

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 57.

APRIL 1, 1800.

[No. 3. of Vol. 9.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
 IN compliance with my promise, that, if I made public what I consider as likely to be a useful discovery with respect to the manufacturing of sweets, and which may probably lay the grounds for making sugar in Europe, I would first send it to your useful Magazine; I now hasten, as the season for planting is fully arrived, to communicate what has occurred to me relative to that subject.

Having some years past become acquainted with Mr. HENRY SMEATHMAN, to whom the honour of first raising a blush on the cheeks of Europeans for having been concerned in that barbarous traffic the Slave Trade, exclusively belongs; I naturally caught a spark of that honest fire which warmed his manly mind, and gladly contributed my poor endeavours in the common cause of human nature, exerted to rouse the public to a proper sense of the cruel wrongs done to our almost neighbours, whose unoffending simplicity, and the impossibility of their ever giving the smallest disturbance to our national commerce, ought, if any thing could insure mankind from unprovoked annoyance, to have afforded them security.

That but small success has hitherto attended the efforts of those engaged in their cause excites no surprise; for, how indeed should men who care so little for the natural rights of their own children, as to sell their votes at elections, and, with them, the constitution they inherited from their forefathers, be alive to the immutable privileges of a foreign country? We therefore both agreed (long before he died a martyr to this object) that until some method could be found out of manufacturing sugar in Africa, or cultivating it in Europe, no great success was to be expected from any plans to abolish the slave-trade.

Many circumstances have prevented me from becoming a useful associate in this generous plan; yet I beheld with much satisfaction, in common with all disinterested men, the agitation of so noble a question; and the united efforts of others to procure the article sugar from maple, beets, and saccharine vegetables.

MONTHLY MAG. NO. 57.

Such a wish, so formed, could not long quit the mind; and, during my tours to the continent, few vegetable substances presented themselves without examination as to their capability of producing sweets, but nothing appeared so likely to contribute to the wished for end, as the Turkey corn of Lombardy, immense quantities of which are cultivated in Piedmont, the Pope's States, &c.

We saw great sappy stems, containing a sweet juice, which hogs would greedily devour, growing close as sugar-canes, making the same appearance, raised nearly in the same manner, and whose uses were inconceivably varied.

Of the grain we ate *polenta*, equal to wheat in nutriment; of the bloom we had delicate brooms, fitted up with light but strong handles made of the stalk; while the dried leaves afforded clean and elastic stuffing for mattresses; even the green small unmaturing ears were not thrown away, for of them we had excellent *frittura*, by dividing them into quarters, and frying them in batter like young artichokes: the juice of these plants alone remained unuled, and on that my attention was fixed; yet years passed on, after my return home, without making any experiment; chiefly owing to an erroneous idea that the plant could not be cultivated in England.

At length somebody told me, that Mr. Dibdin, of Hampstead, constantly raised very fine ones in his garden; and having procured some seed of the American mottled wheat, in cones, I steeped them, and planted them about four inches deep, in common mould; they rose to eight, nine, and even ten feet high, without hoeing; but being much occupied, the first year passed away without making trial of their juice.

Next year I again planted them, exactly in the same spots, about four or five in the space of a foot square; and, to my great surprise, they again grew, without any manure, to as great a height as the preceding year.

This favourable circumstance greatly contributed to my making the experiment; therefore, after gathering the fruit in October, which was very large and perfect,

E c

fect,

[April 1,

fect, I cut down the green canes, and having by an awkward process (not possessing the means of pressure by roller or screw) extracted a sufficient quantity of the juice, with which they then abounded, I soon reduced it, by the simple process of boiling, to a rich syrup.

This was tasted by some West India planters, and owned to be very much like the sugar-cane juice, previous to granulation; also by a distiller of eminence, who said, if it did not take up too much water to break it down, it might be found of great use in his art. One ingenious gentleman thought it might be converted into beer; another, that it might compose wine; and by all who have tasted it, it has been acknowledged to be a pure syrup.

In this manner the little at first made has been in a great measure dissipated; but I have still some small quantity by me, that I have kept for sixteen months without any apparent alteration.

Thus, that a rich syrup may be extracted from the cane of the American wheat, or Turkey corn, is ascertained; whether sugar can be produced, must remain to be tried by those who understand that process, and possess the necessary apparatus; and it is also as clear that it may be easily raised in this country.

During all this time not having found one person who has even conjectured the nature of the plant from whence I extracted this syrup, I think I have reason to conclude that it has not hitherto been thus applied by any one but myself.

If it should appear that I am mistaken, it will give me no concern; but a great deal of gratification will it afford, if this sweet should ultimately be found useful, by enabling us to raise some of that produce, which is now only procured by the continual deportation of the helpless and unhappy inhabitants of Africa.

Your most obedient humble servant,
Bishopsgate, G. CUMBERLAND.
Egham, Surrey, March 1, 1800.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE true solution of the question proposed by a correspondent on the passage in Virgil, *Nihil iste nec ausus nec potuit*, is to be found in the following well-known peculiarity of the Latin language; that after a negative a distribution is generally made, not by *aut* or *vel* repeated, but by *nec* or *neque*. Corn. Nep. de Timoleon: *Nihil unquam neque insolens ne-*

que gloriosum ex ore ejus exiit. Plaut. Trin. v. 97. *Neque de illo quicquam neque emeris neque venderes.* Schell. Præcepta Stili bene Latini, vol. i. p. 291. ed. Sec. Prisci *neque* (*neque*)—*nec* (*neque*) præmittunt sæpe vocabulum negans, v. c. *nullus, nihil, non, &c.* Cic. Mil. *Non possum reliqua nec cogitare nec scribere.*

This peculiarity seems not to have been present to the mind of the great Bentley, when on the Andria of Terence, act i. sc. ii. v. ult. he wrote the following note, *Vera sine dubio et vetusta illa lectio est neque haud, non neque hoc*: Sic Plautus ter quaterque, Noster iii. 3, 31. At ego non posse arbitror, *neque* illum hanc perpetuo habere, *neque* me perpeti.

Allow me to remind your correspondent who proposes an ingenious interpretation of Virg. Ec. I, 54. of a passage in the Æneid. I. 602, "magnum quæ ipsa per orbem," which will shew that the genius of the Latin language is not violated by the ellipsis of the verb *est* after *depassa*.

While I have my pen in my hand allow me to detain your classical readers another moment, to propose a correction of a passage in Homer, Il. XXII. v. 346. for *αι γαρ πικρς* read *αι γαρ ως*. See Odyss. XV. 156. and in vindication of the metre Il. XIV. 521. By the critical scholar the emendation, whether approved or not, will be instantly understood on reading the passage. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Chebunt, Feb. 23, 1800. E. COGAN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

[Communicated by DR. BEDDOES.]

SIR,

SOON after my paper on the word *tyde* was published in the Monthly Magazine, it occurred to me that the epithet (*high*) is applied to the word *time* as well as *tyde*.

Ex. It is *high* time to do a thing.

In Chaucer may be found many examples in which *tyde* was used to mean *time*.

Ex. Meal-*tyde* for dinner-time.

My reasons for believing that *tyde*, though it signifies *time*, is the same word as *tyde*, used to express the *rise* and fall of the sea, may be seen in your Magazine of last May.

Allowing it to be true that the epithet *high* used of the *tyde* of the sea, has been retained with this word when it means *time*; I shall be glad to find in your Magazine a solution of its meaning in its latter situation (as applied to *time*), and to be informed why it may not be found *low*-time as well as *high*-time to do a thing. To

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 98.]

MARCH 1, 1803.

[No. 2, of VOL. 15.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Literary and Philosophical Intelligence for the month of December, I see announced the figures of Homer, designed after the antique by H. G. Tischbein, 1 vol. folio. After describing which, at page 440, it is said—"Mr. Tischbein has been accused, but on slight grounds, of embellishing the monuments which he copied, of idealizing them, and bestowing on them an expression which they really had not.—This charge would be a high encomium for a modern artist, who could thus be presumed to have more of a correct genius than his masters; but those, who speak thus, have no idea of the infinite care that Tischbein and his best pupils have exerted in the copying of all the monuments, which he gives us with the true spirit of the antique: a design having been often begun five times over, and all possible means used to procure the most exact copies, &c."

Now, Sir, as this accusation or charge alludes to what I have written, and put my name to (as I ever shall do to every thing I write on this or any other subject), I must beg leave, first, to give you the expressions I used, and, next, my reasons for using them, that the public may judge between me and the writer of that paragraph, as well as be guarded against solemn puffs from the supporters of a national school, that would have degraded our stage, destroyed our taste for poetry, and are now attempting to Germanize the ideas of the Greeks, though sure, at the same time, to mislead our artists.

What I said was in page sixteen of my *Thoughts on Outline*—"What shall we say to the state of the arts in 1795, when professed artists, and professed dilettanti, have discovered so very unmathematical an idea of form in general, as to publish works copied from the ancients, or invented in their style, with outlines, thick and thin alternately, like the flourishes of a penman, &c."—and here, by the by, let me remark that, by the words "invented in their style," I alluded solely to a work of a very superior cast, not copies, but the original designs of that ingenious artist, Mr. Flaxman, his Homer and Es-

chylus; and never meant or thought it could be applied as you see above, for these were my words—"In making this observation, I do not scruple to say that I allude to two books lately published, the very tasteful Homer and Eschylus of Mr. Flaxman, and the last volume of Sir William Hamilton's Grecian Vases (which in fact contained many specimens of the Greek Homeric vases, of which your writer is so partial in the praise.) This last volume, so long expected, so earnestly desired, seems to have given a death's blow to all hope of ever seeing a faithful tracing of any antique design on copper-plate; for all the money expended in completing it has been worse than thrown away; and Mr. Tischbein has presented us with a heavy translation of these Greek vases, finely flourished, but materially unlike the originals, in proportion, character of heads, style of hair, or flow of drapery, were considered as worth preserving; and when this volume is introduced to us by one,* who is not only a passionate admirer, but a real judge of ancient workmanship, as most of his collections have proved, it becomes doubly dangerous; especially when we are told by himself, that no pains have been spared to make it so correct, that artists may study these outlines with as much satisfaction as if they had the originals before them; and that the chief object of their publication was to serve the fine arts, to further which purpose many of them were drawn two or three times over. If such were really his intentions, the lovers of the art have only to drop a tear, and to hope that the fault arose from our ambassador's having been too much occupied to have been able to bestow on them more than his wishes; for I, who am also too passionate a lover of these arts, to stand by and see them injured, hold it to be a duty incumbent on me to say, that whoever considers them in the light there represented will be lamentably misled."

Such were the plain observations which they have been pleased to convert into a panegyric; such indeed as none but a man who had long dedicated himself to truth,

* Sir William Hamilton.

in this case of trying to lay a solid foundation for the arts in England, would have ventured to make; and, having so devoted myself, however little my success has been in awakening the public, I will not now shrink from that task, even were it to spare my best friends.

As a work calculated to illustrate Homer, no one will suspect me of wishing to impede its progress: for the design has been that, which, for many years, I have most desired to see accomplished. All I object to is, that if these partial and interested representations be at all given credit to, the artist, who works for fame, will have a very high step of his ladder taken from under him; by which I mean the advantage he may derive from a judicious study of the originals of these immortal sketches of the Greeks; where attitude, expression, and action depend not so much on correct form, as grandeur of thought, and a happy concomitant flow of the pencil, guided as it were by the very soul of the artist. Sublimity of expression in the airs of the heads; Grecian elegance united with simplicity of action; grandeur and greatness in the whole visible effect; and often a grace almost beyond the reach of regulated art; are the leading characteristics of many of these happy compositions; *hasty* in the sense of hasty execution, for that was absolutely necessary to their existence; or probably not invented on the spur of necessity, but rather from the prototype of a mind full of images, (such as the fruitful one of our own Blake) or designs ready at hand for the copyist. And now we are upon the subject, perhaps it will not be uninteresting to your readers, to be informed of a circumstance that, hitherto, has, I believe, escaped the observation of those most conversant in the objects we allude to; which is, that in every well preserved specimen of the genuine Greek vases, there is still to be observed, on holding them sideways to the light, a slight indication of the subject marked on the vase with the greatest gentleness; shewing where the head, body, and limbs, should fall, as well as the ornaments; a mere skeleton as it were. On two now before me, I see the limbs hinted at beneath the drapery; so faint, it is true, that nothing but a close examination could have discovered it; but as indelibly burnt in as any of the ornaments whatever. This evinces indisputably that they were all executed by able hands; and that the hand which executed them required only some little

stay and support beyond that of the imagination. I have seen, with the highest admiration, many hundreds, all *faulty*, if we look for finished drawing; but I never yet saw one that bore not along with it marks of elegant thoughts, taste in composition, and the fingers of the Graces. The artists, who either designed or executed them, were the Parmigianos of Greece, with minds chastened by much bolder ideas of proportion; for they had fine nature and the fascinations of sculpture around them; judges in the people; and Applause, the nurse of Virtue, always superintending. The joints of the fingers, or the nails of the toes, so studiously marked in some engravings, were to them matters of little consideration: not even the number of those members was of importance to them, so long as the action of the foot or hand was arrived at. The mass of hair was marked with general indications of either its form or motion; but they never dreamt that a great artist would arise, who, after five times copying it, would reduce it to threads, by way of being unusually correct. In fact, the world is most grossly deceived, and has long been, by most of the splendid works of art; and be it so, if so it is contended it should be—artists have very little to do with that, who can seldom afford to buy them of the over-reaching dealers, and must get their knowledge at the fountains' heads: they serve well enough as ornamented catalogues of museums, to swell the bibliothecal importance of would-be men of taste, and vain travellers, who love to open the folio-jaws of admiration, and behold the *cart. maximas* of credulity.

When the day shall come, that the works of the best ancient masters will find hands as religious as Hufley's to trace them; and another engraver like Mark Antonio Raimondi, to immortalize them on the tablet of copper, I can neither now conjecture or look forward to; so circumscribed is the horizon of all present hope: but still, faintly as I have been able to make my country hear my ardent calls to arouse her collective powers of discrimination, and put forward to the goal of superiority in art; and wretchedly as she has suffered her future fame in fine arts to be sacrificed to the sordid views of such of her sons as follow it only for its emoluments; I will not so far forego the object, that has so long played around my fancy, and embraced my most patriotic thoughts, as tacitly to see any stumbling blocks thrown in the way
of

of the real student, or any misrepresentations ushered in splendid pomp before the weakneſs of the nation.

It may be thought I am prejudiced in thinking the Italians puſh, what they call gracefulness, to exceſs, the Germans clumsineſs, and the French their animation or theatrical energy; while I hope from the patience, knowledge, and modeſty of English artiſts to find limbs to climb the ſteep aſcent of ſober rational perfection: but it can never, I hope, be a crime to wiſh to ſee in my own country, not the mere lucreſs of the meretricious branches of fine art, but the meaneſt uſeful we uſe, the humbleſt tool we make, marked and ſtamped with appropriate form and ornament. To accompliſh this grand, and, at once, no leſs creditable than profitable object, has hitherto been the motive of all my writings and ſtudies on the ſubject; and hence it is, I wiſh to make our commercial nation turn its eyes ſeriously to an object, that can alone ſecure to it its juſt ſhare of the commerce of the world. Let a real ſchool of ſculpture be opened, conducted by men whoſe intereſt it is to haſten its perfection; and that ſeed will be ſet, which ſhall not only bear noble fruit on the ſummit of the branches that ſhall ariſe from it; but whoſe meaneſt products will be ſufficiently alluring to create a demand for them at the fartheſt quarters of the globe. Had the advice I gave, in the year 1793, in my Plan for improving the Arts in this Country, been happily followed, we ſhould, long before this period, have poſſeſſed the fineſt collection of plaſter-caſts from the works of the ancients in the whole world; a public gallery, that could not have failed to inſtill into the general mind, among all ranks, a chaſtened taſte, and genuine admiration of correct performances; whereas now, whenever we adopt it, we ſhall find Italy ranſacked, and with difficulty procure, without being under obligations to France, but a few of the fineſt productions. That ſcheme has been hitherto poſtponed, through the influence of ſelf-intereſted minds, alarmed at that, which, to the generous, the feeling, and the patriotic man, is ever a ſubject of gratification. To have the credit of raiſing ſcholars that ſurpaſs ourſelves, ought to be the ambition of all ſcientific men and artiſts. To have ſurpaſſed all, and left none to follow them, ſeems to be eager hope of the vain and weak practitioners of our times. It is become, therefore, the duty of thoſe who ſeel that the country is injured by

theſe miſtakes, to correct the evil, by taking the direction of art out of their hands, and placing it with better guardians.

Painting and ſculpture have been ſaid to be ſiſter arts, and they may with propriety be ſo called, as far as they ſpring from one parent, which has the deſire, common to both, of imitating forms: but, like other ſiſters of other families, their features widely differ; for not only are they of eſſentially different characters, but very conſiderably in their uſes and ends.—Sculpture may exiſt, and be carried to perfection, where painting is unknown; but Painting has now no mode of commencing her exiſtence, without her elder ſiſter's aid and inſtructions. As to their utility, I believe, no one will place the art of imitating any thing in comparison with the thing the art was invented to imitate; or, for a moment, equal the imitation with the production of tangible form. What then muſt we think of the confuſed ideas of thoſe ſtateſmen, who form clubs or academies, where they bend the higheſt branch of fine art under the tuition of the inferior, and degrade that geometrical, I had almoſt ſaid mathematical, ſcience, the attempt to create faultleſs forms, by putting her, like a pariſh apprentice, within the undefined precincts of what they are pleaſed to abuſe the word, by calling it *an Academy of Painting*.

Sculpture, like arithmetic, muſt be ſimple and almoſt demonſtratively true; but painting can hide the greateſt deformities under a coloured veil; an agreeable coquet, that changes her admirers every day, but has but few reflecting friends; ſcorned often, and exchanged by thoſe who beſt ſupport her fame, while the noble dignified matron, ſculpture, never forfeits the affections of even thoſe whom, after long wooing, ſhe rejects; and moves majeſtically through ages, ever aſcending, till the eyes of mortals can no longer follow her apotheoſis.

Should theſe reflections into which I have been drawn, when I only, at ſetting out, intended a line to correct what I conceived to be an abuſe of the public credulity, and an impediment to the perfecting of our arts, be found compatible with the object of your Magazine; and that the ſecuring a pre-eminence to our arts make a part of your liberal plans, it will give me pleaſure occaſionally to continue them; and I ſhall conſider your interſion as a favour, as far as it contributes to

the object I have at heart, the recovery of the fine arts.—Objections to any of my positions I shall always receive with attention, provided they are not anonymous; and being as nearly independent of society as any man can or ought to be, if I disdain an useless controversy, I shall never shrink from just reproof, or, I trust, a candid confession of convicted error. And I hope you will give me credit, as well as the gentleman whose valuable work has occasioned these observations, that, in making them, I have not the least inclination to speak disrespectfully of his labours or talents; but only to guard the young and studious artists from the erroneous idea so prejudicial both to him and his country, that he may content himself with studying the best copies of these valuable vases, instead of the originals; or that it is possible ever to be a good artist either in painting or sculpture, without attentively examining, and that repeatedly, all the best productions of the Greek artists, both in statues, bas-relievs, gems, paintings, painted vases, medals, and architecture; independent of the daily exercise of imitation, conversation with books, and the investigation of nature.

That means may be procured, now peace is returned, by a minister who hitherto has seemed to be the friend of talents, to enable some of our best English students to commence the only warfare I ever wish to see, a contention of abilities in this line; and some scheme adopted, to instruct the public mind, and refine its judgment in these matters is, Sir, the ardent wish of

Your obliged Correspondent,

Jan. 8, 1803.

G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

SINCE transmitting to you the Statistical Account of the Parish of Asby,* I have been favoured by Messrs. Gough and Swainston, of Kendal, with a much more accurate description of the cave mentioned in that report, and which, perhaps, you will not think unworthy of insertion in your Miscellany.

THE roof of the cave being extremely low at the entrance, and also in some other parts, it is with great difficulty that any person can penetrate into this

subterraneous recess, and explore its various windings. The passage, or gallery, is generally six or seven yards in breadth, extending in a north-east direction. The bottom is rough with craggy stones, in some parts is covered with water, and, for the space of 380 yards declines gently from the entrance; the declivity being frequently interrupted by perpendicular steps, the edges of which are commonly covered with a ridge of stalactite. At this distance from the mouth, is a shallow basin of water, placed under a much higher roof. The cavern here changes to the form of a lofty, but narrow chink, and suddenly turns to the left; the bottom rising, at the same time, to an angle of forty-five or fifty degrees. This acclivity is rendered almost impassable, by means of a thick bed of slippery clay, mixed with sharp gravel. Having surmounted this difficulty, the road again descends with an equal declivity, and winds along the edge of a pool of water, the length of which is about twenty, the breadth six, and the depth three, yards. This pool, which is of an oblong form, is lodged in a rocky cavity, and situated under a lofty dome. On leaving this basin, the adventurer pursues a road which verges to the north, and serves to convey the water from the pool for the space of sixty or eighty yards, where it falls with some noise into a hole in the bottom, and disappears. The roof here is rendered remarkable by two large perpendicular chafins of unknown extent. It is highly probable that the fissures in question, as well as other apertures of less note in different parts of this subterraneous recess, pour torrents of water into the cave after a heavy rain. At the place where the stream, which proceeds from the pool, disappears, the path makes an angle turning to the west; after which the way is for a little time pleasant, being dry, and in some parts sandy; but it soon becomes low, and, on that account, troublesome. About 150 yards from the place last mentioned, the cavern divides into two branches: that which would appear to be a continuation of the former tract, terminates at the distance of eighty yards in an impassable chink. The other, which verges a little to the left, after a space of sixty or eighty yards, joins the gallery leading from the entrance, about two hundred yards from the mouth of the cave.

A few particulars, apparently of little consequence, are omitted in the preceding description.

* See Monthly Magazine, vol. xlii, p. 112.

1807.] *B. Porta's Process for rendering Sea-Water Potable.* 233

Court in London, between two streets called Tiddberti street and Savin-street.* —*Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons*, vol. iv. p. 237.

ST. MAGNUS, LONDON BRIDGE.

In a curious old Miscellany, which goes by the name of Arnold's Chronicle, printed by Pynson in 1516, we have the following articles as found by the Inquifitors at one of the Visitations of St. Magnus, early in the sixteenth century.

"Fyrit. That the Chyrche and the Chauncell is not repayred in glasinge in divers placys.

"Item. That the bookys and vestmentys ben broken and vnhonest for dyuine seruyce.

"Item. That many of the preytys and clerkys often were foule and unclenly surpleys.

"Item. We fynde nat that ony clere Inventory, is made of the goodys and kaudys of the chyrche.

"Item. That the londys and teneментys of the chyrche by favoure of the churchewardyens, afore tyme ben laten under the very value by xxlb yerly and more.

"Item. We fynde that for defaute of good prouyfyon, bothe of the chyrchwardyens, and also of the maisters of the salue, neyther the preytys nor clerkys, that ben retayned for the chyrche wyll nat come to our lady massa nor salue, nor the clerkys and preytys that ben retayned by the mayters of the salue and the wardeyns of the chyrche wolde for the mayntenyng of Goddys seruyce at the tyme of raceyng of such pryestys and clerkys good cuttume of vertu and grete encrease of dyuine seruyce.

"Item. That the chyrche wardeyns wyll nat shewe vs the wylles of them that have gyven goodys or londys vnto the paryshe wherby we sholde farther inquire whether the wylles be performed or nat, for without them we can not haue therof vnderstanding.

Item. "That the wardeyns of the chyrche and of the brodyrhd haue not giuen theyr acomptys.

"Item. That afortymes for defaute of good and dyligente autoryte of the acomptys of the wardeyns, ther hath ben many and grete sommes of money taken from the chyrche, the whiche myght well come to lyght yf the olde acomptys were well examyned.

"Item. There is in the handys of

dyuers of the paryshe, Restys of money of the beame lyght, and of the almes gaderynge to the somme of xii or xvllb. and that one Palmer can shewe the trouthe.

"Item. That the chyrcheyarde is vnhonestly kepte.

"Item. That dyners of the preytys and clerkys in tyme of dyuine seruyce be at tauerns and ale howfys, at fyslyng and other tryfys, wherby dyuine seruyce is let.

"Item. That by fauour of the wardeyns there bythe admittyd bothe pryestys benefyced and relygyous, where there myght be more conveyent and expedyent, and that haue more nede to be receyued in ther placys, and these ben the names. Syr Robert Smyth, benefyced; and a Monke, Syr Johan Botell, benefyced; Syr John Bate hath a thyng that we can nat vnderfonde.

"The names of the inquyrytours of the sayd artycles at the same visytacyons:

Johan Halmon	Thomas Broke
Symon Motte	Wyllyam Hertwell
Johan Robchaunt	Thomas Dauy
Johan Yonge	Wyllyam Crene
William Dycons	Robert Vincent
Richarde Baronys	Synon Neuyngton
Johan Eton	Johan Tarke."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
AS your Magazine is calculated to afford general and miscellaneous information, as well as amusement, the following passage from a very scarce work may probably be well received. I extract it from the beginning of the twentieth book of Baptista Porta's Natural Magic, not from the original, for that I never could find in Italy, the country of which he was a native, but from an English translation published in 1658, in folio.

Some further account of him and his compositions I may perhaps take another occasion to send you; suffice it at present to remark, that this collection of his experiments was first published when he was only fifteen years of age, but the work from which the translation was made was one revised by him when he was fifty.

We all know, and it will be found detailed in Dr. Watson's Chemical Essays, that Mr. Irwing received a very considerable bounty from the British parliament, for inventing a method of extracting fresh water from salt water at sea, by simply adding a still head to the ship's

* Dugd. Mon. An. 1. vol. i. p. 138.

ship's boiler; that a French philosopher disputed the invention with him, having published an account of this invention before; and that Dr. Watson adds, that in Queen Elizabeth's reign an English admiral, whom he names, had done the like.

Now hear what the Neapolitan physician and experimental philosopher said on the subject before the year 1650.

"Chap. i.

"How sea water may be made potable.

"It is no small commodity to mankind, if sea-water may be made potable. In long voyages, as to the Indies, it is of great concernment; for while seamen, by reason of tempests, are forced to stay longer at sea than they would, for want of water they fall into great danger of their lives. Gallies are forced almost every ten days to put in for fresh water, and therefore they cannot long wander in enemies' countries, &c. &c." Here he goes into an enquiry as to the cause of the saltness of the sea, which I have not time to copy, and then proceeds to describe his invention.

"We first fill a hollow vessel like a great ball with sea-water; it must have a long neck, and a cap upon it, that live coals being put under, the water may resolve into thin vapours, and fill all vacancies, being carried aloft. This ill-scented grossness, when it comes to touch the coldness of the head or cap, and meets with the glass, gathers like dew about the skirts of it, and so running down the arches of the cap, it turns to water; and a pipe being opened that pertains to it, it runs forth largely, and the receiver stands to receive it as it drops. So will sweet water come from salt, and the salt tarryeth at the bottom of the vessel, and three pounds of salt water will give two pounds of fresh water; but if the cap of the limbee be of lead, it will afford more water, but not so good."

Afterwards he gives five other experiments, and concludes by shewing how fresh water may even be gathered from the air, by filling a vessel with snow and powdered saltpetre, so as to condense the air on its surface: a method also by which he says he froze his wine, plunging the bottle that contained it into a bowl of snow and saltpetre finely powdered. The same practice, by means of which some modern experimental philosophers have, in cold climates, even froze mercury.

We have heard lately of *thread made from aloes* also as a new invention; but I can assure you the process is described by this author, and referred by him to America.

The work was originally written in Latin, but afterwards translated into Italian, French, English, Spanish, and Arabic. The fables he copied he did not always believe, but, like other writers of his times, he gave credit to a sufficient number to lessen the reputation of his writings, at a period when a better philosophy took place.

I am, your's, &c.

G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE long had it in intention to trouble you with some inquiry concerning that valuable and much-wanted book, Morell's *Thesaurus*, the republication of which was promised in your Magazine a considerable time ago. Your last number removes the necessity of the principal part of any intended inquiry, by repeating that promise, with the additional gratifying intelligence that the superintendance of it is to be entrusted to Dr. Maltby. A man so eminently qualified for the work, will, I hope, not only edit, but correct and enlarge it. I beg leave now to offer a suggestion, which has frequently occurred to me, that the whole of this valuable and expensive book might, at a much less expence than by a separate publication, be incorporated into some Greek Lexicon, Hederic's for instance. Nothing more is requisite than an accurate marking of the quantity of the syllables of each word, and a prosodical example; or, perhaps, as in the work at present, only the latter. If it should be objected, that the bulk of the book would be too much increased, it may be answered that some parts of Hederic might be omitted, or at least abridged. But I do not think that, if the whole were retained, the size would be so great as that of Ainsworth's Dictionary. At a time when the expence of paper and of publishing is so great, if the proprietors of the two works would agree, they (I am persuaded) would find their account in this method, and the classical student certainly much convenience.

Now I have the pen in my hand, I beg leave to trespass on you for a few other observations concerning books of education.

430 *Painting in transparent Colours on transparent Bodies.* [Dec. 1,

most sacred laws of morality with too much indulgence. When they themselves are attacked as traducers and defamers, it is surely not only justifiable, but laudable, to offer some considerations in their vindication, now that they, as well as the subjects of their historical censure, are no longer able to defend themselves. If the revival or continuance of such a controversy be invidious, the blame falls solely on the too zealous and injudicious advocates of the Scottish queen, who absurdly attempt to represent a woman, abandoned to her passions, and remorseless in her crimes, as a paragon of innocency and virtue. If reasonable concessions will satisfy this class of romancers, we will most cordially join them in admiring the beauty and accomplishments of Mary; in celebrating her heroic courage and fortitude in scenes of the deepest distress; and in compassionating her miserable and untimely fate, the too natural result of her early education in a court unexampled for its atrocities in the annals of guilt.

Bedford,
Oct. 13, 1807.

Your's, &c.
W. BELSHAM.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

THE mode of painting in transparent colours on transparent bodies, having become an object that claims the attention of the public, in so much that a work has been lately published on that subject, induces me to make not only a few remarks on what I believe to have been its original introduction, but also to add my testimony, to that of others, of the grand effect that may be produced by able practitioners in this sublime branch of painting.

That excellent amateur artist, Mr. Taylor of Bath, I was once informed by the late Mr. Thomas Sandbey, of Windsor, shewed him examples of it above forty years ago, which he conceived to be the first introduction of it in England; but as his works have been but little seen, it got into few hands, and was only applied to common purposes, and at last was degraded to the office of embellishing the lottery-shops' windows.

Of a sudden however, it was not many years back the object of attention to young ladies, deficient in other methods of designing; and, in consequence of their demands, gave birth to representations the most despicable, and absurdities the most ridiculous, until at last it became the almost only vehicle, by means of

wretched prints, of conveying to the minds of grown babies the puerile superstitions of the German ballad-mongers.

Yet all this while the art was destined to survive prejudice, and its value was properly felt by one genuine artist, who, whilst he could not but lament the disgrace into which it had been destined to fall, cherished its beauties under the fostering influence of a landscape-painter of the greatest eminence, his relation; and who, having caught a mere spark from the original source, soon augmented it to a pure flame, by executing from the conceptions of a mind experienced in the appearances of nature, designs worthy of any period, generalizing her effects, and adopting them to suitable and particular scenery, with masterly ease, and genuine enthusiasm.

Such, to my great surprise, I became acquainted with a few years back, being invited to see their effect on a group of charming children, the family of the artist, for whose amusement at his country seat, I was then informed, they were executed. The mode in which they were exhibited was also very ingenious, and the only one, as I have since found, proper for this kind of art; for it excluded all light but that which came from the picture itself, and by means of marks in the back, the wick of an argand lamp was adjusted to the point of light most proper for each interesting subject.

These effects which a modest man of genius had produced for his children, did indeed procure the most vivid admiration in them, and the loudest exclamations of delight; but what he least calculated upon, when for his own amusement he began to study this fascinating part of the art of painting, took place, which was, that all the grown part of the company vied with them in expressions of pleasure, and that their admiration was in the exact ratio of their knowledge of art in general.

Such a result could not but inspire the author of the pictures with satisfaction; and accordingly I remember having the pleasure of soon after seeing at his town-study many large views of Windsor and the adjacent country executed in a style so truly grand and rich, that neither of the Bapsans, or any artist of the Venetian school, would have been ashamed to own them; while they contained such close touches of nature, that all who viewed them were filled with the sweetest sensation that her most perfect scenes at morning or evening produce.

Thes

These performances I knew were painted by the younger Sauly, for his own private amusement, and as studies from nature; I knew also that he considered the branch of the art as too much degraded at that time to think of bringing them forward; but I could never have supposed that the discerning part of his friends, who were judges of the art itself, would suffer such a talent to lie in obscurity a moment; and left town fully expecting to hear of its being honourably adopted, and ranked, as it well deserved in such hands, among the highest, because the more interesting part of the art, to minds that view pictures with esteem, in proportion as they influence the feelings and imagination.

How much then was I disappointed, when on a late visit of a few days to town, (after five years absence,) I found the objects of my earnest solicitude had been neglected, abandoned, and almost forgot! That they still existed, but unseen and unknown, except to their author and a very few real students of nature; and that with respect to the public they had never met their eye, under an idea that the common prejudices against this prostituted branch of the fine arts, were yet too rife to be successfully combated.

This excuse may satisfy others, but my mind it does not influence, who hold it to be a first-rate duty to publish talents that we know, and know to be unduly appreciated. I must, therefore, beg leave to unburthen it to you, and, through your medium, to the public; not doubting that all who have been favoured with a sight of these truly fine, touching, and original examples of enchanting nature, will yield my motive their approbation, in hopes that it may be the weak means of bringing forward a new pleasure from the arts, exciting merit to take its due place so long declined, and adding to the honours of a country so justly celebrated for the variety of its men of genius, reflection, and abilities. Your's, &c.

Bristol, Nov. 4, 1807. G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
MR. Foster, in his "Essay on Accent and Quantity," supposes that the small Roman *r* and *t* have been the means of corrupting the following passage in Virgil, and that instead of *pater* we ought to read *patet*:

Hic viridem Æneas frondenti ex ilice metam
Constituit, signum nautis, *pater*, unde reverti
Scirent, et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.

Æn. V. 130.

This reading he attempts to support, by saying, that the word *pater* is here unnecessary, if not absurd; and that, when it is joined in construction with Æneas, in the other parts of the poem, it is generally in close position with it; as, "Tum pater Æneas, At pater Æneas," &c.

Critics are commonly too ready to give a different reading from that which they find, and to suppose that every passage which does not accord with their own ideas, has been corrupted by the negligence or ignorance of transcribers. This emendation of Mr. Foster I have always considered as too refined. I am ready, indeed, to acknowledge his great learning and abilities; but "nullius in verba magistri," is a motto which should be adopted by every man.

If the word *pater* be unnecessary in this passage, why do we ever find it joined in construction with Æneas, Anchises, and others? It is employed by Virgil in several parts of his poem, to denote age or veneration; and is found eighteen times conjoined with Æneas, and ten with Anchises in the Æneid. The frequent use of this word, therefore, is a proof that Virgil did not consider it either as unnecessary or absurd.

With respect to the position of *pater*, in the 130th line of the fifth book of the Æneid, this, I think, may be also sufficiently defended. It is nearly as far separated from Æneas in the following passage:

Com *pater* in ripa, gelidique sub ætheris axe
Æneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
Procubuit. Æn. VIII. 23.

But here, says Mr. F. though *pater* is separated, it stands first; and the sense of the word is very emphatical. It surely cannot be of much importance whether the word is placed first; and the sense of *pater* in the corrected as well as in the present line, is equally impressive. What, however, has fully convinced me, that this emendation of Mr. Foster is altogether gratuitous and unnecessary, is the opinion of Heyne, who has not only adopted the ancient reading in this passage, but, in another part of the same book of the Æneid, has substituted *pater* for *pariter*, and placed the word at a great distance from *Acestes*:

Amisissolus palma superabat *Acestes*:
Qui tame aërias telum contendit in auras,
Ostentans artemque *pater* arcumque sonantem. Æn. V. 319, &c.

In the same work Mr. F. has proposed an alteration of the following line in the Œdipus of Sophocles:

ΣΤΡΕΨΑΝΤΑ χερσὶ τῆς ἀναίτης βίβλῃ.

For

itory; though the Mississippi river is between 2 or 300 miles west of us. Our settlement on this river is but small; and the Spaniards, unfortunately, hold the mouth of it.

The country between this and the Mississippi, and between this and the sea (which is about 50 miles off) is entirely covered with majestic pine timber; but the soil is poor, except in the low grounds of the several rivers; where we have a great abundance of beautiful trees and flowering shrubs of every description.

My house is about 8 miles south of Fort Stoddart. I moved to it from St. Stephen's (50 miles above) in December last. I have 40 acres on each side of the river, running a good way up and down; with a comfortable house, and a good many peach-trees, fig-trees, quinces, and pears. The fig-trees have been in leaf but 15 days, and there are already figs as large as walnuts. The land and buildings cost me 350 dollars. There are about 12 acres planted in cotton, and I expect to have 19 or 20 in Indian corn. We reckon about 360 weight of cotton to the acre, and between 30 and 40 bushels of corn. The cotton worth 4 dollars a hundred, and the corn $\frac{1}{2}$ a dollar a bushel. I have often thought, that your trade would answer very well here. We have vast quantities of cattle. Tallow could, I suppose, be had in at 12 cents and $\frac{1}{2}$ per pound; and the prices of candles by the box are, dipped candles, 18 cents; mould, 20; spermaceti, 50. Fifty cents are equal to 2s. and 3d. sterling. There is no excise on candles or soap. Bees' wax is 25 cents per pound. Soap is at 12 cents for brown, and 13 for white. But I speak of the Orleans prices of soap and candles. Here they are higher; but the demand is not great. Perhaps, however, here and at Mobile, which is a town 50 miles lower down, there would be demand enough for one chandler.

This is a fine country for cattle. They require no feeding. The woods supply summer, and winter. Cows and calves are 12 dollars, and whole stocks of 100 or 200, of all ages and description, from calves to 6 years old steers, are sold at 6 dollars a head. We want good cheesemakers; we have none, and cheese is dear.

Nancy joins in love to you and your's, with your affectionate brother,

HARRY TOULMIN.

To Mr. Matthew Toulmin,
Bristol, England.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine,
SIR,

I READ in your Magazine for January last, the commencement of a very original essay on the subject of cruelty to brutes; in many sentiments of which it is impossible not to concur; but as hitherto none of our philanthropists

have treated, that I know of, the subject so much more interesting, viz. that of inhumanity to *rational*s; with your permission I shall take the liberty to notice one species of it, very little short in point of injustice to that of the Slave Trade; and which, if suffered to continue without comments, will probably, at least, constitute a species of legal homicide, the more to be regretted as its end will be the destruction of some of the fairest and most helpless part of the creation. Apprenticed boys have limited hours of labour, and rewards, for exceeding them; all handicrafts are paid if they exceed twelve hours of attendance; merchants' and bankers' clerks are made to profit by extra exertions; schoolboys know the measure of their task, and have at stated times, some more, some less, allotted holidays; even menial servants are allowed at certain hours to visit a relation, or take an evening's walk. What then will the fashionable world think, when they shall be informed that their gayest garments are infected with the profound sighs of young, and often lovely and well-informed girls, doomed, in consequence of their unreasonable and impatient demands, to support exertions under which the strongest constitution must fail; and which, it breaks both the hearts and spirits of many that were brought up their equals, and consigns to an early grave objects often more estimable than themselves?

With glowing indignation has the writer of this often beheld women of rank, and women of no rank, treat a blushing and silent apprentice to a milliner, with a degree of rudeness that the lowest mechanic would be ashamed to use towards a dependant, whilst her orders were given in a tone of command, that she would not dare to adopt to her chamber-maid; but if such be the exhibition of the show-room, what has the daughter of a gentleman, once perhaps half spoiled by tenderness, and nursed in the arms of sensibility, to endure, whose want of fortune to pay a premium condemns her to the going out to take orders? I think I see her modestly appareled slipping hastily by a group of staring loungers; but too happy if she escapes some insolent remark on her person, profession, and manner of walking; only to arrive at that door, where after a cold reception from a brute of a porter, she tremblingly ascends the echoing staircase that leads to the unblessed dressing-room of some hag of quality, or new married Catherine, whose spleen, want of taste, and want of feeling

feeling, are going to be relieved by invectives against every article these slaves of fashion have, at morning lamps, with pallid faces, and inflamed eyes, been studying to improve!

Dismissed, at length, and escaping without the common ceremony of a bell rung, or a door opened, she returns, the messenger of dismay to all the amiable circle of her fellow dependants; every thing is to be altered, every thing is to be changed; and when the day is nearly spent in almost unremitting toil, they know, from her orders, that the night and Sunday morning is to be added to six days of encroachments on their rest and health.

One face alone is lit up by smiles; smiles as perpetual as her exorbitant demands are unbounded; and rapacity and cruelty masked under her politeness, announce to the helpless group *her* hopes that all will cheerfully join in the inhuman sacrifice.

And who is this? She that with a barbarity would disgrace a negro driver, sits all day like a lynx to watch the labours of those who work and waste away, half palsied in their bloom, for want of animal exercise.

It will scarcely be believed, until it has been enquired into, and ascertained by facts, yet I pledge myself it is true, (and you, Mr. Editor, know me too well to suspect me of a falshood,) that to be kept up four times in the week until five in the morning, and one of them, that of the Sabbath, is no unusual thing in the winter fashionable months; which health-destroying activity is followed by no other remuneration than a cup of coffee, or tea made strong, to irritate the nervous system, and, like hackney post-horses, fed with beans, keep nature on the spur!

O Providence! O God of Mercy! and shall not these be called crimes? Shall the most helpless, and most lovely part of the creation, the young, poor, and innocent girl, whom the loss of parents, or loss of fortune, has driven to this last asylum of virtuous industry, in order to repair perhaps the privations of an aged parent, or from the most generous motives, to relieve kind relations or friends from the obligation to maintain her, in independence; become thus the sad prey of the unreasonable and incessant demands of unfeeling fashion, united with the cupidty of traders accustomed to encroach on the concessions of humble females? Yet these young women pay fifty or sixty guineas premium down, for two or three

years at most of instruction; at the end of which time, of those who are willing to submit to it, having no other resource, they demand twenty-five guineas for one year's more slavery, which they are pleased to call *improvement*. In fact, the best part of the milliner's profits arise out of the time, rest, and health, of which those almost friendless beings are defrauded; for friendless they must be called, who unprotected by the laws which protect all other classes, are compelled to waste their strength, and bake their blood over midnight lamps, until in many cases, eyes and lungs are gone; while hystericks, and palsy, frequently terminate the youthful days of those who entered these hotbeds of imposition, blooming as Hebes, and gay as good health and good spirits could make them.

These, therefore, are objects indeed not only worthy of the attention of all Societies of Reform, if it were only so far to interfere, as to prevent them from working on Sunday mornings; but truly deserving of the assistance of Parliament, so as to be put at least on a footing with other labourers, and guarded in the right of either having reasonable hours of working allotted them, with proper times for meals; or if they consent, to exceed their usual period, to be entitled, like other trades, to remuneration, and power to desist from over exertions, when incompatible with strength and health.

To those who never beheld the arcana of these houses, this must appear wonderful; for certainly the outside has a gilded appearance: dress, smiles, and external politeness surround their atmosphere; but sadness, dependance, and despair, are frequently behind the scene; and if irregular conduct has sometimes been the bitter fruit of this situation, to what can we attribute it but to the general negligence of their employers as to the morals of their house. On Sunday, it is usual in London, when the work of the shop is all delivered, to let them go where they please, to the Park or to the church: the best employ is in writing letters to their friends and relations; the worst, in seeking lovers, who may snatch them from their bondage;—while the mistress usually retires to her villa, to count her gains, or expend them in luxurious sensuality.

In the country, in addition to early and late hours, they are degraded to menial offices, such as sweeping the shop in turns, making beds, preparing meals, rising always with the light, and are only allowed

allowed half an hour for dinner, half an hour for breakfast, and a quarter of an hour for tea, (which they find themselves as well as washing); a day to work for themselves, is only allotted at times when the orders are least pressing, and it is not unusual to set them to repair the household linen, even in these solitary moments of what is called indulgence. The summer sun shines not on their walks, neither do they enjoy the still refreshing hour of evening. From the ball or the play they are prohibited, lest the customers should encounter them there, and feel their pride offended! and shut up in solitude and hot work-rooms, they waste and pine, with no other consolation, but their innocence, the society often of good but unfortunate youth, and the hope, at the end of the period of their engagement, they shall be able to hail their liberty! As to those whose poverty or want of courage detains them in this ill-paid slavery, I have seen many instances of its end being atrophy, pulmonary consumption, and more than once madness. But chilblains, hysterical affections, and stomachs entirely debilitated, are almost the constant concomitants of this ill regulated employment. Would to God, therefore, your Medical Reporter Dr. Reid, whose genius and humanity so often adorn your pages, would turn his thoughts to this distressing subject; and may it so happen, that these just representations may meet the eye of some benevolent member of parliament, and be the means of inducing him to devise some bill to regulate the pay and conduct of all those who groan under the iron bondage, and, being females, have hitherto found no helper.

Your's, &c.

GEORGE CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

THE passage alluded to by the gentleman, who, in p. 16 of the present volume, has favoured your readers with an account of the ancient city of Numantia, might indeed very well surprise him on the score of its palpable inaccuracy, which originated in the following manner. On first consulting a map of Spain, published under the authority of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, it was found that *Almazan*, which some have supposed to be the ancient Numantia, lay contiguous to the city of *Tarrogon*. This was afterwards, by one

of those sudden glares of the eye, which sometimes occasion mistakes like the present, confounded with *Tarrogon* on the coast of Catalonia, with which part of Spain, as well perhaps as with Numantia itself, the Numancos of Milton could have no connection. The situation therefore of this latter place, still remains to be ascertained; for, coupled as it is with *Bayonne*, it must be admitted, that no situation so distant from the coast as was Numantia will answer the purpose of illustration.

With your leave, Mr. Editor, I shall take this opportunity of offering a few more remarks on the following lines in Milton's *Lycidas*.

“ When the great vision of the guarded
mount
Looks towards Numancos, and Bayona's
hold.”

This mount is well explained by Mr. Warton, to mean St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and the vision to relate to St. Michael, who, in the monkish legends, is reported to have often appeared for some particular purpose, on different mountains. The first of these apparitions is said to have been on Mount Gargan in Apulia, so called from a rich shepherd of that name. This man having accidentally lost one of his oxen, at length traced it in a grotto in the above mountain. Exasperated at the trouble which the animal had caused, he shot a poisoned arrow at him, which, recoiling, wounded himself to death. The inhabitants of the place consulted their bishop on what was to be done, and were advised to fast three days, in order that the divine pleasure might be known. The Archangel Michael soon appeared to the good bishop, and disclosed to him, that it was he himself, who had caused the shepherd to be slain, having received a command from God to guard the spot where the ox was found, as a sacred place. In consequence of this, a church was afterwards dedicated to the Saint, and the mountain is still called *Monte di St. Angelo*. Here the Saint is said to have re-appeared on many other occasions.

The vision alluded to by Milton took place, as Mr. Warton states, on Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall, according to the legendary accounts of the works belonging to a cell founded there in the time of the Conqueror; but we do not appear to have been favoured with the exact particulars. The French, not to be

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
A FRIEND lately put into my hands a pamphlet, from the Bishop of London, addressed to the West India planters, on the subject of promoting schools similar to the plan of Joseph Lancaster; the origin of which he very naturally, I think, attributes to the chaplain of the factory at Madras, who certainly adopted a part of his new method from the practice of the Hindostan schoolmasters. When he gave me leave to peruse this address, I was not a little rejoiced to hear, by way of recommendation, that the object was to convert to Christianity the whole race of negroes, still, to our disgrace as Christians, remaining slaves in the islands.

But a greater disappointment I never received than in the perusal of this pamphlet.

I expected, when a prelate condescended to address a body of people on such a subject, that he would at any rate have stated to them, with apostolical simplicity, the necessity there was, for their own sakes, both here and hereafter, to think of some mode of persuading their slaves to become Christians, lest, under the want of Gospel restraints, these people, guided by the passions natural to man, should, from a principle of retribution, reverse the tablet; and, by dint of numbers, and a heathen sense of their injuries, overwhelm their enslavers, and, at last, take possession of the fields which, by cultivation, they had been forced to render fertile under whips and privations, to which no human being is prone by nature to submit.

I also flattered myself his lordship would have shewn them that, to prohibit the trade in men from Africa, and continue it in the islands, was a mockery of God, a crime under the idea of an expiation, and that unless they found out some means to put a stop to slavery *in toto*, of which our legislature had even expressed its abhorrence (in times the most profligate England ever knew), all that had been done would be nugatory, both in a moral, religious, and political sense.

And lastly, I did think it was impossible for a bishop to write to a set of people, who are so remarkable for the laxity of their morals, and neglect of Christian duties, without hinting to them the necessity of a plan of reform among themselves.

Great, therefore, was my disappointment, to find none of these expectations

realized; and profound was my dismay, on advancing a few pages, to hear a Protestant dignitary begin by lamenting the fall of the Jesuit's society, those Politico-Christian-Quixotes, who once spread rank Catholic doctrines among the Indians, to induce them to be convenient slaves to the murderers of their ancestors: and while he reserves all his admiration of converters for the Moravian teachers among the Protestants, never adverting to the duties of our own churchmen, so *daringly neglected*, or giving a grain of praise to the sect of Methodists, who surely sacrificed themselves in numbers to the work of conversion, before even one bishop was found subscribing his name to a Bible Society.

But the man who, in speaking of the utility of schools, could overlook Joseph Lancaster's, for giving cheap education to the poor, may well be conceived capable of this glaring inattention.

These discoveries damped and staggered my hopes; but when I came to the main drift of this melancholy argument, which was, that, by giving the negroes (now in their power, by a horrid law) a day to cultivate their own gardens, and abolishing the Sunday-market, a day usually spent in vice and debauchery, they might thereby lay the foundation of their conversion to Christianity, which would not only make them better servants, but increase their value considerably, as articles of trade; for that a good *Christian slave* would now sell in the markets of Antigua (that is, a Moravian slave) for more, a great deal, than a heathen one; and all this without even a comment on the vileness of one Christian selling another, I was, as every man of only common morality must be, petrified with astonishment at the state of that mind, which could coolly contemplate and propose such an advantage, to be derived from such a source!

Lest, however, this statement should be considered as improbable, allow me to give the bishop's own words, from his avowed pamphlet:—

At pages 11 and 12, we read, “and if, by the reasons above adduced, you should be of opinion that the religious education and instruction of young negroes is essentially necessary to restrain them from the most fatal excesses in the indulgence of their sensual appetites, and that such restraint is equally necessary to keep up a constant supply of *home-born slaves* for the cultivation of your lands.”

Page 13. (after recapitulating the ways and means)—“The planter will, in a few years

years (at a very trivial expence to the proprietor), raise up a race of young Christian negroes, who will amply repay their *kindness* by the increase of their population, by their fidelity, industry, honesty, *humility, submission, and obedience*, to their masters; all which virtues they are strictly enjoined, under pain of eternal punishment, by the divine religion in which they *will* have been educated, and render them far superior to their unconverted fellow-labourers.

"It is proved, by *fact and experience*, that they are held by the planter in higher estimation, and are *purchased at a higher price*, than their heathen brethren."

Restraining them to reading, he says, "will be a wall of partition between them and the whites, an insurmountable barrier against the approaching to *any thing like an equality with their masters*."

Page 24, we are told that, "every proprietor in Antigua is anxious to procure them, and will give a *higher price* for them than for their heathen brethren." And then, to prove to us "how very humble the Christian doctrines of submission will render them, we have quotations from Peter, c. xi. v. 18; Titus, c. xi. v. 9 and 10; Ephesians, c. vi. v. 6; Colossians, c. iii. v. 22; to which he adds, at page 24, "If any one wished to form a slave exactly to his mind, could he possibly do it in terms more adapted to his purpose than these?"

Again, at page 25, "They are yours, the whole man, *both body and soul*; they are your *sole and intire property*; to you they look up as their master, governor, guardian, and protector; as the guides that are to open to them the way to a *better world*."

Page 26, "That without any fault, they have been doomed to *perpetual servitude* (a servitude, too, which at their death they leave, the only *inheritance* they have to leave), entailed to their latest posterity."

Again, at page 27 (speaking of the effect of their conversion), he says, "Instead of *lessening their labour*, it will *increase their industry*, and their desire (in conformity to the demands of the religion they *have* embraced) to please their masters in all things." And, curiously enough, at summing up these benefits, is added,

"Let the great enemy of the repose and comfort of mankind (the devil, perhaps) place his glory in universal dominion—let Britain place it in *universal benevolence!*"

Now what does this imply, but that

slavery is not only lawful under the Christian dispensation, but that we may conscientiously make slaves of that multiplied offspring, of which we have promoted the breeding, by politically adopting the Christian religion as a moral basis on which to augment the species.

What! does not his lordship *know* that if it is criminal to buy a slave in Africa, it is equally so to buy one in the islands? that if it is wrong to buy men at all, it is equally so to sell them? His lordship *does know*, I assert it, that to sell a slave from Jamaica to a Tobago planter, would inflict a punishment as great in the eyes of any slave, as to transport a European to Botany Bay. And can he contemplate the idea of relations parted in this manner, at the caprice of their nominally Christian owners, without reprobation, and coolly talk of their *augmented value in the market as Christians?* Does he dare to talk of *natural-born slaves* in this age, when nothing can support the idea but arbitrary human law, and the least-instructed Christian shudders at the thought? When Russians are emancipating their serfs, and the cold northern morality tiaws before the god-like truths of the Gospel; when Providence has broken the chain of the tyrants of St. Domingo, and a deliverance as great as that of the Israelites is effected before our eyes; at such a time, shall a Protestant divine be suffered, without a check, to talk of *natural-born slaves*, that is, creatures born as cattle, and at the disposal of their masters, wherever they can find a market! And that the increase of this devoted race is to be promoted by making them Christians only, instead of making them Christians and freemen, as an expiation for the injuries done to all their long line of progenitors! The thought is horrible—and I should not wonder, if the motive should become known to the indigent part of this abused race, if the fathers of families should, along with the principles of our religion, embrace the discipline of St. Francis, and put an end to their hereditary dependence, by the practice of celibacy, or even, in despair, go the length of emasculating their male progeny; for what can be more dreadful to a thinking mind, than the idea of generating slaves, whose sole occupation is to till the earth, like oxen, under a vertical sun.

But if this is painful to thought, what shall we say to a case, of which I could name all the parties, and which is by no means uncommon, and may, under our *present* slave laws, be still practised to all generations

generations, whether they are made Christians, or left in the state of heathens.

A planter in St. Kitts had two daughters, mulattas, one seventeen, the other twenty-five, which daughters, being both handsome, he had been in the practice, *as is very usual*, of letting out to prostitution to the officers of the garrison, fleet, &c. In consequence of these connections, the eldest had a child, five years old; both worked well at their needle, and were reputed so clever, that this man, to gratify the avarice of a young black wife, actually sold them both, with the child, to a Jew broker, for more than 1000*l.* who bought them, on commission, for a planter on some distant island, to be kept together, or separated, as was most suitable to the purchaser's inclinations.

Let Dr. P. think how acute must have been the feelings of a Christian mulatta under such circumstances, forced into prostitution by an unfeeling father, and at last sold, to gratify the avarice or lust of a Jew purchaser! Yes, I had almost said, while such laws exist, and the bench of bishops sit in the legislature, without making *daily efforts* to repeal them, we had better not talk of reading-schools, or Christianity at all; if the root is evil, what must be the fruit thereof? And will not the quick-sighted negro (for I by no means think with his lordship, that they are dull or stupid, but as the state we keep them in has made them appear so), the moment he is able to read his Testament, discover the maxim therein, which commands us to *do to others as we would others should do to us*? Will he not then say to his tyrant, "Woe to you, hypocrites, who pay the tythe of mint and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law?" and will not he say, when he is told that he is the sole property of his owner, *both body and soul*, that this is teaching for doctrines the commandments of men?

The Scribes and Pharisees of our days, like those of old, are indeed subtile in disputation, and plausible in their addresses; but, like those of old, they are also, when examined, mere "*whited sepulchres*," fair to view, but within "*full of dead men's bones*." Until we have the honesty to abolish slavery altogether, or at least not to suffer it to be legal to carry on the *slave trade among the islands*, it is in vain to think of teaching slaves the true doctrines of Christ. They will not receive it from our polluted, lying lips; but while we allow the practice of taking the new-born infant from the womb, from generation to generation, as cattle bred on the estates, it is absurd to attempt it.

We must first take the mote out of our own eyes, before we attempt to cast out the "beam from our brother's eye." And the planter who should succeed in making his negroes Christians, under the vile practices that prevail in the islands, would only have raised a host of severe censurers of his own and his neighbour's conduct, unable to approve, and consequently unable to love, and unwilling to obey him.

I have now only to add, that in publishing these sentiments, I know I expose myself to the petulant animadversions of many well-educated men, whose feelings many parts of this address may hurt; and I shall perhaps excite the animosity of others, whom all honest men have to fear—but, as my views are to defend the friendless, and detect that crooked and left-handed policy, which, however highly defended, is not defensible on the broad principle of the love of our fellow-creatures, I am ready to encounter the arrows that fly in the dark, for I can never admit that it becomes an ecclesiastic to use the common policy of the world to effect a spiritual good. I shall, therefore, conscious of the usefulness of the interference, unite to it my name, being,

Your's, &c.

G. CUMBERLAND.

Bristol, June 1, 1808.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

MR. Grant has increased my obligations to him, by his candid and critical remarks in Number 170, p. 292. His respectful attention requires that I should briefly state to him my reasons for accounting the two adjectives, *superior* and *inferior*, to be comparatives. They do not seem to me to be simple positives, as they do not admit of degrees of comparison, by *more* and *most*; since common usage does not warrant us to say *more superior*, or *most superior*; and, if they were nothing more than simple positives, I cannot perceive any reason why they should not be so used. I conceive them to be comparatives, because they convey to me a comparative idea. For whether I say "that officer is *superior to me* in command," or "that officer is *higher than I* in command, the sense appears to me precisely the same: neither does the former expression at all intimate that I am *low* in command, but only that another officer is *higher than I*; it rather indeed intimates that I possess a command somewhat approaching, at least, to his rank. Sentences of a construction similar to the following, are of frequent

1808.] *Lord Elgin's Collection of Antiquities from Athens.* 519

composed of twelve parts of agrimony, two of rose-leaves, and two of rosemary, which is said to be very agreeable, and some packets of it have lately been exported to the West Indies and Brazil. After all, it is not very probable that any succedaneum will soon supersede what has now obtained so universally: the high prices of tea so much felt and complained of by the lower classes, can never be a sufficient object with the higher ranks, to make them leave it off; and their example both in food, dress, and amusements, is always followed by their inferiors. To the seemingly invincible power of habit, fashion, however, forms a counterbalance; and the general adoption of tea, will at last prove its downfall; as what is now the common beverage of labourers and basket-women, must soon be thought too vulgar for the tables of courtiers and princes; and whenever the lords of the world shall abandon tea, for some new luxury, were it *casia buds*, or *cubebs*, a cup of *cassia* or *cubeb* will next find its way to the cottage, and the great *Tebien Lung* may chant his *Mooley-zha*, till he is weary before a single British keel cut the *Pekiang* in quest of it. PHYTOPHILUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

EVER since the year 1762, when the first volume of *Stuart's Athens* made its appearance, has the public curiosity been raised to the highest pitch, to view even small fragments of the sculpture still abounding in that celebrated city and its vicinity. I well remember the pride with which the architect *Reveley*, who was there with *Dr. Richard Worsley*, once shewed me a piece of a moulding that for many years he had carefully carried about with him, and which was equally remarkable for the delicacy of its finish, and the justness of its proportions. Since that period, another traveller, a *Mr. Walker*, brought over a few fragments, one of which, a small figure in bas-relief, now in my possession, he had carried on a mule above 800 miles. But I know of nothing else of any size, or likely to convey to us an idea of the grandeur of art, at the period of the building of the temple in the *Acropolis*, until *Lord Elgin*, availing himself of his advantageous situation at *Constantinople*, found means to acquire that noble collection, now happily deposited near *Hyde-Park Corner*, in a building erected purposely for their security; and, on Saturdays and

Sundays, most liberally opened to the inspection of the public, as such things ought to be, without fee or reward, or even the necessity of previous application.

These now consist first of a considerable part of the frieze that surrounded the porticos under the soffit of *Peripteros*. They are three feet four inches in height, and were continued all round the outside of the wall of the temple; so that the whole, consisting of a procession, measured above five-hundred feet. This procession was the *Panathenaic*, consisting of horsemen and charioteers, some clothed in the *chlamys* and tunic, others in the tunic only, and many, as from the bath, quite naked.

Among those of *Lord Elgin's* marbles, are the three *scaphophori*, or men carrying trays, the sacrificers of the ox, the noble sitting figures of *Neptune* and *Ceres*, the *Hydriaphora*, or women carrying pitchers of water, the *Canephora*, or basket carriers, and others that I cannot now recollect; for, at the first view of such stupendous works of art, the mind is too much elated for the memory to exert its activity with precision. Next we find the greater part of the *Metopes* of the frieze of the south side; many in fine preservation, and nearly statues; for they are in very protuberant alto-relievo, consisting of part of the groupes of figures on the south side also, which were ninety-two in number, each representing a *centaur* combating one of the *Lapithæ*; all infinitely varied, and some not much injured by the hand of time.

Thus we are become possessed of two species of specimens of Greek sculpture in their utmost perfection; but what renders this noble museum complete, is, we find these entire figures from the pediment, and statues of the *Caryatides* from the temple of *Erechtheus*, in the most perfect preservation.

Of the statues from the pediment, that of *Theseus* reposing on a skin of the feline kind is the first that commands our attention. It was, I apprehend, to the right of the western pediment of the portico, that, in the time of *Stuart* and *Reveley*, was a mere fragment of a vast pediment filled with excellent sculpture.

This figure is reposing, nearly naked, with the head, trunk, and limbs, almost entire; every part is simple, composed, and dignified; it is a genuine fine specimen of what the *Italians* would call the *Pastoso*, in marble, soft, plump, and fleshy, looking truly like a figure covered

with

with skin; a gentle relaxation pervades the whole recumbent image; while it represents that species of strength, which belongs to blood rather than to bone. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea of its having any thing to do with the family of the Hercules's; which some people have advanced, probably from seeing him seated on a skin; forgetting that the skin of the lion was the couch of every hero, and not perceiving, that even in one of the metopes, the centaurs use it as a shield.

There are also, on this magnificent pediment, four or five other statues, particularly two dressed figures sitting, that look as if the sculptor had worked in clay instead of marble, so profound are the folds, and so flowing the lines, of their draperies;—to speak of the beauties of which, as they deserve, would, in this place, take up too much room. We may, however, venture from these to prognosticate, that the art of sculpture will now take good footing in this country; our artists having before them in the British Museum, the high Egyptian antiques, the Greek and Roman specimens selected by the late Mr. Townley; and, not to mention the numerous fine casts we possess, Mr. Knight's inestimable collection of bronzes in Soho-square; Tassier's vast collection of gems; and, lastly, these treasures of Lord Elgin's snatched from the Turks; consequently we may now boast, that scarce any helps are wanting towards the revival of the noblest art that the faculties of man have hitherto produced.

The temple of Minerva called *Parthenon* and *Hecatompedon*, was erected in the time of Pericles, who employed Callicrates and Ictinus, as architects; while Phidias directed and executed all the fine sculpture and ornaments, as well as the statue of the goddess, composed of ivory and gold and which was, according to Pliny, twenty-six cubits high. There

is no doubt, therefore, that the models in clay from which they were worked, were chiefly by this excellent and renowned artist, perhaps all the finish of the work; and we have reason, I think, to believe, that, in imitating these examples, we follow his exquisite chisel. Such a treasure as we here have before us, would have gratified the ambition of any of the Roman Emperors; and will at this day excite the envy of every collector in Italy. Even the French, after all their depredations, must, at a peace, submit to cross the channel, if they wish to see such specimens of art, as Paris, with all its boasted splendour, cannot exhibit.

In a plan for promoting the arts in England, annexed to the life of Julio Bonasoni, it will be found, that I considered it as a proof of the rapid advances, which, in the year 1793, the French government were making towards a good taste, that they had procured only casts in plaster of these fine models; and I almost flatter myself, that my invective against our indolence excited this effort to possess the originals. Permit me to quote a passage from that Essay.

“Refinement in the arts could be productive to the Greeks of glory only; to us a good taste in them, superadded to this reward, will secure the means of our longer continuance as a great people.” And as this sentiment is now more than ever necessary to inspire our industry, I trust that this opportunity of completing our studies, so as to rival our neighbours on the Continent, will not be neglected; and that the parliament of England will, among other subsidies, consent to subsidize the arts; by purchasing, if possible, this entire collection, and building a well-lighted museum to contain it, so situated that the whole public may benefit by the magnificent exhibition.

Your's, &c.
G. CUMBERLAND.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

PRINCE PETER IVONITCH BAGRATION.

THIS illustrious prince and general was born in Georgia, of the royal stock of that warlike nation. Like most of the princes who derive their origin from the ancient dynasties of the vast empire of Russia, his family reside at Moscow; where they have a splendid palace,

and live in all the pomp of Eastern sovereignty.

Moscow may be compared to the former labyrinth of Thebes, not the residence of merely one king, but the abode of several. When the Emperor Joseph the Second of Germany visited this city, he said to a nobleman who accompanied him, “Here all the chief Princes of the country

nal part of the eyes, so as to cause the protrusion of the ball beyond the socket. His appearance was frightful; and, indeed, more aggravated distress can with difficulty be conceived. From this condition he was relieved, on finding his disappointment in several prescriptions, by the expedient of *poppy-heads boiled in water*. This narcotic brought on a lethargy of fourteen or fifteen hours; at the expiration of which time, he vouches for his comparative ease, and the speedy cure that ensued.

I mean not to dispute the efficacy of steam, but to contribute towards the benevolent objects of *Common Sense*, of whose dictates, Sir, I yet remain, in common with yourself,

Tower-hill,
May 7, 1808.

A PROMOTER.

For the Monthly Magazine.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

[The following correspondence claims the attention of every one who feels an interest in the well-being of Society, and will we trust lead to some decisive and prompt measures, for the general education of the children of the poor.]

George Cumberland, Esq. to Sir Richard Phillips, one of the Sheriffs of London.

SIR,

WHEN on my late visit to London, you surprised me with a view of the prison of Newgate in a state of cleanliness that would have revived the departing spirit of a Howard, I asked you some questions relative to the state of the literary acquirements of the generality of the prisoners, and if it was common to find amongst those of the lower orders a knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts? At that time you were so much engaged in taking the amount of the poor women's pledges, distributing clothes, and noticing the desires of such as wished to take their children with them to Botany Bay, as not to be able to find time to satisfy my curiosity. I suspected, however, from what I saw, and have indeed long suspected; that we owe many of the evils our criminals produce to their being in a state of extreme ignorance; and as many well meaning people here were found, at the time we attempted to establish Lancaster's schools in Bristol, to entertain the directly opposite opinion, and to think that that sort of education led to the increase of criminal actions, I have been desirous of availing myself of your knowledge of the characters and

habits of the prisoners under your care, from observing how intimately you seemed acquainted with the different interests, and how kindly you endeavoured to ameliorate their condition as far as was compatible with the discipline that secures their safe custody.

You will therefore greatly oblige me and some friends of mine in this city, by stating what is the average number of the prisoners confined for criminal cases who have had a decent education, and if the majority are even able to read, *allowing me to make public your reply*, as nothing can, in my opinion, be of more importance to the community in the present moment, than the decision of this momentous question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. CUMBERLAND.

Bristol, June 14, 1808.

From Sir Richard Phillips, to G. Cumberland, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

You do me justice in supposing that I have not been inattentive to the state of education among the numerous criminals who fill the prisons of the metropolis. I have always considered that the result of such an investigation would afford a certain criterion by which to decide finally on the question, *Whether the poor ought, or ought not to be educated?* and I have therefore bestowed a constant attention to this subject since I have had the honour to fill my present office.

The first opportunity which presented itself to me of forming some general conclusion was by means of a memorial addressed to the sheriffs, signed by 152 of the criminals in Newgate: of these 25 signed their own names in a fair hand, 26, in a bad and partly illegible hand, and the remaining 101 were *marks-men* (persons who sign with a cross) having never learned to write.

On another occasion having applied to the various excellent institutions which exist in this metropolis for a supply of Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts, to circulate in the various wards, and thereby to enable criminals to take advantage of the idle hours spent in a prison, I found, on superintending myself the distribution of these books, an almost general indifference about the receipt of them. Upon inquiry it appeared that as few of the prisoners could read with facility, and as more than half of them could

extended through the whole manufactory, as expeditiously as the apparatus could be prepared.

At first, some inconvenience was experienced from the smell of the unconsumed, or imperfectly purified gas, which may in a great measure be attributed to the introduction of successive improvements in the construction of the apparatus, as the work proceeded. But since its completion, and since the persons to whose care it is confided have become familiar with its management, this inconvenience has been obviated, not only in the mill, but also in Mr. Lee's

house, which is most brilliantly illuminated with it, to the exclusion of every other species of artificial light.

The peculiar softness and clearness of this light, with its almost unvarying intensity, have brought it into great favour with the work people. And its being free from the inconvenience and danger, resulting from the sparks and frequent snuffing of candles, is a circumstance of material importance, as tending to diminish the hazard of fire, to which cotton mills are known to be much exposed.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SKETCH of the BIOGRAPHY of CHARLES GRIGNON, ESQ. an eminent ARTIST, who died at LECHORN in 1804, of a malignant FEVER, on his RETURN from ROME; after a RESIDENCE of many YEARS; accompanied with REMARKS on others, his CONTEMPORARIES, who never lived to return.

By GEORGE CUMBERLAND, esq.

IT has always appeared to me that the best use we can make of some of the leisure moments of life, is to dedicate them to the pleasing and no less useful employment of recording the merits of departed genius; for whilst it gratifies harmless curiosity, it is doing as we would be done by also, and seems to be a grateful and rational offering to the dead, at the same time that it presents a moral lesson of impartiality to our contemporaries.

Influenced, therefore, by such feelings, permit me to offer your miscellany the labours of an evening at an inn at Reading, which otherwise would be passed in anxious longings after my peaceful home, on returning from an unusual absence; that thus, by the harmless magic of thoughts and words, I may at once refresh the ashes of neglected talents, shorten my own suspense, and perform the duty of a surviving friend.

Many years are now gone by since I had the happiness in the city of Rome, for several winters, to partake of the agreeable society of as valuable a set of artists as this island ever produced. A few of them returned home, and are still living an honour to the country that raised them; but others, conscious that the state of public taste was, at that time, incapable of appreciating studies that had the re-

finements of the best ancients for their object, after seeking, in vain, that patronage which alone could have supported them in honour in their native country, lingered on the plains of Latium until the customs and fascinating language of the natives made them a species of captives to the arts and elegancies of Italy; and tempted by the peaceful abodes of the museums of venerable art, the charms of music, painting, and sculpture, the hilarity induced by a fine climate, the independence which plenty offers, the urbanity of the inhabitants, the suavity, the simplicity that invites and detains; they at length formed connections that could not easily be dissolved, and at length perished on a foreign land, neglected, and almost forgotten.

Three of these active students, that are now no more, I knew particularly well, having often been grieved to think how little their nation knew them, and that it has been their unhappy fate to go to the grave without an eulogium; Deare, Robinson, and Grignon, well deserved to be remembered by their country.

Of the first and second I am as yet unfurnished with materials to afford a decent sketch of their biography, although possessed of abundance of proofs of their zeal for, and abilities in, the fine arts: for the present, therefore, I must postpone what I wish to say of them, and confine my lucubrations to the pleasing task of recording what I know of the worth and acquirements of the third; the melancholy, sensible, and gentlemanly Grignon! a man who united great prudence with great taste, respectable abilities with

with real modesty, infinite patience with grand conceptions, and who added to them all, probity, honourable delicacy, and natural politeness. Such a character might not, I think, to be buried in obvious forgetfulness, and if a few hours thus spent will reneve his memory, you will I am sure, readily open a page for the hasty sketch in the records of your Monthly entertainments.

Charles Grignon, son of Thomas Grignon (a mathematician and horologist of univalued excellence), has been said to derive his descent from the illustrious Adolphe (who, agreeable to the custom of France, on becoming possessed of the lordship of Grignon, assumed that name). He was born in 1754, in Russell-street, Covent-garden, and very early in life manifested a strong predilection for the fine arts, by copying, at seven years of age, some prints of Hogarth so excellently, as to attract the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At fifteen, he gained the honorary silver pallet from the Society of Arts, for the best drawing of the human figure; having, at thirteen years of age, been placed by his reflecting father as a pupil with that correct draughtsman, Cipriani, of whom he was at all times the favourite *élève*.

On the 9th of August, 1769, he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and in 1780, he contended for the gold medal given for the best historical painting, and gained it with great applause, having fourteen or fifteen competitors. The subject was the Choice of Hercules, from the Greek of Prodicus; and to make his picture more classical, he invested it of all emblematical allusions, except the club.

On these occasions a trial sketch is always made, in the presence of the president and council; and that no previous assistance may be obtained from those more experienced, the subject is not announced till the student is called before them. The trial sketch was the Angels appearing to Abraham, when they promised him a son in his old age. Sir Joshua Reynolds chose it, and Grignon acquitted himself much to his satisfaction.

After this he was sent out, under the auspices of the Academy, for three years study in Rome, where he soon executed a large historical composition of the attack on Captain Cook by the natives of the Island of Owanee, on February 4, 1779, having sketched the whole scenery from the description of Lieutenant Horst, who was on shore at the time when

that dreadful lesson was given to circumnavigators, who too often, under the influence of the insolence of power, trifle with the feelings of men in a state of savage freedom, forgetting that the inherent right of possession of soil and country is engraven on *their* hearts with double energy, and that consequently invasion and personal injuries are felt by them with enthusiastic indignation.

Grignon, in this picture, chose the moment previous to the fatal catastrophe, three of the party being killed, others wounded, and Captain Cook in the attitude of attempting to undeceive the islanders; and he bestowed so much study on it, that but for the repeated entreaties of his friend the Abbate Grant, who never ceased urging him to put the finishing hand to the canvas, it would never, perhaps, have been completed; for his style of painting led him into such nice criticisms, that the advancement of his designs was often retarded by them; and thus it happened, that his grand work, undertaken under the patronage of Lord Clive, was even, I believe, at his death unfinished, and at this day probably remains in his study at Rome.

The subject of this noble picture was from the poet Eschylus—Prometheus chained to the Rock, a prey to Vultures, Mercury, the Nymphs, &c. To render this subject worthy of his patron and himself, I well remember that all the museums were ransacked, old prints studied, Mr. Deane's fine selection selected, and, above all, the Monte-Cavallo Colossus daily perused, a number of sketches made, and each submitted in turn to Deane's inspection, of whose opinion he stood in awe; it was even modelled in clay, and at last, when the outline of the principal figure was got in on the large canvas, a score of *pentimenti* marked his indecision and anxiety.

The finished study was however completed, and the public will learn with pleasure, that after twice suffering quarantine, at Leghorn and London, it at length rests in the hands of his brother, in the house of their late father, in Russell-street, Covent-garden, an evident monument of C. Grignon's great taste, talents, and industry.

Here also will be found another finished study of Homer reciting his Poems at the Tomb of Achilles; a picture bespoken by Lord Berwick, and which, like the Prometheus, was also to have its figures larger even than the life: but, in consequence of the first French revolutionary

timonary inroad into Italy, when he thought it unsafe to stay, they were left in his study, in the Vineyards, where he occupied the house of Raphael, as thinking that spot more serene than the city of Rome. This old vineyard-house I well remember, and have often designed; and had not Cardinal Doria bought it, should have been myself the purchaser when, in 1703, it was offered to sale for only 3000 scudi, with its capacious vineyard. The situation is delightful, the front facing the villa Borghese, whose pines shade it in the morning; the back looking towards the villa Medicis, and the whole distance not a quarter of a mile from the Porto-del-Popolo. Unfortunately, the cardinal, not possessing a due degree of taste, had the ground laid out immediately into what the undertakers told him was an English garden, but which only feebly resembled some of the tea-places about London, without even the addition of yellow gravel, grass, or water, excepting a ditch or two with fine Lillies over them.—But to return to my subject: Besides these orders, he received from Lord Clive, when in Italy, on both his tours, the most marked kindnesses, his lordship taking him in his own carriage through the finest part of the country, showing him every polite attention, and making him reside with him whenever he stopped.

Mr. John Penn, also, of Stoke Park, near Windsor, was a kind and good friend to our young artist, who executed for him drawings of the most celebrated Greek marbles, of a Colossal size, or at least as large as the originals; in which the character is as highly marked as to give much of the energy of the antique.

For Lord Clive were also executed two very clever drawings; a pastoral, and a tragic subject; one of which represented the fatal effects of a Roman quarrel, near the Porto-del-Popolo, in which the scene is a portrait of the spot, and some of the figures are said to be correct likenesses of the individuals concerned. These were engraved by Solon in the dotted manner. The one entitled the Coltellata, the other the Saltarello, where a party at the Borghese-villa are executing that favourite luxurious dance. They were both published, and dedicated to his noble patron, of whose sister he painted a whole length, for which he received ample remuneration; and had not the war interrupted, it was intended that he should take all the costumes of Italy, for which no one could possess better abilities, his

outline being exquisitely correct, and his knowledge of anatomy, as his drawings will testify, very considerable.

When I was in the habit of seeing him almost daily, his chief study was the antique, and composition, but latterly landscape. The effects of light and skies made a considerable portion of his studies; even botanical designs will be found in his port-folio; and that he aimed at universal excellence, all who knew him know.

Among other studies, now in his brother's possession, in Seppia and Indian-ink, are his Ulysses and Leucothea; but I do not find that he painted them for any one.

Compelled to quit Rome at a time when thousands of people were flying in every direction to avoid the French armies, he and Mr. Fagan, now living, hired a carriage, and a waggon to take their pictures, and having purchased the two Altieri Clauds, so much talked of, made the best of their way to Naples, where they found the whole court in the utmost consternation, and ready to embark on board the Vanguard, Lord Nelson, for the island of Sicily. Grignon now applied to his cousin, Captain Walker, of the Emerald, to take him, his friend Mr. Fagan, and their case of pictures, with which request the captain very readily complied; but the next day the Emerald's destination was altered! Captain Hope, of the Alcmar, now offered him a passage, but his ship also had her destination changed! and thus situated, they were obliged to content themselves with such accommodations as they could procure on board an armed Neapolitan polacca, and were cooped in a small cabin, with thirty or forty emigrants. On the 21st of December, 1793, a very violent storm commenced, which nearly carried the masts of the Vanguard by the board; and but for the exertions of two or three English sailors, the Neapolitan vessel had certainly gone to the bottom with the two artists, and a large collection of pictures, in the purchase of which they had embarked a considerable sum, the fruits of years of industry, and unremitting labour; for during the storm, the mariners had gone below to their prayers, and left the vessel to the care of Providence, and the mercy of the waves.

On his arrival at Palermo, Grignon became acquainted with Captain Richardson, who had distinguished himself at Aboukir, under Lord Nelson, when on the Leander; and finding he intended

taking his passage to England on board a small armed vessel, he prevailed on the captain to take charge of his pictures. In twenty-one days they arrived at Falmouth, from Palermo, owing to Captain Richardson's skill and seamanship, during which voyage he outstripped many fast-sailing French vessels of greater force, that chased him. Being, however, in such extreme haste, Mr. Grignon neglected to give Captain Richardson an account to whom the pictures were consigned, only, on a scrap of paper, informing his brother that the two Clauds were among them, which note the Captain brought him the moment he returned from Windsor, where he first went to lay his dispatches before the king. Thus they were rescued, the Clauds having been actually put up to sale at Falmouth, and nearly sold, for about 500*l.* Afterwards Mr. Long, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, a friend of the artist, took charge of them, and exhibiting them in his drawing-room, they were very soon after disposed of, with four small pictures of eminent masters, for the enormous sum of 7000 guineas! affording at once a proof of the wealth of the country, and the weakness of its collectors, for these landscapes were never expected by their proprietors to procure half that money; and it is well known that one of them is a very inferior performance, and the other by no means to be ranked among the best works of the master. Their size, their having been painted for the family, and their situation, had procured them a celebrity far beyond their merits; and, in fact, the best pictures of that delightful colourist are not those upon the largest scale, as the late Lord Lansdown's and many others will shew.

This visit to Palermo was the happy occasion of Mr. Grignon's being introduced to that great hero, Lord Nelson; who, on his mentioning his anxiety about the cases of pictures, with a goodness and enthusiasm peculiar to himself, exclaimed, Grignon, this is a national concern, and calling for paper, instantly wrote to the governor of Gibraltar, to give Lieutenant Gidway, of the *Tigre Polacca*, a copy; this happened at Sir W. Hamilton's table.

On the 7th of February, 1799, Mr. Grignon had the honour of Lord Nelson's sitting to him for his portrait, at Palermo, in Sicily; the pencil high-finished study for which picture is now in his brother's

possession, and is accounted one of the most dignified and expressive likenesses of that brave admiral. With this there are two exquisite drawings in pencil, also of Lady Hamilton, in attitudes the most noble that can be imagined; and that he availed himself industriously of the opportunities which he had of studying from a contour of such superior beauty, abundance of his designs amply testify.

At Palermo, he became intimately acquainted with Mr. Joseph Laidley, a navy agent, whose friendship was his inducement to embark on the 10th of August, 1799, on board the *Ternumy*, Captain Graves; they arrived at Leghorn the 21st of August; here he remained four years, happy in his friends, and still more, as well as fortunate.

In his Diary we read, June 3, 1800, "Lord Nelson's flag was this day hoisted on board the *Foudroyant*. I dined on board the *Vanguard* on the 7th, on board the *Foudroyant*, the 8th."

At this dinner, he doubtless conceived the most admirable compositions, allegorically to commemorate Lord Nelson's victories; on which he has exhibited his classical taste, combined with a just appreciation of the value of the antique, and the force of close studies from nature.

They, with others, were received a year after his death, by his family, being an abundant collection, not only of his own studies, but of many of his contemporary friends, whose talents he admired; such as Deare, Woodford, Robinson, Fagan, &c. and are a permanent monument of his indefatigable exertions of both mind and hand; for taking them as a selection of accurate studies, and tracings from drawings from the most celebrated statues, bass-reliefs, and bronzes, in Rome, they are invaluable to all genuine artists.

Of tracings of these studies, the author of this paper also has many, as well as of others by Deare, Robinson, and Mr. Woodford, who ranked high in the opinion of each member of this friendly group of industrious students; and to whom alone Deare, that great draughtsman and sculptor, would sometimes defer; for it was a custom that continued very long for the writer of these pages to go frequently to the villa with these able men, and generally twice a week to make manual tracings at the study of the sculptor, whose ready help, and generous instructions were freely offered with a zeal

and

and impartiality, that would have done honour to a Michael Angelo. And here let me pause and drop a tear over the recollection of an artist, whose good nature, hilarity, generosity, and candour, could only be equalled by his delicate taste, profound knowledge, exquisite skill, and unrivalled exertions: a man, that, had he been encouraged to come home, or kindly treated by those who sent him out, would have reflected honour on the art of sculpture; for he made a distinct study of every part of his art, and was as *recherché* in hair as in drapery, as great in drawing and modelling as sculpture, wholly devoted to fame, freedom, and the arts; nor will it be considered as a slight proof of the fact, when I mention that the inimitable Canova beheld his productions with respect, and that even good painters came to him for advice and correction.

Such a one was Deare, whose chief works went to France, and whose chisel is scarcely known in England, except in Sir Richard Worsley's collections, where his *Marine Venus* will shew a hand, that when alone disclosed, has often been even among artists taken for an antique.

But where should I stop if I were to go on to enumerate all the amiable and clever men which Rome has withheld from their country by her fascinations? the gentle Robinson of elegant taste; the cheerful good generous-hearted Hewitson; the gay Durno, of grand conceptions the constant owner; the gentlemanly Hamilton, and his ingenious namesake, of parents and husbands the model of kindness; with many others, now no more! Let me therefore return to the subject of these short memoirs, lest I should obtrude too much on your varied publication, and go on to speak of other works of his, which partly, it may be said, led to his hasty dissolution, and affecting loss.

Whilst waiting at Leghorn to collect his studies and effects, he purchased a picture of merit from the altar-piece of a church there, and engaged, at the same time, to paint, for the guardians of it, another to replace it from his own designs. The subject he chose was that of Elisha ascending in the chariot of fire into the Heavens, while the son of the prophet, with extended arms, is catching the falling mantle; Jordan winds in the back-ground with great sublimity and grandeur; the cartoon was finished in

black chalk, in a great manner, but was not destined to live to finish the picture; for the 29th of October, 1761, he was seized with a malignant fever, raging in Leghorn, died on the 1st of November, after only four days illness, and was, the next day buried, in the ground of the English factory, by his intimate friend the Rev. Mr. Hall, chaplain to the establishment.

At that time the fever was carrying off a great many people every day, inasmuch, that, from an idea of its being contagious, people greatly avoided each other, and many went up to Pisa to get out of the way of its attacks; to this step he was advised by his friends, but, attached to the studies he had collected, he had not the resolution to move, and taking leave of Mr. Littledale, (who escaped it by going away), he then had the fever on him without perceiving it, observing, that "it was only a head-ach." Mr. Littledale died of the same species of bilious fever, at Berbee, in South America, precisely that day three years.

But for this fatal attack he would soon have returned, and reaped the honours he had so well deserved from his country; for having in general possessed good health, the fruits of great temperance, at fifty he might have expected to display the vigour of talents renovated by an agreeable change, and, having acquired a decent competence, to have enjoyed it with satisfaction "at home at last!" Here he would probably have finished his designs for Milton, when he had begun for Sir Corbet Corbet, and which, if we may give credit to the judgment of Dr. Clarke, who saw them at Rome, were far advanced, and very valuable. As a judge of old masters, he would also have been a great acquisition to those who have the good sense to collect, with the assistance of the artist's eye, for a judgment more matured could not easily be obtained; his long residence having given him time to correct those errors by which our early opinions are always accompanied, whilst his known probity, and stern principles of justice would have secured his friends from being the dupes of the manufactures of stippled old copies of great masters, where often nothing is left but the general forms, and general system of colouring. Such pictures, in proportion they are laid bare and naked to the eye of the meanest mechanic in oil-painting, by the dotting process of repairs, are

often in a like degree rendered astonishing to the wealthy, but ignorant dilettanti, and are generally augmented in price in proportion to their worthlessness. To hasten that day, now fast approaching by our improving knowledge, when such works will be all swept away to the lumber-rooms of oblivion, by the descendants of certain modern collectors, and when men who knew nothing of art will be content to ornament their houses with the best works of the best-appreciated artists of their time, is scarcely worth the pains the thankless task would cost; I shall therefore content myself with rejoicing, that, notwithstanding our loss in Grignon, we have at home, among many excellent judges, whom I have not the honour to know, a Woodford and a Howard, on whose opinions much reliance may be placed; and that if Irvine and Fagan ever return with their profound professional experience, I shall at least know four men, whom, if Raphael were to come from the shades, and wanted a jury to decide on the originality of his works, he would be contented to select as impartial arbitrators.

Here I meant to conclude this hasty sketch (which were I to detain long enough to copy and prepare in a manner more fit to meet the public eye, would probably never reach your press at all), when a recollection of another great talent of my departed friend occurs to me as worthy of being recorded. Possessing incomparable powers as a caricaturist, which he executed on principles laid down in a manuscript, that I hope soon to be able to send you, a sort of club was established, a book opened, and a secretary elected many years back, whose office it was to propose to all artists, or lovers of the arts, as they came to Rome, to become members; which only consisted in the ceremony of allowing their caricatures to be inserted in the club-book, against which the worthy Abbate Bonetti (who I am happy to say still lives the friend of the English nation), was to insert three or four lines in Italian, of his own composition, somewhat satirical, but only expressive of the weak

side of the character described. In this book, by general consent, Grignon was the designer, and although we all were allowed the liberty of retaliation (and I well remember caricaturing the caricaturist), yet none were permitted to be put on record but his. This book was saved, or at least a great part of it, from the double quarantine that his papers suffered, and I very lately had the pleasure, by favour of his relations, to see, like a new phantasmagoria, the expressive shades of a number of artists who are gone by, with others that still enjoy fame both at home and abroad.

This confidence did honour to his impartiality, and those who knew them must allow that they were all fair, though all more or less ridiculous; neither did I ever hear of any one that complained, except Mr. Moore, the painter of landscapes; and this will not be wondered at when we recollect that it was he who placed his own whole length in the Gallery at Florence, where Raphael is contented with barely shewing his sublime countenance.

That he also possessed great prudence, sense, and judgment, will be manifested by the fact that when, in consequence of two Corsican spies, in our pay, breaking parole, all the English residents were ordered into custody at L'ghorn by General Berthier, I think about 1802, Grignon was excepted; and on his waiting on the general to express his fears, the general replied with great urbanity, "You need not, Mr. Grignon, be under the least apprehension; yourself and property are perfectly safe; you have always conducted yourself with great prudence and propriety, and we do not make war with the arts."

The artist bowed, returned to his house to pursue his profession, and, like Parmegiano, received nothing from the invading soldiers but their admiration.

He was about five feet six, well proportioned, with a countenance of great expression; humane, studious, but slow in his studies, and rather inclined to melancholy.

nastery of Augustinians, at Winsheim, in the province of Overysse, were desirous of erecting a windmill, not far from Zwoll; but a neighbouring lord endeavoured to prevent them, declaring that the wind in that district belonged to him. The monks, unwilling to give up the point, had recourse to the Bishop of Utrecht, under whose jurisdiction the province had continued since the tenth century. The bishop, highly incensed against the pretender, who wished to

usurp his authority, affirmed that the wind of the whole province belonged to him, and gave the convent express permission to erect a windmill wherever they thought proper.

DANES, SUCCESS OF.

This is usually, and with the greatest probability, ascribed to the male population of the nation being exhausted by monks and clergy; and the prevalence of superstition in the mass of the people.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MISS MURPHY,

AGED FOURTEEN, AUTHORESS OF A RECENT WORK ON TREES AND PLANTS.

SONNET.

HAIL early favourite of the Nine,
 Angelic maid of eye divine!
 By Love adorn'd with locks of gold,
 Unspotted print from beauty's mould;
 I see thee walk by Nature's side,
 At once her pupil and her pride;
 Prudence before, Religion near,
 Say, then, why springs the Poet's tear?
 Alas! behind—unknown to thee,
 The Passions, like a foaming sea,
 Roll on—a restless, ruthless band,
 To sweep thee from life's peaceful strand:
 Cling to thy rock, 'tis Virtue's tow'r,
 Nor fear the storm and rattling show'r.

GEORGE CUMBERLAND.

Bristol, Dec. 11, 1808.

TO DEATH.

I COME not, Death! with vain, untimely fears,
 Urn-shadowing cypress and the midnight dew,
 To offer at thy shrine,
 And deprecate thy wrath.
 I bring not Fear, in Frenzy's robe array'd,
 To own the ruling terrors of thy name,
 And feed thy cruel pride,
 With murmurs of despair.
 For what art thou, O Death! that reason's eye
 Should shun the menace of thy threatening might;
 Or turn upon thy form
 The gaze of wild dismay?
 Or why should terror arm thy uprais'd head
 With shafts of anger, and the murderer's rage;
 And throw around thy brows
 The lightning's livid fires?

Were life the limit of the Spirit's course,
 The grave the barrier of her brief career,
 Beyond whose loathsome bourn
 No star of being gleam'd:

Had Nature to the winds of Heav'n proclaim'd

No bright reversion that awaits the soul,
 When bursting from her chains,
 She seeks her kindred skies:

Did not Religion from thy masked brow
 Pluck the vain shadow of a mimic crown,
 And lift the veiling coal,
 To shew a Seraph's smile:

Then, Death, I'd hail thee monarch of thy shrine
 Should hear my vows, and bear my proffer'd bribes,
 To win the light of Heav'n
 One moment to my gaze!

I'd clasp the breast that loves me, and would swear,

In madness, that thy unrelenting hand
 Never, with ruthless might,
 Should rend Affection's bands!

But since Religion's clear, prevailing voice,
 With words of mercy, tells the trembling soul

That Heav'n has Death ordain'd
 It's minister of love!

Bring flow'rs, bring essence from the living rose,
 And strew around the sickly couch of Death
 From whence the Spirit bounds
 On her immortal wings.

Be this thy triumph and thy glorious boast
 Angel of Death! that at thine awful call
 The shadowing veil is rent,
 Time's fleeting structure falls.

The seraph vision of the glowing mind,
 The hope of Genius, and the soul's desire,
 Start into light and form,
 Freed by thy transient power!

Birmingham.

P. M. J.
 STANLEY

and with the most faithful resemblance to the originals.

Kensington, Your's, &c.

March 6, 1809. T. F. DIBDIN.

P. S. I should not have troubled you with this explanation, but that I thought myself absolutely called upon so to do, from an ungrounded report which might otherwise operate to my prejudice.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE delight I have received from perusing the rational Reports of your humane, intelligent, and courageous Correspondent, Dr. Reid (for in an age like this, of malicious criticism, it demands the firmness of a man devoted to the service of his fellow-creatures, to project even the shadow of a medical reform), I cannot easily express; and this delight has been greatly augmented of late, by perceiving that he is not to be deterred by the suggestions of false pity, from exposing the inefficacy of the prevailing mode of treating the disease called Consumption—for, until the whole nation is roused to a due sense of the necessity of discovering some method of checking its originating causes, or applying other sorts of remedies in the cure, when the present so miserably fail, we have scarcely a right to assume the character of a reflecting or even a rational people.

To see consumptive patients, as I continually do, owing to the situation I live in, rising about early on raw damp mornings, after coming out of hot-curtained beds; frequently lodged on the humid banks of a muddy river, in houses whose walls, being constructed of rude masses of petrosilex, are always cold, and often damp in the spring; to see many of these unfortunate beings condemned to drink profusely of water on an empty stomach, or load their jaded digestive faculties with balsamic mixtures, or repose on contaminated feather-beds, probably one of the many original causes of this cruel disease to the healthy who attend them, and possibly the very origin of the disease itself; for thousands of feather-beds (that accused invention of unthinking luxury,) in this country, have not for centuries performed any quarantine, while even new ones, as they are called when the ticking is new, are often little else but pest-conduits, composed of materials from brokers' shops, to which they are generally consigned by the heirs of those who died of contagious diseases.—To see these things and be silent in the view of such

errors, is impossible.—Permit me, therefore, to state one or two instances of persons recovered, who were very far gone in this disease, by a directly opposite principle, and to suggest, as I hope many others will do by means of your liberal pages, how far I have reason to think, that a contrary treatment would be of utility, the result of some degree of experience among my relatives.

Considering consumption as a lasting, habitual, intermittent fever, arising from the effect of cold humid vapours absorbed by bodies relaxed and dry:—whether by the acridity of hereditary humours, the heat induced by intemperance, the artificial noxious warmth of manufactories, or excessive application of the mind to studies that irritate the nervous system, or athletic exercises by far too violent:—whether the victim is prepared by the bed infected; the indulgent nurse; the meretricious chambermaid; or the ambitious tutor, who wants to rear a prodigy of infantine abilities—whatever be the cause, if it really be of the nature of fever, as a fever, I think there can be no doubt, it ought to be treated; and if the system of cold ablution has been found favourable in other fevers, I cannot see why it should not be resorted to in the crises of this.—In support, therefore, of this doctrine, let me be allowed to advance a case in point, as it appears to me.—A young gentleman, whom I knew many years ago, being given over by all the physicians at the Hot Wells, on expressing a certainty that he could not live out another week, was advised by a stranger, as that was his opinion, to try an experiment to save his life, and to go to a poor woman's cottage in the neighbourhood, where there literally was nothing to be had but bread, potatoes, and water. He went, subsisted on nothing else for the first week, scarcely eating any thing whatever, and, when I saw him, was completely recovered, having continued this low diet from choice for about a year afterwards.

The second is more remarkable.

A linen-draper, connected with a house in Bread-street, Cheapside, being considered in a deep decline, was sent by his physicians to Gibraltar, where his distemper increased, until an order came to dismiss all the English from the garrison, war being declared suddenly with Great Britain. Embarked without delay in a felucca, he was scarcely out of the harbour when an Algerine pirate took them prisoners, and this gentleman was first

first stripped, then allowed a jacket and a coarse pair of greasy trowsers, and at night consigned to the cold benches of the long-boat without straw or covering: the food was black bread, with coarse fibres and stalks in it, and thus he remained until the vessel arrived at Algiers, exposed nightly to cold, dews and rain; and when there, daily driven to the common slave-market for sale.

Yet under this discipline this gentleman got daily better in health, and finally was so well recovered of his disorder, as, on procuring his liberty, by means of the Neapolitan Envoy, to go by Minorca to Spain, and from thence walk all the way to England. When I saw him on his return, he was perfectly hearty, strong, and very able to have walked with ease thirty miles a day.

He attributed his cure to want of food (for at first he could not eat his wretched allowance), and to the cold dews of the night in a fine atmosphere. I could add to these cases others, that point out to privations and dry cold air for their cure. The upper parts of Gloucestershire, from Cirencester to Stowe in the Wold, have done more towards recovering persons approaching to consumption, than all the damp warm southern coast of England.—In parturition the people called Gypsies rarely ever suffer a fever, or lose a child, and they always chuse to be delivered in the open air, even in winter, and prefer a high and dry flat country for that purpose. All animals do the like by instinct; and whatever dumb creature has by accident dislocated a joint, or broke a bone, seeks the nearest wet ditch, where, although often half famished, he assuredly recovers without a fever. But it will be replied, with loud consent, Would you have us treat consumptive delicate patients thus?—and what are we to do in the winter? To which I can only calmly answer, Not without their own consent: but in cases called desperate, which may not after all be so, I can see no objection, if they admit of the reasoning, to go very great lengths in this way, according to their habits of life; for before we get rid of a malady so fatal and contagious, we must submit to many resolute experiments.

Again, if I were to seek for an air proper for a person in this disease, I should always chuse to send him to that where the sheep seldom are subject to the rot, and where many recover that are tainted, as in the upper part of Gloucestershire I know to be the case; not to

2

the Estuaries of the Severn Sea, itself the seat of heavy vapours, fogs, and dense mists; where agues are within the reach of a ride, for all along every vale leading to its waters they reign: and through Dordham Down, and from Herfield to the hills all around, the air is the purest of the pure, yet the vicinity of our wet-dock and grounds, that extend from the Hot-wells to Cannon's Marsh, can never be fit for tender lungs. The water of the Hot-wells, even under its at present improper management, thousands know to be a great corrector of intestinal acrimony; and could they be received as they rise out of the earth with all their light and wholesome air, fresh, as I may say, from the mine, and thus drank, accompanied with some light bread, or wholesome food, at any time that was agreeable to the patient, and in what quantity also was agreeable to him, no doubt they would do wonders—but prescribed, as they often are, at too early hours, in too large quantities, and on an empty stomach; or, which is still worse, after previously being physicked and weakened, it is no wonder they have lost their reputation; especially when we consider that they are drank from a cistern, not from the spring head, and consequently less warm and more rapid, of course less imbued with those virtues which once made them so justly famous in these cases.

But while a company of merchants hold these noble springs, the gift of heaven to the whole island, under perhaps a questionable right of manor, and conduct them as a profitable concern, there is little hope of their sources being ever unveiled as they ought to be to all eyes; or baths formed in abundance, as are daily wanted for hundreds lingering under ulcerous complaints, for which they are a sovereign acknowledged curative lotion.

To effect this desirable object, the citizens of Bristol have, however, only to demand of any one presenting himself at the next election for member of parliament, that he shall undertake to bring in a bill for the purpose of purchasing this spring of the merchants, and restoring it to the public, to whom it ought ever to have belonged, with every accommodation that the corporation could have procured, *gratis*.

In that case proper houses might be erected of the driest materials, where the air could be tempered by steam and ventilators, to receive the consumptive patients;

patients; whose beds might be of clean soft straw, or fern, with conveniences for exercise, both within and without, suitable to the winter months, with accommodation also for riding, swinging, &c.; in short, a real establishment for the cure of phthisis on the best principles; where students in medicine might have every opportunity of acquainting themselves with the whole progress of that stubborn disease, and learn from the communications of their numerous patients its general origin.

To such houses there can be no doubt, I think, of finding subscribers; for as the generality of the sufferers under this disease are among the wealthy classes, and most are softened deeply by their sufferings, we might expect great support from many patients and their relations, at least as much as would sustain the poor who come for advice.

Thus, Sir, I have thrown together a few loose hints that I hope may be ultimately serviceable to the public; for my motto has always been, that every effort in a good cause does good, and that we are never so blameable as when we despair.

Bristol, Your's, &c.
Jan. 4, 1809. G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
I BEG leave to submit for insertion, in the Monthly Magazine, a description of a new fence for enclosing pleasure grounds.

The basis of the invisible fence is elastic iron wire, manufactured, prepared, and applied by a process discovered and matured by the undersigned. Of this infrangible material, which for the main-wires must be drawn out to the thickness of a small reed, continuous strings are inserted horizontally through upright iron stanchions; the interval between the strings is about nine inches, between the stanchions about seven feet. The horizontal wires in a state of tension, are fastened to two main-stanchions at the extremities of the fence, passing at freedom through holes drilled in the intermediate stanchions. The tension of each horizontal wire is preserved by the superior stability of the extreme stanchions, on the construction of which, and the mechanism of the base-work, the whole as a barrier against heavy cattle, depends.

When the extent of the fence is great, the main-stanchions are relieved at expedient distances by other principal stanche-

ons. An improvement in the mode of joining horizontal wires, qualifies every part of the length equally to bear the highest degree of tension.

The invisible fence, in this simple form, of the height of three feet and six inches, has in the royal pleasure grounds at Frogmore, and in various parks of the nobility and gentry, been invariably found adequate to exclude the largest and strongest kinds of grazing stock. Increased in height two feet, the fence becomes applicable to deer parks: deer have never been found to injure it, or attempt to leap it, and appear to avoid it as a snare, probably deterred by its transparent appearance. When it is intended to keep lambs out of plantations, perpendicular wires, comparatively small, are interwoven upon the lower horizontal wires: and to protect flowers and exotics from hares and rabbits, it is only necessary to narrow the interstices, by minute additions to the upright wires. On substances so small, presenting a round surface, neither rain nor snow can lodge; independent of which, by a coating of paint, they are preserved from the effects of the weather.

The strength attained by the principles on which the materials are manufactured, and the erection of the fence is constructed, cannot be justly conceived, but by a person who has witnessed the effect of a considerable force impressed, or weight lodged on a single wire of a fence erected. The tempered elasticity of the tort-string, allows it to bend, and on the removal of the oppressing force, the vigorous recoil of the wire, vibrating till it reassumes a perfectly straight line, shews that a violent shock cannot warp it.

Your's, &c.
King's Road, J. PILTON,
Chelsea.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
YOUR Correspondent, C. Loffit, may have "remembered," but he certainly has "forgot." The two lines in Hudibras are,

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
See Canto iii. Part 3, v. 243.

If, however this gentleman is possessed of an edition which contains either of the lines in question, I shall consider myself much obliged to him for the information. My edition is that of 1726, with cuts by Hogarth.

Your's, &c.
March 2, 1809. D.
T.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AN attempt having been lately made by a veteran learned critic, Dr. Sherwin, of Bath, to shake the firm obelisk erected by the admirers of the immortal boy *Chatterton*, in which he has stumbled rather ungracefully in taking his footing: allow me, through the channel of your pages, thus, early, to put the public right, as to an assertion in that pamphlet, which is a compleat misrepresentation of the real situation of the much injured youth.

After an advertisement, stating with a petrifying indelicacy, that the profits of this Essay, calculated to undermine her beloved brother's fame, were originally intended to have been given to the sister of the late Thomas Chatterton! the Preface commences by telling us, that,

"A splendid tribute has lately been paid by an elegant writer, (Percival, Stackdale, perhaps in his Essay on the English Poets of Eminence) to the memory and literary merits of the late Mr. T. Chatterton. Whether this circumstance will, or will not have a tendency to reduce the inconsiderable number of those who still believe in the authenticity of the poems, attributed to Rowley, the advocates of the old bard, will now probably be convinced that they have been generally too eager in depreciating, while their opponents have been equally earnest in overrating, the abilities of that unfortunate youth.

"But the latter certainly have not been fully sensible, that, short as the young man's career was, the energies of his mind were gradually progressive; for when they consider him as having been equal to the creation of that elegant, complicated, innocent, and pleasing fabrication, which much acquirement, as well as various talent united to raise; that opinion must have been formed upon the display of genius and information, which, at a riper and later hour, was exhibited in some of his unquestionable compositions; and on the view of the subject, they seem altogether to have forgotten, or to have overlooked, the consideration of the fact, that a large portion of these poems was actually in the hands of several of his intimate friends, long before this period, and prior to the year 1768. I refer to this particular point of time, because then it was that this great and wonderful genius, this premature phenomenon, under the influence of a passion, which generally animates the most unfeeling, and inspires every one

with some portion of the spirit and phrenzy of poetry, opened his addresses to his mistress in these ungrammatical and hobbling numbers.

"Accept fair nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain;
By every sacred oath I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy for to wear your chain."

From this boasting onset, from this test, which is to be considered as a rule to judge by, those who have not lately read his works, will begin to be alarmed; especially when this bold assertion is placed so gravely as a basis for our judgment, by one who, by his own confession, has been deeply concerned in "some former attacks on the boy anonymously," and who although, by this contrivance, he has escaped the unfeeling lashes of the controvertialists, had not yet had his critical rage cooled against the ashes of defunct genius, or profited from the compleat exposure of the errors of the poet's antagonists, by the noble-minded editors of the edition of 1808; but after ruminating above twenty-five years over their disappointed efforts, at last, in his own name, resumes this "amusing study," as he calls it, when all his opponents are dead, buried, and reduced to dust, by way of finding occupation for "a life of leisure and literary retirement."

Yes, the lines charged in the indictment are certainly in the book, at page 90, perhaps among the worst of his early valentines, (such as those that know Bristol, know that every boy writes once a year, or gets written for him); but how then is this to prove that he wrote them, or that he wrote them in the year 1768, or that he wrote them to his mistress, remains to be considered.

A plain tale puts it all down.

In the third volume of the work, from which he quotes with so much triumph these poor verses, are some of Chatterton's letters, and among them one to a Mr. Baker, of Charles Town, South Carolina, dated March 6, 1768, on which Chatterton says to his friend Baker—"The Poems on Miss Hoyland, I wish better for her sake and your's;" under which stands a note by the editors, stating that, "the verses to Miss Hoyland relate to a lady to whom Baker paid his addresses, and that those, (consisting of a whole packet, as will be seen) to

* See the new edition of Chatterton's works, vol. 1. page 90; lines addressed to Miss Hoyland.

Miss

Miss Clark, &c. were all included in the above letter from Chatterton, to his friend, and will be found in vol. i."

In the Life of Chatterton also, is another note by the editors, at page 17, where, after relating that soon after he left school, he corresponded with a boy, who had been his bedfellow while at Colston's, and was bound apprentice to a merchant at New York, at the bottom of the page is the following note, viz.

"At the desire of his friend he wrote love verses to be transmitted to him, and exhibited as his own."

Dr. Sherwin seems also to have entirely overlooked, when producing so victoriously this one hobbling stanza, sent in 1768 to America, which he gives a certain mark, that C. was unable to write heroic verse, that it was accompanied with half a dozen more sets of love-letters; some of which, although all calculated to display that they were manufactured for the commerce they were designed to promote between the parties, yet he seemed not to have been able to debase sufficiently, as a reader of common judgment may see. The whole being enclosed in a letter to Baker, wherein he says, "my friendship is as firm as the white rock, when the black waves roar around it, and the waters burst on its hoary top; when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail," adding, "so much for heroics; to speak in plain English, I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend, &c."

This letter, with its bundle of love-verses, which was furnished, as Mr. Cottle, one of the editors, says, by Mr. Calcott, might, I think, probably have been committed to his hands to forward, but never sent for want of occasion; and as it has now served for a trap for a critic, who comes, I think, himself hobbling after the race is decided, it is, I think, fortunate that it has remained; both on that account, and because it may serve as a lesson to those who blame the inaccuracies of commentators, while they must either confess they neglected to read the work they criticise, or plead guilty of wilful misrepresentation.

I shall here therefore withdraw my pen, contented with having parried with so little difficulty this learned gentleman's first back-handed blow, leaving him very willingly amid the thorny labyrinths of verbal criticism, attempting

with toil to prove, what can never be proved, that Chatterton knew not the value of the words he used; after it has been shewn that before he was twelve years old, he had made a catalogue of books that he had read to the number of seventy, having in the year 1762, when he was only ten years old, acquired a taste for general reading.

We also find, he read a letter at home, written to this very Mr. Baker, (vide Mrs. Newton's Letter, page 461, 3d vol.) containing a collection of all the hard words in the English language; but that not the shadow of a doubt may remain of this charge being founded on misrepresentation, since by quoting its pages, it appears that this writer must have had the last edition before him; permit me to show that, without reading the remarkable notes, the lines themselves shew that it was not Chatterton's mistress that he was talking of, for in the first copy of verses to Miss Hoyland, he says,

Far distant from Britannia's lofty isle,
What shall I find to make the genius smile?

This could not come from C. who never left England; and in the second set, dated 1768, after alluding to the Wilds of America, he adds,

There gently moving through the vale,
Bending before the bustling gale,
Fell apparitions glide;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound,
Runs through the mountain's side.

Concluding thus:

When wilt thou own a flame as pure,
As that seraphic souls endure,
And make thy Baker blest.

After this, shall we be told that these lines were written by Chatterton to the mistress of his soul? That love could not inspire him? and that even under this impression, hobbling and ungrammatical were his numbers, by way of grand proof that he could never have been the author of *Ella*?

If I may seem too warm in the eyes of the public, or even of Dr. Sherwin, in any expressions that may have naturally occurred in this correction of an error, that might at any rate have been dangerous to the reputation of the unhappy poet, let it be attributed to a sentiment that I can never divest myself of—that men of great talents should be treated by the world as always living, and that he who would not defend their urns, would never

never have deserved their friendship, had they been his contemporaries.

Colver-street. Bristol, Your's, &c.
April 10, 1809. G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

IN medals you will find, not only the names of several princes unknown in history, but many of their exploits and events; the epochs of cities and governments; the different habits of every age and country; their deities and their respective temples, sacrifices, and altars.

In them you will meet with the names of an infinite number of cities which no longer exist, or are altered; of provinces, and for what they were peculiarly noted; and their genius and occupations; and of harbours, mountains and rivers; and, sometimes, their situation.

Thus these coins, anciently no more than the instruments of commerce, and the symbols of the first wants of mankind, being stamped only with an ox or a sheep, have come to be the depositaries of what was most singular, and of the most distinguished actions of nations. Hence, so many great men, especially those who were attached to history and the sciences, have often made them a part of their studies. From these coins it is, that Varro and Atticus took many of their heads and other decorations, for the trophy which they erected to virtue and patriotism. It is well known, that the Romans no sooner began to cultivate literature, than, convinced of the utility of medals, they were extremely curious in making collections of them. Certainly that of Augustus must have been immense, since Suetonius says, that in the Saturnalia he used to present his friends, not only with coins of all prices and different expressions, or of the ancient kings, but also with foreign pieces which had never been current in the Empire: by foreign, I suppose, are meant all that were neither Greek nor Latin, but being struck in civilized nations, conveyed some historical knowledge. This abuse appears to have been excessive, for Seneca says, "that they were more frequently amassed as ornaments of saloons, than as helps to learning; and sometimes from a worse motive than splendour, a ridiculous ostentation, with which the rich are infatuated, or being lavish in every thing." In another place he exposes the taste in vogue—"that in

the midst of vice and ignorance, a library is become as indispensable an accompaniment of a great house, as offices, latus, and bagnios." However, from their acknowledged utility, their connection with the study of antiquity, the noble purposes to which learned men have applied them, and the number of events and chronological chasms which they have illustrated and supplied, they still retain their value in the republic of letters.

With respect to Inscriptions, they are of such use to history, that none who have excelled in it, ever supposed it unnecessary to consult them. No monuments whatever can come in competition with them for antiquity. They were known even before barks of trees were used for writing. Stone and metals appear to have been the only substances for writing in those times, when the elements of the sciences, or the history of the world were engraved, by the first learned men, on the columns mentioned by Josephus. This custom is also proved by those inscriptions fastened to columns, which Porphyry (*De Abst. Anim.*) tells us, were preserved with so much care by the Creans; and what puts the antiquity of these pieces out of all doubt is, that they describe the sacrifices of the Corybantes, and are quoted by Porphyry to prove, by the most ancient monuments, that the first sacrifices consisted only of the fruits of the earth, without any bleeding victims. But although Pliny asserts, that the first writing was on palm-leaves, and afterwards on the rind of certain trees, that this custom was subsequent to that we have mentioned is unquestionable; and, besides, the materials of which the first books were composed, is all he speaks of. "Euhemerus, according to Lactantius, had made a history of Jupiter, and the other fictitious gods, wholly taken from the religious inscriptions which were to be found in the most ancient temples, and chiefly in that of Jupiter Triphylus, where an inscription on a golden pillar testified, that it had been set up by the god himself." Porphyry, as cited by Theodoret, in his second discourse against the Greeks, says the same thing of Sanchoniathon—"he collected his ancient history from the records of all the cities, and the monuments in temples, which from the usage of those times could be no other than inscriptions." And Pliny himself, in his 9th book, relates, that the Babylonian astrologers used bricks to perpetuate their observations.

1809.]

Grignion's Rules for drawing Caricatures.

377

Mosaic is a corruption of, and should more properly be called, Musaick paving or painting, not as being invented by Moses, of which we have no authority, but being solely used and appropriated for those small and elegant temples, or apartments, termed, by the ancients, Muscum, as being consecrated to the Muses.

The finest specimens of Musaick paving in England are in the British Museum, and, I believe, at the East India House; the former found in excavating for the foundation of the Bank of England, and presented, by the Governor and Company of that opulent establishment, to our National Museum; and the latter found in Leadenhall street, an engraving of which is published. There were also some fine ones discovered at Bath. Musaick work, doubtless, originated in the East, and is either the type, or the follower, of their rich carpets. From the orientals the Romans acquired the art, and executed some considerable works in this style. In the cupola of St. Peter, in the Vatican at Rome, are executed in Musaick, four of the fathers of the church, after paintings by Lanfranc, Sacchi, Romanelli, and Pellegrini. Among the other celebrated pictures, that have been copied in musaic, are the Martyrdom of St. Petronillo, after Guercino, in the same church; and the Sacrament of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, in the church of St. Girolamo della Carita at Rome, the original of which is in the Napoleon Museum at Paris.—Many of the finest pictures of Raffaele have been thus copied; and in the Borghesian palace at Rome are six fine musaics, representing Orpheus, surrounded by animals, and supposed to be composed of above nine thousand pieces. The musaics, that are in the palace of the Grand Duke at Florence, are reckoned the finest in the world.

Sir Christopher Wren wished the paintings in the dome of St. Paul's to have been thus executed; but he was overruled. Had he succeeded, we should not, at this very early day after their execution, have been lamenting their destruction, which is fast approaching: they are now falling off, and, in a few years, it is probable (if no preventives are adopted), not a vestige of them will be left behind.

Your's, &c.
JAMES ELMES.
19, College hill,
Queen-street, Cheapside, Aug. 4.

P. S. Your Correspondent F. page 425 vol. 26, for December last (1808), says, (after exposing several absurdities in Origny's Dic-

tionnaire des Origines), that "honest Bailey, under the word *Gregorian* thinks not of the Pontiff, with the *chant and calendar*, but of one *Mr. Gregory*, a barber, in the Strand;" I wish to know from him, in what edition of Bailey it is to be found, for it is not in mine, which is the 25th, 1783; but it does contain the absurd definition of thunder, that F. mentions, as "a noise known by persons not deaf," with the information, that thunder is "a bright flame!!! rising suddenly, moving with great violence through the air, and commonly ending with a loud noise or rattling."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN the hasty sketch, which in January last I sent you, of the *Memoirs of Mr. C. Grignion*, I promised, if it came to hand, to add to them his *Rules for executing Caricaturas*, in the execution of which he had considerable success. The term is altogether Italian; for *caricatura* means literally the charge of a gun, (*certa quantità di munizione che si metta nell'archibuso d'altra*,) says *Altieri*; but we take it in the sense, I believe, of a thing overcharged.—He says, "It is best to begin, by making a harsh likeness of the person, without attempting the absolute *caricature*, and, in this likeness, the principal attention must be paid to the true relative proportions of the face.

"A remarkably long face should be made still longer, and if any constituent part in a face is long in proportion to the other features, this part should be increased, and the other parts (or, at least, that which is connected with it) diminished: if the face is remarkably smooth, it should be perfectly polished in the caricature; if rugged, it should be increased to rock-work; fatness, leanness, &c. should all be treated on the same principles. In the expression, a similar method should be observed; if the subject usually looks grave, his caricature should have a still more solemn aspect; if cunning, simple, &c. the same rule should be attended to; in consequence, those subjects that have not any remarkable disproportions, or in whose faces the expression is not uniform, but in some degree divided between different passions, are as difficult to caricature, as it would be to obtain a striking and favourable likeness of them; indeed, the caricature of such persons can only be like them in those moments, when that passion predominates, which was the object of the caricaturist.

caricaturist. The ridiculous should never so far exceed the likeness, as to render the identity of the caricature doubtful for an instant. The spectator should be enabled to fix instantly on the person intended, and then be induced to laugh at the ridiculous figure he makes; to do otherwise is to make monsters, not caricatures."

On these principles he executed a great many, some of which are now in his brother's possession; among others, Hewetson, Nezey, a good and philosophical character, Moore, Deare, Robinson, Woodford, Fagan, Durns, Tresham, Dr. Bates, all the antiquarians, your humble servant, &c. &c.

There are a few typographical errors in the paper of January last, which I take this opportunity of correcting. In the second column, at line 16, read *at last*, for *at length*; for *Adimarc*, read *Admari*; for *Clauds*, read *Claudes*.

There is also an error, in my saying it was Mr. Littledale, of whom he took leave at Florence, during the plague there. He was then at Berbice, but it is true, that Mr. L. died, as I remarked.—*Naldi*, who knew Mr. G. at Florence and Rome, will bear witness to his taste, and love of the science of music; and his brother now writes, that he was only thirteen years of age, when he gained the silver pallet of the society, although reported fourteen, to comply with their rules. His friend, Mr. Grant, attests, "that he was never an hour in his company, without obtaining some valuable information, and he had frequent opportunities of admiring his virtues, genius, and attainments." Among his sketches, his *Elijah ascending to Heaven* is a very sublime thing; it is from the book of King's—"My Father! my Father! I see the chariots of heaven, and the horsemen thereof." For Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park, among other clever things, all connected with views on the spot, is a *Horace leading his Mistress over his Sabine Farm*. From Mr. Penn he received deserved patronage, and used to reckon, besides his noble friend Lord Clive, Lord Berwick, the Right Hon. Charles Long, the Duke of Sussex, also Pius Sextus, the Cardinals Albani, De Bernis, and many more of the papal court, who possessed a taste for art.

I learnt absolutely, that *Deare*, the sculptor (of whose progress a good memoir would be valuable) died at Rome of a malignant fever, in the arms of his friend Grignon, who attended his respected remains to

the tomb of *Caius Castus*, where all the English are interred, and read the church service over his grave. He also undertook, it is said, to be executor of his last wishes; but whether he left any children, or any property, such as his abilities entitled him to have acquired, I am not able to say; only I have the pleasure to announce, that a copy by him of the *Belvidere Apollo*, of the size of the original, done for Lord Berwick, is daily expected in England, from Malta, to which place his friends conveyed it, on the first entrance of the French into the city of Rome.

Of this true artist, so lost to his country, I never think, but with the poignant feelings of regret; like our great *Barry* (whose faults I could never perceive, through the glory that surrounded them), he was keenly sensible of injuries, because he was incapable of committing any, and looked upon meanness and malignity as monstrous and unnatural, giving way to his glowing indignation, wherever they appeared; like him, too, he had his full share of injuries from certain antiquarians, who, possessing early access to all travellers, and having an interest of their own to serve, that is incompatible with the interests of the residing artists, traverse their prospects of employment in all directions, anticipating patronage with irresistible power.

Let me close this article with an anecdote that will give a better idea of *Deare's* zeal for his art, than a volume of panegyric.

Being at dinner at Grotto-Ferrata, where I passed my summer to avoid the heat of Rome, in one of the warmest days I ever remember, he arrived on foot, in company with a *formatorè* (a plaster-caster), having carried, by turns, for seventeen miles, about 20lb. of clay, and a bag of plaster of Paris. Dinner was just served, but he would not come up to partake of it, until I first promised to drive him, the instant the cloth was removed, to *Monte-Dragone*, a deserted villa, belonging to Prince Borghese, of which I had the keys, that he might there press off one of the side-looks of the famous *Antinous*, not having been able, from his own correct drawing of it, to give any thing like its character to the hair of a French lady whose bust he was executing. We went there; he stole the impression, and returned in raptures to Rome, on foot the same evening.

Such, alas! was the artist, whom that academy abandoned and forgot, who afterwards

afterwards banished from their society the noble author of the *Adelphi Pictures*, the designer and engraver of *Job* and *Palamon*, whose mind was as comprehensive as the most enlightened of all that have practised the art, and who united to the energies of a man the simplicity of a child, the self-denial of a philosopher, and the virtues of a Christian.

Your's, &c.

G. CUMBERLAND.

For the Monthly Magazine.

LYCÆUM OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.—No. XXIV.

ANACREON.

THE great name of Anacreon demands an extended consideration: the celebrity of his Muse, and the number of the pieces attributed to him, distinguish him from the obscure and uncertain poets. From the many translations which have appeared in almost every language of Europe, there are few more universally known than the Bard of Téos. By the admirers of warm and voluptuous poetry, he has, at all times, been eagerly perused, and frequently imitated. By these means he is familiarly known, even to that numerous class of readers, to whom, in his original dress, he would be unintelligible. Every poetical volume which issues from the press contains some imitation of his manner. Our very songs applaud the name, and often breathe the spirit, of Anacreon.

He had the advantage, too, of living at a time, when authentic history began to supply the place of unfounded traditions; in the polished age, when Hipparchus, of Athens, and Polycrates, of Samos, contended with laudable ambition, for the superior patronage of literature and the arts. Yet there are very few particulars of his life, that can be stated with any thing like certainty. He was born at Téos, a city of Ionia, in those delightful regions, where the inhabitants were equally remarkable for their genius and their luxury.* His birth is most commonly placed about the 55th Olymp. in the sixth cent. B. C. His father's name is uncertain; his mother's, *Ætia*. M. Dacier has attempted to prove, from Plato, that he was connected with the family of that philoso-

pher, and consequently allied to the *Codridæ*, the noblest race in Athens. But Mr. Gail* has satisfactorily detected this mistake, which arose from a misinterpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance.† His family was, probably, illustrious, but his glory is derived from his genius, and not from his birth. If we may credit some accounts, he appears, in his earlier days, to have followed, with some activity, the sinking fortunes of his country. When Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, invested Téos, and had made himself master of their ramparts, the inhabitants, finding themselves unequal to the contest, like the modern Portuguese, adopted the generous resolution of abandoning their country, rather than submit to the slavery intended for them. They unanimously went on board their ships, and, sailing into Thrace, fixed themselves in the city of Abdera, where they had not long been settled, before the Thracians, jealous of these new neighbours, endeavoured to expel them. It was during these conflicts that he lost the friends whom he celebrates in his epigrams; and it was at Abdera, that he is supposed to have written his fifty-ninth Ode.

This magnanimous expatriation of the Teians is historically noticed by Herodotus; but that Anacreon accompanied them, is not so clear. The idea one is apt to form of him, is that of a happy indolent mortal, too fond of his own ease to endure these sudden emigrations. He seems to have been a professed despiser of business, and of all those affairs, whether domestic or public, which usually occupy the attention of mankind. Love and wine had the disposal of all his hours; and if he engaged in the pleasing amusement of poetry, for to him, probably, it was never a study, his object was not so much to compliment the Muses, as to celebrate his favourite pursuits. His whole life was a continued state of voluptuous repose, which admitted of no interruption, but what arose from the varied allurements of festivity and pleasure. When his senses were calmed by enjoyment, he amused his imagination, by retracing in his memory the delights he had experienced, and in descriptions where he has indulged in all the wantonness of Bacchanalian

* *Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre Poëtæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Anacrchus, &c.*—SOLINUS.

* Gail, Pref. in *Anac.* Paris, 1799.

† The sagacious Bayle had already adverted to this error.

frenzy.

1809.]

Account of Dr. Fox's Asylum for Lunatics.

477

which I had the best opportunity of being acquainted, rendered this plan of security indisputable. Still one objection remained in my mind; for, however wrapt in mystery the operation, it was possible, at some future period, it might be discovered, and I commenced my studies anew, with the hope of finding a remedy for this imaginary evil, and which I at last accomplished by means of a *check*, exactly corresponding with every line on the note, and which, being cut in any form or at any part, would still be found to match with the lines on the note. By this means the whole was brought to such a nicety, that, provided I should lose my private calculations, it would be impracticable, even for myself, to match my own work with the check, and consequently impossible, even admitting the principle to be discovered, that another instrument could be made, by which to accomplish the numberless varieties to be checked.

These checks, I propose, should the plan ever be acted upon, to be publicly sold. Their application is easy; they supply the want of the knowledge of engraved lines, and would enable a child to determine the truth or untruth of bank-paper, in the tenth part of the time it can at present be done in any bank of the United Kingdom.

From the approbation this plan has received from highly distinguished characters, particularly in Scotland and Ireland, as well as the public testimonies, which have repeatedly been given in its favour, even prior to the invention of the check, by many of the first artists in London, there is every reason to hope it will ultimately find countenance with those immediately concerned, or, at least, be the means of awakening a spirit of enquiry, respecting the best mode of preventing impositions, so frequently and daringly practised on the public.

Weston Place, JAMES ARCHER.

Small-Pox Hospital, Nov. 13, 1809.

P. S. Mr. Phillips mentions "the unparalleled mode of ruling invented by Mr. Landseer, to defy the imitation of the most skilful." I think it necessary to state, that Mr. Landseer, much and deservedly as he is admired as an engraver, has never, to my knowledge, invented a ruling machine; nor is the practice of it necessary to an artist of his merit. The fact is this—I have for years done the ruling part of plates for Mr. Landseer, and a great proportion of the first engravers in London, by a machine invented by myself, but which I, by no means say, is not

equally well executed by other machines on similar principles; but the machine for waved ruling, I have no difficulty to assert, has never been imitated, and that it cannot be imitated so as to make a forgery practicable, especially with the intervention of the check.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.
SIR,

WHEN a respectable individual anticipates the useful political contemplations of an enlightened legislature, and comes forward at a great expense and risque, to provide an institution for the relief of suffering humanity, I believe your own benevolence will make you anxious to record it in your useful pages.

The place I allude to, is in my own immediate neighbourhood; and after greatly exciting my curiosity, has, on viewing it, as highly satisfied my mind, and astonished me with the novelty and ingenuity of its construction. An able, independent, and feeling mind, an intellect clear and ingenious, a courage enterprising and firm, were all required to bring to maturity such a plan and establishment as that of Dr. Fox's asylum for lunatics, at Brislington, near Bristol: for there, secure from the possibility of escape, or the means of injuring themselves, or others, the most deranged patients enjoy safety, free action, fine air, enchanting prospect, quiet, the luxury of a bath, the society of their equals in former rank, the illusion of familiar intercourse, freedom, and taste, at every little interval of convalescence; the comfort of religious ordinances, and that hope, which the humbled children of affliction always derive from formal public prayers.

To effect these ends, an enormous expense has been cheerfully incurred; and a sort of little village erected, connected by enclosures with the Doctor's residence, where each separate class of mankind, from the prince to the labourer, may equally enjoy every benefit described, yet without even a knowledge of their vicinity. The buildings alone are said to have cost 25,000*l.* placed in the centre of a fine farm, every way acceptable to the patients, at proper periods; and although in sight of the high road to Bath, yet unconnected with neighbours in most directions, while the site is a lofty plain, undulating, and on one side bounded by a fine river and woods, in view of magnificent hills, and on a soil that is at once dry, healthy, and fertile.

The

The whole is in the owner's hands, and possesses, besides the line of buildings before-mentioned, an elegant ornamented cottage, near the gate; and a snug retired farm-house, where every accommodation can be procured for a person of fortune, so as to calm the suspicion of a slightly wounded understanding, as to the opinion of the world; which often, we see, disturbs such objects at intervals, otherwise of composure, with the idea that they are considered as madmen, by all who see them under the same roof with lunatics.

The construction of these buildings, is as interesting as the plan is judicious; being all flat-roofed, and covered with a species of *chunam*, of the owner's invention, that hitherto has resisted rain, as well as lead could do: the whole of the joists, beams, and staircase, being composed of cast-iron, and the gutters and pipes, of stone-ware, by which means all fear of conflagration is completely done away; there is indeed scarcely any wood employed in the building, except in flooring; and each fire-place is so secured, that no patient can set himself on fire; yet all enjoy the sight of one.—The bedsteads are also of iron, and screwed in their places, and all articles of furniture so adjusted, that it is impossible to injure themselves, or others, with it, during the night or day; for a principal thing to be guarded against in apartments for the insane, is the frequent desire they all have, at times, to commit suicide: but to proceed with regularity in this picture, let me commence, as I did when first I obtained a view of it, by the principal mansion.

This consists of a very handsome modern house, the lower part of which is destined to the reception of the Doctor's numerous family; and so contrived, that the principal patients, who occupy the upper part, cannot, except by permission, have any communication whatever with the domestic establishment, being separated by two light doors of iron, painted to look like wood, one of which conducts to the females' chambers, the other to the apartments of the male patients.

Beneath is the kitchen, and other offices, fitted up with steam-apparatus for cooking several dinners at one time; a forge, brew-house, &c. and all inaccessible to any one unconnected with its operations, by means of doors that open by secret springs, only known to the persons whose duty leads them there.

This house has its back court for ex-

ercise, walled safely in, with a mound in the centre of it, that just rises high enough to admit of the eyes of the patients viewing the surrounding hills and country, without being themselves seen. There are seven of these roomy enclosures, each accessible to the different classes of patients, in their several separate houses, the outermost of which is allotted to the lowest class of men, mostly parish-paupers, who are taken every care of, on very moderate pensions; and who, as well as the rest, enjoy the freedom of access to the open air, with the constant attendance of a separate keeper, at all hours of night or day, when it is deemed salutary. In these houses, there is a general sitting-room, and common table; and in each the same mount and gravel-walk, and rabbits have the general range of them all by passages, as they are found to afford considerable amusement to the confined, while they themselves increase in perfect security.

To prevent disorder or neglect, the whole of the left-hand houses are allotted to males, and no keeper can, on any pretence, quit the house in which he is stationed, without ringing a bell for the porter, who has the master-key of all the sections; and can, in case the keepers needs any article, or any assistance, be immediately apprised by touching the outermost door-bell; the spring of which is only known to the guardian of that ward.

To the right-hand, the first small building contains an elegant bathing-room, with a niche, for giving a bath by surprise, from a strong jet d'eau, to such as refuse the dip, and which has conveniencies for both hot, cold, or vapour-bathing; this building has also its apartments for patients, is near the infirmary, and overlooks the lawn, being above the surrounding wall which circumvallates the whole range of buildings. Next to it stands also a separate structure, containing private rooms, and a very capacious laundry, drying yard, &c. These are connected with a kitchen, and extensive fruit-garden, of about four acres, surrounded by a lofty wall, one side of which consists of a very long range of low buildings, that serves as a boundary to the courts of exercise, and is entirely warmed by flues: in this long building, are the cells for maniacs, that are violently disordered; and who, by being thus placed, are kept safe and quiet, while at the same time they are prevented from disturbing others.

Thus the whole is by different arrange-
ments,

ments, and systematical order, kept tranquil to that degree, that no one would conjecture it to be the abode of maniacs; and after visiting every part of it, in company with a gentleman, my neighbour, in which we passed more than two hours, without hearing the slightest outcry, or seeing any symptoms that could induce us to think they suffered any uneasiness, one of the party, at taking leave, paid the Doctor a deserved and handsome compliment, by turning to me and saying, "If, by the decrees of Providence, I should ever be afflicted with the malady, which we have just seen so well accommodated, and gently relieved, I entreat you to instruct my family to place me here."

Nothing indeed seems to be wanting, connected with the comforts of the inhabitants of this extensive building; for a chapel is provided for the convalescents, where service is regularly performed, and a large shaved bowling-green, in view of the front of the building, enclosed by green hedges, is always used as a daily promenade, for such as are orderly and obedient; while others are allowed with their keepers, to extend their walks round the whole estate and farm, which is all in a ring-fence, and divested of every common thoroughfare. Thus I have given you a slight sketch of a plan, that every one must wish to see more general, at a period when it is by all medical men confessed, that insanity is making rapid strides in this Island; but before I conclude, it may be both amusing, interesting, and useful, to state that, besides the ordinary system of alleviation, practised in other respectable houses, the reflecting mind of our humane professor, has adopted one peculiarity, which report states to be very effectual in calming, and very essential often, towards completing a cure. He employs all the lower order of his patients occasionally, in their several acquired occupations, or trades; and I was no less pleased than astonished, to find a lanatic blacksmith working at the forge, and preparing locks and bars, for the purpose of confining others in the same state, during his lucid intervals; while in the grounds, other insane people were making hay; and in the laundry, two more female patients busily employed in ironing linen. The better sort also, as much as possible, seem doubtful if they are confined, as they practice drawing, needle-work, take their airings, and pay and receive visits from each

other, and the family; occasionally dining at table with them, under no other seeming restraint, than they might be expected to submit to as invalids, under the advice of a physician; being, I observed, never contradicted, however absurd their remarks; and only controlled in their attempts to infringe the rules of the institution. One result of the giving the free access to the courts at all times, had I found been, that they were far less clamorous than usual; and the day being fine, when I was there, I observed that the generality were lying on the bank of the mounts, musing, or viewing the hills from their summits.

To superficial observers, it may seem that madness would level all feelings, and that thus separating them into gradations of rank, might be unnecessary, but it is not so; on the contrary, etiquette is more than useful, it is absolutely necessary to be observed; and no punishment, I am informed, so speedily reclaims them from disobedience, as a threatened short exile to the ward of a lower class. Since this establishment has been completed, or about the same time, it seems to have been a generally received opinion, that mansions on a large scale of this kind, were wanted in every county; and the legislature has accordingly passed an act, for the purpose of enabling the magistrates to erect them; as yet, I believe only one has been established; but as many will, doubtless, originate from this act, I think this sketch of a building, planned and executed by a gentleman, who has long made the cure of this dreadful malady his peculiar study, may be generally useful, by pointing out what seems to me, to be an almost perfect model for imitation.

Your's, &c.

G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

WE have for two or three centuries been amused, and imposed upon by anecdotes of the origin of the art of Printing; and as many cities have claimed the honour of this useful invention, as claimed the nativity of Homer.

A very slight consideration will prove, however, that these claims and pretensions are founded in ignorance or error, the art of printing being, when first used, only a new application of a very ancient invention.

All your readers, who have seen an impression of a broad seal on the ancient

Charters