieve their Votes and Interest on any future occasion for. Your most obedient Humble Servant, JOHN YOAKLEY. Surry-street, 24 June, 1774.

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

Cursory Thoughts on Learning. A MONG a multitude of false maxims, Sir, countenanced by the folly of mankind; the distrepectful idea of men of letters that is studiously imposed on young minds, particularly deserves to be exploded; avarice is so generally the prevailing passion of age, that the parent conceives his best wisdom is exercised in impressing an unlimited love of gold upon the susceptibility of the rising generation. My son, says the man of wealth, get possessions; get eminence among your fellow citizens, and be distinguished for an immensity of fortune. Devote all your time, dedicate all your attention to this most excellent pursuit, and the world shall one day give you credit for your gains. Negatively he says, "let you heart remain uncultivated, and your mind be barren; pay no attention to the study of yourself, to the correction of your passions, or the regulation of your judgment; be totally indifferent about every moral, rational, generous acquisition, but get riches; O my son, get riches. Hence originates, in great measure, the universal illiberality of opinion that prevails respecting men, who from a constitutional passion for literature, or an accidental introduction to the polite arts, prefer the nobler studies of the mind, to the sordid views and narrow contention that are almost inseparable from a commercial situation; separated from the world by their devotion to study, they are disqualified from forming mean political connections to advance their interest; and misjudging too frequently from the warm susceptibility of their own feelings, that humanity and benevolence are more or less the public sentiments of mankind, they are deceived into an expectation of patronage and respect, and meet little but calumny and detraction. In the refined days of Greece and Rome, men of talents were regarded as a national blessing; those politic and learned people felt the advantage of being rescued from that ignorance and barbarity which had involved their ancestors. Our fathers said they sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death; but the son of science breaks forth upon their children, and we will glory in so bright a ray; we will cultivate the arts of peace, we will polish the rusticity of a great people. Philosophy designs to visit and dwell with us, we will therefore explode the savage system that have so long tyrannized over the superstition of the multitude, and walk in the light of heaven. Thus they naturally reasoned upon the advancement of the sciences, and felt the blessing as it flowed. Every man that either thinks or feels must acknowledge, from a sense of the degeneracy and deformity of his nature, that no political institution of civil laws, however sensible or severe, can maintain the harmony and economy of society on so permanent a basis, as the plans of philosophy provide. The natural perverseness of the human mind has ever opposed the best regulated codes of government, that the wisest lawgivers in the world have laid down. Moses met as formidable an opposition as either Solon or Lycurgus, and all who refer to earliest records of time must be convinced, that in the ages of popular ignorance and brutality, every firm of legislation was defective in its view, frail in its effect, and short in its duration. But when a general mediocrity of intelligence corrected the savage manners of the crowd, each man became capable of judging for himself, each man subscribed in some degree to the propriety of consulting the general good, the bonds of fellowship became more firmly united, the mind was detached by rational speculation from an indulgence in bloodshed and oppression, and a more general harmony succeeded. Considered in a political view, therefore, the advantages of learning appear particularly striking.

A well regulated civil and religious policy, an equal commerce, a liberal language, a moral decency, an elegant refinement of manners, a zeal for truth, and a pursuit of virtue, are the happy effects of true wisdom. These things challenge the admiration and conviction of every informed mind; they put to everlasting silence the pleas of little prejudices, and exhibit the character of men of true genius and cultivated judgments far above the crowd.

Yet strange to tell in this advanced age, a love for learning is daily discountenanced by all societies of men; men of pleasure call it pedantry, men of business call it trifling, men of levity call it melancholy, and men of gravity call it dangerous. The sensible (a very small class) convinced all opposition fails to effect a reformation of sentiment, yield to the madness of the times, and we may naturally congratulate our careless posterity on the prospect of a universal barbarity, a sinking to that dark estate from which this country has so lately emerged.

If we turn our view to men of fortune educated at capital seminaries and universities, whose youthful application has been directed to the study of classic authors, the contemplation of natural and moral philosophy, joined to the most liberal information of the schools, what a deficient picture of learning is generally displayed! We see the tendency perverted to explain away the best established moral creeds; we see its efficacy misapplied to countenance a deformed licentiousness of manners; we see its nature abused to juggle by a departure from what are called the vulgar maxims of the crowd; and a total contempt for every generous, every virtuous advantage that a liberal education ought to produce on the minds and tempers of its professors.

If we examine men who fill the middle station of life, we still find learning most shamefully disrespected, from a persuasion that it is more immediately calculated for schoolmen and divines, for men of needy fortunes or enthusiastic imaginations. They tell us it is an essential provision for younger brothers; they tell us it is admirably well suited to the necessities of the pulpit and the bar, but that the choice maxims of the world can determine the precise character of a gentleman without it. Thus men of leisure become a nuisance, instead of an ornament to society, and tacitly assent to the doctrine of the citizen of Geneva, that philosophy had better be exploded. For want of some studious engagement for the mind, they prey upon the world at large; they plan the ruin of domestic peace; they debauch the morals of their friends and dependents; they introduce private discord into particular societies; they publicly plot against the state; they laugh at the restraints of religion, and despise morality altogether.

The inferior order of men regard learning with a foolish, superstitious, distant veneration, but avail themselves little of its precepts. They mistake a mere scholar for a man of sense, a dogmatist for a man of learning; they entertain a superficial notion of its privileges, its distinctions, and its powers, and rather worship it as a distant Divinity, than court it as a present friend; thus almost all men unite in misapprehension and misconception of its nature, end, and extent; thus they discourage the labours of the ingenious few, who from necessity or inclination contribute to perpetuate the existence of the sciences, and counteract the general insensibility of the age they live in.

A solitary wit is a proverb of reproach in our day, a bye word of derision. This puny comment upon the obscurity of his residence, the altitude of his dwelling, the decay of his drapery, or the meagre misery of his whole appearance. That commentator calculates, in idea, his milk score and washing bill; while a third remarks his circumspect carriage in the streets, whispers something about castles in the clouds, and estates in Utopia, and then reminds us of the ludicrous description of a poet's situation, as described by Mr. H. garth; a map of Mexico in view, a child clamorous for bread, and a cat nursing her kittens upon his Sunday vestment: so true it is

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule.
But with deference, Mr. Printer, to these merry mercenary men, poverty is by no means a proper subject for criticism, nor is the want of circumstances any proof of a vicious heart or a contracted understanding. Ethics, to mend the world, and elegant compositions to refine it, may have frequently originated from a garret, and perhaps, if we properly consider the general circumstances of authors, we shall find their wants as frequently reflect on the insensibility of the public, as on any imprudence of their own. Confin'd by midnight lucubrations, subject to the disorders of a sedentary life, dependent on the caprice of pride and ignorance, and subject to a thousand mortifications and discouragements, they may, with as strict propriety, be said to eat the bread of carefulness as any man employed in the most laborious occupations of trade. We praise the statesman who enacts wise laws to preserve our property; we care for the soldier who fights decisive battles to secure our freedom; we commend the merchant who sails over vast oceans to increase our national consequence, yet despise and neglect the student, who sacrifices his health, his ease, his spirits, the powers of his head, and the zeal of his

heart to reform our manners, to amend our vices, to correct our cares, to entertain our leisure, to instruct our youth, and amuse our age. By literature the affections are enlarged from selfish prepossessions, and the judgment set free from the natural confinement of its ideas. Hence arises public love, general philanthropy, the wish that grasps a nation; hence proceeds moral rectitude, religious integrity, refined sentiment, the propagation of gospel truth, a knowledge of our own nature, and of the attributes of the divine.

H O M O .

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
To Dr. WILLIAM KENRICK.
S I R,

I Know not what your other subscribers may think of the discontinuance of your LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE; but to me it appears not only disrespectful to them, but to the public in general. It hath been hinted in the news-papers that you mean to pre-terminate their recommendation till winter; but ere then I shall probably have crossed the Atlantic; and I doubt not but others have likewise their distant avocations. You may conceive the ten Lectures you have delivered a sufficient compensation for a Guinea subscription; but, Sir, there is a respect due to the public, which requires the punctual performance of engagements; nor will the dignity of a LL. D. excuse you in the breach of it, any more than if you were a stage-player or a rope-dancer.

I am, Sir, your's,
Bedford Coffee-house, LACONIC.
June 22, 1774.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
To Lord NORTH.

My Lord,
AFTER having expressed a general dissatisfaction at the measures of those in power, I now think it advisable to address the Minister himself, who is the fountain-head from whence these evils spring. Before I proceed, I beg you will excuse the liberty I may have occasion to take with your character in the course of this letter, for I do assure you I shall treat it with that freedom it deserves, and yet advance nothing but what is fact. There is something so singular in your conduct, that I believe your equal can hardly be found in the three kingdoms; for you not only violate the rights of Parliament in the grossest manner, but you maintain that violation to be exactly agreeable to the most ancient forms of the constitution. Nay, if the part you have acted against the Americans was the only mischief you have done this country, it is sufficient, in my opinion, to render you, without exception, for ever detestable. Nobody, my Lord, can deny but that you have been very active in this affair; that you have taken particular pains to study how to bring this rebellious nation to a proper sense of that duty which they owe to our Sovereign; to convince them, that Kings can command, and that subjects must obey; and I doubt not but you will conclude all to the satisfaction of your friends, who, I must say for them, are always ready to take a part in whatever schemes you propose, though ever so pernicious to the state.

I must confess it is somewhat unfortunate that you should be suffered to govern us so long; I call it governing us, for, in truth, you establish laws when you please, and pervert them when you please. Charles the First could not have desired more than this. For my part, indeed, I see nothing remarkable in your conduct; for when one thing won't serve, you have recourse to another; which is your constant practice in the House of Commons, and by those means you keep in favour with particular parties, who if they were to judge your intrinsic worth by your abilities, I should soon expect to hear you had resigned your employments. The people of Bolton, when they are informed that they chiefly owe their intended sufferings to your Lordship, it is natural to imagine that you will be the object of their revenge, that they will haunt you through life as a being, the author of their destruction; that they will scarce let you enjoy a quiet moment to yourself. Then, my Lord, I fancy your spirits will begin to sink; you will then begin to repent of what you have done, and think your situation to be really desperate! The offence they have committed is trifling, and for which you have thought proper to inflict the heaviest punishment imaginable,—a punishment that is a disgrace to human nature; if you are versed in Scripture, you will find it even contrary to the laws of religion. The utmost rigour should never be exacted for a slight crime. I believe I may affirm that the Americans are now totally ruined, their freedom is gone, and they must drag out their wretched lives in slavery and dependance, unless they adopt the desperate measure of an open rebellion, and by chance, come off conquerors; if they fail in the attempt, why then all is over with them; for when once liberty is gone, the whole state soon drops to nothing.

V A R R O .

MORNING CHRONICLE.
LONDON, JUNE 25.

WE return our sincere thanks to the Public in general, for the increased encouragement which we have experienced during this last Session of Parliament; and as the largeness of our Sale has certainly been in a great measure owing to the very early and authentic Intelligence from both Houses, which we have

been regularly enabled to lay before our Readers, we beg leave thus publicly to express our gratitude to those honourable friends whose information gave us an opportunity of rising in this particular superior to every other diurnal publication: during the Summer it shall be our study to render our paper as various and entertaining in its contents as the nature of things will admit. We are convinced nothing but real merit will keep us in the esteem of the Public, and as far as industry and attention can attain that recommendation, we will endeavour to possess it.

* Noblemen, Members of Parliament, and families resident in the country, desirous of having the MORNING CHRONICLE sent to them regularly, may depend on their directions being punctually followed on sending a line to the Publisher.

GUILDHALL INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday a Common Hall was held at Guildhall, for the choice of Sheriffs for the City and County of Middlesex for the year ensuing, and other officers of this City. At about eleven o'clock the beadles attended their appointed stands, agreeable to the order of the worthy Lord Mayor, issued for that purpose. At half after twelve the Lord Mayor, with the Aldermen Wilkes and Lewes, the Recorder and Common Serjeant, and other city officers arrived at Guildhall; and immediately the beadles shut the doors (the Hall having been previously cleared) and admitted none but the Liverymen of their respective companies. About one o'clock near three thousand Liverymen were assembled in Guildhall, and when the Lord Mayor took the chair on the Hustings, a number of Liverymen followed his train, and almost filled the Hustings; upon which a clamour arose in the Hall, which by this time was fuller of real Liverymen than has been known these twenty years; and the Hall insisted that the too forward Livery should come down from their exalted situation, and place themselves on a level with their brethren of the Livery; this contest continued at least an hour and a half; the exclamation of off! off! being continually repeated. The worthy Recorder attempted to be heard, but could not until the Livery on the Hustings conformed. Mr. Saxby likewise attempted to harangue the Hall, but they would not suffer him to speak; at last a great number of those forward gentry came down from the Hustings, and by degrees the tumult was quieted.

During all this time, Mr. Stone, attended by Mr. Gates, the City Marshal, continued to exert themselves in accommodating the Livery at their admittance, agreeable to the new regulation, and preventing any disorders that might arise, which, we are sorry to say were, by some men, attempted to be made: they were successful, and the Livery were easily and expeditiously admitted.

The Hall was now very full of Liverymen, and the Recorder addressed them in an elegant speech, which lasted at least twenty minutes, expressing his happiness at seeing such a very respectable Common Hall, stating to them the ground-work of their invaluable liberties, and charging them to exercise the great privileges they enjoyed in a becoming manner; that men of property and probity ought to be the objects of their choice and men, who would support the invaluable privilege of the citizens, unawed by power, and uninfluenced by party. His speech was couched in the most affecting terms, and breathed the most patriotic and independent principles.

After the common formalities of silence, &c. Mr. Williams came forward, and addressed the Livery in a short, spirited, and genteel speech; but towards the latter end of it, he began to flourish so exceeding, that the share of approbation, which he had before received, was now turned into hoots and hisses, which, at intervals, continued a considerable time, when Mr. Williams withdrew, some clapping; some hissing, and some laughing. Mr. Grieve then came forward, and addressed the Livery, but he spoke so low, that it was taken no notice of; and the more especially, as he was not known to a twentieth part of the Livery.

The election was now entered upon, and among other Aldermen Mr. Alderman Plumbe had a shew of about forty hands, and was a little hissed. Mr. Alderman Kirkman had a shew of about five hundred hands, and was much applauded. Mr. Alderman Plomer had a great majority of the Hall in his favour, and was much applauded. Then came on the nomination of the Commoners, which, when the tedious list had been gone through, it came at last to Mr. Williams and Mr. Grieve; Mr. Williams had a great shew of hands, some Gentlemen said even equal to Alderman Plomer; Mr. Grieve a shew considerably less than Mr. Williams. Mr. Hart was next nominated, when at least two thirds of the Hall were in his favour, and he was very much applauded. The Sheriffs, after consulting some time, declared the election to have fallen on Mr. Williams and Mr. Hart. A poll was demanded on behalf of both parties.

The Chamberlain's and Bridge Master's election came on next; Sir Stephen Theodore Janßen had, our correspondent believes, every hand in the Hall. The choice of a new Bridge Master fell upon Mr. Townsend of Gracechurch-street by an infinite majority. The two new Ale Conners were Mr. Evans and Mr. Vanhagan; and then the Hall was

dissolved, it having been the best regulated Hall in the memory of man. At the close of the poll the numbers were,

For Alderman Plomer,	56
John Hart, Esq, an eminent	
dry-salter and Common-Coun-	
cilman of this city,	55
John Williams, Esq. —	45
George Grieve, Esq. —	45

Nothing was ever more conspicuous than the partiality of the Sheriffs at the election yesterday at Guildhall, in returning Mr. Williams in preference to Alderman Plomer, who, in the opinion of every candid spectator, had by far the greatest shew of hands.

A correspondent observes, that nothing but the extremest impudence, or the extremest ignorance, would at this period presume to assert, as in a morning paper of yesterday, that "if one Liveryman be kept out of Guildhall at an election, by mistake or otherwise, such election would be clearly null and void," when it is, says our correspondent, yet remembered with indignation by many, that it was a few years since impossible to approach the hustings at Brentford, but under the sanction of No. 45, the very honorable badge of blasphemy and sedition; and yet the rabble and the Bill of Rights thought the Brentford mighty fair elections.

Tycho Brahe, optician, presents his compliments to the two present worthy Sheriffs for the City of London, and finding from their declaration at Guildhall yesterday, that the Ministry was the majority, their eye-sight is very defective, humbly requests the honour of serving them with spectacles.

The Livery in Common Hall yesterday expressed great approbation of Mr. Stone's plan, which, notwithstanding some incendiary efforts to destroy its effect, surmounted every obstacle; and even the enemies of the plan cannot help acknowledging the utility of it; and we are assured that the real Liverymen will now attend constantly, as they are so conveniently accommodated.

Messrs. Plomer and Hart stand very well with the true friends of freedom; and as they will not attach themselves to any particular party, every independent Liveryman will support their election.

Mr. Alderman Plomer cannot entertain an idea of receiving back his fine, because it is carried to the New Bridge account; he therefore stands equal ground with either of the candidates; and, considering that he is a man of very considerable property, it adds to the qualification.

Yesterday at a quarter after four o'clock in the afternoon, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester was safely delivered of a daughter at Gloucester House.

Monday his Majesty will review the Artillery on Blackheath.

This morning early parties of the foot-guards will march from the Parade in St. James's Park, and relieve those on duty at Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor Palaces.

The Lords of the Treasury have given orders for money to be issued out for paying off the arrears on the Civil List up to Christmas last.

It is confidently asserted, that Lord Clare will soon be honoured with an English Peerage.

It is too confidently reported that Sir George Saville will be a Peer of England. Hath not that honest man too long beheld the fall of virtue and ability when transplanted into that unnatural hot house? It is like taking a fine plant from the mother earth, and confining its fibres to a narrow pot, where it cannot vegetate, but must wither and decay.

Private letters from America inform us, that, at the same time that some of the inhabitants of New York, and other places near New England, are amusing the Bostonians with Resolutions about entering into a Non-Importation Agreement with England, Ireland, and the West India Islands, vast numbers of their brethren are taking every method in their power to ship for the West India Islands every commodity for which they think there can be a demand; in short, it is a trial of skill who shall sail first, in order to seize that trade which the Bostonians, by their imprudent conduct, have totally deprived themselves of.

Extra of a Letter from Augusta in Georgia, North America, April 10, 1774.

"You are not to be told, Sir, that, from our situation, we are liable to be incessantly harassed and attacked by the Indians, who have of late committed open hostilities against the inhabitants on the frontiers of this and the adjacent provinces. It is much to be apprehended, that, as these savages have refused satisfaction for the people they have killed, we shall, by some future outrage, be driven into a war with them."

It is said that great numbers of Gentlemen, both in town and country, are determined not to drink a Great Personage's health until the Popish Quebec bill, and the Boston Port bill, are repealed.

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, June 21.

"Sunday night last the 19th inst. orders came down here for the Dublin, Reasonable, Kent, and Albion guardships to get ready for sea, and repair as soon as possible to the Sound. A draught is made from the other ships of a hundred men each to equip the above. 'Tis only for a cruise in the Bay to exercise the men, and keep the vessels in re-

HAY-MARKET. AT the THEATRE-ROYAL, in the HAY-MARKET, On MONDAY EVENING next, Will be presented The REHEARSAL.

SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE. In the THEATRE at MARYBONE GARDENS, THIS EVENING, Will be delivered, (With a New Introductory Address) A LECTURE, Serious and Comic, on the FIRST Part of KING HENRY IV.

For QUEBEC, And fails by Charter-party the 20th Inst. The MERCURY, JOHN YOUNG, Commander, BURTHEN 130 Tons, Lying at East-lane.

The following Advertisement is evidently meant as a laugh at the Printer of the Extract from Plymouth, which gave an account of the vessel's sinking with the man in it.

A certain invisible Correspondent does not enter very shortly into a more explicit explanation, the consequences may be fatal—as it has been already experienced, that SUSPENSE, in the EXTREME, borders upon madness.

To the well-disposed Public at large. It is consistent with either Justice or Reason, (the Essence of our Law) that a Plaintiff shall be deprived by a Judge of his Right of Trial by Jury?

This Day are Published, Elegantly printed in quarto, P O E M S, By the late Rev. JAMES CAWTHORN.

COALS. AS the price of this useful and expensive article constantly varies, no price can be fixed for a continuance, by a Dealer who would reduce the cost of it?

M. COX'S MUSEUM. A SCHEME of the LOTTERY, granted with a sole privilege of printing, either of the Lords or Common of Great Britain.

Table with 4 columns: Prize description, Amount, and other details. Includes entries like '2000', '1000', '500', etc.

SCOTCH COAL at cheap as any Wharf in London. NAVY-OFFICE, July 1, 1774. THE Principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy give notice, that on Saturday morning the 16th instant, at Ten o'clock, Sir Frederick Rogers, Bart. will expose to Sale, at his Majesty's yard at Plymouth, several Lots of OLD STORES, consisting of Paper Stuff in old Cables, Shakings and Candles, Rags in old Hammocks, Paper Stuff in old Bolt-rope and Shakings, old Cast Iron in Pots, old Green Damask and Moreen, Awnings, and Ground Toes; where any persons, willing to be purchasers, may have the liberty of viewing them in the working hours of the yard, till the day of sale.

In the Press and speedily will be published, FREE and IMPARTIAL REMARKS upon the LETTERS written by the late Right Hon. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield, to his Son Philip Stanhope, Esq. By A MAN of the WORLD.

A New and Elegant Translation of TELEMACHUS and GIL BLAS. This Day is published, Price Six-pence, embellished with a Frontispiece, (the whole to be comprized in Forty-two Numbers making Four Large Volumes in Octavo, illustrated with Copper-plates, designed and engraved by the most capital Artists.)

For Nice or Villa Franca, Genoa, and L horn, With liberty to touch at one port in the channel, The JUPITER, JOHN DENTING, Cammander.

THE ADVENTURES of TELEMACHUS, the SON of ULYSSES: and the ADVENTURES of GIL BLAS of SANTILANE. The former written originally in French, by Francis de Salignac de la Mothe FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray; and the latter by the celebrated M. LE SAGE.

BURTHEN 200 Tons, 16 Guns, and Men answerable. Lying at Iron-gate. The Commander to be spoken with every morning at Sam's coffee-house, near the custom-house, and at Exchange time at Tom's and Will's coffee-houses, in Cornhill; or HASKET SMITH, for the Commander, No. 4, America-square.

By His MAJESTY'S Letters Patent. IT is daily and voluntarily acknowledged by persons of all ranks that the STOMACH PILLS (made up of the most valuable simples) are the best remedy yet discovered for complaints in the Stomach and Bowels, either of a long standing, or newly contracted, by any natural weakness, or from a want of a proper supply of the alimentary juices, or from the bad qualities of some sorts of food or drink; any of which causes often bring on indigestion, want of appetite, oppressions by wind, head-achs, costiveness, and that dangerous disorder the BILIOUS CHOLIC; in all which complaints these pills afford singular relief.

The following Advertisement is evidently meant as a laugh at the Printer of the Extract from Plymouth, which gave an account of the vessel's sinking with the man in it.

A certain invisible Correspondent does not enter very shortly into a more explicit explanation, the consequences may be fatal—as it has been already experienced, that SUSPENSE, in the EXTREME, borders upon madness.

To the well-disposed Public at large. It is consistent with either Justice or Reason, (the Essence of our Law) that a Plaintiff shall be deprived by a Judge of his Right of Trial by Jury?

I Have the pleasure to acquaint you, that by the use of your LIGNORUM DROPS, I have received a perfect cure of a most inveterate scorbutic humour, which I have had upwards of twenty years on both my arms, from my fingers to my elbow; at first it broke out in my hand, then in my elbow, which was quite raw, and ran a sharp watery matter. The inveteracy of the disorder caused my nails to fall from my fingers, and rendered me quite incapable of doing my business, I was in the most distressing situation, without hopes of recovery; I had the advice of several of the Faculty, and have been in two of the principal Hospitals in London, without any relief; at last, through Providence, I met a Gentleman, who had been cured of a shocking disorder, by the use of your drops: he recommended them to me, and I began to take them immediately, and continued to take the drops till I had took ten bottles, which has restored me to perfect health. It is now ten months since I was cured, and have had no return of my complaints. You have my leave to publish this, as it may be of service to others afflicted with the like disorders.

To Dr. FLUGGER, in Prefect-street, Goodman's-fields, Author of the LIGNORUM ANTISCORBUTIC DROPS.

I am, with great esteem, Your obliged humble servant, WILLIAM SQUIRE GOLDSMITH, Sugar-Cooper, at Mr. Gallopins, No. 9, Tower-street.

These drops perfectly cure the most inveterate scurvy, leprosy, pimped face of ever so long standing. Likewise the evil, fistula, piles, old obstinate sores or ulcers, and is a sovereign remedy in all disorders arising from the foulness of the blood incident to the fair sex, and may be taken by persons of the most delicate constitutions, in any season or climate, without the least inconvenience or hindrance of business; and hath this particular quality, different from other medicines, that it strengthens the patient surprisingly.

Any person doubtful may be referred to many persons of credit, who have been cured by these drops of the above-mentioned disorders, and be fully convinced, that this is no imposition, by applying to Dr. Flugger, at No. 5, Prefect-street, Goodman's Fields, London, the only Author and Proprietor of the Drops, where they are sold at 5s. the bottle, with directions.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE. Curfory thoughts on Learning, continued. If we look back a few centuries into the literary situation of this country, we find a general obscurity of language, a crude, dissonant indigested compound of foreign idioms, fluctuating from one meaning to another, without harmony, without compass, without precision, and without order; the cadences were poor

and insipid, inferior to every purpose of public speaking or writing, wanting majesty, solemnity and power; the periods were quaint and unfringed, distressing to the ear, and superficial to the judgment, and so subject to constant variation, that a few years rendered the labours of their best authors obsolete and unintelligible; like the operation of the sculptors chisel upon a mouldering subject, the features of the work were continually vanishing away.

If we add to the disqualified state of the language, the general barbarity of manners, the universal ignorance of the peasant and the Prince, the priest and the people; we have every reason to pronounce it a deplorable situation, and to value ourselves upon the light that now shines. Pride and ambition are universal passions; as they are the offspring of ignorance, they never fail to maintain an unlimited sway, where the weakness and credulity of the multitude yield implicitly to their will.

In one view we find petty tyrannies erected over the separate counties of this kingdom. In another we observe a despotic sovereign, the creation of an execrable Pontiff, subjugating his people to the caprices of an arbitrary temper, and biasing the beam of public justice, by the insolent, oppressive arm of power: and above all this, we are informed that the church of Rome, directed the edicts of the crown, regulated the ecclesiastic and civil government, dissolved the people from all allegiance to the Prince, and made the Prince discretionally independent of the people; keeping the keys of private conscience, and maintaining their dictatorial usurpation by virtue of the faggot and the sword. The logic of those times was persecution; they found the stake an invincible argument on every occasion of obliquity and incredulity, and applied it with a most assiduous zeal. Religion consisted of Gothic rites, and monkish ceremonies. It was a crucifix and a ratory, a wafer and a shrine. The monastic formalist sat gloomily meditating in his cloister, and the pale priest contemplated his hoary legends; he traversed the cold pavement of the cathedral at the midnight chime, and called upon the Sainted dead, and hailed the horrors of the scene. His classical knowledge was confined to a little barbarous Latin, and respecting every branch of natural philosophy, he was totally ignorant of them all. He made no researches into the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the constitution of the earth, the laws of gravitation and attraction, the properties of the air, the relations between natural, moral, and physical causes; the conduct of the solar system, and the general obligations of nature. Astronomy was a Chaldean dream, and geography a fabulous chart; he had no conception of the symmetry of science, the liberality of its extent, and the utility of its end. Uninformed himself, he propagated error among the people. The toiling mechanic, labouring under the disadvantages of a confined unequal commerce, could scarce determine the deficiency of his gains; and the shepherd exercised some superior degree of capacity, that could count the number of his fold. The best instructed among the schools were enveloped in pedantry and dogmas; they were distinguishable by an awkward obscurity, a mechanical mode of speech, and a close confinement of ideas; they could neither instruct the sailor to steer by a chart, nor the philosopher to raise his telescope to the stars.

The abject state of the marine subjected the coast to continual invasion, and the vassalage of the soldiery involved the kingdom perpetually with intestine jars. The nobles, uncultivated by books, and disqualified for study, employed their leisure in boorish, athletic exercises among their tenants; or jealous of some regal claim, drew off the husbandman from the farm, to people the camp, and when the purposes of provincial tumult were answered, the cottager was sent back to his neglected fields. He was sent back to witness the desolation of his acres, the failure of the harvest, to reap and thrash laboriously for chaff, and encumber his granary with straw. Thus the peasant was kept poor by temporal tyranny, and vicious by spiritual absolution. There was no incentive to industry, for there was no security for possession: his land and life were constantly at the mercy of a mendicant Monk, and a persecuting c-nclave of priests, from whose verdict (such was the ignorant infatuation of the times) there was no appeal even to the highest civil jurisdiction. The cabals of the vatican, favoured by the ignorance of the people, made this country a constant scene of confusion; they promoted every violent hostility at home, and trifled away the blood of the subject a pleasure, in pompous crusades and foreign expeditions. They convulsed the state by their counsels, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Bulls and anathemas, ambiguous edicts, and holy execrations, were lavishly distributed on every political occasion, and every system of infernal fraud was founded on the weakness of mankind. They substituted the sign of the cross for the substance; the trappings of external parade for purity of heart, and uprightness of conscience; they deluded the multitudes by the glare of their mitres, the

speakers of lip service and knee service, the history of frequent formal prostrations, and the incoherent jargon of some rude prayers muttered in a foreign tongue; thus they maintained the supremacy of the church, and enriched themselves of the general superstition to enrich their coffers, to gratify their pride, to promote their pomp, and to extend their power. They well knew a translation of the Bible might be attended with fatal consequences to their authority, and therefore for good reason, provided against every possible diminution of their sway. They were aware that every conviction of ordinary understanding, opposed in some degree the sacredness of the church, and were unwilling to cope with superfluous opposition. Common sense improved ever since, had been an adversary too mighty for their strength, and they felt the advantages of fattening upon ignorance, to sensibly, to renounce them in favour of wisdom. The affectation of austerity recommended the form of their faith; their penances, their processions, their miracles, seduced the crowd to implicit obedience; confessions and dispensations gave an unlimited latitude to their influence; while the rhetoric of persecution was successfully employed to put an unanswerable negative upon every sceptical question.

In this manner the world became rescued from the wildness of a state of nature, to be involved in a state of slavery; and thus the common right of natural freedom was disputed by ecclesiastical impostors, excluded as pernicious to their interests, and silenced by the thunders of the pulpit.

The savage was a citizen of the world, he was born free, and he lived so. Lord of himself he paid no submission to his fellows, though he slept in the holes of the rocks, or dwelt in the dens of the desert, yet he exercised his will with freedom. He plucked the ripe fruit from the branches, and no one disputed his claim; he roamed about the country at large without trespassing upon another's inclosure; and as he was led by instinct to acknowledge nature for his mistress, and his mother, he enjoyed the prerogatives of a servant and a son. But when society became united, when a sense of the mutual necessities of their nature led men to incorporate together; when the jarring divisions of the multitude compelled them to seek for rulers and lawgivers, to preserve the economy of a compacted body, united under one head; when a spirit of ambition was kindled in the breasts of individuals by the delegated authority of the crowd, then it was that Kings became tempted to trample upon the common rights of the subject, and then it was that the clergy presumed upon the confidence of the people, to tyrannize over the tyrannies of all; they obstructed every path that could possibly lead to science, they propagated monstrous doctrines, they scattered darkness and contagion on every side, they fettered the mind by incongruous fictions, and compelled the will to be obedient to their sway.

But we have experienced in this country the happy effects of a general information, that has proved capable of correcting the tenor of so universal an evil. As Englishmen grew enlightened, they spurned the papal yoke, and vindicated their right to freedom; they planned, they fought, they digested wise laws, they determined the just balance of civil and religious power, they excelled in polite arts, and rivalled the neighbouring nations in liberty, in learning, in policy, and in power. They reduced their legislative system to a rational subordination, and drew an equitable line to determine the precise prerogative between Prince and people; they extended their commerce, increased their wealth, accumulated conquests, exalted their national character for scientific discoveries, and remain to this day the envy and admiration of foreign kingdoms, and the invincible guardians of their own.

H O M O .

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
ANECDOTES of PATRIOTISM.
Not what it is, but what it has been, and perhaps never will be again.

THIS powerful and sublime passion, by depriving man in some measure of his natural feelings, prompts him to love his country independently of himself. It was owing to it that Decius sacrificed his life, Fabius his honour, Camillus his resentment, Brutus and Manlius their children.

Pedanius of Lacedaemon, on presenting himself, in order to be admitted a member of the Council of Three Hundred (the Lacedaemonian House of Commons, we will suppose) was refused a seat—did he, in consequence thereof, labour night and day to excite discord among his fellow citizens, and to obstruct the essential operations of government?—No: he went away rejoicing, that Sparta was found to contain three hundred men of greater worth than himself.

A Spartan lady had five sons in the army, and was in hourly expectation of news from the field of battle. A messenger returns from the camp; and with trembling agitation she applies to him for information.—“Your five sons, said he, are slain.”—“Base slave! did I ask thee that?”—“Yet we have gained the victory.”—“Thanks to the gods!” exclaimed the mother. And she instantly flew to the temple in order to offer up her thanks.

In the year 246 from its foundation, Por-sena, king of the Tuscans, laid siege to the city of Rome, and was on the point of reducing it to the last extremity. A young Roman, fraught with a noble ardor, repairs, in the disguise of an Etrurian, into the enemy's camp, advances even to the royal tent; and, mistaking him for the king, slabs his secretary to the heart. On being seized, and asking his name, “I am a Roman,” replied he sternly, “and my name is Mucius. Thou beholdest in me one enemy who wanted to kill another; and I shall not have less courage to suffer death than I had to give it.”—In the mean time, as if desirous to punish his right hand for having disappointed him of his prey, he put it up on a red hot coal, which had been just kindled for a sacrifice; and he beheld it gradually consume away, without betraying the smallest sense of pain. The king, struck with this prodigy of resolution, ordered him to be removed from the altar, and to be restored to his liberty.—“Since,” said Mucius to him, “thou knowest the value of virtue, what thou shouldst not have torn from me by thy threats, I will freely grant to thy generosity. Know, then, that there are 300 of us young Romans who have sworn before the gods, that we will murder thee in the midst of thy guards, or perish, one and all of us, in the attempt.”—Porsenna, equally struck with admiration and terror at his speech, immediately raised the siege.

Among the prisoners whom Mithridates took in one of the many battles he fought with the Romans, an officer, named Pomponius, was one day brought before him, dangerously wounded. The king asked him, if should he save his life, he might reckon him among the number of his friends?—“Yes,” replied the prisoner, “if you make peace with the Romans; if not, it would be a crime in me to hesitate upon the subject.”

In the History of China, we read of a Chinese, who, justly irritated at the many acts of oppression committed by the grandees, waited upon the Emperor; and after enumerating his complaints, “I come (said he) to present myself a victim to that death which six hundred of my fellow citizens have already experienced for a similar remonstrance. At the same time I give thee notice to prepare for a series of fresh executions; for in China, there are still eighteen thousand truly patriots, who, for the same cause, will successively apply to thee for the same reward.” The Emperor, savage as he was, could not resist so much resolution: the above words sunk deep into his heart; and making an immediate enquiry into the grievances complained of, he not only effectually suppressed them, but put to death the culprits who had occasioned so much misery to his subjects.

The same History furnishes another striking instance of patriotism, and that in a female bosom. An Emperor of China, pursued by the victorious arms of one of his subjects, endeavoured to avail himself of the blind respect which, in that country, a son entertains for the commands of his mother, in order to oblige that subject to retire. For this purpose, he dispatches officers to his mother; and he, with a poniard in his hand, tells her, that there is but one alternative before her, death or obedience.—“Would it please you matter (replied she to him, with a smile of bitterness) to hear that I am ignorant of the tacit, though sacred, compact which unites every subject to his sovereign, and by which the former are bound to obey, and the latter to rule with justice? By himself hath this compact been originally violated. Base enforcer of the orders of a tyrant, learn, from a woman, what, in such a situation, one owes to one's country.”—With these words, she snatches the poniard from the officer, slabs herself with it, and says, “Slave, if yet there is any virtue remaining in thee, carry to my son this bloody poniard; tell him to revenge his country, to punish the tyrant; no longer has he ought to dread for me, ought to excite in him a scruple, or to restrain him from the paths of virtue.”

In the eleventh century, Godiva, wife of the Duke of Mercia, (a branch of the Saxon Heptarchy) manifested her love for her country, by a singular exploit. For beauty and virtue this Princess stands the foremost of her age. Her husband having imposed a very oppressive tax upon the inhabitants of Coventry, she strongly urged him to suppress it; but the Duke, a man of unaccountable caprice, refused her request, unless she would traverse the whole town naked. Godiva, despairing of success by any other means, submitted to his brutal whim; and having issued orders, that the inhabitants should remain confined to their houses, and not look at her, upon pain of death, she mounted on horseback, rode through all the streets of Coventry, without any covering but what a copious head of hair afforded her. One man, instigated by curiosity, peeped out of a window; and his impudence was immediately punished with death. In memory of this event, the remains of a statue, in the attitude of a person gazing, are still to be seen upon that very spot of the ancient city of Coventry.

During the threatened invasion of Britain, in the course of the last war with France, when there seemed to be a probability that the actual service of every member of the community might be required for the security of the kingdom, an Englishman, thus frankly expressed his sentiments on the occasion: “A

I am neither soldier nor seaman, (said he) I will not scruple to acknowledge, that I have no pretensions to bravery; but as a citizen, my purse is at the service of my country; my last guinea will I with pleasure resign for the good of Old England, but in no extremity will I be prevailed on to take up arms.”

Of the truth of the following story, which happened nearly at the same period with the above, the reader may rest assured, the writer of these anecdotes having himself witnessed it, as it literally follows:—In a company, one day, the conversation happened to turn upon the supposed intention which the French had formed of making a descent upon England. A child of about nine years of age, after listening with great attention to what was said, suddenly started up from his chair, and ran forward to his father. “Pray, Papa, (says he) if the French come here, will they bring any little boys with them?”—“I can't tell,” replies the father:—“but why do you ask?”—“Because,” cries the other, clinching his fists, “I would box them one after another, and give them such a drubbing, that they would never wish to come back again.”—The gentlemen present, as it may be supposed, were enchanted with this infantine, though noble, impulse of resentment against the declared enemies of the country; and taking him in their arms, they loaded him with caresses and with praises for his patriotic resolution.

ANECDOTES.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
An Instance of a Patriotic Lord Mayor's Gratitude.

AT the late election of Member for the City of London, the present Sheriffs elected exerted themselves to the utmost of their power in supporting Frederic Bull, Esq; not only neglected their own business in a manner by day, but debarred themselves their natural rest, in traversing every dirty hole and corner, for three nights successively, where there was a possibility of finding a Liveryman, using all the influence in their power to bring him to poll for their worthy friend; by which means, no doubt, the election was gained. When these gentlemen offered themselves for Sheriffs, this grateful friend of theirs polled for two men he had scarcely ever seen before, and utter strangers to the city and its laws. Not content with so doing, he immediately had circular letters sent in his own name to every Liveryman who had not polled, requesting, in the most urgent manner, their interest and support for the two strangers.—“When, O ye Liverymen, will your eyes be opened!”

Intelligence from Marybone.

The diligence of those who conduct places of public entertainment is indefatigable. The Coronation, the Installation, even the Jubilee at Strausford have been copied on the stage, the late singular entertainment given by Lord Stanley can only be imitated in a garden, and we find the hint has been taken accordingly, and we are very soon to expect a Fete Champetre at Marybone Gardens.

MORNING CHRONICLE. LONDON, JULY 9.

Extract of a Letter from Plymouth, July 30.
“Yesterday morning Sir James Douglas made the signal for making way, and in the afternoon got under sail with the ships under his command, except the Egmont, which sprung a malt coming round from Portsmouth. The ships belonging to this port, on leaving the Sound, saluted the Admiral; and a most unfortunate accident happened thereby on board the Kent. Immediately after firing the last gun, which happened to be abaft, the poop blew up, the after-part of the quarter-deck fell in on the ward-room, and above seventy persons were either killed or wounded by the explosion.—Ten were brought ashore dead, and thirty-eight persons carried to the hospital, two of which are since also dead.

“Tis remarkable no officer received any hurt except Lieutenant Shea, of the marines, who is only slightly wounded. The Captain and the officers happened at the time of the accident to be on the foremost part of the quarter deck. The ship's sails were trimmed, and the officers were speaking of going down to the Ward-room to tea just as it happened; luckily there were none of them below, or they must inevitably have suffered severely, as there is an entire wreck abaft. The great cabin windows, quarter gallery, taffarel, and upper part of the stern are entirely carried away. A signal was made to the ships in Hamoaze, who sent their boats and carried assistance to her. 'Tis almost impossible to describe the consternation of Plymouth and Dock on the first news of the affair; every one who had relation, friend, or sweetheart on board fearing for their safety.

“Tis said (for no one can tell exactly,) it happened by firing the gun to windward, the wadding returning and falling into the arm-chest, in which were a number of musket cartridges, and some say a couple of barrels of powder.—The Kent and the Egmont remain in the Sound, waiting for a wind to go into Hamoaze to refit.”

The Duke of Gloucester has, we hear, within these few days, had some symptoms of his old disorder, which may not improperly be considered by him, as a hint to visit foreign climates

It is now at length pretty clear, that the fair Danish Sovereign must not hope to be restored to home, to fame, or her children, let her life be of what continuance it may; far, says a celebrated writer, be from the breast of a prince, that fly slow policy, that looks with an oblique eye upon every thing; and this false kind of wisdom is of so dangerous a nature, that it frequently breathes evils, without ever making one successful discovery.

Extract of a letter from Bury St. Edmunds, July 5.

“The signing the Quebec bill has given great spirits to the Roman Catholics of this county; they now begin to triumph, and do not scruple to declare, that in a few years they shall have the same privileges allowed them here as the Roman Catholics have at Quebec. We have at this time four Mass Houses, which are open every day; one in the Southgate-street, one in the Northgate-street, one in the Westgate-street, and one in the Risby-gate-street; they draw a number of people after them, especially the lower sort, whom they obtain by presents, &c.”

Although according to the letter of the law, the land-estates of the Roman Catholics are double-taxed, yet by partial rates, they hardly amount, through the kingdom, at an average, to more than a fifth part beyond those of the Protestant landed interest.

We hear that Lord Lumley, and the Hon. Mr. Shirley have declared themselves candidates for Hull.

Upon a very accurate calculation, it is computed that every fifth artisan in this country has been hitherto employed in American exports. If the resolutions then lately entered into by the people of Annapolis, become general throughout the provinces, may we not seriously ask, “What will become of poor Old England?”

To-morrow Mr. Justice Ashurst, and Mr. Baron Burland, will set out for Abington to hold the assizes on the Oxford circuit, which begin at Abington on Monday next.

The good effects of the late act for regulating Drovers in the streets of London, Westminster, and Borough of Southwark, are apparent to the inhabitants in and near the neighbourhood of Smithfield. Before the act not a market-day passed that there were not two or three oxen, sometimes more, driven about, to the great terror of the inhabitants; but since we do not remember to have seen one instance of the sort, the cattle pass so quietly, that the most timid persons go about their respective businesses on Mondays and Fridays, as on any other days in the week.

This day the corpse of the late Lord Holland is to be removed from Holland House, Kensington, in order to be carried for interment to the burying place of that family at Farley in Wiltshire.

LORD HOLLAND'S WILL.

“Stephen, the Wiltshire estate, 5000l. per annum, and 20,000l. Charles, the Shepy and Thanet estate, 900l. per annum, and 20,000l. The Captain, an estate in the North, 500l. per annum, and 10,000l. Lady Holland, 2000l. per annum, with Holland House estate, plate, &c. to pay some small legacies, and to be held sole executrix.”

The unaccounted Crown debt of a late noble Lord, will, until liquidated, be paid into the Exchequer, and a quietus granted by the first lieu on all his unsettled estates.

A woman bawling about, “all the right and true last dying speech, life, character, and behaviour, &c. of the famous Hawke,” omitted to mention (as usual) “with a right and true copy of a letter which he sent to his wife the night before his execution;” of which omission a certain noble Lord (then passing by) reminded her; the woman thanked his lordship, and told him, the only return she could think of for his kindness was, that whenever she should be so fortunate as to cry his Lordship's last dying speech, she would take special care not to forget to mention his letter to his lady.

The woolstaplers have found from the countries lately they have purchased their stock of fleeces, wool of the finest quality, produced by the last sheep-shearing, that has been experienced for any years, which is attributed to a very favourable spring.

The committee appointed to examine the allegations of the petition of Joshua Tinsdale, late Head Marshal of this city, and Thomas Gates, the present Marshal, and to consider what order may be necessary for regulating the Marshals and their Men, who have purchased their places of the Lord Mayor, delivered in the reports at the last Common-Council as follows:

1. That it is the opinion of the Committee, that an act of Common Council should be passed, to repeal an act of Common Council passed in the year 1643, in the second Mayoralty of Isaac Pennington, Esq; respecting the appointment of the City Marshals and their Men, and for regulating them for the future.

2. That it is the opinion of this committee that for the future two Marshals shall be annually elected by the Court of Common Council, and continue during the pleasure of the said Court.

3. That six Marshals Men be for the future annually elected by the Court of Common Council, subject to be suspended for misbehaviour by the Lord Mayor or Court of Aldermen, until the next Court of Common Council.

4. That both Marshals and Marshals Men should have fixed salaries, and not be allowed

HAY-MARKET. THE THEATRE-ROYAL, in the HAY-MARKET, TO-MORROW EVENING, Will be presented A New Comedy of Three Acts, called, The COZENERS.

The MOCK DOCTOR. The Mock Doctor by Mr. FEARON, Davy, Mr. JACOBS; James, Mr. EVERARD; Harry, Mr. JOHNSON; Sir Jasper, Mr. LLOYD;

For Venice, (With liberty to call at one port in the Channel) The AURORA, THOMAS NEWSTEAD, Commander, BURTHEN 120 Tons,

In ROTATION. (Directly, without touching at any Port) For Villa Franca, Genoa and Leghorn, The ROMAN EAGLE, ANDREW RIDDELL, Commander, BURTHEN 200 Tons,

THE Freighters by the Ship BETSEY, Capt. ROBERT LANCASTER, from Venice and Nice, are requested to enter their Goods immediately, that the ship may be cleared, being engaged to proceed on another voyage.

A New and Elegant Translation of TELEMACHUS and GIL BLAS. This Day is published, Price Six-pence, embellished with a Frontispiece, (the whole to be comprized in Forty-two Numbers making Four Large Volumes in Octavo, illustrated with Copper-plates, designed and engraved by the most capital Artists.)

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, the SON OF ULYSSES; and the ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE. The former written originally in French, by Francis de Salignac de la Mothe FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray; and the latter by the celebrated M. LE SAGE.

The AUTHOR'S Night. MARYBONE GARDENS. THIS DAY, Will be sung, A New Comic Entertainment of Music called DON QUIXOTE. The Music entirely New, composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

On MONDAY next, FETE CHAMPETRE Will be held at MARYBONE GARDENS. IN the Conduct of which many of the fame ARTISTS are employed, and the principal part of the ORIGINAL DECORATIONS will be used as at the last Entertainment given under that name, at The OAKS.

FETE CHAMPETRE At MARYBONE GARDENS. THE SUBSCRIBERS TICKETS will be admitted on MONDAY next, every person coming with them, paying One Shilling and Six-pence, for the Refreshments of Tea and Coffee, which will be delivered indiscriminately.

CERTIFICATE. THOMAS REYNOLDS, Master of the ship Mentor, belonging to the port of London, do hereby certify to whom it may concern, that upon my late voyage from St. Kitt's to Carolina, with negro slaves, several of them falling ill of fevers, and some of them very dangerously so, I administered to them Doctor NORRIS'S ANTIMONIAL DROPS, and they all perfectly recovered, without the aid of any other medicine whatsoever.

To Dr. FLUGGER, in Precot-street, Goodman's-fields, Author of the LIGNORUM ANTI-SCORBUTIC DROPS. SIR, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that by the use of your LIGNORUM DROPS, I have received a perfect cure of a most inveterate scorbutic humour, which I have had upwards of twenty years on both my arms, from my fingers to my elbow;

I am, with great esteem, Your obliged humble servant, WILLIAM SQUIRE GOLDSMITH, Sugar-Cooper, at Mr. Gallopins, No. 5, Tower-Street.

These drops perfectly cure the most inveterate scurvy, leprosy, pimped face of ever long standing. Likewise the evil, fittles, piles, old obstinate sores or ulcers, and is a sovereign remedy in all disorders arising from the foulness of the blood incident to the scurvy, and may be taken by persons of the most delicate constitutions, in any season or climate, without the least inconvenience or hindrance of business; and hath this particular quality, different from other medicines, that it strengthens the patient surprisingly.

MC COX'S MUSEUM

AS SCHEME of the LOTTERY, granted without one Debate or dissenting Voice, either of the Lords or Commons of Great Britain, to Mr. JAMES COX of the CITY of LONDON, JEWELLER, consists of Prizes of the value of £ 5,000 £ 10,000 To be paid at the Bank of England without any deduction, within three months after the drawing of the Lottery.

Table with 3 columns: Prize description, Amount (£), and Total (£). Includes entries like '2 Ditto 3,000 6,000', '12 Ditto 1,500 18,000', etc.

The MUSEUM in SPRING GARDENS will continue open for public inspection till Saturday the 30th instant and be till then exhibited ever day (Sundays excepted) at the hours of twelve and six.

NAVY-OFFICE, July 1, 1774.

THE Principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy give notice, that on Saturday morning the 16th instant, at Ten o'clock, Sir Frederick Rogers, Bart. will expose to Sale, at his Majesty's yard at Plymouth, several Lots of OLD STORES, consisting of Paper Stuff in old Cabelts, Shakings and Cl-nches, Rags in old Hammocks, Paper Stuff in old Bolt-rope and Shakings, old Cast Iron in Pots, old Green Damask and Moreen Awnings, and Ground Toes; where any persons, willing to be purchasers, may have the liberty of viewing them in the working hours of the yard, till the day of sale.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.

Curfory Thoughts on Learning, continued. NO man can properly estimate the blessings of health who has not experienced the misery of disease. The sweetness of the rose is recommended by the rankness of the poppy. The brilliancy of the diamond is heightened by the darkness of its case; and harmony owes considerable obligations to discord. If we consider the mind in this view, we find, that notwithstanding every useful and ornamental advantage, it stands in need of being constantly awakened to a true relish for its present situation, by frequent references to less enlightened times. Though the general advantage of science is universally admitted, yet it is assented to in indefinite terms, like a word that requires an established meaning; and our reflection must be occasionally exercised upon the uncultivated situation of our ancestors before the superiority of the present age will fully appear.

work; he consulted a defence against the elements; he completed the house without finishing a room: Ceilings were low, staircases narrow and serpentine, apartments dark, and wanting every addition that the softness of a light moulding or the elegant arrangement of order could possibly occasion. Gloomy cathedral windows upon a confined scale were scattered, in contempt of uniformity; and neither grace nor accommodation consulted to render the habitation agreeable or pleasing.

If we turn our view to the prevailing obscurity in gardening, we find the most extensive situation, and most generous soil, incapable of creating a necessary grace and utility, because nature was sunk into a formal slavery; and art was imperfect in the extreme. The spacious lawn was crowded with gloomy evergreens, disposed with formal precision, and subject to the monstrous creation of the labourers sheers. The romantic villa was excluded from the view, and the mechanical situation of the flower beds, rather gave a stiff preciseness to the drapery, than caused an elegant flattering effect upon the eye.

If we may judge of the situation of sculpture in the fifteenth century, from the many monumental reliefs that our churches afford, we must confess it to be tame, spiritless, and insipid, wanting expression and attitude, a diversified richness in the folds of the drapery, and every graceful excellence that distinguishes a capital execution.

If we look back to the 14th century, we may, with strict propriety, call Music the wild note of a shepherd's pipe, and Poetry a woodman's ballad: the former was governed discretionally by the ears, without any judicious regulation; and the latter was subject to the distressing confinement of an unfinished language. The bard disguised his legendary tale in dark metaphors, and laboured allegory; he dressed it in rude rhimes, and doubtful measures. His periods were poor and insignificant; his cadences harsh and awkward; his dirges and his ditties were carolled in dying strains, and his superior compositions left the lovers of the muses just as wise as they found them.

It is curious enough to observe the obscurity of English poetry from the time of Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the reign of Henry the Second, to that of Chaucer, in the reign of Edward the Third. It appears our forefathers were so fond of chiming, that they made use of doggerel stanza, for law conveyances, and public records. In a book called the Muses Library, we have a conveyance of Edward the Confessor, which is remarked as an instance of conciseness and simplicity in the Saxon lawyers. It runs thus: Iche Edward Koning, Have given of my foiret the keeping Of the hundred of Chelmer and Daning, To Randolp Peperking, and to his kyndling;

With Heorte and Heide, Doe and Bocke,
(Have, and Foxxe, cat and brocke)
Wild Fowell with his flocks,
Patrick, fasant-hen, and fasant-cocke;
With green and wilde flob and flobke.
To kepen and to yemen, by all her might,
Both by day, and eke by night;
And hounds for to hold
Good, and swift, and bolde:
Four greahounds and fix brachos,
For hare and foxe, and wild cattus.
And therefore ich made him my booke:
Wiseffe the Bishop Wollfan,
And Booke ylered many one,
And Swain of Essex our brother
And teken him many other,
And our Strivard Houel'n
That by fough me for him.

If the mind was originally void of liberal embellishments, and deficient of scientific discoveries, it was still more barren of mechanic invention. The number of patents obtained within a few years, evidence this truth beyond all argument, and the experience of every old man will vouch for the public benefit of modern improvements.

In the glorious and immortal reign of great Elizabeth, the character of Englishmen first appeared as conspicuous for arts, as their genius had ever excelled in arms. Her Cecil and her Raleigh, her Drake and her Shakespeare; shone forth in meridian lustre, and witness'd to the world the deepest intelligence for council in the cabinet, for investigation in the closet, for extensive discoveries of foreign countries, and the most learned improvements at home. The clouds of ignorance gradually dispers'd; the morning stars of science shone in concert together, and at length a flood of literary light pour'd in on every side. The world has had a Bacon and a Boyle, a Locke and a Newton. The schools of Greece and Rome have been rival'd, the maxims of Socrates degraded, and all the oracles of antiquity sunk in the superior lustre of the moderns. The immortal capacity of the human mind has long been exercised in the most extensive displays of wisdom; the laws of nature and of nations are explained and determined, the most consummate systems of Philosophy established, a universality of science enlightens the schools, while the church stands steadfast upon that rock of ages, a revealed truth and a gospel dispensation. The public and private obligations of society are completely understood; liberty and loyalty, justice and humanity, co-operate cheerfully together to promote the ease and interest of individuals, and the harmony of the common weal. A general emulation for learning engrosses the passions of youth and the prejudices of age, the distinctions of the rich, and the labours of the poor; it leads the young student to the calm recesses of the shades; it confines the philosopher to his midnight lamp, and gratifies the hermit in his romantic sequestration. The mind, occupied by a love of wisdom, soars above this little sphere, and holds high converse with the stars. The mind, occupied with wisdom, shrinks into itself, and weighs well what is written there; it communes with the mighty dead; it separates the diamond from the dust; it scans the works of Providence with awful adoration, and prostrates in reverential humility before the Omniscient Judge of all.

H O M O.

FOR THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

To the Freeholders, Citizens, and Burgers of the Counties, Cities, and Towns of Great Britain.

LETTER II.

Gentlemen,
IT is the right and duty of the Freeholders and Burgers of Great Britain to examine into the conduct, and to know the opinions and intentions of such as offer themselves to their choice. How can any of them be truly represented when they know not who represents them? and as it was always their right, they had once the frequent means and opportunity to resent effectually the corruptions of those who had basely betrayed their sacred trusts, and of rejecting with scorn and detestation such traitorous paricides, and of sending up honest and wiser men to their room. This, my countrymen, we had once the frequent means of doing; make use now, O worthy and free Britons! make good use of this present dawn, this precious day of liberty, to recover once more that invaluable privilege. Do not wildly chuse any one who has given up, or attempted to give up your birthright, and above all that right which secures all the rest. This, Gentlemen, is your time, which if you suffer it to be lost, will probably be lost for ever. There are a set of men who proude about the country to buy boroughs; creatures, who accost you for your votes with the spirit and design, and in the manner of jockey, and treating you like cattle, would purchase you for less or more just as they think they can sell you again. Can you bear this insult, Gentlemen, upon your honesty, your reason, and your liberties? or if there are any amongst you who countenance such vile and execrable bargains, which affect and involve you all in their consequences, ought they not to be treated like public enemies, as indeed they are, and be hunted from amongst you? I have often wondered how a little contemptible corporation, consisting, as some of them do, of broom-makers, hedge-breakers, and sheep-stealers, could stand the looks and rebukes of a rich and honest

neighbourhood, after these dirty rogues had openly sold at the market cross, perhaps for forty shillings a-piece, not only their own liberties, but, as far as in them lay, the liberties of that rich neighbourhood, and of all England. Such saleable vermin ought to be treated as persons excommunicated, as the pests and felons of society, which they would sell for porridge: if proper abhorrence were every where shewn towards them, and no commerce held with them, they would even grow honest out of necessity; or if they did not, they might justly fear, like guilty Cain, that every man they met would kill them. If this method was taken, it would cure corruption of this kind: let those that sell their country be every where renounced and shunned by their neighbourhood and their country, and such sale will be soon over. The majority of you, Gentlemen, are yet uncorrupted; indeed, none but a few of the worst and poorest of you are yet corrupted. The body of the Freeholders know not what it is to take money, and chuse their representatives from amongst themselves, and form a thorough acquaintance either with the men or with their characters. The little beggarly boroughs only are the tools of corruption; with them money is merit, and full of recommendation, they engage for men without knowing their names, and abuse them sometimes without seeing their faces, and yet their members, when they are chosen, are as good as yours; that is their votes are as good. It is in your power, Gentlemen, and in that of your honest neighbours, to cure this mighty evil, which has hitherto been incurable, or not suffered to be cured. They are but a few, and an inconsiderable few, in comparison with you; and cannot live without your assistance though you can without them. Try the expedient which I propose; neither buy nor sell with those reprobate mercenaries, who sell themselves and you; your all is concerned in it. This is not a dispute about dreams and speculations, which affect not your property, which these wretches throw away, by chusing for the guardians of property, men whom they know not, or who are only known by name by a very bad token, that of having corrupted them. Lay not your money out with those who for money, sell your liberties, which is the only source of your money, and of all the happiness you enjoy. Remember, that, when your all is at stake, as it always is in an election of those who are either to guard, or to give up your all, I say remember, how wondrously and blindly upon that occasion these wretches surrendered themselves, and you, and your all, and all England, to the best bidder, without knowing often who he is. What mercy do these cruel slaves deserve at your hands? The most terrible thing they can do against you and your posterity, they do. When Hannibal had gained his last and greatest battle against the Romans, and many of the nobility were deliberating about leaving Rome, the young Scipio entered the room with his sword drawn, and obliged every man present to bind himself with an oath, not to desert their country; and will you, gentlemen, suffer the little hireling inhabitants of a borough, who receive from you and your neighbours their daily bread; will you, can you suffer them to betray you, to give up your fortunes, and to comprehend you as they do, in the sale they make of themselves? Do you not know how much you are at the mercy of their honesty; how much it depends upon their breath, whether you are to be freemen or slaves; and yet you will stand stupidly by, and see them barter you away for loose guineas? Would you allow the common laws of neighbourhood to such as steal or plunder your goods, rob you of your money, seize your houses, drive you from your possessions, enslave your persons, and starve your families? No sure, you would not; and yet will you, and can you continue to treat, as neighbours and friends, those rath, wicked, and mercilefs profligates, who, as far as in them lies, would bring upon you and your posterity, all those black and melancholy evils, by committing the mighty and sacred trust of all your lives and properties to men, who hire them to betray it; and after first having made them rogues, may afterwards, for ought they know, make them slaves, and you with them.

BRUTUS.

(To be continued.)

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE
Mr. Woodfall,
BEFORE I state what I conceive to be arguments of force sufficient to have warranted the Jury in giving you a verdict last Monday, it is highly necessary I should declare, I by no means avow either the principles or the doctrine of the writer of the letter signed a SOUTH BRITON. None but a madman or an idiot would do either the one or the other. I look upon the South Briton as the production of a rank, inveterate Jacobite, incapable of seeing what stares every other man in the face, and so exceedingly ignorant as to draw such inferences as are by no means deducible from what he lays down as the groundwork of his absurd letter. I rise as an advocate for the Printer of a paper published as the free channel of every kind of political argument, and for the contents of which the Printer is not, in my idea, answerable, unless he either betrays the peace, or injures the reputation of an individual, or stirs up, or evidently endeavours to stir up a public commotion, and thereby endanger the repose of the community. The information filed against

by the Attorney General, began with charging you as a seditious and evil-intentioned person, who had wickedly, &c. contrived to publish a matter tending to alienate the minds of his Majesty's subjects; it then stated the letter charged as a libel, and stated it with a variety of constructive innuendoes, which gave it a meaning applicable to certain notorious historical facts; it concluded with a concise argument that the main drift of the letter, so construed, tended to excite sedition, and for this criminal fact prayed judgment of your country, upon which you had put yourself, by pleading the general issue of not guilty. I have endeavoured, in this brief recital of the substance of the information, to preserve its purport without its tedious repetitions, and I fancy I have so far faithfully contracted it as to lose no one essential part of it. I begin then with declaring that, according to my idea of the matter, before a general verdict of guilt could be conscientiously given against you, it was highly necessary that every part of the charge should have been fully proved. I know it has been said that the innuendoes are mere inferences of law, and that a proof of publication of the subject matter of the information, is all the jury are to attend to; that they are to judge of the facts, the bench of the law. This doctrine has been already determined false, and the extreme danger of it, without such a determination, would challenge doubts and create suspicion. There is nothing more certain than that Juries are Judges of the whole, they are to feel how effectively dangerous the imputed libel may appear, and their consciences are to determine how far libellous the matter charged may be. To enable them to judge of the propriety of the application of the innuendoes, proof should be laid before them to rivet conviction of this necessary propriety of application. Because an Attorney General chuses to stile a man a seditious person, the Jury are not to take it for granted that he is so; before they determine him seditious, they must have proof of his sedition. The intentional publication of a seditious matter must be proved; and it must be shewn by evidence that the publisher is really of a seditious mind, before a jury can convict him with safety to their conscience; for their verdict of Guilty goes generally to the whole charge, and does not, as has been falsely imagined, speak only of the publication of so much paper. A man may, through inadvertency, hurry of business, or a thousand obvious causes, admit a libel into his paper; his seditious intention is the very essence of the Attorney General's charge against him on an *ex officio* information; it must therefore be fully proved. The case is widely different between a man who accidentally fires a gun and kills another, and he who premeditatedly shoots at him with intent to kill him. And this is the precise line of distinction between a publisher of a libel and a writer of one. The latter, designedly and with malice aforethought, contrives it; the former, without knowing its mischievous tendency, conveys it to the public in the ordinary course of his profession, as a carrier may carry poison in the shape of medicine, or contraband goods, without being deemed criminal. On your trial there was not only a total failure of proof that you was a seditious, ill-affected person, but the Attorney General himself in his explanation of the grounds of the prosecution, was silent on that necessary part of his subject; there was not the most distant shadow of evidence to shew you in the light described by the introductory innuendoes. This, as a conscientious man, I deem a defect insurmountable, and which of itself was sufficient to warrant an acquittal. In my next I shall speak more immediately to the letter itself.

A REVOLUTIONIST.

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE.
S I R,

I Have attended to the subject of the late informations (I think they are so called) against the Printers, but not having pretensions to the character of a writer, beg leave only to throw out a hint or two, that may be enlarged on by some more able hand: It is amazing that Juries cannot see the drift of certain high officers against this branch of business, which is nothing more than to reduce an English Printer to the level of a publisher of the *Brussels Gazette*, and a direct attack upon the press in general: It is only coaxing a Jury to say that such a one published such a paper, (which never was doubted) and the business is done, for they are afraid to separate the actual deed from a bad intention, and therefore, instead of determining the issue, they leave it to the arbitrary will of one man to inflict a punishment, where perhaps there was not the least criminality, or even knowledge of it. Of a piece with this is the licentiousness of the stage, (which by the bye is a better method of ridiculing a man out of his follies, than any other) but if any great man's foibles are touched upon, the piece must be declined, or suffer such an amputation, that it is thereby rendered neither of use or entertainment.

A Printer's Friend.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

LONDON, JULY 14.

Yesterday there was a Levée at St. James's; his Majesty returned to Kew soon after it broke up, and the foreign Ministers met and held a conference at the Thatched House

Tavern in St. James's Street. Chev lier Pinto from Portugal was present for the first time.

A range of new rooms are building in the Stable Yard, St. James's, for Christian Nicholas's residence, one of the Queen's Pages of the Back Stairs, and a particular favourite at Court for his excellent performance on the violin. He played many years at the Italian Opera-House in the Hay-Market.

The Charlotte yacht is ordered by the navy board to be repaired, new rigged and guilt, immediately, and the wardrobe have ordered very rich new furniture for her to be got ready with haste, so that our readers may formise from the above as they please, it being only known to a few at Court where she is destined for.

The young King of France, 'tis said, since he came to the Crown, has given our Sovereign many proofs of his friendship and sincerity, and of his real intention to preserve the peace now subsisting. In consequence of this, Lord B—, the Duke of G—, and some other great and good men, 'tis reported, were summoned together to consider how England would best express a due sense of the friendship of France towards her, when it was immediately concluded to form and pass the late glorious *Quebec Bill*.

The Ministry, 'tis said, now think the young Lord L— may be a useful member to them, and they are much buked to make a convert of him if they can.

Extract of a letter from New-York, June 9.

Saturday last, being the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day, (when he entered the 37th year of his age) at 12 o'clock his Excellency General Haldimand, attended by a number of gentlemen, walk'd to the Commons, where they were received by a Royal salute from the Train of Artillery, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers then under arms; after which his Excellency returned to his residence, where his Majesty's and other healths were drank, under the discharge of a Royal salute from Fort George, his Majesty's ship Swan, Capt. Ascough, and sundry other vessels in the harbour; in the evening some very curious fireworks were exhibited, and a small number of houses were illuminated; but the generality of the inhabitants, (though perfectly well affected to his Majesty's person and family, and preferring the English constitution to every other form of government) were too deeply impressed with the melancholy situation of all the British colonies, to assume the least appearance of public rejoicing, while it remains in suspense whether we shall remain freemen by maintaining our rights, or submit to be slaves."

Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia, dated June 2, 1774.

"Yesterday we had a pause in the business of this city—and a solemn pause it was. If we except the friends, I believe nine tenths of the citizens shut up their houses; the bells were rang muffled all the day, and the ships in the port had their colours half hoisted."

The New York paper says, That every town in every Colony of America from which we have yet heard, consider the Case of Boston as their own, and agree, in sentiment, to unite their strength, and exert every faculty in the most determined persevering endeavours to preserve their rights and liberties against the tyrannical encroachments of Great Britain. To this end a congress is soon expected; and a total suspension of all commercial intercourse between the Colonies and Great Britain and Ireland at least, it is generally believed will very soon take place.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Boston, dated 18th of May, to his friend in Glasgow.

"I must not fail writing you the state of our politics, as they are interesting to you at this time.

"The news of blocking up the harbour was received with great astonishment; most of the people of property in the town, look upon themselves as ruined, if some means is not fallen upon to open the port by the fall of the year. They talk of applying to the New Assembly which meets the next week to pay the money for the tea, and to endeavour to soften down things as much as possible; the other party who had the rule for seven years past, talk as high as ever, and declare they will not pay a farthing, though ruin should be the consequence. Our new Governor made his public entry yesterday, the Assembly is to be removed to Salem, and all the Custom-house Officers. What turn things will take I cannot as yet say."

Should a war break-out, 'tis said, in order to carry it on there will be a general reduction of our Court salaries and pensions, but not otherwise; and that no one person shall have, either in place or pension, more than 1000l. per annum, and that the general reduction will be in proportion, which will doubtless, really in effect, raise a prodigious sum, and consequently enrich his Majesty's Exchequer to a great degree, so that neither provisions, taxes, nor pernicious lotteries, to the ruin and utter destruction of trade, may be no longer wanting: a most glorious and heroic design when our condition and circumstances are justly considered, for taxes cannot be raised with either cheapness or safety, to pay most exorbitant salaries and pensions. A million saved, will be a million got, and how little forever salaries and pensions are, it can hardly be doubted, but that his Majesty may, and will, be served full as well for the future as he has been lately.

The NINTH Night. HAY-MARKET. At the THEATRE-ROYAL, in the HAY-MARKET, TO-MORROW EVENING, Will be presented A New Comedy of Three Acts, called, The COZENERS.

The principal characters by Mr. FOOTE; Mr. BANNISTER; Mr. AICKIN, Mr. WILSON, Mr. BURTON, Mr. FEARON; Mr. COURTNEY; Mr. EVERARD; Mr. WESTON; Mrs. WILLIAMS; Mrs. GARDNER; Miss PLATT; Mrs. LOVE; And Mrs. JEWELL.

NAVY-OFFICE, July 27, 1774. THE Principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy give Notice, that on Friday the 5th of August next, Commissioner Frobly will be ready at his Office, in his Majesty's Yard at Chatham...

CAPITAL PRIZES from Five to Twenty Thousand Pounds, in Mr. MOLESWORTH'S CALCULATION, on the following Lotteries. Lottery 1767. Nos. 3379 1.20000 3576 10000 30540 10000 58956 10000 22242 5000 22243 5000

MARYBONE GARDENS. This Evening, SIGNOR TORRE having been requested by several persons of Great Distinction, to repeat What was exhibited at his Benefit.

MUSEUM SPRING GARDENS. MR. COX hereby acknowledges the receipt of the several Letters, signed FORTUNATUS, A LARGE ADVENTURER, A COMPANY OF LADIES WHO INTEND PURCHASING FIFTY TICKETS; and many others, some complaining of the Impr. priety, and some of the injustice of shutting the Museum at this time...

For Venice directly, The AURORA, THOMAS NEWSTEAD, Commander, BURTHEN 120 Tons, Men answerable, Lying off the Tower, Has two-thirds of her cargo on board, and will absolutely depart the 10th of August.

To fail on Saturday the 14th of August, For Bicoa directly, The ENDEAVOUR, THOMAS COOPER, Commander, BURTHEN 90 Tons, Men answerable, Lying off the Tower, The Chief of her cargo engaged. The Commander to be spoken with every morning at Sam's coffee-house, near the Custom-house...

STATE LOTTERY, 1774. MESS. ROBERT AND JOHN JOHNSON beg leave to acquaint their Friends and the Public in general, that TICKETS and SHARES of Tickets, are sold and divided into Halves, Quarters, Eighths, Sixteenths, Thirty-seconds, and Sixty-fourths...

Table with columns: No. of Prizes, Value of each, Total value. Rows include values of 20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 2,000, 1,000, 500, 100, 50, 20, 10, 5, and 2.

MINIATURE PROFILES. (By the Original, No. 33, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden) THE most Striking Likeness; four of the same for Two Shillings a d Six-pence, or one in a carved and gilt frame, for Three Shillings.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE OR, Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex. Appropriated solely for their use and amusement. Containing, A Sentimental Journey through England, by a Lady, continued. The happy return. Account of the new comedy of the Cozeners.

THE LAWYER'S MAGAZINE; OR, General Repository of PRACTICAL LAW. Calculated for the aid and assistance of the Barrister, the Special Pleader, the Conveyancer, the Solicitor, the Attorney, and the Private Gentleman; and is essentially necessary to conduct the Clerk and Student, as it will contain a complete Library of Practical Law.

LAWYER'S MAGAZINE. To the GENTLEMEN of the LAW. This Day is published, price 1s.

THE LAWYER'S MAGAZINE; OR, General Repository of PRACTICAL LAW. Calculated for the aid and assistance of the Barrister, the Special Pleader, the Conveyancer, the Solicitor, the Attorney, and the Private Gentleman; and is essentially necessary to conduct the Clerk and Student...

A NEW WORK. Executed by the most capital Artists of Great Britain, and calculated to enrich the Cabinets of the Curious, or to ornament the Apartments of Persons of Real Taste.

THE COPPER-PLATE MAGAZINE: OR, A MONTHLY TREASURE; for the ADMIRERS of the IMITATIVE ARTS. In each Number of which will be given, A Portrait of some celebrated Personage, some interesting Historical Subject, and some curious Perspective View.

To the PUBLIC. The greatest advantage that sculpture has ever received for rendering its works universal, and transferring them to posterity, is that of engraving upon copper, by which means a number of prints are taken off, that multiply a design almost to infinity...

The THIRD EDITION, In Four Volumes Octavo, price One Guinea in boards, Dedicated to Lord NORTH. LETTERS written by the late Right Honourable PHILIP FORMER STANHOPE, EARL of CHESTERFIELD, to his Son PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq; late Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Dresden. Together with several other pieces on various subjects.

The TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE, OR, UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY of Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment, for July 1774.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE. Curfury Thoughts on Learning continued. S genius can only be constitutionally accounted for, we may consider a wit in a physical point of view; and pronounce him a diseased man, of weak nerves, of too lively sensibilities, of an unequal fluctuating pulse, and an intemperate heat of brain...

If we take a brief survey of the tempers and characters of the most celebrated wits this country has ever produced, we shall find some melancholy counterpart to all their graces, some reason to question the happiness of wit as well as wisdom, and to vindicate the equal conduct of providence in every dispensation to its creatures.

In my fancy 'tis the midnight hour. The Mars of Heaven twinkle on the eye, and the Moon-beam trembles on the waters. The air is calm, except a gentle breeze, that agitates the aspen, and not a sound steals upon my ear, but the rude murmur of a distant waterfall, and the barking of a village cur.



For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
To Lord North, President, and the Governors of
the Foundling Hospital.

My Lord and Gentlemen,
THE love you have shown for the good of your country, in adopting that wise and noble plan for the instructing the young ladies and gentlemen of the Foundling Hospital, in the refined art and science of music, both vocal and instrumental, induces me to think you will readily adopt the proposal I am about to offer, which will, I am sure, greatly contribute to make it more certain of success; and as I shall do it from the same principles as the original proposers of this laudable plan, Doctor Burney and Signor Giardini have done it, shall only expect the same moderate salary of 200l. a year, and 50l. a year for each of my assistants, for which I humbly propose my two sons. You will do me the honour to observe my profession is that of a Surgeon; that I am by birth an Italian, and have produced many of the first men singers in Europe, of course am better qualified than that very great Surgeon Mr. G. will probably recommend, although I am not manager of one of the Hospitals. It cannot be supposed but you have already considered, that without the assistance of our profession, you have no certainty that the voice of a male singer will stand; and it would undoubtedly be a very great disappointment to the Foundling Gentlemen, if after being taught music and Italian, (for the latter of which a French gentleman is engaged) they should lose their voices, and be obliged to lay by all their Aims and Graces, and be bound apprentices to Shoe-makers, Tallow-Chandlers and Tailors, this would be a great falling off to them, and a disappointment to the public, who no doubt expect to see the Signors and Signoras in the opera bill. Alessandro, by Signor Tornicini Jones; Rosana, by Signora Cecilia Plowman, Detta Ingilina.
In respect to the ladies, if they fail, 'tis not equal consequence, as the several cubbs of Old and Young Whites, Boodles, Almacks, and the Scavoir Vive, have opened a subscription to support those poor deserted girls, until they can properly be brought into the world, which will be of great advantage, as they have no mothers, aunts, &c. to instruct, advise, or guard them; by this means these innocents, whose education has rendered them unfit for servitude, will be brought into polite life, and become an honour to society. But, warmed as I am with my desires to promote the above plan, I am carried too far from my original proposal, and humbly hope, if I have the honour of being nominated to this important trust, that my endeavours will insure success to this glorious attempt, to make this nation a rival to Italy itself. I beg leave to subscribe myself,
My Lord and Gentlemen,
your most devoted, and obedient humble servant,
GIOVANO MARINELLI,
Opera Surgeon to his Sicilian Majesty.

N. B. I have in my possession a very valuable treatise on the manner of training Eunuchs for the stage.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
Singular Anecdote of Eastern Cruelty and Fraud.
MAHOMET ALMEHDI, King of Fez, was at once an ambitious monarch, a skilful hypocrite, and a confirmed deist. In the course of a long war he had carried on against a neighbouring people, who nobly declined to submit to his tyranny, he had gained several victories, but having at length lost an important battle, in which he had exposed his troops with a blind fury, they became mutinous, and even refused any longer to face the enemy.—In this dilemma, having privately assembled a certain number of his most faithful officers, he proposed great rewards to them, if they would consent that he should cover them with earth for a few hours, as if they had been slain in combat. A sufficient opening, he declared, should be left for them to breathe through, and when, in consequence of a superstition he was about to diffuse artfully throughout the army, the troops should come and interrogate them, they were to answer, that they had found what their King had promised them; that they enjoyed the rewards of martyrdom; and that those who should follow their example by fighting valiantly, and perishing in the service of Mahomet Almehti, would attain the same felicity. The scheme being cheerfully embraced by them, was immediately put in execution by the King, who, having put the most deserving of his servants among the slain in battle, covered them with earth, and left them a little breathing-hole, returned to the camp. Towards the middle of the night, he summoned the principal leaders into his presence.—“You are,” said he to them “the soldiers of God, and the defenders of the faith, and the protectors of the truth. Prepare to exterminate our enemies, who are also the enemies of the Most High; and depend upon it, that you will never again find so certain an opportunity of rendering yourselves acceptable to him. But, as there may be among you wretches so dastardly and stupid, as to disregard my words, let the voice of Heaven convince them.”—“Go then to the field of battle—go, and interrogate our brethren who were slain to-day.”—With these words, he led them to the spot where he had interred his chosen adherents; on his arrival at which, he cried aloud, “Ye faithful mar-

tyrs, tell us what ye have seen of the wonders of the Almighty!”—“Infinite,” replied they, “and not to be conceived by the living; are the rewards we have received from the Omnipotent.”—The Chief, surprised at this answer, ran to publish it throughout the army; and therefore they revived the courage of all the troops. The King, in the mean while, pretending to be in an ecstasy, in consequence of this miracle, remained beside his buried servants, who now expected their immediate deliverance. Mahomet Almehti, however, deliberately shut up the hole through which they breathed, and left them to reap, from this barbarous stratagem, the rewards they had just announced to their fellow soldiers.

ANTI DESPOT.

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.
To the TRUSTEES of the Kensington and Brentford Trusts.

I HAD the curiosity to attend the working of the new machine for raising ballast off Chifford some weeks ago: I found five men employed in their different departments.—There were two men at the wheel only, and they raised about 1500 weight at a time, which was so expeditiously done, that in five hours they could have raised 100 tons. The ballast was excellent, and recollecting what reciprocal benefit it would be to the river and roads, it struck me, that one large barge of 200 tons, (such as the City are preparing for their works) would be sufficient for both roads: the Trusts might join in the expence of the barge, the five men, and the repairs. This barge need never ground with the materials, but be always a float, and at work in raising ballast; each Trust should have a separate barge of about fifty tons, to land the gravel where wanted, which should be expeditiously carted away, that the barges might make quick returns. The Surry trusts might do the same; the road to Clapham, and so on to Kingston, and the Battersea roads, should all be supplied from the Thames: as likewise the Greenwich, Rotherhithe, and Whitechapel roads, and all in their vicinity within four miles of the Thames. The Trustees, in general, acting under the destructive auspices of an Act of Parliament, make no ceremony of destroying the most beautiful heaths, commons, and even cultivated fields, when the materials of the Thames in general are much better. There have been many instances that carts have been sent two miles for bad gravel, when barges with excellent ballast could have landed it within two yards of the roads. Surely, Gentlemen, the preservation of the navigation is of some consequence, and if there is no co-operation between the city of London, and the Trustees of the Roads, there will in half a century be as many locks between Maidenhead and London, as there are between Cricklade and Great Marlow: thus, the overflow of the country will be dreadful every heavy rain, and the inhabitants of Middlesex in continual danger of starving.
DEEP WATER.

MORNING CHRONICLE.
LONDON, August 6.

Yesterday morning his Majesty came from Kew to St. James's, where there was but a thin levee.
Most of the Courtiers are now busy in the country to secure their elections, and thereby continue in place.
Yesterday both Houses of Convocation met, pursuant to their last prorogation, when they were further prorogued to the 16th of September next.
It is positively asserted that Lord G. Germaine will soon visit the Continent in a public character.
We are happy to inform the public, that the young Lord Granby promises to be to this kingdom what every lover of his country could wish. To a great and brilliant genius (of which his Lordship hath already given frequent proofs) is added great application, judgment, integrity of manners, and patriot virtue. His Lordship has offered himself for the city of Cambridge; and by his noble manners hath so ingratiated himself into the favour of his constituents, that no voice or hand disapproved his election, nor will he be put to ten pounds expence by being their noble choice. Let Cambridge now stand a pattern to other incorporated towns, to select men to represent them, not for the paltry title of Lord only, but for those virtues which alone can save this country.
A great and amiable Lady, as well as her brothers, have for some time past much intreated a Great Personage to visit Germany, which, 'tis said, he has, as far as he can, complied with; and next summer is fixed upon. This is the reason why the naval review was set aside this summer; that expence, with what is supposed will attend the above journey, being thought too much to put the nation to.
Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Chesham (Kent-county, Maryland) dated June 7th, 1774.
“The inhabitants of this county had a general meeting the 2d instant, and it gave me much pleasure to see how heartily they sympathized with Boston: twenty-five gentlemen were appointed a Committee of Correspondence, among whom I have the honour to be named. After the business was over, a subscription was proposed to the Committee, which was most cheerfully adopted, and they subscribed some 20l. others 10l. and none less

than 5l.—, to be laid out in provisions, and forwarded for the use of such poor people as are reduced to necessity by the cruel hand of oppression. My advice was to send off a load of corn, without giving any notice of it, which I concluded would be an agreeable surprize to Boston. Words are said to be cheap; but it is universally allowed that when a man parts with his money, he is in earnest. Subscription Papers are sent out into the country, and I dare say will be filled up to a very large amount. Those whose who cannot give money can give c m. The people of Boston need not be afraid of being intarved to a compliance—if they will only give a short notice, they may make their town the granary of America. We all hope they will stand to their integrity, and not fully the honor which they have so justly acquired. An account of our proceedings, accompanied with a letter, is sent to the Committee, and I suppose will be published.”

[*Marland Currency is 7/6 to a dollar.]
Mr. Walter, and Mr. Banfield, (son of Sir Richard Banfield, member for the county of Devon) are proposed as members of parliament for Exeter, at the general election; and it is thought they will be returned without opposition.

The accounts received from America have caused many meetings to be held among the Ministry, to consider of the most effectual methods to enforce the acts with respect to Boston; and it is said orders have been dispatched to prevent the meetings of the Deputies from the different provinces of America, as unconstitutional and illegal. Some methods it is said have been already pursued to prevent the meeting at Faneuil-hall at Boston, the speeches at which place having served to keep the people in a flame.

A paragraph in the New York paper says, “The public may be assured, that the piece lately published, intimating that Dr. Franklin's successor in the General Post Office has power to open all letters from the Committees of Correspondence in this country, is an atrocious falsehood.”

A gentleman who is lately arrived from New York says, that notwithstanding the accounts in the public prints that the ladies at Boston and New York, &c. drink no tea, because they would not have that article forced in upon them from their mother country, yet they make use of it as much as they did before any disputes about the Stamp Act. He says, that their vessels carry lumber and other goods to the islands of Hispaniola and the Mississippi, to which places the French export vast quantities of tea, &c. (they having 7 or 8 ships which go every year to China) and that the vessels from Boston, &c. take in return for their lumber, &c. tea and other India goods, which they have much superior in quality and much cheaper than any they ever had from England; and so long as the French, he says, can sell their goods at a lower price than the English, and at the same time better, it may be depended upon that the Americans will not deal with their mother country.

It is said the Governor's Secretary at Salem delivered his soliloquy on the outside of the door in a most graceful manner, to the exquisite satisfaction of the Door-keepers, Laqueys, and other attendants, who were as anxious to get to their respective homes, as their masters were of staying.

OXFORD RACES.

Tuesday, August 2, the Town Plate of 50l. for 5 year olds, and aged horses, &c. 5 year olds to carry 8st. 7lb. 6 year olds 8st. 12lb. and aged horses 9st. 3lb.—The winner of one plate since the first of May, 1774, to carry 2lb. extra. and the winner of two or more plates to carry 4lb. extra. The best of three four-mile heats.
Mr. O'Kelly's b. h. Batchelor, dist.
Mr. Kemp's br. h. Fidler, 1.
Mr. Dilly's br. h. Twinger, dist.
Same day a match for 100 guineas, the last half mile. Lord Abingdon's b. g. Comes beat Mr. O'Kelly's b. h. Batchelor.
Wednesday, August 3. The noblemen and gentlemen's subscription purse of 50l. free for any colt or filly not more than four years old last grass, and that has not won more than two plates; the best of three two-mile heats. The winner of the Burford sweepstakes to be excluded. Colts to carry 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. Those that have won one 50l. this year to carry 3lb. extra, and the winner of two fifties 5l. extra.
Lord Craven's roan colt, 3 1 1
Mr. Parker's grey colt Specimen, 1 2 3
Mr. Jennings's grey colt Slouch, 2 3 2
Mr. Everett's dun colt, 4 4 dr.
Capt. Bertie's bay colt Saltator 5 5 4
Tuesday a Petition came on before the Lord Chancellor at Lincoln's-Inn Hall, being the first of the kind, on the statute of Bankrupts passed the last session, whereby a Bankrupt, under certain circumstances of oppression, may obtain his certificate from the Great Seal without the consent of number and value of his creditors: an act of clemency that does honor to the humanity of the age, and declares the attention of the present Parliament to the distresses of individuals.—The Attorney General and Mr. De La Mayne were Counsel for Petition; Mr. Cooper of Quality court, Chancery lane, Attorney.
Mr. F.'s affair came on before the Lord Chancellor yesterday, when his lordship would not allow his certificate, till it had been referred back to the commissioners, at a time to be fixed on, when he is to be again examined.

To the EDITOR of the MIDDLESEX
JOURNAL.

SIR,

IT is now become fashionable for the meanest order of men in society to refer their disputes to the public, and engross the whole attention of our News Papers in their frivolous quarrels. Formerly, Sir, politics and the other sciences were attended to; but now, if some Italian Castrati, of no consequence at all, or an Actor or Actress at one of the Theatres is offended, the town is surfeited with their d—d nonsense for a month; and the readiness you *Knights of the White Brush and Black Ball* have shewn to insert their stuff, have led them to think very high of their importance. O! (*says one of them*) I'll write a letter to the MORNING CHRONICLE, and I replies another, will write to the MORNING POST: a fig of their writing, say I; why the deuce should we take part in the bickerings of a set of mock monarchs, merry andrews and fidlers. What are all the whole race of Stage Players to us, one only excepted, who is indeed a prodigy, and to th' full as good a man as he is an actor; except him, and of what consequence are the rest that we should espouse their quarrels? I wish, Mr. Printer, you would insert this, and let these gentry know that we wish to hear nothing about them beyond the walls of their respective Theatres.

HOMO.

For the Public Advertiser.

Glad Tidings for the Creditors of John Wilkes, Esq;

MIRACLES will never cease; John Wilkes, Esq; of whom it has often been said that he was totally lost to every Sense of Honour, and as often brought in Proof thereof the destroying of Bonds, defrauding a Jeweller, robbing an Hospital, &c. &c. is now purged of all those gross Charges, and will commence in the Course of the present Month not only Honourable but Right Honourable; and to be justly intitled to such honourable Distinctions, all his just Debts, compounded and uncompounded, will be honourably paid, both Principal and Interest, that he may be certain of having Six Hundred Pounds per Annum, clear of all such Incumbrances; and then he may, with a safe Conscience, take the Qualification Oath in the House of Commons. It is said that his Interest in procuring some Seats in the said House has enabled him to perform such Wonders; but if he has by that Means accumulated a Sufficiency, the greatest Wonder is, how he became induced to apply it to such an honest Purpose as the Payment of his just Debts; from which (it is well known) he with-held a capital Sum adjudged him on a former Occasion. This wonderful Reformation is effected by the famous Irish Pompey from Heaven, who hath (as a Reward for his Support at the Westminster Election) bestowed upon him those heavenly Gifts of Justice, Truth, Honour, and Honesty, being what he stood in the greatest need of on all Occasions; but poor Humphry in Boots, because he had neither heavenly nor earthly Rewards to bestow, was ungratefully left to lag far behind.

Ye old-fashioned watchful Citizens of London, who were alarmed with Apprehensions, that your Common Council would inconsiderately vote him an additional Allowance to support the Dignity of Lord Mayor, and afterwards vote him a genteel Pension on the City for Life, may now rest easy; for his Honour and Justice will not permit him to become burdensome, when he swears himself worth six hundred Pounds per Annum, clear of all Incumbrances; and his newly acquired Honesty is a sufficient Security for the City Plate and Furniture.

Nov. 2, 1774.

HOMO.

P. S. It being expected, that the Lord Mayor's State Coach will, this Year, be drawn by a Set of shabby Asses of various Colours, it is to be hoped, that his Lordship will provide a suitable Uniform for those Beasts of Burden, that his genteel Footmen, in their red Liveries, may not be disgraced by walking alongside of them.

DRURY-LANE. By His MAJESTY'S COMPANY, AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, THIS EVENING, will be presented The DISTRESSED MOTHER.

COVENT GARDEN. AT the Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden, This Present EVENING, will be presented, The DISTRESSED MOTHER.

ELEGANT LODGINGS. To be LETT, IN a small Private Family, where there are no children, a pleasant and airy APARTMENT, near the Park, commodiously situated for a Member of Parliament, or any fine Gentleman of Fashion.

MR. NORTON having again discovered that his Bottle, Bills of Direction, together with his Hand-writing, have been counterfeited, in order to impose on the Public a spurious Medicine for his (MARETANT'S) Drops; he therefore hopes, for their health's sake, they will be extremely cautious of whom they buy them.

HANOVER-SQUARE. MESSRS. BACH and ABEL take the liberty to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, SUBSCRIBERS to their Concert, that the Tickets will be delivered on THIS DAY, the 9th of January, and every day after, from eleven till two o'clock, at Mr. Bach's house, No. 80, Newman-street.

KING'S ARMS TAVERN, CORNHILL, January 4, 1774. AT a Meeting of the Merchants and others concerned in the American commerce, held here this day, THOMAS LANE, Esq; was called to the Chair; It was unanimously Resolved, "That it is the opinion of this Meeting that the alarming state of the trade to North America, makes it expedient to petition Parliament for redress."

AT a GENERAL MEETING of the WEST-INDIA MERCHANTS, the Chairman produced a Letter which he received, signed by several Gentlemen of the West India Islands, of which the following is a copy: To BESTON LONG, Esq; Chairman of the Society of West-India Merchants, at the London Tavern.

RESOLVED, That this Society do very cheerfully concur in opinion with the Gentlemen Planters, that we ought not to come to any Resolution as a separate Body at this Meeting, and do also readily join in calling a general meeting of the whole Body of Planters and West-India Merchants, to deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken by us jointly on the present important crisis.

NAVY-OFFICE, December 27, 1774. THE principal Officers and Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy give notice, that on Wednesday the 11th of January next, they will expose to Sale at this office several Lots of OLD STORES, lying in his Majesty's Yard at Sbernefs, consisting of old Mooring Junk, Buoy Ropes, Viols, &c, decayed Cables, Stay sail Sheets, decayed Hawser-laid Rope, Paper Stuff, Cast Iron, decayed Tin-pot Lantberns, old Hammocks in Rags, Canvas Rags, and Fatbom Wood.

LEICESTERSHIRE ELECTION. MR. POCHIN presents his most respectful compliments to the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Leicester, and begs leave to acquaint them, that the day of Election is fixed for THURSDAY the Twelfth of JANUARY next, and hopes for the early attendance of his Friends on that occasion.

LEICESTERSHIRE ELECTION. MR. POCHIN's Friends, who intend going to the Election, will be accommodated with carriages to convey them to and from Leicester, by applying on Wednesday and Thursday next the 11th and 12th instant, at any time before nine o'clock in the morning on each of those days, at Mr. Naldex's, No. 97, Wood-street, Cheap-side; the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, or the Black Bear, Piccadilly.

READING and SPEAKING. A Gentleman of allowed Abilities, conscious of the many advantages arising from a proper and elegant Enunciation, and convinced of the efficacy of general Lectures to attain that important end, proposes to dedicate part of his time to the PRIVATE INSTRUCTION of young Gentlemen designed for the Parliament, the Pulpit, or the Bar.

To the GENTLEMEN of the LAW. IN the LAWYER'S MAGAZINE, No. 18, which was published on MONDAY last, was given, all the remarkable ADJUDGED CASES, on POINTS of LAW and PRACTICE, determined last Term in the Court of King's Bench.

NEW EDITIONS of the former NUMBERS. In this Work the Practice of the Courts of Law and Equity will be laid down. A complete body of the Rules and Orders of the different Courts. The present practice of Distress and Replevin. Current precedents of original Writs. The duty of Sheriffs, Under-Sheriffs, and their Officers. Every singular or new determination of the Courts will be inserted. An Abridgment and Digest of every new Act and an account of, and extracts from, all the new Law Publications.

PEEP into the PRINCIPAL SEATS and GARDENS in and about TWICKENHAM, (the residence of the MUSES) containing, among others, a description of the beauty and situation of Mr. Pope's, Mr. Cambridge's, my Lord Radnor's, Horace Walpole's, Mr. Garrick's, Mr. Hudson's, my Lord of Lincoln's, at Oakland's, in Surrey; the Duke of St. Alban's, the Countess of Suffolk's, Mrs. Pritchard's, Mrs. Clive's, &c. with a suitable companion for those who wish to visit WINDSOR or HAMPTON COURT.

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE. Admire, Sir, the judgment and ingenuity of those travellers, who not only take accurate surveys of the countries they pass over, from the windows of their post-chaises; but at the same time commit their observations to paper.

Was I disposed to pursue the paltry methods of modern Journalists, who, for the illumination of the intelligent world, declare to us with very grave faces that they breakfasted upon hot rolls at Islington, dined off a fine buttock of beef at Hackney, changed horses and drank tea at Stoke Newington, and after that sat comfortably down to supper at Shore-ditch; I say, Sir, was I disposed to do justice to these particularities, I might say that my friend and I left 'Change by three o'clock in a gloomy afternoon on the 5th day of January 1775; proceeded down Leadenhall-street, passed Aldgate, got a view of Whitechapel church, discovered Mile-End turnpike by our glasses, and reached Stepney at one quarter past four.

friend and I left 'Change by three o'clock in a gloomy afternoon on the 5th day of January 1775; proceeded down Leadenhall-street, passed Aldgate, got a view of Whitechapel church, discovered Mile-End turnpike by our glasses, and reached Stepney at one quarter past four. But, Sir, a liberal writer treats no reputation to such little prettinesses as these are; he is content to pursue with fidelity the great and glorious outline of the work before him, and to colour it from the objects as they rise. Nature is the mother of this man all the four seasons of the year; and he trusts, that in this perilous attempt to be majestically horrible, she will guide his quill to the summit of the true sublime, and assist him to descend with safety. Great goddess hear the petitionary expostulation of thy humblest votary, the meanest servant of Apollo and the Nine! accommodate his finger to the deepest and the safest tones of the most melancholy of thy lyres! and this pen shall perpetuate thy praise!

According to Mr. Dyer, "There is a mood (I sing not to the vacant and the young)—there is a pleasing mood of melancholy, &c."

Such yesterday was my mood; and the moody misery of a feeling friend, who directed my feet to Stepney. After leaving the Essex-road we discovered a desolated scene indeed! bogs, quagmires, standing pools, horse ways, coach ways, foot ways, all confounded together! My nerves were oppressed to trembling. We waded forward—we blessed ourselves—stood still—ruminated—blessed ourselves once more; and then prepared to traverse the inhospitable region. The next striking objects that arrested our attention were a disordered group of uninhabited houses. The fractured wall yawn'd dimly with crazy chafins; visited occasionally by the four winds of heaven. The old doors creaked upon their rusty hinges; the broken glass chattered in the casements, and tiles and chimney tops kept thundering thro' the roofs, while a fullen and hoarse echo reverberated round the dwellings. A deadly green encrust'd every wall, and every blast took something of the mouldering tenements away. Almost every door, Sir, displayed a petition for an inhabitant; but solicited to-civility in vain. Palings were broken down, outward gates demolished, every remnant of a garden over-run with weeds, and all pavements reduced to powder. How I grasped my friend's hand in solemn silence, and pressed on! I passed a building which bore some faint resemblance to a fortification, and summoned all my philosophy to support the appearance of a paved court which lay behind it; a few languid, sapless, spiritless blades of sickly grass, hung feebly over the cold flints, and toad stools clustered in every corner. On my right was a stable without: lofts and without-halls. On my left a range of out-houses, gravitating in confusion to the centre. It struck my imagination with all the horrors of a plague, a desolation, a visitation Sir! Willows and elders, nothing but sapless willows and withered elders hung trembling over muddy banks, where pitch black currents ooz'd lazily along through the tottering fragments of decay'd bridges, the arches of which were undermined by rats and other noxious vermin. I beheld them seeking their holes like rabbits in a warren, and could have parted with an old coat to have been absent from so afflicting a scene. Oh Sir! every thing that opposes harmony, decency, symmetry, and convenience glared full upon my face at Stepney. The narrative must distress me for the present, and the recollection may pain me in time to come; but Salvator Rosa is my master: the theme is horribly sublime; and I will varnish the picture. Sir, on my right hand was one row of decrepid pantl'd alms-houses; on my left I had a desolated view of another. This poor house was trembling with impatience for the issue of a Chancery litigation: that would have shared the same fate, had not some sheep-things of old ships supported it on every side with crutches. Wooden images from colliers and Dutch West India ships, were propped up in every ruined garden; so that every garden appeared like a wharf at Wapping. No man can boast a vegetable land mark at Stepney. There are no hedges, no trees, no pleasing vistas! Nothing, nothing, Sir, to feed the eye but mud banks and rope-yards; masts of ships at Limehouse and Shadwell; bun-houses and church steeples. The very atmosphere seem'd as infectious to its inhabitants as to the oppressed writer of this letter. Each man was gloomy, black, desponding, face-fallen, woe-begone, bedevil'd! their cats were graver than any cats in Christendom; and their dogs sportless to a proverb. It grieves me to sink my language, but truth obliges me to declare, that the sons of bitches yelped not, neither could they bark at a beggar. All animal as well as vegetable life seem'd nearly extinct at Stepney. I advise a man, Sir, never to swear by his maker; but every man may pronounce with a clear conscience, that by all that is monstrous to relate, and terrible to believe, there are no church vaults, no catacombs, no deadly

THE WEEKLY MISCELLANY. 161

A HUMOUROUS LETTER from a TRADESMAN in LONDON, complaining of his WIFE's ridiculous Affectation of a Taste in GARDENING.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

NEVER was any poor devil of an husband plagued in the manner I am with the singularities of a wife. You must know, Sir, though her father was a carcase-butcher in Whitechapel, though she was educated at a boarding school in Thames-street, and never travelled farther than Bethnal Green, or Hoxton, or Hackney, or Newington-Butts, yet she affects such a taste and passion for the country, as would have ruined the patience of all the Heathen philosophers put together.

Every room in my house, from the cellar to the garrets, bears testimony to her rural ideas in some way or other: the leads of my house, and the rails of the windows, are crowded with pots and pans, and vegetables and evergreens, like the shop of a botanist or seedsman.

When I go into the kitchen, I find the light, which is none of the liveliest at the best, totally shut out by a range of physick phials huddled together as close as they can stick, and filled with mint, to give the windows a rural appearance.

Then, Sir, the dining-room windows, in summer time, are so crossed and crowded with pack-threads fastened like bars from the top to the bottom of them, that if it was not for the French-beans which cluster round the strings; it would enliven my mind with the pleasing imagination of being cooped up in a spunging-house.

Every chimney-corner is then set out, as it is called, with bough-pots, and not a china-jar in my house escapes an ornament from Covent Garden market.

I have been, you must know, severely lectured for this week past, for spoiling a charming bed of parsley, as my wife calls it, upon the leads, while I was giving a bricklayer orders to make some repairs to the chimney; and what is still more provoking, upon enquiring for my best wig-box a few days ago, I was told by the maid, that the box was put to much better use, for that her mistress had sown a small fallad in it of mustard and cress, which would be fit to be cut in a few days.

Sir, this passion for the vegetable world is so predominant in my wife's mind, that not a broken chamber-pot is free from some cultivation or other. As I hope to be saved, she had some time

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since

since a geranium in full blossom, which, to save expence, was stuck fast in a close-stool-pan, a myrtle in a butter-firkin, an orange-tree in a washing-tub, a tulip in a salt-box, and a young gooseberry-bush in a punch-bowl.

To such a pitch of extravagance does this enthusiastick help-mate of mine carry this gardening taste of her's, that the house was thrown into convulsions three days ago, upon a report that the cat had kittened upon the grass-plot, which grew on the top shelf of the pantry.

Then, Sir, to add to my vexation, I have had the happiness to be threatened with an indictment for being a nuisance to my neighbours and the public, as hardly a week passes without some pan or pot tumbling upon the heads of passengers, or doing some mischief or other.

If I expostulate, I have no taste; if I threaten, I have no humanity; if I coax her, I have no influence; and if I give way to her, I can expect no comfort.

My very bed-room in summer, Sir, is so filled with flowers, that I am in nightly dread of being perfumed to death before morning. Then I never must stir out without a nosegay in my button-hole, because it makes so rural and so *countrified* an appearance.

In short, what with rural smells, rural conversation, rural ornaments, and rural nonsense of one kind or another, my patience is quite exhausted, therefore I take this public method of giving my wife warning, that unless there is a thorough reformation in her manners, I am determined to assert some spirit, to turn the grass plot out of the house at a minute's notice, send the parsley bed into the dust-tub, pack up her shrubbery in an hamper, and restore my wig-box to its proper use.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

H O M O.

PICTURE of an ANCIENT BRITISH FAIR.

[From Pennant's Journey to Snowdon.]

MMARGARET uch Evan, of Penllyn, was the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the ancient British fair. This extraordinary female was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time. She kept a dozen, at least, of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kinds. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly,

L I T E R A R Y A M U S E M E N T.

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You, who thro' frailty step'd aside,
 And you who never fell thro' pride ;
 All you who diff'rent sects have sham'd,
 And come to see each other damn'd ;
 So some folks told you, but they knew
 No more of Jove's design than you.
 The world's mad business now is o'er,
 And I present such pranks no more,
 I—*at such blockheads set my wit,*
 I—*damn such fools ; go, go, you're bit."*

MATRIMONY, or the Question answered.

CRY'D my wife t'other day, "'tis too bad
 to be borne ;
 When a woman's once married she's treated
 with scorn ;
 Like an old rusty gown in a corner is thrown ;
 'Tis the mistress alone that the husband will
 own.

What charms too in yours can you possibly see ?
 E'en in beauty Corinna's inferior to me.

A flirt too, a jilt, and a vizen beside,
 And you (and your friends) the stale bargain
 divide ;

Whilst I, your chaste wife, that was lawfully
 wed,

By duty restrain'd, have been true to your bed.

"That duty's the devil, my dear (I reply'd) ;
 Attend to my words, Kate, and rest satisfy'd.

When on Sundays the bells rouse the parish to
 prayer,

To set an example, I'm constantly there :
 When the organ strikes up, with devotion
 profound,

I chaunt out a psalm with a tremulous sound :
 I know 'tis my duty, and therefore I do it,
 'Tis a parallel case, Kate, if further you view
 it,

From the church to a neighbour's perhaps I
 repair,

And join the gay smile of society there :
 Soft music is call'd for, the dulcimer, lute,
 And the very same tune is soft thrill'd thro'
 the flute.

The first was my duty,—in that light I view'd
 it,

But this, inclination, and therefore pursu'd it.
 Excuse me, dear Kate, for it sure mult infer,
 The organ means you, and the dulcimer, her."

HOMO.

For the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

*The RESOLUTION of a Young PHILOSOPHER,
 upon hearing of the inconstancy of PHILLIS.*

NOW free from love, my heart with care
 Shall to philosophy apply ;
 I'll now the most enchanting fair
 Regard with an indifferent eye.
 Nor snowy breast, nor sparkling eyes,
 Nor smile contriv'd with so much art,
 Nor shape, nor air, nor gait, nor sighs,
 Shall from the muse my mind divert.

Philosophy, most charming maid !

Come to my arms, I'll thee embrace ;
 Thy pleasing charms shall never fade,
 Nor can grim age deform thy face :
 When poor, forlorn, sick and deprest,
 When friends at a great distance stand ;
 Then thy fond vot'ry thou'lt assist,
 And take him kindly by the hand.

That now, my heart, thou art set free,
 Unto thy wonted rest return :
 Too long estrang'd, ah ! thoughtless thee !
 No longer stray, no longer burn :

No Monarch ever felt such joy
 As now o'erwhelms my ravi'd soul ;
 Blind love no more shall me annoy,
 Nor need I for a cure the BOWL.

Banks of Ruchil, Feb. 19.

R. H.

SONG. *Sung by Miss Younge, in the Mas-
 querade Scene in the new Comedy of the Belic's
 Stratagem.*

WAKE ! thou son of Dullness, wake !
 From thy drowsy senses shake
 All the spells that cure employs,
 Cheating mortals of their joys.

Light-wing'd spirits ! hither haste,
 Who prepare for mortal taste
 All the gifts that pleasure sends,
 Every bliss that youth attends.

Touch his feelings, rouse his soul,
 Whilst the sparkling moments roll ;
 Bid him wake to new delight,
 —Crown the magic of the night !

For the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

BURLESQUE SONG.

Tune, Shepherds, I have lost my Love, &c.

FISHWIVES, I have lost my wife,
 Have you seen my Sarah ?
 Pride and comfort of my life,
 Kind, and sweet, and fair, ah !

She went out this afternoon,
 Oh that I knew whither !
 If I thought her in the moon,
 I would sure go thither.

But I'll first my Sarah seek
 All around the city ;
 Tears bedew me while I speak,
 Fishwives do me pity.

Lay, O lay your baskets by,
 Ye vociferous flounders,
 Sarah ! Sarah ! Sarah ! cry,
 'Stead of cod and flounders.

JOSEPH GENTLE.

1768. *Description of the Palace of Ludewigs-Luft* 343

To the PRINTER, &c.
Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto.

S I R, TERENCE.
WE of this enlightened age may boast (perhaps justly) of our superiority over our ancestors, not only in the useful sciences, but also in the social virtues. It gives me therefore great pain to observe any remains of the savage manners of Gothic barbarism and ignorance. In the place where I live, (a considerable town in the north) my humanity has lately been put most violently to the rack, by the horrid bawlings and rejoicings of the gamblers at a cock-match. I was sorry to hear that a foreigner was present, whom I know to be a man of sense and humanity. I imagine him writing to his friends—You desire (says he) some account of this famous people; I will give you one day's amusement (or diversion as I have heard it called) in one of the principal towns in the kingdom. In the morning I found all the town in motion, more than I was certain could be usual; enquiring the cause, I was informed there was to be a cock fighting in the Exchange; I had the curiosity to go in, for you know I have always thought that the publick diversions of a people give one a great insight into their manners and tempers. In the midst of a large room stood a small stage, and surrounded with benches for the spectators. But judge what was my surprize, when I found that the only exhibition was a few innocent fowls, armed with steel claws, tearing each other to-pieces, and bravely dying for the infernal amusement of the savage spectators. Would you believe that the people fat by, (not indeed unconcerned) but enraptured at the spectacle, and hazarding large sums of money upon the event of the fray. Nor was it only the common people that were so horridly entertained; the greatest gentlemen in and about town partook of it; nay, I am informed, that when any throwing at, or fighting of cocks, is intended amongst the common people only, the gentlemen give them notice that they will be sent to jail if they proceed. If this be true, it will give you some idea of their justice. And the town's complimenting the gamblers, and gentlemen-cock-fighters, with a ball in the evening, will perhaps perfectly reconcile you to their politeness, &c.

HOMO.

To the AUTHOR, &c.

S I R,
HAVING seen a letter from Mr. Harris one of the Covent-Garden proprietors, to Mr. Colman, very much advertised, curiosity led me to purchase it, and I find it little more than a recapitulation of the old complaints against Mr. Colman with an addition of some new charges, and a proposition of the following articles for an amicable adjustment of differences--which, as the public are very fond of theatrical intelligence, I have here enclosed for the entertainment of your readers.

I. Will you submit all past transactions to arbitration?

II. Will you consent that proper security be given by each party for a specific performance of the present articles?

III. Or, as the present article respecting the management was entered into upon no valuable consideration on our part, and therefore was legally revocable, should we find it necessary, will you revert to our original instrument of the 31st of March; by which all parties were to be equally concerned in the profits and management of the theatre.

IV. Lastly, will you in case you have any objection to private arbitration, join with us in instituting an amicable suit in chancery, and take the sense of that court on our present articles and past transactions.

Dr. Nugent's Account of the Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin's Palace of Ludewigs-Luft.

LUDEWIGS-LUST, is a German word, signifying Lewis's Recreation or delight; it is only a hunting-seat, built by Christian-Lewis II. the present duke's father. Hence there is nothing magnificent in the building, as it was never intended for the duke's residence; but only became so by chance, from the great inclination his present highness has to retirement. Yet it is a neat structure, and makes a handsome appearance. It consists only of a ground floor, with wings on each side for the gentlemen and ladies attending their highnesses. The body of the building is sixty-five feet in breadth, with fourteen windows in front. The entrance is through a small portico, which leads to a handsome saloon, where the duke and duchess dine. On the right hand are the duke's

in doing the same thing cannot be thought to weaken my explanation; and the application of *ευνεκαλιενοσ*, by three Greek writers, to a person, elu-

cidates what I before attempted to justify by a passage from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

P. N.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

We take no note of time, but from its loss;

To give it then a tongue is wise in man. *Night Thoughts.*

ANOTHER year is ended, and I have got one year less to live, one year more to account for at the bar of the Almighty, and am one year nearer to an eternal world; what do these thoughts suggest to me? surely nothing less, nothing more seasonably, and nothing of greater importance, than the necessity, the *absolute* necessity, of *numbering my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; of earnestly seeking to know the things which belong unto my peace, before they are for ever hidden from my eyes.*

How few among the sons and daughters of mortality are mindful of their latter end! how few even of those who make a profession of religion are truly concerned to improve their time in preparing for their last great change! Well might the prophet say, *Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?*—Men live as if they never were to die, and too many die utterly regardless of the life which is to come; such is man's infatuation and stupidity, that he will not see, though it is daily before his eyes, that he is on the brink of eternity, and liable to drop into it every moment. Many are called off the stage of life suddenly and unexpectedly every revolving year; some in the bloom of youth, others just as they arrive to mature age. Melancholy accidents frequently terminate the lives of some, while dread diseases daily hasten the deaths of others. Alas! how many

have fallen the past year! how many began the year with as sanguine expectations of ending it as myself, but ere the half of it was past were summoned into another world! And, wherefore am I still spared? whence is it I am still a probationer upon earth? Why am I permitted to see the close of another year, while many younger than myself are numbered with the silent dead, and gone to *the house appointed for all living?* Surely these questions demand our most serious regard, and should be the matter of our constant meditation.

Dr. Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, very justly observes, *time wasted is existence—used is life*; and then, as if considering the importance and necessity of improving it aright, adds,

Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell,

Yes, fellow-mortal, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, be assured time is precious, and soon will be no more: death is at hand, and eternity awaits thee: an awful eternity of bliss or woe will ere long open on the whole human race, which shall be the everlasting portion of thee, of me, of all; then let it be our constant study and pursuit, according to the poet's admonition,

To make each year a critic on the past,
And live each year as though it was our last.

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN.

Dec. 21, 1784.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
DESCRIPTION OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN we are at a loss to describe any uncommon phenomenon, we commonly attempt to say

what it is *not*, and so give an idea of a something, to which we can affix no name. The physician is called to a patient

patient in a particular disorder—he knows not what to call it. It is not the gout—it is not the rheumatism—there are no symptoms of fever—as few of inflammation—*ergo*, it is an *inward complaint*, something *nervous*.

The *naturalist* finds a substance lying on the ground. It is not a stone, nor a stick; it is not an animal, nor an ore, it is not a plant, nor a root—at length, after looking over Linnæus' arrangements, and finding it to be like nothing there, it is a *lusus nature*.—To apply this to the *Fine Gentleman*:—

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *handsome* gentleman, for if nature had been bounteous in *person*, his whole life is a struggle to deform the beauties of nature, and substitute the fashions of art.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *learned* gentleman, for looking into books would spoil his eyes, and a knowledge of elegant writing unfit him for polite conversation.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *ignorant* gentleman, for he knows the name of every article of fashionable apparel, and can with extraordinary precision, mark the distinctions of *Carmelite*, *Emperor's eye*, *Vestris blue*, *Feu de l'Opera*, &c. &c. and other niceties, which knowledge requires to be something more than merely learned in the primary colours.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *pious* gentleman, for to him nothing can be so insupportable as feriousness. The sight of a parson operates upon him, as the smell of a rotten cheese upon the nerves of a fine lady.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *rational* creature, for he avoids nothing so much as *thinking*.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *industrious* man, for his whole life is spent in idleness, and at the end of it, it is impossible for him to recollect one hour in which he was well employed.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *idle* gentleman, for from morning to night he is in a perpetual motion from one place of amusement to the other—from the breakfast to the gaming-table—from the gaming-table to the coffee-house—

from the coffee-house to the Park—from the Park to dinner and the bottle—from the bottle to tea—from tea to the play—from the play to supper—from supper to the bagnio—from the bagnio to the street—from the street to the round-house—from the round-house to the justice—from the justice home again—*Da Capo*.

The *Fine Gentleman* is not an *ingenious* gentleman, for during a long existence he is never once able to discover the real purpose for which he was sent into the world, endued with a head, teeth, tongue, eyes, hands, feet, &c. &c.

The *Fine Gentleman* is not a *dull* gentleman, for he often is the author and original adviser of an additional curl, a whisker, the cut of the coat, the width of the breeches, and other equally meritorious proofs of an inventive genius.

The *Fine Gentleman* is not an *honourable* gentleman, because he discharges no debts lawfully contracted, and unlawfully contracts no debts which he does not pay.

The *Fine Gentleman* is a *dis honourable* gentleman, for no man can call him rogue without being called to an account for it, although the proof be as clear as the blade of his sword.

Since the *Fine Gentleman* is not so many contradictory characters, to what class of mortals must we consign him? He is, in fact, an animal *sui generis*, of his own engendering; there is nothing like him on earth. Nature has no share whatever in his composition. Men are sometimes born fools, geniuses, dunces, deformed, &c. but no man is by nature a *Fine Gentleman*. It is to the taylor and hair-dresser we are to look for the creation of this strange animal. In ancient times, perhaps, some attempts may have been made to construct a *Fine Gentleman*, but that perfection to which the machine is now brought is the work of many centuries. Before the flood we are sure there were none; wicked as the world then was, we believe not one *Fine Gentleman* was drowned at the flood; indeed, had there been any then on earth, Noah must have mistaken them for a species of monkey,

and put a couple of them into the Ark. After the flood, even when the Egyptians were a great and flourishing people, I do not find any mention of Fine Gentlemen; nor when the Romans conquered them do their historians give any account of Fine Gentlemen.

It is not easy to trace the different steps by which we have mounted to perfection in the construction of a Fine Gentleman, and perhaps some countries may contend for the honour of having first excelled in making them. For my part, if the matter rested with me, I would most willingly yield to the supremacy of France in this respect; but as we now scorn to be outdone by that country in any point, I find that the numerous fraternity of Fine Gentlemen would sooner give up Gibraltar than one of their side curls.

Be the controversy concerning their origin decided in what manner it may, we have the creatures now among us, and they appear in the army, the law, the church; but most of all in the army, as no abilities are required; less in the church, where something of abilities is looked for, and least of all at the bar, for there nothing but abilities can do. Any man may read prayers, and steal sermons; and any man may go through the exercise of the fusée and spontoon, but it is not every man who can combat the difficulties of a criminal case, or civil plea.

So much for the question, *Where do fine gentlemen come from?* Now for the question, *Whither do they go?*

In the first place, I must premise, that I have always believed, do now firmly believe, and will to my last believe, that after death every man goes *somewhither*. Farther I mean not at present to extend this doctrine— and if any imagine that this creature MAN, “noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and moving, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals,” I say, if any are of opinion, that this was created to last only for fifty or sixty years, and then sink into irrecoverable nothing, let such read no

farther. Others, who think with me, may proceed.

Now, it is my opinion, that nothing can be more difficult than to ascertain the place appointed for Fine Gentlemen. It cannot be heaven, for their thoughts turn not that way; and it is so long since I read Quevedo's *Visions of Hell*, that I have forgotten whether he observed any Fine Gentlemen in it. He informs us, indeed, that the devil had his back broken by carrying tailors to hell, which makes me think, that if tailors went there, the children of their manufacture would undoubtedly go with them. Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus, must surely have been greatly puzzled in first seeing a Fine Gentleman in their regions, and have let him escape punishment for want of a precedent. Perhaps there may be a sort of middle state for Fine Gentlemen—but wherever their state be, I am afraid it is not much to their mind.

The late Lord Chesterfield has been the making of many a Fine Gentleman. With him, clean teeth, and nails well pared, were greater accomplishments than a pure heart and an enlightened understanding; and he who adopts his lordship's refined sentiments of duplicity and dress must turn out an arrant coxcomb, if he escape being a profligate.

The last circumstance I shall mention concerning Fine Gentlemen is, that besides the tailor and hair-dresser, buckle and boot-maker, &c. there is another prevalent cause, I mean looking-glasses.

To the first contriver of a looking-glass Vanity may build a statue, but with me it is a question whether they have not done more hurt than good?—Jack Foppington's windows are so near mine, that I am frequently condemned to see him at his toilet. He takes up the looking-glass—grins eastward—grins westward—grins southward—grins northward—then places the glass horizontally, then obliquely—then one way, and then another, until he has viewed his grinders in every possible light—which being done, he proceeds with the same minuteness to the ad-
justment

judgment of every part of his dress, and I dare say would never forgive himself, if one side curl was the hun-

dredth part of an inch higher than the other.

HOMO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AN ingenious Oxonian, who signs himself S. in a former number, has favoured your readers with an account of the state of the dead, as it is described by Homer*. He ought, however, to have acknowledged his obligations to Dr. Jortin, as he has derived great assistance from one of his dissertations.

In addition to his remarks, it may be observed†, that the difference between the notions of the Pagans and Hebrews respecting a future state was this: the former adopted some fabulous traditions of the state of separate souls in Hades, while the latter, who had likewise no express revelation concerning it, formed their opinions by what they could collect from their historical and sacred books, from man's nature, from the perfections of the Deity, and from the apparent inequalities of Providence.

From Homer also it appears, that men might entertain the doctrine of the soul's separate existence, and of a future state, without a just notion of the distribution of rewards and punishments, or at least with rational and suitable notions of a power perfectly wise, and perfectly good.

It may be deduced from Homer's works likewise, that he supposed the soul immortal, though he does not say it in direct terms. It is a doctrine which seems manifestly to form a part of his system.

Maximus Tyrius, Porphyrius, and Jerom tell us that Pythagoras was the first assertor of the soul's immortality. "Pythagoras, the Samian, says the first of these writers, in his sixteenth dissertation, was the first among the Greeks who dared to advance, that his body would die, but that his soul, flying abroad, would remain untouched by death, and not subject to the decays of age; for he said, that he had existence before he came into this world."

In Homer, then, the observant reader may trace the important doctrines of a supreme God, a Providence, a free agency in man, supposed to be consistent with fate, a destiny or prescience, a difference between moral good and evil, as well as inferior Gods, or angels, as they are called in the Jewish and Christian system, some favourable to men, others malevolent. Above all may be observed the immortality of the soul.

But the pleasure which we feel in this observation must be considerably diminished, when we find these notions so deplorably corrupted, that their influence must have been very weak, either to deter mankind from the perpetration of crimes, or to stimulate them to acts of virtue.

T.

Cantabrigiæ, Decemb. 6to die.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON THE JEALOUSY SHEWN BY THE MAHOMEDANS TO EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS.

EUROPEAN travellers in general complain of the ill treatment they meet with in all the countries of the Levant, but particularly when they are examining the ruins of ancient cities: the jealousy shewn by the Mahomedans

on these occasions is always imputed to religious prejudices, or the want of urbanity, but I shall beg leave to account for it in another manner.

It is generally believed by them that all Europeans are deeply versed in the
abstruse

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* Lond. Mag. for October, p. 274. † See Jortin,

Since the *Fine Gentleman* is not so many contradictory characters, to what class of mortals must we consign him? He is, in fact, an animal *sui generis*, of his own engendering; there is nothing like him on earth. Nature has no share whatever in his composition. Men are sometimes born fools, geniuses, dunces, deformed, &c. but no man is by nature a *Fine Gentleman*. It is to the taylor and hair-dresser we are to look for the creation of this strange animal. In ancient times, perhaps, some attempts may have been made to construct a *Fine Gentleman*; but that perfection to which the machine is now brought, is the work of many centuries. Before the flood we are sure there were none; wicked as the world then was, we believe not one *Fine Gentleman* was drowned at the flood; indeed, had there been any then on earth, Noah must have mistaken them for a species of monkey, and put a couple of them into the ark. After the flood, even when the Egyptians were a great and flourishing people, I do not find any mention of *Fine Gentlemen*; nor when the Romans conquered them, do their historians give any account of *Fine Gentlemen*.

It is not easy to trace the different steps by which we have mounted to perfection in the construction of a *Fine gentleman*, and perhaps some countries may contend for the honour of having first excelled in making them. For my part, if the matter rested with me, I would most willingly yield to the supremacy of France in this respect; but as we now scorn to be outdone by that country in any point, I find that the numerous fraternity of *Fine Gentlemen* would sooner give up Gibraltar than one of their side-curls.

Be the controversy concerning their origin decided in what matter it may, we have the creatures now among us; and they appear in the army, the law,

the church; but most of all in the army, as no abilities are required; less in the church, where something of abilities is looked for; and least of all at the bar, for there nothing but abilities can do. Any man may read prayers, and steal sermons; and any man may go through the exercise of the fusée and spontoon; but it is not every man who can combat the difficulties of a criminal case, or civil plea.

So much for the question, *Where do fine gentlemen come from?* Now for the question, *Whither do they go?*

In the first place, I must premise, that I have always believed, do now firmly believe, and will to my last believe, that after death every man goes *somewhither*. Farther, I mean not at present to extend this doctrine—and if any imagine that this creature MAN, “noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and moving, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals;” I say, if any are of opinion, that this was created to last only for 50 or 60 years, and then sink into irrecoverable nothing, let such read no farther. Others, who think with me, may proceed.

Now, it is my opinion, that nothing can be more difficult than to ascertain the place appointed for *Fine Gentlemen*. It cannot be Heaven, for their thoughts turn not that way; and it is so long since I read Quevedo's *Visions of Hell*, that I have forgotten whether he observed any *Fine Gentlemen* in it. He informs us, indeed, that the devil had his back broken by carrying taylors to Hell; which makes me think, that if taylors went there, the children of their manufacture would undoubtedly go with them. Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, must surely have been greatly puzzled on first seeing a *Fine Gentleman* in their regions, and have

let

let him escape punishment for want of a precedent. Perhaps there may be a sort of middle state for Fine Gentlemen—but wherever their state be, I am afraid it is not much to their mind.

The late Lord Chesterfield has been the making of many a Fine Gentleman. With him, clean teeth, and nails well pared, were greater accomplishments than a pure heart and an enlightened understanding; and he who adopts his Lordship's refined sentiments of duplicity and dress must turn out an arrant coxcomb, if he escape being a profligate.

The last circumstance I shall mention concerning Fine Gentlemen is, that besides the taylor and hair-dresser, buckle and boot maker, &c. there is another prevalent cause, I mean looking-glasses.

To the first contriver of a looking-glass Vanity may build a statue; but with me it is a question whether they have not done more hurt than good?—Jack Foppington's windows are so near mine, that I am frequently condemned to see him at his toilet. He takes up the looking-glass—grins eastward—grins westward—grins southward—grins northward—then places the glass horizontally, then obliquely—then one way and then another, until he has viewed his grinders in every possible light—which being done, he proceeds with the same minuteness to the adjustment of every part of his dress, and I dare say would never forgive himself if one side-curl was the hundredth part of an inch higher than the other.

Lond. Mag.

HOMO.

Remarks on the Planet Mercury.

THE following remarks on the planet Mercury, will probably be acceptable to many persons, at least certainly they will be very much so to those who make astronomical observations, as their object is to point out in what part of that planet's orbit it appears the most bright, and particularly when it can be seen with meridian instruments.

Ancient observations of Mercury are very scarce. Ptolemy, in his *Almagest*, has only sixteen, two of which are erroneous: after these, until Tycho's time, I find none that have been of any use, except a few made by Gaultere, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Copernicus complains that he never could get a good observation. Tycho-Brahe, Longomontanus, Margraff, and Riccioli, were more successful, and made several; but most of them are of little use for correcting the tables, as the planet then was not in the requisite part of its orbit. This objection is

also made to many of the numerous observations of Hevelius, though perhaps some of them might be acceptable if reduced with sufficient exactness. Halley and La Hire observed with more precision, as did also our great astronomer Flamsteed; but this last hardly ever noticed Mercury, which is very unaccountable, as it is the only object in the heavens he has neglected.

Of all the above-mentioned astronomers, I believe none of them, except La Hire, ever saw Mercury on the meridian; they observed the planet when near the horizon, which observations are well known to be far less accurate; and even La Hire succeeded but very seldom; for in the *Memoires de l'Academie Royale des Sciences* of 1764, the Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche says, that only eight or nine *meridian observations* are to be met with in the preceding *Memoires*. But since that year many have been made, as may be seen in the different pub-

T H E
Gentleman's Magazine:

For A U G U S T, 1798.

BEING THE SECOND NUMBER OF VOL. LXVIII. PART II.

Mr. URBAN, *August 6.*
 SEND you the following queries with no other motive than a sincere desire to promote the welfare and happiness of my fellow-creatures.

WARD's medicines have for many years been sold, at a very small price, for the benefit of the publick; and, if they are as safe and efficacious as they are represented, the scheme of serving the poor in this manner was highly meritorious. It was enabling them to find relief, in almost all their disorders, without that heavy expence which generally attends an application to the Faculty. But, as it is well known that, in a course of years, the best medicines are frequently neglected, or superseded by more fashionable prescriptions, and those perhaps of inferior efficacy, it will be of great importance to prevent those that are really valuable from sinking into disuse, or, by misapplication, into disrepute.

The first article, and the only one, to which I shall confine my enquiries, is the WHITE DROP. Is it actually the best antiscorbutic, and the best purifier of the blood, in practice? How long may it be proper to continue it as an alterative? What effects has it been known to produce in different disorders? What regimen is necessary while the medicine is continued? And, has any inconvenience attended it?

As I do not wish to see Mr. Urban's pages filled with cases, I shall be glad to receive an answer to these queries from some of your medical or intelligent correspondents, and from them ONLY, in a concise and summary form. As this medicine is sold for the sole

benefit of the Asylum and the Magdalen-hospital, this letter, I am persuaded, cannot be considered as the recommendation of a nostrum, or as dictated by any other principle than that of disinterested benevolence.

Yours, &c. HOMO.

Mr. URBAN, *August 24.*
 IN the sale of my late learned friend Mr. Petit Andrews's books, I purchased a copy of Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland; in a blank leaf of which the following lines by Mr. Andrews appeared, and are not without a meaning:

"While feasted with such hospitable zeal,
 Fresh signs of friendship shewn at ev'ry meal,

Why, Johnson, with a critick's little rage,
 'Gainst Caledonia's boasted Bard engage?
 So deep a debtor too to Scots' urbanity,
 Why mortify so innocent a vanity?"

On page 16 of the Journey is the MS note subjoined:

"In 1777, Miss K, a sprightly Scots lassie, then at Harrowgate, was asked by J. P. A. what she thought of this estimate of Caledonian timber. 'Marry, qu' she, 'gif the Doctof was spied amongst us again, he wud na gang far ere I could speer a tree tall eno' to hang him-on!"

Yours, &c. SUUM CUIQUE.

Mr. URBAN, *July 8.*
 THE public roads in England, though they occupy much of our chit-chat and some of our abuse, are the admiration of foreigners; and, it must be allowed, where materials are to be had, are, on the whole, well constituted, and kept in good repair. The turnpike acts that passed about 60 years ago, were vehemently opposed, and probably not without reason, being locally oppressive,

THE WEEKLY MISCELLANY. 161

A HUMOUROUS LETTER from a TRADESMAN in LONDON, complaining of his WIFE's ridiculous Affectation of a Taste in GARDENING.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

NEVER was any poor devil of an husband plagued in the manner I am with the singularities of a wife. You must know, Sir, though her father was a carcase-butcher in Whitechapel, though she was educated at a boarding school in Thames-street, and never travelled farther than Bethnal Green, or Hoxton, or Hackney, or Newington-Butts, yet she affects such a taste and passion for the country, as would have ruined the patience of all the Heathen philosophers put together.

Every room in my house, from the cellar to the garrets, bears testimony to her rural ideas in some way or other: the leads of my house, and the rails of the windows, are crowded with pots and pans, and vegetables and evergreens, like the shop of a botanist or seedsman.

When I go into the kitchen, I find the light, which is none of the liveliest at the best, totally shut out by a range of physick phials huddled together as close as they can stick, and filled with mint, to give the windows a rural appearance.

Then, Sir, the dining-room windows, in summer time, are so crossed and crowded with pack-threads fastened like bars from the top to the bottom of them, that if it was not for the French-beans which cluster round the strings; it would enliven my mind with the pleasing imagination of being cooped up in a spunging-house.

Every chimney-corner is then set out, as it is called, with bough-pots, and not a china-jar in my house escapes an ornament from Covent Garden market.

I have been, you must know, severely lectured for this week past, for spoiling a charming bed of parsley, as my wife calls it, upon the leads, while I was giving a bricklayer orders to make some repairs to the chimney; and what is still more provoking, upon enquiring for my best wig-box a few days ago, I was told by the maid, that the box was put to much better use, for that her mistress had sown a small fallad in it of mustard and cress, which would be fit to be cut in a few days.

Sir, this passion for the vegetable world is so predominant in my wife's mind, that not a broken chamber-pot is free from some cultivation or other. As I hope to be saved, she had some time

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since

since a geranium in full blossom, which, to save expence, was stuck fast in a close-stool-pan, a myrtle in a butter-firkin, an orange-tree in a washing-tub, a tulip in a salt-box, and a young gooseberry-bush in a punch-bowl.

To such a pitch of extravagance does this enthusiastick help-mate of mine carry this gardening taste of her's, that the house was thrown into convulsions three days ago, upon a report that the cat had kittened upon the grass-plot, which grew on the top shelf of the pantry.

Then, Sir, to add to my vexation, I have had the happiness to be threatened with an indictment for being a nuisance to my neighbours and the public, as hardly a week passes without some pan or pot tumbling upon the heads of passengers, or doing some mischief or other.

If I expostulate, I have no taste; if I threaten, I have no humanity; if I coax her, I have no influence; and if I give way to her, I can expect no comfort.

My very bed-room in summer, Sir, is so filled with flowers, that I am in nightly dread of being perfumed to death before morning. Then I never must stir out without a nosegay in my button-hole, because it makes so rural and so *countrified* an appearance.

In short, what with rural smells, rural conversation, rural ornaments, and rural nonsense of one kind or another, my patience is quite exhausted, therefore I take this public method of giving my wife warning, that unless there is a thorough reformation in her manners, I am determined to assert some spirit, to turn the grass plot out of the house at a minute's notice, send the parsley bed into the dust-tub, pack up her shrubbery in an hamper, and restore my wig-box to its proper use.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

H O M O.

PICTURE of an ANCIENT BRITISH FAIR.

[From Pennant's Journey to Snowdon.]

MMARGARET uch Evan, of Penllyn, was the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the ancient British fair. This extraordinary female was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time. She kept a dozen, at least, of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kinds. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly,