

T H E S C O T S M A G A Z I N E.

F E B R U A R Y, 1757.

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An abstract of the act *tricesimo Georgii II.* intitled, *An act to discontinue for a limited time the duties upon corn and flour imported; and also upon such corn, grain, meal, bread, biscuit, and flour, as have been or shall be taken from the enemy, and brought into this kingdom.*

WHereas the discontinuing of the aforementioned duties for a limited time, may be of advantage to his Majesty's subjects, be it enacted,

That no duty, or imposition whatsoever, shall be demanded or taken, upon any corn or flour which shall be imported into this kingdom, at any time be-

fore the 24th of August next; nor upon any corn, grain, meal, bread, biscuit, or flour, which have been or shall be taken from the enemy, and brought into this kingdom, at any time before the said 24th of August; but that all such commodities may be imported duty-free; and may also be carried coastwise, under such regulations as corn of the growth of this kingdom is now allowed to be carried coastwise, at all times before the said 24th of August.

Provided, That a due entry be made, in such manner as was used before the making of this act, of all corn, &c. which shall be so imported, at the customhouse belonging to the port of im-

I am that bird which they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty;
 And though my corpse they can confine,
 Yet maugre that my soul is free:
 Tho' I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King.
 My soul is free as is th' ambient air,
 Which doth my outward parts include;
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair,
 To 'company my solitude.
 What tho' they do with chains my body bind?
 My King can only captivate my mind.

In some copies of this poem the following stanza is inserted between the seventh and eighth:

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem;
 And for to smooth to rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him.
 But now to suffer shews a legal part; (smart.
 When kings want ease, subjects must learn to

But this stanza utterly destroys the uniformity of the poem, and is inconsistent with every other part of it. The design of the whole is, to represent as benefits, what bad by his enemies been intended as punishments; and to shew, that "Malice wants wit to effect its purpose." But this stanza contains an acknowledgment, that Malice has effected its purpose upon him; that he suffers; and that it is fit he should suffer. For this reason, and because it is not in all copies, it is omitted in this, either as composed by the author, and afterwards rejected, or as interpolated by some other. Gent. Mag.

N. B. Our readers have formerly seen another copy of this poem, ascribed to a loyalist of our own country. [x. 278.]

To the Lords of the A——Y. [45.]

My Lords,

TIS the humble opinion of us the court-martial,

(A court of all courts most surely impartial!)
 That A——L B——O his utmost did not
 To engage—and adjudge him for that to be shot.
 But to palliate his crime, with defence we shew,
 In our sentence, distinctions quite subtle and new:
 That 'twas prov'd he ne'er shew'd any tokens of
 fear,

(And how the plague could he—so far in the rear!)

That clearly to us he appear'd in this light,
 Not a coward—but only damn'd backward in
 fight.

Or, more clear to refine it, we've shewn in effect
 To be backward in fighting—is but a neglect.
 And tho' we've condemn'd him, for mercy we pray,
 Lest his case be our case at some other day.

By a young lady of fifteen.

On Mr PITT's being indisposed with the gout.

An IMPROMPTU.

FLY, Gout, and seize the lazy Papal toe,
 Nor be to Pat's activity a foe.
 Ye gods! he asks no more than firm to stand:
 Give him a foot, he'll fix the tottering land.

Extract from a poem on the barbarities of the French, and their savage allies and profelytes, on the frontiers of Virginia. By Sam. Davies, A. M.

Long had a mungrel French and Indian brood
 Our peaceful frontiers drench'd with Brit-
 tish blood.

There Horror rang'd, and her dire ensigus bore,
 Raw scalps her trophies, stiff with clotted gore;
 The heart and bowels smoking on the ground,
 Still warm with life, and mangled corpses fowl.
 There buzzards riot, and each rav'nous soul,
 And all the monsters of the desert howl,
 And gnaw the naked bones; there mix in fight,
 Like *Gallie* tyrants, for their neighbour's right.

See yonder cottage, once the peaceful seat
 Of all the pleasures of the nuptial state.
 The sturdy son, the prattling infant, there,
 And spotless virgin, blest'd the happy pair.
 In gentle sleep, undreaming ill, they lay;
 But oh! no more to see the cheerful day-
 Mad with the passions of an *Indian* soul,
 The tawny furies in the thickets growl,
 Thro' the dark night, and watch the dawn of
 To spring upon their unsuspecting prey. (day,
 The mulket's deadly found, or murder's screams,
 Alarm the slumbers, and break off their dreams.
 They start, and struggle, but in vain the strife,
 To save their own, a child's, or parent's life,
 Or dearer still, a tender bleeding wife.

Now mingling blood with blood, confus'd they
 And blended in promiscuous carnage lie. (die,
 Brains, heart, and bowels, swim in streams of gore,
 Besmear the walls, and mingle on the floor.
 Men, children, houses, cattle, harvests, all,
 In undistinguishing destruction fall.

Th' infernal savages lift up the yell,
 And rouse the terrors of the lowest hell:
 Suck the fresh wound, in bloody puddles swell,
 And thence imbibe a fiercer rage to kill.
 From the raw skull the hairy scalp they tear,
 And the dire pledge in savage triumph wear.

But see! on *Monongahala's* fatal banks,
 Blood flow in larger streams, and thicker ranks
 Of heroes fall. Unfortunately brave,
Braddock alone was honour'd with a grave;
 A hasty grave, in consternation made,
 And there, unceas'd and undur'd, laid.

There *Halket*, *Shirley*, there a numerous band
 Of brave *Virginians*, (oh! my native land!
 How great thy lots! yet greater thy renown,
 To call these brave heroic souls thy own.)
 Ah! there they fell, to wolves and bears a prey,
 Or human savages, more fierce than they.

There men and steeds in common ruin lie;
 Some lifeless; wounded some; some seek to fly,
 In vain; the sculking savages forsake
 Their thickets; and their thirst of blood to slake,
 Like furious lions, rush into the field,
 To butcher those not mercifully kill'd.

Now direr terrors o'er the wounded spread,
 They envy now their fellow soldiers dead,
 For simple death, or death by hands of men,
 Was how a privilege they wish'd in vain.

Now horrid shrieks, and dying groans and cries,
 Mix'd with wild shouts of *Indian* triumphs rise :
 Tygers and bears felt pity at the sound, (round.
 And wilds, and vales, and mountains trembled
 The dying now just ope' the closing eye,
 And tawny murd'ers hov'ring o'er them spy.
 The ear just stopt in death perceives their yell,
 And trembles lest it be the cry of hell.
 The wounded feel the blow that ends the strife, }
 Extinguishing the faint remains of life, (knife.)
 And kindly leaves them senseless to the scalping
 Infernal weapon!—Death o'er spreads the plain
 With heaps of carnage : pray'rs and tears are vain.
 Loud cries for mercy vengeance but provoke,
 And supplicating hands but tempt the stroke.
 The bended knee but stoops to take the blow,
 As hell itself, implacable's the foe.
 There tos'd in heaps, or scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Naked, unburied, lie the mighty slain.
 The soil is with their blood luxuriant grown,
 And still their bones lie whitening in the sun.
 There birds of prey long fed, and wheel'd their
 flight ;
 And savage beasts carous'd and howl'd by night.
 Oh fatal spot ! with thee be nam'd no more
Canna, *Pharjalia*, wash'd with *Roman* gore :
 There men with men, here hellish furies fight,
 Riot in slaughter, and in blood delight.—

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUE to *Douglas*.

PROLOGUE I. Spoken at Edinburgh.

IN days of classic fame, when *Persia's* lord
 Oppos'd his millions to the *Grecian* sword,
 Flourish'd the state of *Athens* ; small her store,
 Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,
 Like *Caledonia's*. Yet the gain'd a name
 That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.

Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,
 (For who than *Sparta's* dauntless sons more brave?)
 But learning, and the love of every art,
 That *Virgin Pallas* and the *Muse* impart.

Above the rest the tragic *Muse* admir'd,
 Each *Attic* breast with noblest passions fir'd.
 In peace their poets with their hero's shar'd
 Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.
 The tragic *Muse* each glorious record kept,
 And o'er the kings the conquer'd, *Athens* wept*.

Here let me cease ; impatient for the scene,
 To you I need not praise the tragic queen.
 Oft has this audience soft compassion shewn,
 To woes of heroes, heroes not their own :
 This night our scenes no common tear demand,
 He comes, the hero of your native land !

DOUGLAS, a name thro' all the world renown'd,
 A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound !
 Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A *Douglas* follow'd through the bloody strife ;
 Hosts have been known at that dread name to
 yield,

And, *Douglas* dead, his name hath won the field.

Listen attentive to the various tale,
 Mark if the author's kindred-feelings fail.
 Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,
 He waits the test of your congenial tears.

* See the *Persai* of *Aeschylus*.

If they shall flow, back to the *Muse* he flies,
 And bids your heroes in succession rise ;
 Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam ;
Douglas assures them of a welcome home.

PROLOGUE II. Spoken at Covent-Garden.

IN ancient times, when *Britain's* trade was arms,
 And the lov'd *Muse* of her youth, alarms ;
 A godlike race sustain'd fair *England's* fame :
 Who has not heard of gallant *PIERCY's* name ?
 Ay, and of *DOUGLAS* ? Such illustrious foes
 In rival *Rome* and *Carthage* never rose !
 From age to age bright shone the *British* fire,
 And ev'ry hero was a hero's fire.
 When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
 Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.
 But whilst these generous rivals fought, and fell,
 These generous rivals lov'd each other well.
 Though many a bloody field was lost and won,
 Nothing in hate, in honour all was done. (peers,
 When *PIERCY* wrong'd, defy'd his prince or
 Fast came the *DOUGLAS* with his *Scottish* spears ;
 And when proud *DOUGLAS* made his king his foe,
 For *DOUGLAS*, *PIERCY* bent his *English* bow.
 Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
 They knock'd alternate at each other's gate ;
 Then blaz'd the castle at the midnight-hour,
 For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.

This night a *DOUGLAS* your protection claims ;
 A wife ! a mother ! Pity's softest name :
 The story of her woes indulgent hear,
 And grant your suppliant all she begs — a tear.
 In confidence she begs ; and hopes to find
 Each *English* breast, like noble *PIERCY's*, kind.

EPILOGUE

AN Epilogue I ask'd ; but not one word
 Our bard will write. He vows, 'tis most
 absurd

With comic wit to contradict the strain
 Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
 Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
 The noblest passion of the human breast :
 For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
 In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe ;
 And when its waves retire, like those of *Nile*,
 They leave behind them such a golden soil,
 That there the virtues without culture grow,
 There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
 These were his words : — void of delusive art
 I felt them ; for he spoke them from his heart.
 Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
 To chase away celestial Melancholy.

EPIGRAM.

AS dame Religion, in the shade,
 Deep-musing hung her sacred head,
 Approach'd the *Muse*, and thus began :
 Since I delight, you bless the man,
 Too long thus sep'ately we stood ;
 Come, let us mix our common good ;
 Let *Sion* and *Parnassus* join,
 Mine be thy weight, my fire be thine.
 Agreed ; the maids together roam,
 And both live friendly in one HOME.