CUMBERLAND, G., *To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.* Monthly Magazine, or, British Register, 9:57 (1800:Apr.) p.199

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 probably lay the grounds for making sugar in Europe, I would first tender 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 many mind, and gladly contributed my poor endeavours in the common cause of human nature, exerted to raise 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 anything could injure 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 immovable 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 traffic.

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.

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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 fappy items, 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 unripened ears were not thrown away, for of them we had excellent frutta, by dividing them into quarters, and frying them in batter like young artichokes: the juice of these plants alone remained unued, 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 rote 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 measure, 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,
Letter from Mr. Cumberland.—Mr. Cogan.  [April 1,

feæ, I cut down the green canes, and having by an awkward process (not polishing the means of pressure by roller or press) extracted a sufficient quantity of the juice, with which they then abounded, I then 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, 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 first made has been in a great measure diffused; 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 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 it will 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 depredation of the helpless and unhappy inhabitants of Africa.

Your most obedient humble servant,

E. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

SOON after my paper on the word tyle 3 was published in the Monthly Magazine, it occurred to me that the epithet (high) is applied to the word time as well as tyle.

Ex. It is high time to do a thing.

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

Ex. Meal-tyle for dinner-time.

My reason for believing that tyle, though it signifies time, is the same word as tyle, 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 tyle 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 long-time as well as high-time to do a thing.
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. Tichbein, 1 vol. folio. After describing which, at page 440, it is said—"Mr. Tichbein 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 think thus, have no idea of the infinite care that Tichbein 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 urging them, that the public may judge between me and the writer of that paragraph, as well as be guarded against similar 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 dilettantes, have discovered so very unmannerly 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 sort, not copies, but the original designs of that ingenious artist, Mr. Flaxman, his Homer and Ethelinda."

* Sir William Hamilton.

CUMBERLAND, G., To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, Monthly Magazine, or, British Register, 15:98 (1803:Mar.) p.101
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 irk my best friends.

As a work calculated to illustrate Homer, no one will fault 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 interrelated 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 concurrent flow of the pencil, guided as it were by the very soul of the artist. Sublimity of expression in the arts of the Greeks; 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; half in the sense of halfly 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 unintertesting 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; showing where the head, body, and limbs, should fall, as well as the ornaments: a mere shadow as it were. On two now before me, I see the limbs huddled beneath the crimpery; 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 indubitably that they were all executed by able hands; and that the hand which executed them required only some little

flay and support beyond that of the imagination. I have seen, with the highest admiration, many hundreds, all ready, 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 Greeks. The artist, who either designed or executed them, were the Parmigianos of Greece, with minds chastened by much deeper ideas of proportion; for they had fine nature and the fascinations of sculpture around them; judges in the people; and Apollonius, the muse of Virtue, always superintending. The joints of the fingers, or the nails of the toes, so idly 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 unimitably 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 it is contended it should be—artists have very little to do with that, who can leach them to buy them of the over-reaching dealers, and must get their knowledge at the fountains: 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 cartes maxima of credulity.

When the day shall come, that the works of the best ancient masters will find hands as religious as Hufsey'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 circumstanced 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 sufficed her future fame in fine arts to be sacrificed to the torrid views of such of her sons as follow its way for its emoluments; I will not so far forget 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 offered in splendid pomp before the weakwits of the nation.

It may be thought I am prejudiced in thinking the Italians put, what they call gracefulness, to excess, the Germans coldness, and the French their animation or theatrical energy; while I hope from the patience, knowledge, and modesty of English artists, to find limits to climb the steep ascent of sober rational perfection: but it can never, I hope, be a crime to wish to live in my own country, not the mere inroads 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 adorn its perfection; and that feed will be fed, which shall not only bear noble fruit on the summit of the branches that shall arise from it, but whose meagre 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 1797, 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 indelibly impress into the general mind, among all ranks, a changed taste, and genuine admiration of correct performances; whereas now, whenever we adopt it, we shall find Italy rioted, 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 the eager hope of the vain and weak practitioners of our times. It is become, therefore, the duty of those who feel 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 instruction. As to their utility, I believe, no one will place the art of imitating anything 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 faulds forms, by putting her, like a paifth apprentice, within the undefined premises 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; sharpened often, and exchanged by those who bate support their fams, 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 those reflections into which I have been drawn, when I only, at first, intended a line to correct what I conceived to be an abuse of the public credulity, and an impediment to the perceiving of our arts, been 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 intention as a favour, as far as it contributes to the
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 invalid controversy, I shall never shrink from just reproof; or, in truth, 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 to prejudicial both to him and his country, that he may content himself with studying the best copies of these valuable odes, 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-relieves, 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, new peace is returned, by a minister who hath a seemed to be the friend of talents, to enable some of our best English students to commence the only warfare I ever with to assemble, a contention of abilities in this line; and some scheme adopted, to instruct the public mind, and refine his 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 Allwy,* I have been favoured by Mefirs. Gough and Swanton, of Kendal, with a much more accurate description of the case 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 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 activity is rendered almost impossible, by means of a thick bed of slippery clay, mixed with sharp gravel. Having surmounted this difficulty, the road again defends 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 chinks of unknown extent. It is highly probable that the figures 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, in that account, troublesome. About nine yards from the place last mentioned, the cavern divides into two branches: these which would appear to be a continuation of the former track, 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 descrip-
B. Porta's Process, for rendering Sea-Water Potable. 233

dyers of the parysche, Reflys of money of the beame lyght, and of the ames
gaderonge to the femme of xii or xvii, and that one Palmer can shewe the
trouthe.

"Item. That the chyrycheyarde is un-
honestly kepte.

"Item. That dyers of the preylys
and clarkys in tym of dyvynne feruyc
be at tuernas and ale bowys,fat fyslynghe
and other tryfyls,whereby dyvynne feruyc is let.

"Item. That by favoure of the wardeyns
there be the admyttyd bothe preylys be-
nefycd and relygous, where these
myght be more convenient and expen-
dent, and that have more nede to be
recyued in ther playes, and these bea
the names. Syr Robert Smyth, bene-
feiced; and a Monke, Syr Johan Botell,
benefyced; Syr John Bate hath a thynge
that we can not vnderstondone.

"The names of the inpyuytours of the
sayd artieles at the fame viyteacyns:

Johan Hanlon
Symon Motte
Johan Robechampt
Johan Yonge
William Dycons
Richard Barony
Johan Eton

Thomas Brooke
Wellyam Hertwell
Thomas Damy
Wellyam Crene
Robert Vincent
Symon Nenugton
Johan Tarke."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

As your Magazine is calculated to af-
ford general and miscellaneous in-
formation, 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 twen-
tith book of Baptista Porta's Natural
Magic, not from the original, for that
I never could find in Italy, the coun-
try of which he was a native, but from an
English translation published in 1608, in
folio.

Some further account of him and his
compositions I may perhaps take another
occasion to lend 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 Ef-
says, that Mr. Irving received a very
considerable bounty from the British par-
liament, for inventing a method of ex-
tracting fresh water from salt water at
sea, by simply adding a full head to the
ship's
Hints relative to a new edition of Morell's Thesaurus. [April

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 1630.

"Chap. 1.

"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 the 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. Galleries 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 faults of the tea, 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 revolve into thin vapours, and fill all vacuities, being carried aloft. This illu-
fcented grottoes, when it comes to touch the coldness of the head or cap, and meets with the glafs, 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 hands to receive it as it drops. So will sweet water come from salt, and the salt tarry 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 limbeck 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, pluming the bottle that contained it into a bowl of snow and saltpetre finely powder. The same practice, by means of which some modern experimental philosophers have, in cold climates, even from memory.

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 tables 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.

Iam, yours, &c.

G. CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

STR.

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 superintendence of it is to be entrusted to Dr. Malthus. 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 expense 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 profudial 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 expense 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.
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 inveterate, 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 innocence and virtue. In 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 untried fate, the too natural result of her early education in a court unmindful of its atrocities in the annals of guilt.

Bedford,
Oct. 13, 1807,
W. BISHAM.

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, inasmuch 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 Sandby, of Windsor, showed 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 better shops' windows.

Of a sudden however, it was not many years back the object of attention to young ladies, deficient in other methods of dressing; and, in consequence of its 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 Bapsons, 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 sensations that her most perfect scenes at morning or evening produce.
in these performances I knew were painted
at the young's sanely, 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 in that fashion of bringing them forward; but I could never have supposed
that the diserring part of his friends, who were judges of the art itself, would
not rather such a talent to lie in obscurity a moment; and left town fully expecting to hear it being honourably adopted, and
ranked, as it well deserved in such hands, among the few, 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,
(oh, five years' absence,) I found the objects of my earliest 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 aurhent 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.
Yours, &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 & I have been the
means of corrupting the following passage in Virgil, and that instead of pater
we ought to read patet:

hic videm Æneas frondentia ex ilie metam
Constituit, signum nautis, pater, unde reverti
Sanius, et longus ubi circumflexas 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 case position with it; as, "Turn 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 addictus jurare 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 venerabilion; 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:

Cum pater in ripa, gelidaque sub aqua are
Æneas, tristis terraque pecora bellum
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 word is placed first; and the sense of pater in the corrected line is equally expressive. 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 patet, and placed the word at a great distance from Ætese:

Amosa solus palma superbat Æneas:
Qui tam acrias telam contexit in auras,
Ostentat armatum pater arcumque sanguinem.
Æn. IV. 149, &c.

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

ΣΤΕΡΕΥΑΤΑ ΑΡΧΕΙ ΤΗeday. For
CUMBERLAND, GEORGE, To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, Monthly Magazine, or, British Register, 25:169 (1808:Apr.) p.196

Cruel Treatment of Milliner’s Apprentices. [April 1,

story; 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 30 miles off) is entirely covered with majestic pine timber; but the soil is poor, except in the low lands 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 Steele. I moved to it from St. Stephen’s (30 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, quince, and pears. The fig-trees have been in leaf but 10 days, and there are already figs as large as walnuts. The land and buildings cost me 330 dollars. There are about 12 acres planted in cotton, and I expect to have 160 or 200 in Indian corn. We reckon about 100 weight of cotton to the acre, and between 50 and 40 bushels of corn. The cotton worth 4 dollars a hundred, and the corn 50 cents 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 laid in at 12 cents and 1/2 per pound; as the price of candles in the West is 10 cents per pound, and in the East 13 cents. Fifty cents is equal to 2s. and 6d. sterling. There is no excise on candles or soap. Beef’s wax is 15 cents per pound. Soil is at 12 cents per pound, and 13 for white. But I speak of the Orleans prices of soap and candles. Here they are higher; but the demand is great. Perhaps, however, here as at Mobile, which is a town 30 miles lower down, there would be demand enough for 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, at all ages and descriptions, from calves to 6 years old, are sold at 6 dollars a head. We want good cheesemakers; we have none, and cannot have.

Nancy joins in love to you and your affectionate brother,

HARRY TOLMINE.

To Mr. Ratcliff Toler,

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine,

I READ in your Magazine for January last, the commencement of a very original essay on the subject of cruelty to horses, in many sentiments of which I am impossible to concur; but by these means, the humane and philanthropists have treated, that I know of, the subject so much more interesting, viz. that of the humanity to rational beings, 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 comment, 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, adolated holidays; even mean 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 servants’ 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 chambermaid; 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 security, 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 apparelled slipping hastily by a group of staring loungers; but too happy if she escapes some insolent remark, or her person, profession, and manner of walking; only to arrive at that floor, where after a cold reception from a butler of a porter, she tremblingly ascends the echoing staircase that leads to the unheated dressing-room of some beggar of quality, or new married Catherine, whose spleen, want of taste, and want of feeling...
feeling, are going to be relieved by investigators against every article these slaves of fashion have, at morning lamps, with palid faces, and inflamed eyes, been studying to improve!

Dismissed, at length, and escaping without the common ceremony of a bell ring, 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 capacity 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 barkerly would disgrace a negro driver, sits all day on a lynx to watch the labours of those who work and waste away, half palid 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 falsehood,) 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 indulging fashion, united with the cupidity 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 these 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 behold 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 turn, 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 summit 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 chills, hysteric affection, 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.

Yours, &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 Tarragona. This was afterwards, by one of those sudden glares of the eye, which sometimes occasion mistakes like the present, confounded with Tarragona 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 Bayonne'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 the different mountains. The first of these apparitions is said to have been on Mount Garzen 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 reappeared 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
Christianity and Slavery.

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 missions similar to the plan of Joseph Lancaster; the origin of which he very neatly, 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 surprised 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 sake, both here and hereafter, to think of some mode of persuading their slaves to become Christians, lest, under the weight of Gospel restraints, these people, guided by the passions natural to man, should, from a principle of retribution, reverse the table; 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 shown 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 profane 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 Preteteos-Christian-Quixotes, who once spread rank Catholic doctrines among the Indians, to induce them to be convenient slaves to the masters of their ancestors; and while he reserves all his admiration of convertors 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 so nobly 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 horrible law), a day to cultivate their own gardens, and abolishing the Sunday-market, a day usually spent in vice and drunkenness, 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 any common morality must be, perplexed 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 expense to the propo
ter), raise up a race of young
Christian negroes, who will un
pute their kindness by the increase of their
population, by their fi
ty, industry, ho
esty, humility, submission, and obedi
ence, to their masters; all which virtues
they are strictly enjoined, under pain of
eternal punishment, by the divine reli
gn in which they are
have been edu
cated, and renders 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 he be a wall of partition between
and the whites, an insurmountable bari
er against the approaching to any thing
like an equality with their masters."

Page 24, we are told that, "every
proponent in Antigua is anxious to
procure them, and will give a higher price
for them than for their heathen brethren."
And then, to prove us "how
very humble the Christian doctrines of
submission will render them, we have
quotations from Peter, c. xiv. v. 13; Titus,
c. x. v. 9 and 10; Ephesians, c. v. v. 6;
Colossians, c. m. v. 22; to which he
adds, at page 24, "If any one wished
to form a slave exactly to his mind, could
be 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 entire 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 serv
itude (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 ef
fect of their conversion), he says, "Ins
stead of losing their labour, it will en
crease their industry, and their desire (in
compliance to the demands of the reli
gn they have embraced) to please their
masters in all things."

And, curiously enough, at summing up these benefits, he
added,

"Let the great enemy of the repose
and comfort of mankind (the devil, per
haps) place his glory in universal domin
on—let Britain place it in universal be
necracy!"

Now what does this imply, but that

slavery is not only lawful under the Chris
tian dispensation, but that we may con
scientiously make slaves of that un
plained offspring, of which we have
promoted the breeding, by politically adap
wing the Christian religion as a moral ba
sis 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 plant;
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 con
emplate the idea of relations parted in
manner, at the caprice of their nom
nally Christian owners, without repub
licanism, and cooly 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 man
cipating their serfs, and the cold northern
morality trots before the god-like tread
of the Gospel; when Providence has
broken the chain of the tyrants of St.
Domingo, and a deliverance as great as
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, cap
tures born as cattic, and at the disposal
of their masters, whoever they may be,
in a market? And that the increase of this
delicious race is to be promoted by mak
ing them Christians only, instead of making
them Christians and freemen, as an ex
ception 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
ignorant 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 emaculating their male
progeny: for what can be more dread
ful to a thinking mind, than the idea of
thee, whose sole occupation is
till the earth, like oxen, under a vet
cular 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 the
present slave laws, be still practised to
the
generations, whether they are made Christians, or left in the state of heathens.

A planter in St. Kitts had two daughters, Marianna, one seventeen, the other twenty-five, which daughters, being both handsome, he had been in the practice of very much, 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 repaid so clever, that this man, gratifying the amours of a young black wife, actually sold them both, with the child, to a Jew broker, for more than 1000l. 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 amours of a Jew! 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 is able to read his Testament, discover the maxims 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 anemone, 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 Scriptures and Pharisees of our days, like those of old, are indeed subtle in deception, and plausible in their addresses; but, like those of old, they are not, 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 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 estate, 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 their hands, would only have raised a host of savage censures 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 pelting animadversions of many well-educated men, whose feelings many parts of this address may hurt; and I shall perhaps excite the animosity of others, who think it needful for the friendly, and detect that coarse 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, express the uselessness of the interference, unite to it my name, and say,

Yours, &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 synonymous. They do not seem to me to be simple positives, as they do not admit of degrees of comparison; 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 same appears to me precisely the same; neither does the former expression at all intinkle that I am less in command, but only that another officer is higher than I; it rather indeed intinates that I possess a command somewhat approaching, at least, to his rank. Sentences of a construction similar to the following, are of frequent
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 this precious drug 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 dress, manners, 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 is now the common beverage of labourers and basket-women, most soon be thought too vulgar for the tables of courtiers and princes; and whenever the gods of the world shall abandon tea, for some new luxury, we may expect buds, or cubebes, a cup of cassia, or cubeb will next find its way to the cottage, and the great Chinese Lang may chant his Modilupi kul, till he is weary before a single British keel cut the Pekinei in quest of it.

Lord Elgin's Collection of Antiquities from Athens.

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 porticoes under the name of Peripteral. 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 Parnassian, consisting of horsemen and charioteers, some clothed in the chales and tunics, others in the tunic only, and many, as from the sea, quite naked.

Among those of Lord Elgin's marbles, are the three skilful friezes, 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 to 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 alteration, consisting of part of the groups of figures on the south side also, which were nearly twenty in number, each representing a centaur consuming one of the Lapithes; 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 reposeing 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 Revley, was a mere fragment of a vast pediment filled with excellent sculpture.

This figure is reposeing, near 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 Pastoral, 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; 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 Hephaetumpedon, was erected in the time of Pericles, who employed Callicrates and Pecinus, 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 fines of the work; and we have reason, I think, to believe, that, in imitating these examples, we follow his exquisite chief. Such a treasure as we here have before us, would have gratified the ambition of any of the Roman Emperors; and will 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 Bonsoni, it will be found, that I considered it as a proof of the rapid advances, which, in the year 1798, 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 inveotive 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; as a good taste in them, superadded to this reward, will secure the means of an 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, 
G. Cumberland.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

PRINCE PETER IVONITICH 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 Thieves, but 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..."
State of Education among Criminals.

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, I 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 literacy 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 Bonny 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 marked (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 universal 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 unconverted, 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 committed have become familiar with its management, this inconvenience has been avoided, not only in the mill, but also in Mr. Lee's

house, which is most brilliantly illumined by it, to the exclusion of other species of artificial light.

The peculiar salubrity and charm of this light, with its almost imperceptible intensity, have brought it into general favour with the work people. And being free from the inconvenience arising from the escape of gas and the attendant smothering of coal-dust, is a circumstance of material importance, tending to diminish the hazard of fire, in which cotton mills are known to be exposed.

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MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SKETCH OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES GRIGNON, ESQ., AN EMINENT ARTIST, who died at Ely, in 1804, of a malignant fever, on his return from Rome, after a residence of many years, accompanied with remarks on his contemporaries, also referred to these.

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 geniuses; 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 perusal the labours of an evening at an inn at Reading, which otherwise would have been 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 aches of neglected talents, shorten my own suffering, and perform the duty of a surviving friend.

Many years have now gone by since I had the happiness in the city of Rome, the several years, to pursue the agreeable society of an able set of artists in this metropolis, and I am still living in more 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 refinement of the best ancient for the object, after seeking in vain, that amiable which alone could have inspired them in honour in their metropolis, lingered on the plains of Latium until the disastrous and fascinating language of the native made them susceptible of captives to the arts and arts of Italy; and tempted by the picturesque of the museums of various, the charms of music, painting, architecture, the hilarity induced by a fine climate, the independence which their offer, the splendor of the inanimate, the serenity, the simplicity that animates and detains; they at length formed connections that could not easily be dissolved, and at length perished on foreign land, neglected, and almost forgotten.

Three of these active students, yet are now no more. I knew partially well, having often been accused of how little their motion knew them, that it has been their unhappy fate to the grave without an education; De Pears, Robinson, and Grignon, deserve to be remembered by our country.

Of the first and second I am unacquainted with materials to make a decent sketch of their biography, although possessed of abundance of personal zeal and abilities, in the intervals of the present, therefore, I must postpone what I wish to say of them, and call it me in the pleasure of recording what I know of the work of requirements of the third; the more clearly, sensibly, and conventionally found a man who united great powers with great taste, respecting him and
with modesty, infinite patience with good condescension, and who added to magnificence, prudence, honourable delicacy, and moral politeness. Such a character was not, I think, to be found in obvious formlessness; and if a few hours hast not yet secured his memory, you will I am sure, read with open page for a sketch in the records of your country's hours.

Charles Grignon, son of Thomas Grignon, a mathematician and historian of universal excellence, has been said to derive his descent from the illustrious Alberoni family, agreeable to the custom of France, on becoming possessed of the mansion of Grignon, assumed that name. He was born in 1731, in Russia, at Cazorla, in 1748, and very early in life manifested a strong predilection for the arts, by copying, at seven years of age, some prints of Hogarth so exactly, as to attract the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At fifteen, he painted the history of the East India Company, at thirteen years of age, he was placed in his father's studio as a pupil with that correct draughtsman, Pergam, with whom he was at all times the favourite pupil.

On the 6th of August, 1769, he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and in 1786, he contended for the gold medal given for the best historical painting, and gained it with great applause, having fourteen or fifteen competitions. The subject was the History of Rome, from the Greek of Proctor: to make his picture more classical, he reduced it of all emblematical subjects, except the club.

On these occasions a trial sketch is always being in the presence of the president and compeers; and that no precious moment may be obtained from those circumstances, the subject is not allowed for the student is called before them. The trial sketch was the History of Rome, from the Greek of Proctor, when they proposed a son to his old age. Sir Joshua Reynolds chose it, and Grignon accepted himself of his satisfaction.

After this he was sent out, under the name of the Academy, for three years each in Rome, where he soon executed his first historical composition of the action of Cannons, on the 4th of February, 1769, but was not yet at the time when that dreadful lesson was given to circumnavigation, who too often, under the influence of the possession of power, alien to the feelings of man in a state of savage freedom, forget that the inherent right of possession of soil and countries is engraved on their hearts with double energy; and that consequently nations and personal injuries are felt by them with enthusiasm mingled with.

Grignon, in this picture, close the moment previous to the fatal catastrophe, the body being killed, others wounded, and Captain Cook in the attitude of attempting to overcome the savages: he was so much study on it, that but for the repeated entreaties of his friend the Abbé 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 engravures, that the advancement of his designs was often retarded by them. He was known, under the patronage of Lord Chet, was even, I believe, at his death unhonoured, and at the day probably remains in his study at Rome.

The subject of this noble picture was from the poet Boccaccio's-Pracipanes claimed to the Rock, a prey to Nereus, Minerva, the Nymphs, &c. To render this subject worthy of being a masterpiece, I well remember that all the muscums were dissected, and prints studied, Mr. Dance's lecture studied, and above all, the M. Camillo Colombi's daily persons, a number of sketches made, and each submitted in turn to Dance's inspection, whose opinion he was thus to receive; it was even matted in the weekly, and finally, when the outline of the principal lines were put in on the large canvas, a sense of gentility marked his indecision and anxiety.

The finished study was however completed, and the picture will bear with pleasure, that after a second year of quittance, at Reggio and London, it was length rest in the hands of his father, in the house of his father, in Reggio Admiral, and at the monument of C. Grignon's great taste, talents, and industry.

Here also will be found another finished study of Homer among his Poems at the Tomb of Achilles; a picture borrowed to Lord Bouverie, and which, like the Pracipanes, was also to have its figures larger even than the last, but, in course of the next French revolutionary
...money invested in Italy, when he thought it unsafe to stay, they were left in his steed, in the Vineyards, where he occupied the house of Salvini as residing that spot more dear than the city of Rome. This old vineyard-house I well remember, and have often designed; and lost at Cardinal Dorat, bought it, should have been myself the purchaser, when, in 1836, it was offered to sale for only 3000 scudi, with its capacious vinyard. The situation is delightful, the front facing the villa Borghese, whose pines shade it in the morning; the back looking towards the villa Medici, and the whole distance but a quarter of a mile from the Porte Del Popolo. Unfor- mately, 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 a few years second some of the tenants about London, without even the addition of yellow gravel, grass, or water, excepting a ditch or two with fancy follow over them. But to return to my subject: besides these orders, he received from Lord Clyde, when in Italy, on his tour, the masts of the most marked kindness, his wish to take 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.

Sir John Pennington, 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 monuments, of a Colossal size, or at least as large as the originals; in which the character and its highly marked as to give much of the energy of the antique.

For Lord Clyde 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 Porte Del Popolo, in which the scene is a portrait of the spot, and some of the forms are said to be excellencies of the individuals concerned. These were executed by Scorn in the dotted manner, for the prints, which were the Calchas, the other the Siphes, where a party at the villa Medici were executing that favorable in dancing. They were both painted, and dedicated to Lord Clyde, who ever received with the highest attention; and when the war intervened, it was incurred that he should take up the costume of Italy for which no one could possess better adroitness, his outline being exquisitely correct, and his knowledge of anatomy, as his pupils will testify, very considerable.

When I was in the habit of seeing him almost daily, his chief study was antique, and composition, but more landscape. The effects of light and shade made a considerable portion of his studies; even botanical design are found in his present; and he aimed at universal excellence, as no one knew him.

Among other studies, now in his possession, in Sestia and elsewhere, are his Ulysses and Leander; but do not find that he painted them for no one.

Compelled to quit Rome at a time when thousands of people were thronging every direction to avoid the French armies, he and Mr. Fagan, now hired a carriage, and a wagon to bring their pictures, and having purchased from two Attic, Cyprian, so much talked, made the best of their way to Nips, where they found the whole country in most consternation, and ready to embark on board the Vanguard, Lord Nelson, for the island of Sestia. After now applied to his cousin, Captain Wal- ler, of the Emerald, to take his friend Mr. Fagan, and their cases of pictures, with which request the captain very readily complied; but the next day the Emerald's destination was altered. Captain Hope, of the Almara, was despatched to Rome, and he could arrive in a passage, but his ship had been her destination changed; and thus stated, they were obliged to content themselves with such accommodations as they could procure on board an armed Negevian frigate, and were quartered in a small cabin, with thirty or forty emigrants. On the 21st of December, 1798, a very violent storm commenced, which persisted the master of the Vanguard was on board and for the occasion to two or three English sailors, the Negevian vessel had certainly gone to the bottom with the two artists, and a large collection of pictures, in the pursuit of which they had embarked a considerable set of the fruits of years of industry, and promising labor; for during the storm, the mariners had gone below to save provisions, and left the vessel to the great Providence, and the mercy of the waves.

On his arrival at Patras, Grignan came acquainted with Captain Rowan, who had distinguished himself at Aboukir, under Lord Nelson, aboard the Leander; and having he held

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taking his passage to England on board a small armed vessel, he prevailed on the captain to take charge of his pictures. In a very few days they arrived at Palermo, where Captain Richardson's skill and statesmanship during which voyage he outstripped many famous French vessels of greater size, that cleared him. Being, however, in such extreme haste, Mr. Grignon selected to give Captain Richardson an account to whom the pictures were consigned, only, on a scrap of paper, informing him that the two vessels had been among them, which note the captain brought him the moment he reached from Windsor, where he first went to lay his dispatches before the king. Thence they were escorted, the pictures having been actually put up at Palermo, and nearly sold, for about 100l. Afterwards, Mr. Long, of London, and 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 points of eminent masters, on the common sum of 7000 guineas, and a little more than 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 masters, their being sent on this account had procured them a celebrity beyond their merits; and, in fact, the best pictures of that delightful cotobrist do not bear upon the largest scale, as the late Lord Lansdowne and many others will show.

This visit to Palermo was the happy occasion of Mr. Grignon's being introduced to that great hero, Lord Nelson; and in his mention of his anxiety about the sale of pictures, with a goodness and enthusiasm peculiar to him, on examining them, this is a natural concern, particularly, in speaking for a man, instantly wrote to Sir W. Hamilton, to give the Grand Granville, or the Terra Palace, a copy of this happening at Sir W. Hamilton's.

On the 16th of February, 1799, Mr. Grignon had the honour of Lord Nelson's being in his portrait, at Palermo, but the print, unfinished study in which picture is now in his brother's possession, and is accounted one of the most dignified and expressive likenesses of that illustrious man. With this there are two exquisite drawings in pencil, also of Lord Nelson, to animate the most inable man, and Mr. Grignon has himself, independently of the opportunity which he had of recording from a centurion of such superb beauty, abundance of his design in order to life.

In the Bay we saw, June 8, 1800, "Lord Nelson's Day," and the day before it the Foudroyant, I dined on board the Vanguard in the 7th, on board the Foudroyant, the 8th.

At this dinner, he did not cease to commend Lord Nelson, his victories, and he has exhibited his classical taste, combined with a just appreciation of the value of the antique, and the force of those studies from nature.

Then, 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 contemporaries; whose studies he admired, such as Duret, Woodford, Robinson, Foxon, etc., and are a permanent monument of his indubitable exactions of both mind and hand; for taking them as a selection of accurate studies, and tracing from drawings from the most celebrated statuary, bas-reliefs, and bas-reliefs, in Rome, they are invaluable to all genuine artists.

Of traces of these studies, the author of this paper has the name, as well as of others by Duret, Robinson, and Mr. Woodford, who ranked high in the opinion of each member of this friendly group of innovating students; and to whom alone Duret, that great draughtsman and sculptor, would sometimes deliver; for it was a custom that contained very long for the water of these pages to go frequently to the various statues of men, and generally twice a week, to make continual notes of the study of those persons, whose heads were modelled; and instructions were freely offered with a real
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 manners, humanity, generosity, and candour, could only be equalled by his delicate taste, profound knowledge of exquisite skill, and univokd exertions. A man, too, 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 indomitable Camova beheld his productions with respect, and that even good painters came to him for advice and correction.

Such a one was Decare, whose chief works went to France, and whose chisel is scarcely known in England, except in Sir Richard Worsley's collections, where his Marzene 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-natured-hearted Hewstow; the gay Durio, of grand conceptions the constant owner; the genial manly Hamilton, and his ingenious amanuensis, of parents and husband's models 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 masterpiece 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 background with great sublimity and grandeur; the cartoon was finished in black chalk, in a great manner; yet it was not destined to live to future; for the 28th of October last, he was seized with a violent fever, raging in Leghorn, died on that November, after only five days; and was, the next day dead, in the zenith of the English faction, by a private friend the Rev. Mr. Harding, to the establishment.

At that time the fever was carrying a great many people every day so much, that, from amidst of its devastations, people greatly marvelled another, and many went up to Rome out of the way of its attacks; this was he was advised by his friend, to attach to the studies he had commenced, and had not the resolution to leave it till taking leave of Mr. Littlehale (so escaped it by going away), he then fell the fever on him without perceiving, observing, that "it was only a headache," Mr. Littlehale died of the same species of bilious fever, at Berbice, in Surinam, precisely that day thereon.

But for this fatal attack he would soon have returned, and rape his admirers he had so long deserved from his country; for having in general pass good health, the traits of great intelligence, at fifty he might have endeavoured to display the vigour of talents so rarely 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, and he had begun for Sir Corbet Constable, which, if we may give credit to the statement of Dr. Clarke, who saw them, Rome, were far advanced, and very admirable. As a judge of old masters, he would also have been a great judge to those who have the good sense to collect, with the assistance of the most exact for a judgment more natural could easily be obtained; his long residence having given him time to correct errors by which our early opinions are always accompanied, whilst his keen probity, and stern principles of judgment would have secured his friends from the dangers of the manufacture-stipulated old copies of great masters where often nothing is left but the general forms, and general system of colouring. Such pictures, improperly, they are laid bare and mended by the most innocent mechanic in deference to the dotting process of repair use.
Memoirs of Charles Grignon, Esq.

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

The influence of his impartiality and these who knew them must allow that they were all fair, though not more or less ridiculous; rather 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 contended with barely showing 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 Leghorn by General Berthier, I think about 1802, Grignon was excepted; and in his writing 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 indeed, returning to his business to pursue his profession, and, like Persigny, received nothing from the Ministry of Arts but their admiration.

He was about five feet six, well proportioned, with a constitution of great expression, humane, studious, but not in his studies, and rather inclined to melancholy.
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 bloom 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 tear the storm and rattling show'r.

GEORGE CUMBERLAND.

Bristol, Dec. 11, 1808.

TO DEATH.

I come not, Death! with vain, untimely fears,
Urn-shading cypress and the midnight dews,
To offer at thy shrine,
And depreciate 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 upraised hand?
With shafts of anger, and the murderer's rage?
And throw around thy brows
The lightning's lightning rays?

We are the limit of the Sphynx's cone,
The grave the barrier of her heart than,
Beyond whose pathless bough
No star of being gleam'd:
Had Nature to the winds of Heaven claim'd?
No bright reversion that awakes the soul,
When bursting from her chains,
She seeks her kindred skies:
Did not Religion from thy sacred shrine
Pluck the vain shadow of a mimic crest,
And lift the veiling coal,
To show a Seraph's smile?
Then, Death, I'd hail thee mournful in thy shrine
Should hear my vows, and bear my secret bribes,
To win the light of Heaven
One moment to my gaze?

I'd clasp the breast that loves me, and still 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 tender soul
That Heaven has Death ordain'd
It's minister of love!
Bring flowers, bring essence from the living rose,
And strewn around the sickly couch of Death
From whence the Spirit bounds
On her immortal wings.
Be this thy triumph and thy glorious hour,
Angel of Death! that at thine although
The shadowing veil is rent,
Time's fleeting structure fails.
The seraph vision of the glowing min'd,
The hope of Cenere, and the soul's dearest
Start into sight and form,
Freed by thy transient page's charm.

E. W. STANY Sheet.

On the Prevention and Cure of Consumption. [April,

and with the most faithful resemblance to the originals.

Kensington. Your’s, &c.

March 6, 1809. T. F. DERRIN.

P. S. I should not have troubled you with this explanation, but that I thought myself absolutely called upon to do, from an ungraced report which might otherwise excite 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 (or in any 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 necessity of the prevailing mode of treating the disease called Consumption—nor, until the whole nation is raised to a due sense of the necessity of discovering some method of checking its origination, or applying other sorts of remedies in the cure, when the present so miserably fails, we have scarcely any 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, visiting 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 petrascite, 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 main original causes of this cruel disease to the healthy who attend them, and protest the very origin of the disease itself; for thousands of feather-beds (that accused intention of extinguishing injury) in this county, have not for centuries perfonned any quarantine, while even new ones, as they are called when the ticking is new, are often little else but pest-conductors, composed of materials from broken shoos, to which they are generally contaminated by the breaths 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 acracy of hereditary humours, the heat induced by intemperance, the artificial noxius 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 indigent nurse; the meretricious chambermaid; or the ambitious tutor, who wants to rear a prodigy of infantile 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 ablation has been found favourable in other fevers, I cannot see why it should not be resorted to in the cases of this.—In support, therefore, of his doctrine, let me be allowed to advance an ease 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, subsisting on nothing else for the first week, scarcely eating anything 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 Bond-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 trousers, and at night consigned to the cold benches of the long-boat without straw or covering; the food was black bread, with coarse teers and stalks in it, and thus he remained until the vessel arrived at Algiers, exposed nightly to cold, dew and rain, and when there, daily driven to the cannon 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 (far at first he could not eat his wretched allowance), and to the cold dew 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 Gloucester 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 chose 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 starved, 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 maledly 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 choose to send him to that place 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 the Estuaries of the Severn Sea, itself the seat of heavy vapours, fog, 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 Dovedale, and from Hereford to the hills all around, the air is the purest of the pure, yet the vicinity of our watering-grounds, that extend from the Hot-wells to Canon's Marsh, can never be fit for tender lungs. The water of the Hot-wells, even under its 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 physicied and weakened, it is no wonder they have lost their reputation; especially when we consider that they are drink from a cistern, not from the spring head, and consequently less warm and more rapid, of course less inured 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 ulcers 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 dullest 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 jerkin, with conveniences for exercise, both within and without, suitable to the winter months, with accommodation also for riding, swinging, &c.; is 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 blamable as when we despair.

Bristol, 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 intangible 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 stanchions. 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 larger 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 hams 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 terstices, 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.

King's Road, J. PILTONS, Chelsea.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR Correspondent, C. Loft, 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.


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 1780, with cuts by Hogarth.

March 2, 1809.

Your's, &c. D. To
To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

An attempt having been lately made by a veteran learned critic, Dr. Snow, of Bath, to shake the firm obelisk erected by the admirers of the immortal boy Chatterton, in which he has stum bled 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 complete misrepresentation of the real situation of the much injured youth.

After an advertisement, stating with a petrifying indecency, that the profits of this Essay, calculated to undermine her beloved brother's name, 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, Stockdale, 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 overstating, 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 affecting, and inspires everyone with some portion of the spirit and phrenzy of poetry, opened his addresses to his mistress in these ungrammatical and hollering numbers.

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

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 ba-sis 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 his contrivance, he has escaped the unfailing lashes of the controversiasts, had not yet had his critical rage cooled against the ashes of defunct genius, or pulled from the compleat exposure of the errors of the poet's antagonists, by the shoulder-bladed editors of the edition of 1804; but after ruminating above twenty years over their disappointed efforts, at last, in his own name, resumes the "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 indenent 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 now, is this to prove that he wrote then, or that he wrote them in the year 1766, or that he wrote to his mistress, remains to be considered.

A plain tale puts 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 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 yours; under which stands a note by the editors, stating that, 'the verses to Miss Hoyland relate to a lady to whom Baker paid this address, and that those, (consisting of a whole packet, as will be seen) to
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
Glasgow'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 en-
tirely overlooked, when producing so
victoriously this one hobbling stanza,
set in 1768 to America, which he gives
a certain mark, that C. was unable to
write heroic verse, that it was accom-
panied with half a dozen more sets of
verse-letternotes of which, although all
calculated to display that they were ma-
ufactured for the commerce they were
designed to promote between the parties,
yet he seems not to have been able to
relate sufficiently, as a reader of com-
mon 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
roll around it, and the waters burst on
its hilly top, when the driving wind
pounds the sable sea, and the rising
waves aspire to the clouds, turning with
the swelling hail," adding, "so much for
heroes; 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. Cot-
er, one of the editor's, says, by Mr.
Cocke, 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
come, who comes, I think, himself hobb-
ing after the race is decided, it is, I
think, fortunate that it has remained;
based 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
pity of wilful misrepresentation.

I shall here therefore withdraw my
pen, contented with having parried with
so little difficulty this learned gentle-
man's first back-handed blow, leaving
him very willingly amid the thorny lab-
hours 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 misrepresen-
tation, 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 re-
markable notes, the lines themselves
show that it was not Chatterton's mis-
tress 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 blist.

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, hobbing and ungrammatical
were his numbers, by way of grand proof
that he could never have been the author
of Elia?

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 dan-
gerous 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 usages, would
never.
On the most ancient Mode of recording Laws, &c. [June,

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

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

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sr,

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 go-
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 man-
kind, being stamped only with an ox or
a sheep, have come to be the depository
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 cul-
tivate 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 pre-
serve his friends, not only with coins of all
prices and different expressions, of the
ancient kings, but also with foreign pieces
which had never been current in the Em-
pire; by foreign, I suppose, are meant
all that were neither Greek nor Latin,
but being struck in civilized nations, con-
voyed some historical knowledge. This
abuse appears to have been excessive,
for Seneca says, "that they were more
frequently adorned as ornaments of sal-
loons, than as helps to learning; and
sometimes from a worse motive than
splendid, a ridiculous ostentation, with
which the rich are infatuated, or being
hard in everything." In another place
he expresses the taste in vogue—"that in
the midst of vice and ignorance, a library
is become as indispensable an accom-
paniment of a great house, as offices, halls,
and bagnios." However, from their ac-
knowledged utility, their connection in
the study of antiquity, the noble pur-
poses to which learned men have ap-
plied them, and the number of exact
and chronological clues which they
have illustrated and supplied, they will
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 un-
necessary to consult them. No mon-
uments whatever can come in competi-
tion with them for antiquity. They were
even before backets of trees were used
in 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 was
engraved, by the first learned men, on
the columns mentioned by Josephus.

This custom is also proved by those in-
scriptions fastened to columns, which,
Porphyry (De Abst. Anim.) tells us, were
preserved with so much care by the Cre-
tans; 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
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 Jupi-
ter, and the other fictitious gods, which
were taken from the religious inscriptions
which were to be found in the most an-
cient temples, and chiefly in that of Je-
ptor Trigylphus, where an inscription on
a golden pillar testified, that it had been
set up by the god himself." Porphyry,
as cited by Theodore, in his second
discourse against the Greeks, says the same
thing of Synchirotion—"he collected
his ancient history from the records of
all the cities, and the monuments in tem-
oples, which from the usage of those ages
could be no other than inscriptions." And
Pliny himself, in his 9th book, relates,
that the Babylonian astrologers
used bricks to perpetuate their observa-
tions.
Mosaic is a corruption of, and should more properly be called, Musaeic 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, Museums, as being consecrated to the Museums.

The finest specimens of Mosaic 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. Musaeic 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 Musaeic, four of the fathers of the church, after paintings by Janfranc, Sacchi, Romaneeli, and Pellegrini. Among the other celebrated pictures, that have been copied in mosaic, 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 Raffaello have been thus copied; and in the Borghese palace at Rome are six fine mosaics, representing Orpheus, surrounded by animals, and supposed to be composed of above nine thousand pieces. The mosaics, 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.

Yours, &c.

P. S. Your Correspondent F. page 425 vol. 26, for December last (1808), says, (after exposing several absurdities in Origny's Disc-
Anecdote of Deare, the Sculptor.

[Nov. 1,

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, Hexetson, Ncey, 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 Admarc, read Admari; for Clauds, read Claude.

There is also an error, in my saying it was Mr. Littledele, of whom he took leave at Florence, during the plague there. He was there at Berhice, 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 Albanis, de Bernis, and many more of the papal court, who possessed a taste for art.

I learnt also lately, 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 Cestus, 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 Belvedere 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 Berry (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, 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 Formatore (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 Borgies, 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
Lyceum of Ancient Literature.—No. XXIV.

Philer, and consequently allied to the Car
dide, the noblest race in Athens. But Mr. Gail * has satisfactorily detected this
mistake, which arose from a misinterpre-
tation 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 activ-
ity, 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 con-
test, like the modern Portuguese, adopted
the generous resolution of abandoning
their country, rather than submit to the
slavery intended for them. They unani-
mously 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, endea-
voured 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
Tecons is historically noticed by Her-
odotus; 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 de-
sipser of business, and of all those af-
fairs, 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, pro-
ably, it was never a study, his object
was not so much to complement the
Muses, as to celebrate his favourite pur-
suits. His whole life was a continued
state of voluptuous repose, which ad-
mited 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 Bacchanal

* Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecit
Ptolemaeus, Anacreon, inde Minervaeus et An-
agrobus, &c. — Solinus.

* Gail, Pref. in Anac. Paris, 1799.
† The sagacious Boyle had already adverted
to this error.

G. CUMBERLAND.

For the Monthly Magazine.

LYCEUM OF ANCIENT LITERA-
TURE.—No. XXIV.

ANACREON.

THE great name of Anacreon de-
mands an extended consideration:
the celebrity of his Muse, and the num-
ber 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
Bird of Téos. By the admirers of warm
and voluptuous poetry, he has, at all
times, been eagerly perused, and fre-
cently imitated. By these means he is
familiarly known, even to that numero-
us 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 man-
ner. 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 tradi-
tions; in the polished age, when Hip-
parcus, of Athens, and Polycrates, of
Samos, contended with laudable am-
bition, 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 inhab-
bits 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 fa-
ther's name is uncertain; his mother's,
Euxia. M. Dacier has attempted to
prove, from Plato, that he was con-
ected with the family of that philoso-

frenzy.
Account of Dr. Fox’s Asylum for Lunatics.

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which I had the best opportunity of being acquainted, rendered this plan of security indisputable. Still one objection remained in my mind; for, however shrewdly the operation, it was possible, at some future period, it might be discovered, and I commenced my designs anew, with the hope of finding a remedy for this imaginary evil, and which I at last accomplished by means of a clock, 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 clock, 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 banknote, 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 clock, 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.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

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 disabled 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 23,000L, placed in the centre of a fine farm, every way accessible 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
Account of Dr. Fox's Asylum for Lunatics.

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 chauam, of the owner's invention, that hitherto has resisted rain, as well as lead could do; the whole of the joints, 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 conduces 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, brewhouse, &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 exercise, 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 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 keeper 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 conveniences 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 encumbrates 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 arrangements,
On the true Origin of the Art of Printing.

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,