

T H E
Columbian Phenix

A N D

Boston Review,

No. III.] FOR MARCH, 1800. [Vol. I.

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B O S T O N :

Printed for the EDITOR.

a liberty with his Lordship, and the more especially, as it was well known that *Malagrida* was a very honest man!

When *Gray* published his charming *Elegy*, as written in a Country Churchyard, the late Duke of Northumberland sent him five hundred pounds sterling as a recompense to the Lyrist, for the pleasure he had derived from his labours. This circumstance was often mentioned by Goldsmith, with that sort of concern, as signified that he imagined himself as in some degree entitled to a similar tribute; as this disposition of mind was known, the Doctor's creditors used it to his discomfiture. He was at that time embarrassed and refused to see company: they wrote a letter, as from the Duke, appointing him to come to Northumberland House, at a particular hour, and by this stratagem they drew him forth from his retirement. The Doctor obeyed the injunction with the most lively satisfaction: he went in a hackney sedan chair, with the curtains drawn closely round. On arriving at the Duke's palace, the chairman knocked very loudly, when the porter furlily inquired what they wanted, by making such a confounding noise. I want the Duke, said the Doctor: The Duke is out of town, and will not return until the end of the month: That cannot be possible, rejoined the Doctor, for here is a letter in his own hand writing, which I received yesterday, appointing me to come at this hour precisely. It's all a d—d lie, retorted the saucy *Cerberus*, and shut the gate in his teeth—the Doctor stood aghast with astonishment, at this

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proceeding; but his amazement did not last long, as a necromancer, or wizard, in the form of a bailiff, or sheriff's officer, stepped up and arrested the ensnared poet!

Bishop WATSON and THOMAS PAINE.

Mr. Thomas Paine has called the Psalms of David, and the Proverbs of Solomon, "SONG-BOOKS, and JEST-BOOKS." Bishop Watson has a little note upon Thomas Paine's call—and if we can presume to think we know at all where wit and humour are, they are in the few words which follow—words which are, at the same time, weighty with matter to be revered; knowledge, judgment, pious purposes, and a most apt and eloquent enforcement of them.

DAVID and SOLOMON.

"It is an error," you say, "to call the Psalms—the Psalms of David." This error was observed by St. Jerome, many hundred years before you were born. His words are, "We know that they are in an error who attribute all the Psalms to David." You, I suppose, will not deny that David wrote some of them. Songs are of various sorts; we have hunting songs, drinking songs, fighting songs, love songs, foolish, wanton, wicked songs; if you will have the "Psalms of David to be nothing but a collection from different song-writers," you must allow that the *writers of them were inspired by no ordinary spirit*, that it is a collection incapable of being degraded by the name you give it; that it greatly excels every other collection in matter and

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in manner!—Compare the Book of Psalms with the Odes of Horace or Anacreon—with the Hymns of Callimachus—the golden Verses of Pythagoras—the Choruses of the Greek Tragedian, (no contemptible compositions any of these) and you will quickly see how greatly it surpasses them all in piety of sentiment, in sublimity of expression, in purity of morality, and in rational theology!

As you esteem the Psalms of David a Song-Book, it is consistent enough in you to esteem the Proverbs of Solomon a Jest-Book; there have not come down to us above eight hundred of his jests; if we had the whole three thousand which he wrote, our mirth would be extreme! Let us open the book, and see what kind of *jest* it contains: take the very first as a specimen. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but *fools despise wisdom and instruction.*” Do you perceive any jest in this? The fear of the Lord! What Lord does Solomon mean? He means that Lord who took the posterity of Abraham to be his peculiar people; who redeemed that people from Egyptian bondage, by a miraculous interposition of his power! who gave the law to Moses! who commanded the Israelites to exterminate the nations of Canaan! Now this Lord you will not fear: the *jest* says, *you despise wisdom and instruction.* Let us try again—“My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.” If your heart has been ever touched by parental feelings, you will see *no jest* in this! Once more—“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not!” These are the

three first Proverbs in Solomon’s “*Jest Book*;” if you read it through, it may *not make you merry*; I hope it will make you *wise*; that it will teach you, at least, the *beginning of wisdom*—the fear of that Lord whom Solomon feared.

SIR William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time, after he had lost his lady, he told them, he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh, “She was indeed, *Mare pacificum*!” A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out, “Aye, my lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first.” Sir William gave him a living of 200l. per annum within two months.

KING of GREAT-BRITAIN.

THE King of Great-Britain is a stout, muscular man: about five feet eleven inches in height: he is rather in-kneed, but looks remarkably well on horseback: his hair is nearly white, which is a characteristic of the Brunswick race: his countenance is fair and ruddy; his eyes grey, and his teeth are regular and white, but unusually large. He is a gentleman of plain habits, and seldom eats of more than one dish; and he is very moderate in the use of wine. He rises, in summer, at five o’clock in the morning, and in winter at day-light, and sometimes before. He is exceedingly familiar and kind in his language to the poor people about Windsor. He is incessant in his questions