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THE

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VOL: V.

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1796.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

## *GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.*

For JULY 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF LORD PETRE.

CONTENTS.




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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

## TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The Essay on *Custom* seems to want originality.

Mr. W. of Sunderland shall have place in our next.

Any of the PORTRAITS contained in this Work may be had in Frames, handsomely gilt and glazed, at 3s. 6d. each, by applying at the BRITISH LETTER-FOUNDRY, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY-LANE, where Communications for the PROPRIETOR will be thankfully received.

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To the Grand Lodge of England this Portrait of the Right Honourable Robert Edward Lord Petre, formerly Most Worshipful G. M. of Masons, is respectfully dedicated.

Publish'd by J. Parsons, N.° 21. Paternoster Row. Aug.t 1. 1795.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR

*GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.*

FOR JULY 1795.

## MEMOIRS
### OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
## *LORD PETRE,*
### OF WRITTLE, IN ESSEX.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THIS noble lord is descended from Sir William Petre, who was employed by Henry VIII. in divers affairs of consequence, especially in what tended to the dissolution of the religious houses, then in agitation, being in the twenty-seventh year of that reign with some others put into commission by Cromwell, the general visitor, to repair to all the monasteries throughout England, and to enquire into the government and behaviour of the votaries of both sexes, in order to pick up sufficient matter to ground an accusation on; and that grand work being afterwards fully accomplished to the king's satisfaction, his majesty, as an acknowledgment to Sir William, for his diligence and fidelity on that occasion, granted to him and Gertrude his wife, in fee, the priory of Clatercote in the county of Oxford, in the 30th year of his reign, and the year after the manor of Gynge-Abbots, in the county of Essex, parcel of the possessions of the then-dissolved monastery of Barking, in that county, with the advowson of the rectory of Ingatestone, alias Gyng ad Petram; in which commissions for visiting the religious houses he had the title of one of the Clerks in Chancery, and was also Master of the Requests; but in these employments his great learning and talents having been observed by the king, he was in the 35th year of his reign first sworn of the Privy Council, and soon after constituted one of the principal secretaries of state. In the 38th of the same reign, the king then lying on his death-bed, and appointing such as should be of the council to Edward his son and successor, in matters of great consequence, he was nominated one of those who were appointed assistants to them. King Edward VI. continued him in his office of principal secretary of state; and in the third of that reign he was made trea-

surer of the court of first-fruits for life; and in the fourth one of the commissioners to treat of peace with the French at Guisnes. He was also, in that reign, commissioned, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, in confidence of their sound knowledge, zealous faith, innocency of life and behaviour, and readiness in the dispatch of affairs, to punish and correct all rectors, vicars, and other ecclesiastics, as well as laymen of what condition soever, who shall despise or speak evil of the book called "The Book of the Common Prayer and administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, after the use of the Church of England;" with power to imprison the guilty, and load them with irons if necessary or admit them to bail. Nevertheless he was so much in favour with Queen Mary that she made him, in the first year of her reign, her principal secretary of state, and chancellor of the garter, with the fee of an hundred marks per annum; but then perceiving that the re-establishment of the Popish religion might endanger his possession of those abbey-lands which had been granted him by Henry VIII. he had interest enough to procure a dispensation from Pope Paul IV. for the retaining them; "he affirming (as it is expressed in the bull) that he was ready to employ them to spiritual uses." Queen Mary entrusted him also with concluding the treaty of marriage between her and Philip archduke of Austria. He was also some time principal secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, and was one of her privy council till her death. She had likewise joined him with others in several important commissions. He had been seven times employed in foreign embassies; he augmented Exeter college in Oxford with lands to the value of an hundred pounds per annum, and built ten alms-houses in the parish of Ingerstone or Ingatestone for twenty poor people, ten within the house and ten without, having every one twopence a day, a winter gown, two load of wood, and among them feeding for six kine, winter and summer, and a chaplain to say them service daily, as Holingshed in his Chronicle informs us. He died a Protestant in the year 1572, and was buried in Ingatestone church in Essex, where a monument is erected to his memory. He left sums of money to be distributed among the poor in all his manors in Essex, Devonshire, Kent, and Somersetshire, and to the poor of the parish of St. Botolph without Aldersgate, London; and to hospitals and the poor prisoners in London and Southwark. He was, moreover, bountiful to his servants, bequeathing them a whole year's wages besides legacies. It appears that he had seven manors in Devonshire, nine in Essex, three in Somersetshire, two in Gloucestershire, one in Kent, one in Suffolk, and one in Dorsetshire; all which "he entails upon his son and heir John, and the heirs male of his body; and in default thereof, on the son and heir of his brother John Petre, of Torbrian in Devonshire." He was twice married: by his first wife, daughter of Sir John Tyrrel of Warley in Essex, knight, he had a daughter married to Nicholas Wadham of Merrifield in the county of Somerset, Esq. who having no issue by her, they were the

founders of Wadham College in Oxford; he beginning, she finishing, and both richly endowing it.

By his second, daughter of Sir William Brown, knight, lord mayor of London in 1514, and widow of John Tyrrel of Heron Place in Essex, Esq. he had issue a son, who succeeded him, and three daughters, one of whom was married to John Gostwick, of Willington, in the county of Bedford, Esq. another to John Talbot, of Grafton, in the county of Worcester, Esq. ancestor to the Earl of Shrewsbury; and the third to Lodowick Greville, of Milcot, in the county of Warwick, Esq.

John Petre, only son of Sir William, was knighted in the eighteenth of Elizabeth, and afterwards served in two Parliaments for the county of Essex. In 1603 he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron of this realm by the title of Lord Petre of Writtle in the county of Essex, and departed this life in October 1613, at West Horden, in the same county. By his lady, daughter of Sir Edward Waldegrave, knight, he had issue four sons and four daughters.

William Petre, his eldest son, succeeded him, and died 1627.

His successor was his eldest son Robert, who died 1638; when the honours descended to William, his eldest son, who died 1683.

John, his next brother, then assumed the title, but lived only till the following year 1684.

He was succeeded by his brother Thomas, who died 1707.

Robert, his son and heir, died 1713, and was succeeded by his only son Robert James, from whom, in 1742, the title and estate descended to his only son ROBERT-EDWARD, ninth and present LORD PETRE, who married in 1762 Anne, only surviving daughter and heir of the Hon. Philip Howard, brother of Edward, Duke of Norfolk, by whom he has issue.

On the 4th of May 1772, at Merchant Taylor's Hall, his lordship was invested with the high office of Grand Master of Masons, which dignity he supported with great honour to himself and advantage to the Society till May 1, 1777, when he resigned the chair to the Most Noble George Duke of Manchester.

During the presidency of Lord Petre the Society's present Hall was built, the first stone being laid by his lordship in solemn form on the 1st of May 1775.

Many regulations respecting the government of the Fraternity were also established during the administration of this noble lord, "whose amiable character as a man, and zeal as a Mason (says a much-respected writer), may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed*." As, however, the transactions of his lordship's presidency are officially recorded in the "Book of Constitutions," it will be unnecessary to introduce them in this place.

* Preston's Illustrations, p. 312. 8th edition.

TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN Gulliver's Travels we find an account of a people, or a sect of wise and œconomical men, who knowing what a precious thing *breath* is, and how frequently it is wasted on trifles, carry about with them a number of things, by means of which they make their sentiments known without the trouble and fatigue which attends speech. I am about to trouble you with some memorials of a friend of mine, whose œconomy extends principally to *writing;* and although I believe he can converse as volubly, and as much to the purpose as most men, yet preserves, in all his letters, the most inflexible adherence to that kind of writing which is denominated the *laconic.*

As we live separated by some hundred miles, we have no opportunity of conference, unless by letter, and my esteem for him is such; that I am always glad to receive the *smallest* scrap of his pen;—happy is it for me that I am so, for I assure you, sir, I never receive any thing but the smallest scraps from him; all my endeavours to draw from him a long letter have hitherto been in vain: twenty of his epistles would not make up the sum of a common letter of business: and so very saving is he of his *ink* (for he sends paper enough), that I very rarely can get a *Dear Sir* from him, and yet he thinks I am so well acquainted with his hand, that he hardly ever signs his name. As to the place of abode, or day of the month, or even the month and year, these are things left entirely to my conjecture.

I once had an idea that my friend had taken the alarm at the too common practice of printing confidential letters after the death of a great man, and that he was determined no person should ever have it in their power to serve him so; but when I consider his modesty, and that he thinks much less of himself than other people do who know him, I am satisfied that my conjecture is not just; and that, with every talent for easy and elegant epistolary correspondence, he would be the only man hurt at the publication of his letters in any shape. As I told you before, however, he puts this quite out of my power, for were I disposed to publish such as I am possessed of, five hundred of them would not fill up the space of a shilling pamphlet; and, what is more, the want of date and subscription would lay me open to a flat denial of authenticity from any of his friends.—Since your Magazine appeared, I have told him again and again, that I would send you some of his letters, but he gave neither consent nor dissent, and I am determined to try the experiment, and perhaps draw from him *eight* or *ten lines* in answer, which will be an acquisition of no small moment.

While I am writing to you, sir, I have received a letter from him. A sister of mine, who lives in his neighbourhood, being *near her time,*

as it is called, and my correspondent being very intimate in the family, I asked him to write me an account of her health, or whether delivered; in truth, I was here chusing one of two evils, for her husband is as laconic as my friend. The letter I received contains the following twelve words, and no more.

"*All tight as yet, but very weary, and looking out for land.*"

No signature, and no date, and a wonder it is that he took the trouble to address it to me. Many instances could I give of this provoking *laconicism*, but I shall confine myself to two or three, presuming they will be sufficient.

My friend possesses a considerable sum in the Bank, and I am employed by him, as attorney, to receive his dividends, or sell, if need be. I wrote him, on the approach of a rupture with Spain, as many conceived, that the stocks would fall, and were selling out their money: the answer was,

"*Dear Sir,*
"*Sell, if you think proper, but not all.*"

The appearance of *Dear Sir* was novel, but so much was yet left to my judgment by the *not all*, that I was obliged to request he would let me know *how much*—and the answer was,

"*I will consider of it.*
"*Yours sincerely, &c.*"

And here that affair ended, as he has never since *considered* any thing farther. A very great riot having lately taken place in the town where he lives, I wrote to him for the *particulars* without ever reflecting, that he was the last man in the world I could expect such information from. The following is a literal copy of his epistle:

"*All quiet now, and no great mischief done.*"

The only other instance of his brevity with which I shall trouble you, occurred on the death of an uncle; on this melancholy occasion he sent me an *official* notice, as follows:

"SQUARETOES *is gone—brush your black clothes—but he has left you nothing.*"

Had not a newspaper, at the same time, informed me of the death of this gentleman, I should have been very much puzzled to know who was meant by *Squaretoes!*—But thus it is, sir, that I am treated, in return for whole sheets of paper closely written, and which, I am told, he is very impatient to receive.—I hope you will insert this in your next Number; for if any thing can draw a letter from him that will—and if the scheme succeeds, you may depend on my most grateful acknowledgments.

Iam, Sir,

Yours, T. B.

TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

*I met the other day with a pretty Letter of our Poet* WALLER *to the Lady Sidney, on the marriage of her sister; which gave me great entertainment, and will, I dare say, please some, perhaps many of your Readers. It is written in an elegant stile, and they must desire to hear the thoughts of so celebrated an author on this curious subject. If his poetry is excellent, his prose is beautiful. Thus much by way of introduction to the letter which follows without any material alteration. No more need be added, except my hearty wish to see it inserted.* *I am yours, &c.*

*July* 17, 1795. *T. S.*

TO MY LADY LUCY SIDNEY, UPON THE MARRIAGE OF MY LADY DOROTHY HER SISTER TO MY LORD SPENCER.

MADAM,

IN the common joy at *Penshurst* * I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your ladyship; the loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress: and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted; which just heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her: and may this love before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse imposed on woman-kind—the pains of becoming a mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex, nor so like her but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself!

May she that always affected silence and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise and number of her children; and hereafter of her grand-children! And then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies—old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place where, we are told, *There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage*, that being there divorced we may have all an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befal their posterity to the world's end and afterwards!

To you, madam, I wish all good things; and that this loss may in good time be happily supply'd with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from your ladyship's most humble servant,

EDMOND WALLER.

* They were married at Penshurst, July 11, 1639.

## TO SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, BART.

SIR, *Rotherham, Yorkshire, May 25, 1789.*

AS I know you interest yourself in the success of the useful arts, and are a member of the Society for the promotion thereof, I do myself the pleasure to send you an account of a small experiment I have been making at Messrs. Walker's iron works at this place.

You have already seen the model I constructed for a bridge of a single arch to be made of iron, and erected over the river Schuylkill at Philadelphia; but as the dimensions may have escaped your recollection, I will begin with stating those particulars.

The vast quantities of ice and melted snow at the breaking up of the frost in that part of America render it impracticable to erect a bridge on piers. The river can conveniently be contracted to four hundred feet; the model, therefore, is for an arch of four hundred feet span; the height of the arch in the center, from the chord thereof, is to be about twenty feet, and to be brought off on the top, so as to make the ascent about one foot in eighteen or twenty.

The judgment of the Academy of Sciences at Paris has been given on the principles and practicability of the construction. The original, signed by the Academy, is in my possession; and in which they fully approve and support the design. They introduce their opinion by saying,

"Il est sur que lors qu'on pense au projet d'une arche en fer de 400 pieds d'overture, et aux effets qui peuvent resulter d'une arche d'une si vaste étendue, il est difficile de ne pas élever des doutes sur le succès d'une pareille entreprise, par les difficultés qu'elle presente au prémier apperçu. Mais si telle est la disposition des parties, et la manière dont elles sont reunis qu'il resulte de cet assemblage *un tout* trés ferme et tres solide, alors on n'aura plus les memes doutes sur la réussite de ce projet."

The Academy then proceed to state the reasons on which their judgment is founded, and conclude with saying:

"Nous concluons de out ce que nous verrons d'exposer que la pont de fer de M. Paine est ingenieusement imaginé, que la construction en est simple, solide, et propre à lui donner la force necessaire pour résister aux effets resultans de sa charge, et qu'il merite qu'on en tente l'execution. Enfin, qu'il pourra fournira un nouvel exemple des application d'un métal dont-on n'a pas jusqu'ici fait assez d'usage en grand, quoique dans nombre d'occasions il eut peutêtre employé avec plus grand succès."

As it was my design to pass some time in England before I returned to America, I employed part of it in making the small essay I am now to inform you of.

My intention, when I came to the iron works, was to raise an arch of at least two hundred feet span, but as it was late in the fall of last year, the season was too far advanced to work out of doors, and an arch of that extent too great to be worked within doors, and as I was unwilling to lose time, I moderated my ambition with a little *common sense*, and began with such an arch as could be compassed within some of the buildings belonging to the works. As the construction of the American arch admits, in practice, of any species of curve with equal facility, I set off, in preference to all others, a catenarian arch of ninety feet span and five feet high. Were this arch converted into an arch of a circle, the diameter of its circle would be four hundred and ten feet. From the ordinates of the arch taken from the wall where the arch was struck, I produced a similar arch on the floor whereon the work was to be fitted and framed, and there was something so apparently just when the work was set out, that the looking at it promised success.

You will recollect that the model is composed of four parallel arched ribs, and as the number of ribs may be encreased at pleasure to any breadth an arch sufficient for a road-way may require, and the arches to any number the breadth of rivers may require, the constructing of one rib would determine for the whole; because if one rib succeeded all the rest of the work to any extent is a repetition.

In less time than I expected, and before the winter set in, I had fitted and framed the arch, or properly the rib, completely together on the floor; it was then taken in pieces and stowed away during the winter, in a corner of a workshop, used in the mean time by the carpenters, where it occupied so small a compass as to be hid among the shavings, and though the extent of it is 90 feet, the depth of the arch at the center two feet nine inches, and the depth at the haunches six feet, the whole of it might, when in pieces, be put in an ordinary stage waggon and sent to any part of England.

I returned to the works in April and began to prepare for erecting; we chose a situation, between a steel furnace and a workshop which served for butments. The distance between those buildings was about four feet more than the span of the arch, which we filled up with chunces of wood at each end. I mention this as I shall have occasion to refer to it hereafter.

We soon run up a center to turn the arch upon, and began our erection. Every part fitted to a mathematical exactness; the raising an arch of this construction is different to the method of raising a stone arch. In a stone arch they begin at the bottom or extremities of the arch, and work upwards meeting at the crown. In this we began at the crown by a line perpendicular thereto and worked downward each way. It differs likewise in another respect. A stone arch is raised by sections of the curve, each stone being so, and this by concentric curves. The effect likewise of the arch upon the center is different, for as stone arches sometimes break down the center by their weight, this, on the contrary, grew lighter on the center as the arch increased in thickness, so much so, that before the arch was completely finished

it rose itself off the center the full thickness of the blade of a knife from one butment to the other, and is, I suppose, the first arch of ninety feet span that ever struck itself.

I have already mentioned that the spaces between the ends of the arch and the butments were filled up with chunces of wood, and those rather in a damp state; and though we rammed them as close as we could, we could not ram them so close as their drying, and the weight of the arch, or rib, especially when loaded, would be capable of doing; and we had now to observe the effects which the yielding and pressing up of the wood, and which corresponds to the giving way of the butments, so generally fatal to stone arches, would have upon this.

We loaded the rib with six tons of pig iron, beginning at the center and proceeding both ways, which is twice the weight of the iron in the rib, as I shall hereafter more particularly mention. This had not the least visible effect on the strength of the arch, but it pressed the wood home so as to gain in three or four days, together with the drying and shrinking of the wood, above a quarter of an inch at each end, and consequently the chord or span of the arch was lengthened above half an inch. As this lengthening was more than double the feather of the key-stone in a stone arch of these dimensions, such an alteration at the butments would have endangered the safety of a stone arch, while it produced on this no other than the proper mathematical effect. To evidence this, I had recourse to the cord still swinging on the wall from which the curve of the arch was taken. I set the cord to 90 feet span, and five feet for the height of the arch, and marked the curve on the wall. I then removed the ends of the cord horizontally something more than a quarter of an inch at each end. The cord should then describe the exact catenarian curve which the rib had assumed by the same lengthening at the butments, that is, the rising of the cord should exactly correspond to the lowering of the arch, which it did through all their corresponding ordinates. The cord had rose something more than two inches at the center, diminishing to nothing each way, and the arch had descended the same quantity and in the same proportion. I much doubt whether a stone arch, could it be constructed as flat as this, could sustain such an alteration; and, on the contrary, I see no reason to doubt but an arch on this construction and dimensions, or corresponding thereto, might be let down to half its height, or as far as it would descend, with safety. I say "as far as it would descend," because the construction renders it exceeding probable that there is a point beyond which it would not descend, but retain itself independent of butments; but this cannot be explained but by a sight of the arch itself.

In four or five days, the arch having gained nearly all it could gain on the wood, except what the wood would lose by a summer's drying, the lowering of the arch began to be scarcely visible. The weight still continues on it, to which I intend to add more, and there is not the least visible effect on the perfect curvature or strength of the arch.

The arch having thus gained nearly a solid bearing on the wood and the buttments, and the days beginning to be warm, and the nights continuing to be cool, I had now to observe the effects of the contraction and expansion of the iron.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris, in their report on the principles and construction of this arch, state these effects as a matter of perfect indifference to the arch, or to the butments, and the experience establishes the truth of their opinion. It is probable the Academy may have taken, in part, the observations of M. Peronnet, architect to the King of France, and a member of the Academy, as some ground for that opinion. From the observations of M. Peronnet, all arches, whether of stone or brick, are constantly ascending or descending by the changes of the weather, so as to render the difference perceptible by taking a level, and that all stone and brick buildings do the same. In short, that matter is never stationary, with respect to its dimensions, but when the atmosphere is so; but that as arches like the tops of houses are open to the air, and at freedom to rise, and all their weight in all changes of heat and cold is the same, their pressure is very little or nothing affected by it.

I hung a thermometer to the arch where it has continued several days, and by what I can observe it equals if not exceeds the thermometer in exactness.

In twenty-four hours it ascends and descends between two and three tenths of an inch at the center, diminishing in exact mathematical proportion each way; and no sooner does an ascent or descent of half a hair's breadth appear at the center, but it may be proportionally discovered through the whole span of 90 feet. I have affixed an index which multiplies ten times, and it can as easily be multiplied an hundred times: could I make a line of fire on each side the arch, so as to heat it in the same equal manner through all its parts, as the natural air does, I would try it up to blood heat.

I will not attempt a description of the construction: first, because you have already seen the model; and secondly, that I have often observed that a thing may be so very simple as to baffle description. On this head I shall only say, that I took the idea of constructing it from a spider's web, of which it resembles a section, and I naturally supposed, that when nature enabled that insect to make a web, she taught it the best method of putting it together.

Another idea I have taken from nature is, that of increasing the strength of matter by causing it to act over a larger space than it would occupy in a solid state, as is evidenced in the bones of animals, quills of birds, reeds, canes, &c. which, were they solid with the same quantity of matter, would have the same weight with a much less degree of strength.

I have already mentioned that the quantity of iron in this rib is three tons; that an arch of sufficient width for a bridge is to be composed of as many ribs as that width requires; and that the number of arches, if the breadth of a river requires more than one, may be multiplied at discretion.

As the intention of this experiment was to ascertain, first, the practicability of the construction, and, secondly, what degree of strength any given quantity of iron would have when thus formed into an arch, I employed in it no more than three tons, which is as small a quantity as could well be used in the experiment. It has already a weight of six tons constantly lying on it, without any effect on the strength or perfect curvature of the arch. What greater weight it will bear cannot be judged of; but, taking even these as data, an arch of any strength, or capable of bearing a greater weight than can ever possibly come upon any bridge, may be easily calculated.

The river Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, as I have already mentioned, requires a single arch of four hundred feet span. The vast quantities of ice renders it impossible to erect a bridge on piers, and is the reason why no bridge has been attempted. But great scenes inspire great ideas. The natural mightiness of America expands the mind, and it partakes of the greatness it contemplates. Even the war with all its evils had some advantages. It energized invention and lessened the catalogue of impossibilities. At the conclusion of it every man returned to his home to repair the ravages it had occasioned, and to *think of war no more.* As one among thousands who had borne a share in that memorable revolution, I returned with them to the re-enjoyment of quiet life, and, that I might not be idle, undertook to construct a bridge of a single arch for this river. Our beloved general had engaged in rendering another river, the Patowmac, navigable.

The quantity of iron I had allowed in my plan for this arch was 520 tons, to be distributed into thirteen ribs, in commemoration of the thirteen united states, each rib to contain forty tons: but although strength is the first object in works of this kind, I shall from the success of this experiment very considerably lessen the quantity of iron I had proposed.

The Academy of Sciences in their report upon this construction say, "There is one advantage in the construction of M. Paine's bridge that is singular and important, which is, that the success of an arch to any span can be determined before the work be undertaken on the river, and with a small part of the expence of the whole, by erecting part on the ground."

As to its appearance, I shall give you an extract of a letter from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, member in the former parliament for this county, who in speaking of the arch says, "In point of elegance and beauty, it far exceeds my expectations, and is certainly beyond any thing I ever saw." I shall likewise mention, that it is much visited and exceedingly admired by the ladies, who, though they may not be much acquainted with mathematical principles, are certainly judges of taste.

I shall close my letter with a few other observations naturally and necessarily connected with the subject.

That, contrary to the general opinion, the most preservative situation in which iron can be placed is within the atmosphere of water, whether it be that the air is less saline and nitrous than that which arises

from the filth of streets and the fermentation of the earth, I am not undertaking to prove: I speak only of fact, which any body may observe by the rings and bolts in wharfs and other watery situations. I never yet saw the iron chain affixed to a well-bucket consumed or even injured by rust, and I believe it is impossible to find iron exposed to the open air in the same preserved condition as that which is exposed over water.

A method for extending the span and lessening the height of arches has always been the *desideratum* of bridge architecture. These points are accomplished by this construction. But it has other advantages. It renders bridges capable of becoming a portable manufacture, as they may, on this construction, be made and sent to any part of the world ready to be erected: and at a time that it greatly encreases the magnificence, elegance and beauty of bridges, it considerably lessens their expence, and their appearance by re-painting will be ever new; and as they may be erected in all situations where stone bridges can be erected, they may, moreover, be erected in certain situations, where, on account of ice, infirm foundations in the beds of rivers, low shores, and various other causes, stone bridges cannot be erected. The last convenience, and which is not inconsiderable, that I shall mention is, that, after they are erected, they may very easily be taken down, without any injury to the materials of the construction, and be re-erected elsewhere.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged,
and obedient humble Servant,
THOMAS PAINE.

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## *HISTORY OF MASONRY.*

[*Continued from Vol. IV. p.* 367.]

MIZRAIM, or Menes, the second son of Ham, carried to, and preserved in Egypt, or the land of Mizraim, their original skill, and much cultivated the art: for ancient history celebrates the early fine taste of the Egyptians, their many magnificent edifices, and great cities, as Memphis, Heliopolis, Thebes, with an hundred gates, &c. besides their palaces, catacombs, obelisks and statues, particularly the colossal statue of sphinx, whose head was 120 feet round; and their famous pyramids, the largest of which was reckoned the first of the seven wonders of art, after the general migration. These pyramids are standing evidences of the extraordinary works of masons in ages too remote to be ascertained: and indeed their form and solidity, as beginning from a broad square base, tapering as they rose, up to a narrow apex, and with few interior cavities, were

the best security that could be conceived for durability. They are described by various writers and travellers; and the following particulars respecting them will certainly prove interesting to a Masonic reader.

The principal pyramids are situated on the western bank of the Nile, in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of Memphis; and of these there are four which claim particular notice. They stand in a diagonal line, about 400 paces distant from each other; and their sides correspond exactly with the four cardinal points of the compass. They are founded on a rock which is covered with sand; and among the various measurements given of the largest pyramid, it may, in round numbers, be esteemed 700 feet square at the base, and 480 feet in perpendicular height. The summit of this pyramid from below, seems to be a point; but as travellers may ascend, by the stones forming steps on the outside, all the way up, the top is found to be a platform composed of large stones; and the sides of the square to be 16 or 18 feet. Opinions differ as to the quarries where the stones for these huge piles were procured; but while some are so extravagant as to suppose them to have been brought from Arabia or Ethiopia, Captain Norden, who examined them about forty years since, declares that the stones were cut out of the rocks along the Nile, where the excavations are still visible. The second of these pyramids is exactly like the first, excepting that it is so smoothly covered with granite that it is impossible to ascend it. The third pyramid is not so high as the two former by 100 feet; and the fourth is as much inferior in size to the third. These four are surrounded by a number, all of a much smaller size, and several of them ruinous.

Of the four large pyramids, the first mentioned only has been opened; the entrance is on the north side, and leads to five different passages successively, of which some ascend, some descend, and some run level, being only three feet and a half square. These passages are entered by torch light, and lead to different chambers in the body of the pyramid; the last of them terminates in an upper chamber, in which is an empty coffin or sarcophagus of granite, in the form of a parallelopipedon, entirely plain and destitute of all decoration.

In the description of this proud mausoleum, we have a pregnant illustration of the fable of the mountain and the mouse: for the expence and labour of so astonishing a building were incurred to prepare a tomb for the founder, which after all he does not enjoy. A mountain of stone was raised to contain a coffin; and that coffin contains nothing!

The genius of the Egyptians for hieroglyphical representations appears from the enormous figure of the sphinx just mentioned above; which stands about 300 paces to the east of the second pyramid. This exhibits the body of a lion with a virgin's head, cut out of the solid rock, though the body is now overwhelmed by the sand. This figure is understood to indicate the season for the annual rising of the waters in the Nile, when the sun enters *Leo* and *Virgo*; from which two

constellations they formed the sphinx: this word, in the Chaldee dialect, signifies *to overflow*; and as the cause of the overflowing of the Nile was a riddle to the ancients, we hence perceive why the sphinx was said to be a propounder of riddles.

The Egyptians excelled all nations also in their amazing labyrinths. One of them covered the ground of a whole province, containing many fine palaces and a hundred temples, disposed in its several quarters and divisions, adorned with columns of porphyry, and statues of their gods and princes; which labyrinth the Greeks, long afterward, endeavoured to imitate, but never succeeded in their attempts.

The successors of Mizraim, who stiled themselves the sons of antient kings, encouraged the royal art down to the last of the race, the learned king Amasis.

History fails us in the south and west of Africa; nor have we any just accounts of the posterity of Noah's eldest son Japhet, who first replenished antient Scythia, from Norway eastward to America; nor of the Japhetites in Greece and Italy, Germany, Gaul and Britain, &c. till their original skill was lost: but they were good architects at their first migration from Shinar.

Shem, the second son of Noah, remained at Ur of the Chaldees in Shinar, with his father and great grandson Heber, where they lived private, and died in peace; but Shem's offspring travelled into the south, and east of Great Asia, viz. Elam, Ashur, Arphaxad, Lud, and Aram, with Sala the father of Heber; and propagated the arts as far as China and Japan: while Noah, Shem, and Heber, employed themselves at Ur, in mathematical exercises, teaching Peleg, the father of Rehu, father of Serug, father of Nahor, father of Terah, father of Abraham, a learned race of mathematicians and geometricians.

Thus Abraham, born two years after the death of Noah, had learned well the science and the art, before the God of Glory called him to travel from Ur of the Chaldees, and to lead a pastoral life in tents. Travelling, therefore, with his family and flocks through Mesopotamia, he pitched at Haran, where old Terah, in five years, died; and then Abraham, aged 75 years, travelled into the land of the Canaanites: but a famine soon forced him down to Egypt; from whence returning next year, he began to communicate his great skill to the chiefs of the Canaanites, for which they honoured him as a prince.

Abraham transmitted his learning to all his offspring; Isaac did the same; and that Jacob well instructed his family, we have a clear example in his son Joseph, who retained such strong ideas of the early instructions received in his father's house, that he excelled the Egyptian masons in knowledge; and, being installed their grand master by the command of Pharaoh, employed them in building many granaries and store-cities throughout the land of Egypt, to preserve them from the direful effects of a long and severe famine, before the arrival of Jacob and his household.

The descendants of Abraham, being sojourners and shepherds in Egypt, practised very little of architecture, till about eighty years before their exodus; when, by the over-ruling hand of Providence, they were trained up to the masonical use of stone and brick, and built for the Egyptians the two strong cities of Pithom and Raamasis; in the exercise of which tasks they recovered their dexterity in the craft, before they migrated to the promised land.

After Abraham left Haran 430 years, Moses marched out of Egypt, at the head of 600,000 Hebrew males, marshalled in due form; for whose sake God divided the red sea, to afford them a ready passage, and then caused the waters to return upon, and drown Pharaoh and his Egyptian forces, who pursued them. In this peregrination through Arabia to Canaan, God was pleased to inspire their grand master Moses, Joshua his deputy, and Aholiab and Bezaleel, grand wardens, with wisdom of heart; and next year they raised the tabernacle or tent, where the divine Shechinah resided, and the holy ark or chest, the symbol of God's presence; which, though not of stone or brick, was framed by true symmetrical architecture, according to the pattern that God dictated to Moses on Mount Sinai, and which was afterward the model of Solomon's temple.

Moses being well skilled in all the Egyptian learning, and also divinely inspired, excelled all grand masters before him, and ordered the more skilful to meet him, as in a grand lodge, near the tabernacle, in the passover-week, and gave them wise charges, regulations, &c. though the tradition thereof has not been transmitted down to us so perfectly as might have been wished.

Joshua succeeded in the direction, with Caleb his deputy; and Eleazar the high-priest, and Phineas his son, as grand wardens: he marshalled the Israelites, and led them over Jordan, which God made dry for their march into the promised land. The Canaanites had so regularly fortified their great cities and passes, that without the special intervention of *El Shaddai*, in behalf of his peculiar people, they were impregnable. Having finished his wars with the Canaanites, he fixed the tabernacle at Shiloe, in Ephraim; ordering the chiefs of Israel to serve their God, cultivate the land, and carry on the grand design of architecture in the best Mosaic style.

The Israelites made a prodigious progress in the study of geometry and architecture, having many expert artists in every tribe that met in lodges or societies for that purpose, except when for their sins they came under servitude; but their occasional princes, called judges and saviours, revived the Mosaic style along with liberty, and the Mosaic constitution. But they were exceeded by the Canaanites, Phœnicians, and Sidonians in sacred architecture; they being a people of a happy genius, and frame of mind, who made great improvements in the sciences, as well as in other learning. The glass of Sidon, the purple of Tyre, and the exceeding fine linen they wove, were the product of their own country, and their own inventions; and for their skill in working of metals, in hewing timber and stone: in a word, for their perfect knowledge of what was solid, great, and

ornamental in architecture, it need but be remembered, the great share they had in erecting the temple at Jerusalem; than which nothing can more redound to their honour, or give a clearer idea of what their own buildings must have been. Their fame was so extensive for taste, design, and invention, that whatever was elegant, was distinguished with the epithet of *Sidonian*, or as the workmanship of Tyrian artists: and yet the temple or tabernacle of the true God at Shiloe exceeded them all in wisdom and beauty, though not in strength and dimensions.

Meanwhile in Lesser Asia, about ten years before the exodus of Moses, Troy was founded, and stood till destroyed by the confederated Greeks, about the twelfth year of Tola judge of Israel.

Soon after the exodus, the famous temple of Jupiter Hammon in Libyan Africa was erected; and stood till it was demolished by the first Christians in those parts.

The city of Tyre was built by a body of Sidonian masons from Gabala, under their Grand Masters, and proper princes, or directors; who finished the lofty buildings of the city, with its strong walls and aqueducts, in a manner greatly to the honour and renown of those who had the conducting of this grand design.

The Phœnicians built, in a grand and sumptuous manner, under the direction of Sanchoniathon, Grand Master of Masons in that province, the famous temple of Dagon at Gaza, and artfully supported it by two slender columns, which proved not too big for the grasp of Sampson; who pulling them down, the large roof fell upon 3000 of the lords and ladies of the Philistines, and killed them all, himself sharing the fate he drew down upon his enemies.

In after times, Abibal king of Tyre repaired and beautified that city, and so did his son Hiram; under whom the kingdom of Tyre was in a very flourishing condition: he also repaired and improved several cities in the eastern parts of his dominions; and being himself a Mason, he undertook the direction of the craft, and became a worthy Grand Master. He enlarged the city of Tyre, and joined it to the temple of Jupiter Olympius, standing in an island: he also built two temples, one to Hercules, and the other to Astarte; with many other rich and splendid buildings.

During all this period, the Israelites, by their vicinity to the artists of Tyre and Sidon, had great opportunities of cultivating the royal art, which they failed not diligently to pursue, and at last attained to a very high perfection; as well in operative Masonry, as in the regularity and discipline of their well-formed lodges.

David king of Israel, through the long wars which he had with the Canaanites, had not leisure to employ his own craftsmen, or those he had obtained from his steady friend and ally, King Hiram of Tyre: for almost his whole reign was one continued series of wars, fatigues, and misfortunes. But at length, having taken the city of Jebus, and strong-hold of Zion from his enemies, he set the Craft about repairing and embellishing the walls, and public edifices, especially in Zion, where he fixed his residence; and which was from him called the City

of David; as in his time, also, the old Jebus obtained the name of Jerusalem. But being denied the honour of building the intended temple therein, on account of his being a man of blood, he, worn down with years and infirmities, and drawing near his end, assembled the chiefs of his people, and acquainted them with his design to have built a magnificent repository for the ark of God; having made great preparation for it, and laid up immense quantities of rich materials; as also plans and models for the different parts of the structure, with many necessary regulations for its future establishment: but, as he found it was the Divine Will that this great work should be accomplished by his son Solomon, he requested them to assist in so laudable an undertaking.

King David died soon after, in the 70th year of his age, after having reigned seven years in Hebron over the house of Judah, and thirty-three over all the tribes.

Upon the death of David, and the succession of Solomon to the throne, the affection Hiram had ever maintained for the father, prompted him to send a congratulatory embassy to the son, expressing his joy to find the regality continued in the family.

When these ambassadors returned, Solomon embraced the occasion, and wrote a letter to Hiram in these terms:

"*King Solomon to King Hiram greeting.*

"BE it known unto thee, O King, that my father David had it a long time in his mind to erect a temple to the Lord; but being perpetually in war, and under a necessity of clearing his hands of his enemies, and make them all his tributaries, before he could attend to this great and holy work; he hath left it to me in time of peace, both to begin and finish it, according to the direction, as well as the prediction, of Almighty God. Blessed be his great name for the present tranquillity of my dominions! And, by his gracious assistance, I shall now dedicate the best improvements of this liberty and leisure to his honour and worship. Wherefore I make it my request, that you will let some of your people go along with some servants of mine to Mount Lebanon, to assist them in cutting down materials toward this building; for the Sidonians understand it much better than we do. As for the workmens' reward, or wages, whatever you think reasonable shall be punctually paid them."

Hiram was highly pleased with this letter, and returned the following answer:

"*King Hiram to King Solomon.*

"NOTHING could have been more welcome to me, than to understand that the government of your blessed father is devolved, by God's providence, into the hands of so excellent, so wise, and so virtuous a successor: his holy name be praised for it. That which you write for, shall be done with all care and good-will: for I will give order to cut down and export such quantities of the fairest cedars and cypress trees as you shall have occasion for: my people shall bring them to the sea-side for you, and from thence ship them away

to what port you please, where they may lie ready for your own men to transport them to Jerusalem. It would be a great obligation, after all this, to allow us such a provision of corn in exchange, as may stand with your convenience; for that is the commodity we islanders want most."

Solomon, to testify his great satisfaction from this answer of the Tyrian king, and in return for his generous offers, ordered him a yearly present of 20,000 measures of wheat, and 20,000 measures of fine oil for his household; besides a like quantity of barley, wheat, wine and oil, which he engaged to give Hiram's masons, who were to be employed in the intended work of the temple. Hiram was to send the cedars, fir, and other woods, upon floats to Joppa, to be delivered to whom Solomon should direct, in order to be carried to Jerusalem. He sent him also a man of his own name, a Tyrian by birth, but of Israelitish descent, who was a second Bezaleel, and honoured by his king with the title of Father: in 2 Chron. ii. 13. he is called Hiram Abbif, the most accomplished designer and operator upon earth *; whose abilities were not confined to building only, but extended to all kinds of work, whether in gold, silver, brass, or iron; whether in linen, tapestry, or embroidery; whether considered as an

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* In 2 Chron. ii. 13. Hiram, King of Tyre (called there Huram) in his letter to King Solomon, says, *I have sent a cunning man*, el Huram Abbi; which is not to be translated, like the Vulgate Greek and Latin, *Huram my father*; for his description, verse 14, refutes it; and the words import only *Huram of my father's*, or the Chief Master-Mason of my father Abibalus. Yet some think that King Hiram might call the architect Hiram his father, as learned and wise men were wont to be called by royal patrons in old times; thus Joseph was called *abrech*, or the king's father; and this same Hiram the architect is called Solomon's father, 2. Chron. iv. 16.

*Gnasab Thuram Abbif la Melech Shelomoh.*
*Did Hiram his father make to King Solomon.*

But the difficulty is over at once by allowing the word Abbif to be the surname of Hiram the artist, called above Hiram Abbi, and here called Huram Abbif, as in the Lodge he is called Hiram Abbif, to distinguish him from King Hiram: for this reading makes the sense plain and complete, *viz.* that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent to King Solomon the cunning workman Hiram Abbif.

He is described in two places, 1 Kings VII. 13, 14, 15. and 2 Chron. ii. 13, 14. in the first he is called *a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali*, and in the other he is called *the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan*; but in both, that his father was *a man of Tyre*: that is, she was of the daughters of the city of Dan, in the tribe of Naphtali, and is called *a widow of Naphtali*, as her husband was a Naphtalite; for he is not called a Tyrian by descent, but a man of Tyre by habitation, as Obed Edom the Levite is called a *Gittite*, and the apostle Paul *a man of Tarsus*.

But though Hiram Abbif had been a Tyrian by blood, that derogates not from his vast capacity; for Tyrians now were the best artificers, by the encouragement of King Hiram: and those texts testify that God had endued this Hiram Abbif with wisdom, understanding, and mechanical cunning to perform every thing that Solomon required; not only in building the temple with all its costly magnificence, but also in founding, fashioning, and framing all the holy utensils thereof, and to *find out every device that shall be put to him!* And the scripture assures us, that he fully maintained his character in far larger works than those of Aholiab and Bezaleel; for which he will be honoured in Lodges till the end of time.

architect, statuary, founder, or designer, he equally excelled. From his designs, and under his directions, all the rich and splendid furniture of the temple, and its several appendages, were begun, carried on, and finished. Solomon appointed him, in his absence, to fill the chair, as Deputy Grand Master; and in his presence to officiate as Senior Grand Warden, Master of the work, and General Overseer of all artists, as well those whom David had formerly procured from Tyre and Sidon, as those Hiram should now send.

Dius, the historian, tells us, that the love of wisdom was the chief inducement to that tenderness of friendship betwixt Hiram and Solomon; that they interchanged difficult and mysterious questions, and points of art, to be solved according to true reason and nature. Menander of Ephesus, who translated the Tyrian annals out of the Philistine tongue, into Greek, also relates, that when any of these propositions proved too hard for those wise and learned princes, Abdeymonus, or Abdomenus, the Tyrian, called, in the old constitutions, Amon, or Hiram Abbif, *answered every device that was put to him*, 2 Chron. ii. 14; and even challenged Solomon, though the wisest prince on earth, with the subtilty of the questions he proposed.

To carry on this stupendous work with greater ease and speed, Solomon caused all the craftsmen, as well natives as foreigners, to be numbered, and classed as follows, *viz.*

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|---|---|
| 1. *Harodim*, princes, rulers, or provosts, in number | 300 |
| 2. *Menatzchim*, overseers and comforters of the people in working, who were expert master masons | 3,300 |
| 3. *Ghiblim*, stone-squarers, polishers and sculptors; and *Isb Chotzeb*, men of hewing; and *Benai*, setters, layers, or builders, being able and ingenious fellow-crafts | 80,000 |
| 4. The levy out of Israel, appointed to work in Lebanon one month in three, 10,000 every month, under the direction of noble Adoniram, who was the Junior Grand Warden | 30,000 |
| All the Freemasons employed in the work of the temple, exclusive of the two Grand Wardens, were | 113,600 |

Besides the *Isb Sabbal*, or men of burthen, the remains of the old Canaanites, amounting to 70,000, who are not numbered among Masons.

Solomon distributed the fellow-crafts into separate Lodges, with a Master and Wardens in each *; that they might receive commands in a regular manner, might take care of their tools and jewels, might be regularly paid every week, and be duly fed and cloathed, &c. and the fellow-crafts took care of their succession by educating entered apprentices. Thus a solid foundation was laid of perfect harmony among the brotherhood; the Lodge was strongly cemented with love and friendship; every brother was duly taught secrecy and prudence,

* According to the traditions of old Masons, who talk much of these things,

morality and good fellowship; each knew his peculiar business, and the grand design was vigorously pursued at a prodigious expence.

When the workmen were all duly marshalled, Solomon, who had been still adding immense quantities of gold, silver, precious stones, and other rich materials to those which David had laid up before his death; put them into proper hands, to be wrought into an infinite variety of ornaments. The vast number of hands employed, and the diligence, skill, and dexterity of the master of the work, the overseers and fellow-crafts, were such, that he was able to level the foot-stone of this vast structure in the fourth year of his reign, the third after the death of David, and the 480th after the children of Israel passed the Red Sea. This magnificent work was begun in Mount Moriah, on Monday the second day of the month *Zif*, which answers to the twenty-first of our April, being the second month of the sacred year; and was carried on with such speed, that it was finished in all its parts in little more than seven years, which happened on the eighth day of the month *Bul*, which answers to the twenty-third of our October, being the seventh month of the sacred year, and the eleventh of King Solomon. What is still more astonishing, is, that every piece of it, whether timber, stone, or metal, was brought ready cut, framed and polished to Jerusalem; so that no other tools were wanted, or heard, than what were necessary to join the several parts together. All the noise of axe, hammer, and saw, was confined to Lebanon, the quarries and plains of Zeredathah, that nothing might be heard among the Masons of Sion, save harmony and peace.

The length of the temple, or holy place, from wall to wall, was sixty cubits of the sacred measure; the breadth twenty cubits, or one third of its length; and the height thirty cubits to the upper cieling, distinct from the porch: so that the temple was twice as long and large every way as the tabernacle. The porch was 120 cubits high; its length twenty; and breadth ten cubits. The symmetry of the three dimensions in the temple is very remarkable; and the harmony of proportions is as pleasing to the eye, as harmony in music is to the ear. The oracle, or most holy place, was a perfect cube of twenty cubits, thereby figuratively displaying the perfection of happiness: for Aristotle says, "That he who bears the shocks of fortune valiantly, and demeans himself uprightly, *is truly good, and of a square posture without reproof.*" Beside, as the square figure is the most firm in building, so this dimension of the oracle was to denote the constancy, duration, and perpetuity of heaven. The wall of the outer court, or that of the Gentiles, was 7,700 feet in compass; and all the courts and apartments would contain 300,000 people: the whole was adorned with 1,453 columns of Parian marble, twisted, sculptured and voluted; with 2,906 pilasters, decorated with magnificent capitals; and about double that number of windows; beside the beauties of the pavement. The oracle and sanctuary were lined with massy gold, adorned with sculpture, and studded with diamonds, and other kinds of precious stones.

No structure was ever to be compared with this temple, for its correct proportions and beautiful dimensions, from the magnificent portico on the east, to the awful *sanctum sanctorum* on the west; with the numerous apartments for the kings, princes, sanhedrim, priests, Levites, and people of Israel, beside an outer court for the Gentiles; it being an house of prayer for all nations. The prospect of it highly transcended all that we are capable to imagine, and has ever been esteemed the finest piece of masonry upon earth, before or since *.

*(To be continued.)*

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# *THE FREEMASON.*

## No. VII.

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world. Pope.

IT is to be sincerely regretted that England swarms with so many *puppies;* but puppyism, though condemned by every honest writer, seems now the prevalent folly of the times.

There are various kinds of puppies, viz. puppy-lovers—puppy macaronies—puppy speakers—puppy preachers—puppy critics—puppy connoisseurs—puppy intriguers—puppy friends—puppy poets—puppy actors—*cum multis aliis.* There are puppies of every size, complexion, stature, and denomination.

The *puppy lovers* are too generally cherished by the ladies, who think them innocent animals, and treat them like their lap-dogs—but not quite so innocent are these creatures as may be supposed; though harmless in themselves, they bite like vipers—

> "They talk of beauties which they never knew,
> "And fancy raptures which they never felt."

Truly they exceed this—for they have frequently robbed the virtuous of their character, and been sly abusers of many a fair one's reputation.

*Puppy macaronies* are such professed admirers of themselves that they pay all their adoration to the looking glass—their *sweet persons,* let them be ever so ugly, are their chief delight—they think of nothing else. Their origin we must not trace; as, commonly, a hairdresser was their father, or by means of a dancing-master they *hopped* into the world.

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* Among the variety of valuable articles in the cabinet of curiosities at Dresden, is a model of the temple of Solomon cut in cedar, according to its description in the Old Testament and other ancient authorities; which cost 12,000 crowns. It represents the ark, the *sanctum sanctorum,* the sacrifices, and all other rights of the Mosaic law. *Hanway's Travels,* 1753.

*Puppy speakers* are very numerous, especially at the bar, where they speak in such a fine manner as to abbreviate not only words but sentences. One hand is kept in constant action for the sake of displaying the adorned little finger, while the other is generally employed in settling the muslin cravat, or displaying the frill of the shirt.—As to their arguments, they are of such a trifling puerile nature as to create continual laughter: this, instead of dismaying, encourages the speaker, who begins to imagine himself a wit. Hence *puppy wits* originate; a set of unmeaning coxcombs who prefer sound to sense.

*Puppy preachers* are those fine reverends who, like puppy speakers, affect a nice pronunciation, bordering upon a lisp. Those *divine* puppies are known by the stroking of a white hand, and admiring it with a ring in the middle of a sermon—a bag-front dressed head of hair—a simpering ogle—and a circling gaze for admiration, particularly from the ladies.

*Puppy critics* are exceedingly numerous—they are at the theatres every first night of a new play, and generally agree among themselves whether the author shall be damned or not. If they are previously determined that the play shall be *done over*, according to their phrase, not all the merits of character, incident, or moral, can protect it. Many a good drama has thus been sacrificed to the wanton fury of those tyrannic critics, whose puppyism, in this instance, is very detrimental to the republic of letters. Sometimes they are *engaged* to support a play, which they do with equal violence, though it be devoid of any merit to recommend it. These puppies are very consequential beings, and in their own opinions exceedingly sensible.

*Puppy connoisseurs* are pretty much the same with the preceding, only that they are not, like the puppy critics, confined to literary matters; these pretending to give a decisive judgment on every thing—medals, pictures, &c.

*Puppy intriguers* are a considerable nuisance to the metropolis, continually dangling after every beauty they hear of with all the freedom of a favoured lover. These non-gentlemen are frequently the servants or jackalls of some greater animals, by whom they are employed for the sake of providing dainty mistresses; their proper name is *pimp*.

*Puppy friends*, alias *flatterers*, alias *sycophants*, alias *toad-eaters*, alias *scoundrels*, are the followers of all the great, the credulous, and the vain. These contemptible puppies are exceedingly servile and attentive for their own private ends. Adulation is their study, dissimulation is their glory; they can cringe and fawn like a spaniel, and lie and cheat with the devil.

*Puppy poets* are very numerous, and I am sorry to remark the most encouraged in the present age; they pretend to write any thing, nay even tragedies and comedies, though grammar is shocked at their diction, common sense offended with their sentiments, modesty put to the blush with their wit, and nature kicked out of every act. These poets first begin with acrostics—then aspire to riddles, conundrums, and anagrams—after which they venture upon sonnets—by

degrees they creep on to higher subjects. If they have not good luck enough to mix with their fortunate brethren, they then turn *puppy scribblers* for the papers, abuse merit, rail at managers,

"And snarl, and bite, and play the dog."

*Puppy actors* are all those private performers who are continually murdering Otway, Rowe, &c. Sometimes they run away from their parents or masters, commence heroes in the country, and strut about great kings and emperors of a sorry barn, till "hungry guts and empty purse" induce them to return. But so great is the infatuation of this *puppyism*, that, though it frequently exposes itself, it is seldom or never to be cured.

There are puppies of every sort; it would therefore be a tedious business for me to enumerate them. A puppy-physician is no rarity—mark the preposterous large bag, a pedantic selection of medical phrases, dogmatic precision, evasive replication, and all the *et cætera* of a similar tendency. There are even puppy artists—puppy mechanics, pretending to what they do not understand—nay, we have had self-sufficient puppies who pretended indeed that they understood the whole arcana of Freemasonry, and have not only deceived themselves, but duped the public most egregiously. Their puppyism, however, soon became conspicuous, and it was not long before the world was convinced that they were in *utter darkness*.

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## *THE STAGE.*

### BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from Vol. IV. Page* 382.

NOW CRAWFORD comes, once partner of a name
With rapture sounded by enamour'd fame—
Melodious BARRY, whose seducing strain
Could touch the sternest breast with tend'rest pain:
Still faithful mem'ry hears th' entrancing flow
That sweetly warbled *Romeo*'s melting woe;
Beholds e'en now his agonizing *Lear*,
And fondly drops the tribute of a tear.
The idol of the fair—the stage's pride—
With his mellifluous notes the lover dy'd.
But let the muse restrain her wand'ring flight,
And CRAWFORD's worth impartially recite.
In sudden bursts of animated grief,
Where the sharp anguish seems to scorn relief,
At once she rushes on the trembling heart,
And rivals Nature with resistless art.

Thus when, with *Randolph*'s keen maternal pain,
She listens wildly to the hoary swain,
Whose artless feelings tenderly relate
The wat'ry dangers of the infant's fate—
"*Was he alive?*" transpierces ev'ry soul—
From ev'ry eye the gushing plaudits roll.
But in the lengthen'd tale of plaintive woe,
Or declamation's calm and equal flow,
Her native excellence but faintly gleams—
Too rapid now, and now too faint she seems.
In patient *Shore* she cramps her potent art,
And seldom finds a passage to the heart:
But when *Alicia*'s phrensy she displays,
And her eyes, wild, on fancy'd spectres gaze,
A kindred horror tears the lab'ring mind,
And the whole breast is to her pow'r resign'd.
In parts of gentle anguish though she fails,
Yet where tumultuous energy prevails,
Where wrongs inflame, or madness storms the mind,
Superior skill we must not hope to find.
Should we confine to tragedy her praise,
The niggard eulogy would stain the lays,
Since in her comic parts she still must please,
With nature, spirit, elegance and ease.
But as her potent force we chiefly find
In scenes that fire and agonize the mind,
The tragic muse may boast the highest claim,
And in her train enroll her CRAWFORD's name.

With various requisites the stage to grace,
A striking figure and a marking face,
A mien commanding, spirited, and free,
See POPE * to fame assert a solid plea,
And fairly claim, in these declining days
Of scenic worth, the tributary praise.
Her pow'rs though strong, but rarely should aspire
Beyond the sphere of haughtiness and fire;
Where love appears without his gentle train,
And join'd with pride, resentment and disdain.
Thus in *Hermione* her efforts show
A bold conception of heroic woe;
While various passions in her breast engage,
Hope with despair contending, love with rage,
She ably draws from passion's genuine source,
Expressing all with dignity and force.

*(To be continued.)*

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* MRS. POPE.

# THE MURDERER OF CHARLES I.

## ASCERTAINED.

[*From "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, &c." just published.*]

LILLY, in the History of his Life and Times, says, "The next Sunday after Charles the First was beheaded, Robert Spavin, secretary to Oliver Cromwell, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Anthony Peirson, and several others, along with him to dinner; and that the principal discourse at dinner was only, Who it was that beheaded the King? One said, it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters; others also were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, so soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the south window. These are all mistaken, saith he; they have not named the man that did the fact. It was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOYCE. I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it, when done went in again with him.—There is no man knows this but my master Cromwell, Commissary Ireton, and myself.—Doth not Mr. Rushworth know it? quoth I. No; he did not know it said Spavin. The same thing," adds Lilly, "Spavin since had often related unto me when we were alone."

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# DISSERTATIONS ON THE *POLITE ARTS.*

## No. II.

WHAT is the function of arts? It is to transport those touches which are in nature, and to present them in objects to which they are not natural. It is thus that the statuary's chizzel shows or produces a hero in a block of marble. The painter, by his light and shade, makes visible objects seem to project from the canvas. The musician, by artificial sounds, makes the tempest roar, whilst all is quiet around us; and the poet too, by his invention, and by the harmony of his verses, fills our minds with counterfeit images, and our hearts with fictitious sentiments, often more charming than if they were true and natural. Whence I conclude, that arts are only imitations, resemblances which are not really nature, but seem to be so; and that thus the matter of the polite arts is not the *true*, but only the *probable*. This consequence is important enough to be explained and proved immediately by the application.

Painting is an imitation of visible objects. It has nothing that is real, nothing that is true, and its perfections depend only upon its resemblance to reality.

Music and dancing may very well regulate the tones and gestures of an orator in his pulpit, or of a citizen who tells a story in conver-

sation; but it is not properly in those respects that they are called arts. They may also wander, one into little caprices, where the sounds break upon one another with design; the other into leaps and fantastic capers: but neither the one nor the other are then in their just bounds. To be what they ought to be, they must return to imitation, and become the artificial portrait of the human passions.

Fiction, finally, is the very life and soul of poetry. In this art the wolf bears all the characters of man powerful and unjust; the lamb those of innocence oppressed. Pastoral offers us poetical shepherds, which are mere resemblances or images. Comedy draws the picture of an ideal miser, on whom all the characters of real avarice are bestowed.

Tragedy is not properly poetry but in that which it feigns by imitation. Cæsar has had a quarrel with Pompey, this is not poetry, but history. But if actions, discourses, intrigues, are invented, all after the ideas which history gives us of the characters and fortune of Cæsar and Pompey, this is what may be called poetry, because it is the work of genius and art.

The epic, too, is only a recital of probable actions, represented with all the characters of existence. Juno and Æneas neither said nor did what Virgil attributes to them; but they *might* have said or done it, and that is enough for poetry. It is one perpetual fiction, graced with all the characters of truth.

Thus every art, in all that is truly artificial in it, is only an imaginary thing, a feigned being, copied and imitated from true ones. It is for this reason that art is always put in opposition to nature; that we hear it every where said, that we must imitate nature; that art is perfect when she is well represented; and, in short, that all master-pieces of art are those where nature is so well imitated that they seem nature herself.

And this imitation, for which we have all so natural a disposition (since it is example which instructs and governs mankind, *vivimus ad exempla*), is one of the principal springs of that pleasure which we derive from arts. The mind exercises itself in comparing the model with the picture; and the judgment it gives is so much the more agreeable, as it is a proof of its own knowledge and penetration.

Genius and taste have so intimate a connection in arts, that there are cases where they cannot be united without seeming to confound one another, nor separated without almost taking away their functions. This is the case here, where it is impossible to say what a genius ought to do in imitating nature, without supposing taste to be his guide.

Aristotle compares poetry with history; their difference, according to him, is not in the *form*, or *stile*, but in the very nature of the things. But how so? History only paints what *has* happened, poetry what *might* have happened. One is tied down to *truth*, it creates neither actions nor actors. The other regards nothing but the *probable;* it invents; it designs at its own pleasure, and paints only

from the brain. History gives examples, such as they *are*, often imperfect. The poet gives them such as they *ought to be*. And it is for this reason, according to the same philosopher, that poetry is a much more instructive lesson than history. Διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον, καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστὶν, Poet. cap. 9.

Upon this principle we must conclude, that if arts are imitations of nature, they ought to be bright and lively imitations, that do not copy her servilely, but having chosen objects, represents them with all the perfections they are capable of; always taking care, that in such compositions the parts have a proper relation to one another; otherwise the whole may be absurd, while every single part taken separately remains beautiful: in a word, imitations where nature is seen, not such as she really is, but such as she *may* be, and such as may be conceived in the mind.

What did Zeuxis when about to paint a perfect beauty? Did he draw the picture of any particular fine woman? No; he collected the separate features of several beauties who were at that time living. Then he formed in his mind an idea that resulted from all these features united; and this idea was the prototype or model of his picture, which was probable and poetical in the whole, and was true and historical only in the parts taken separately. And this is what every painter does, when he represents the persons he paints with more beauty and grace than they really have. This is an example given to all artists: this is the road they ought to take, and it is the practice of every great master without exception.

When *Moliere* wanted to paint a *man-hater*, he did not search for an original, of which his character should be an exact copy; had he so done he had made but a picture, a history; he had then instructed but by halves: but he collected every mark, every stroke of a gloomy temper, that he could observe amongst men. To this he added all that the strength of his own genius could furnish him of the same kind; and from all these hints, well connected, and well laid out, he drew a single character, which was not the representation of the true, but of the probable. His comedy was not the history of Alcestes, but his picture of Alcestes was the history of man-hatred taken in general. And hence he has given much better instruction than a scrupulous historian could possibly have done by only relating some strictly true strokes of a real misanthrope.

It was a saying among the ancients, that *Such a thing is beautiful as a statue*. And it is in the same sense that Juvenal, to express all the possible horrors of a tempest, calls it a *poetical tempest*.

*Omnia fiunt*
*Talia, tàm graviter, si quando* Poëtica *surgit*
Tempestas. SAT. 12.

These examples are sufficient to give a clear and distinct idea of what we call *beautiful nature*. It is not the truth that does exist, but that truth which may exist, *beautiful truth;* which is represented as if it really existed, and with all the perfections it can receive.

The quality of the object makes no difference. Let it be a *Hydra* or a *miser*, an *hypocrite* or a *Nero*, if they are well drawn, and represented with all the fine touches that belong to them, we still say, that *beautiful nature* is there painted. It matters not whether it be the *Furies* or the *Graces*.

This does not, however, prevent truth and reality being made use of by the Polite Arts. It is thus that the Muses express themselves in Hesiod:

> Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτομείσιν ὁμοῖα,
> Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ', ἐθελῶμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

> "'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
> "Or give the face of truth to what we feign."

If an historical fact were found so well worked up as to be fit to serve for a plan to a poem or a piece of painting, poetry and painting too would immediately employ it as such, and would on the other hand make use of their privileges, in inventing circumstances, contrasts, situations, &c. When Le Brun painted the battles of Alexander, he found in history the facts, the actors, and the scene of action; but, notwithstanding this, what noble invention! What a glow of poetry in his work! The dispositions, attitudes, expressions of passions, all these remained for his own genius to create; there art built upon the basis of truth, and this truth ought to be so elegantly mixt with the feigned, as to form one whole of the same nature.

> *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,*
> *Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

The most fruitful minds, however, do not always feel the presence of the Muses. Shakspeare, who was born a poet, fell into the most shameful meannesses. Milton sometimes cools, he does not always

> ——— Soar
> Above the Aonian mount.

And not to speak of Statius, Claudian, and many more who have experienced the returns of languor and feebleness, does not Horace say, that Homer himself sometimes slumbers, even in the midst of his gods and heroes? There are then certain happy moments for genii, when the soul, as if filled with fire divine, takes in all nature, and spreads upon all objects that heavenly life which animates them, those engaging strokes which warm and ravish us.

This situation of the soul is called *enthusiasm*, a word which all the world understands, and which hardly any one has defined. The ideas which most authors give of it, seem rather to come from an enraptured imagination, filled with enthusiasm itself, than from a head that thinks and reflects coolly. At one time it is a celestial vision, a divine influence, a prophetic spirit; at another it is an intoxication, an extasy, a joy mixt with trouble, and admiration in the presence of the divinity. Was it their design to elevate the polite arts by this emphatical way of speaking, and to hide from the profane the mysteries of the Muses?

But let those who seek to enlighten their ideas, despise this allegoric pomp that blinds them. Let them consider enthusiasm as a philosopher considers great men, without any regard to the vain shew that surrounds them.

The spirit which inspires excellent authors when they compose, is like that which animates heroes in battle.

*Sua cuique Deus fit dira Cupido.*

In the one it is a boldness and a natural intrepidity, provoked by the presence even of danger itself. In the others it is a great fund of genius, a just and exquisite wit, a fruitful imagination; and, above all, a heart filled with noble fire, and which easily acts at the sight of objects. These privileged souls receive strongly the impression of those things they conceive, and never fail to reproduce them, adorned with new beauty, force, and elegance.

This is the source and principle of enthusiasm. We may already perceive what must be the effect with regard to the arts which imitate nature. Let us call back the example of Zeuxis. Nature has in her treasures all those images of which the most beautiful imitations can be composed: they are like sketches in the painters tablets. The artist, who is essentially an observer, views them, takes them from the heap, and assembles them. He composes from these a complete whole, of which he conceives an idea that fills him, and is at the same time both bright and lively. Presently his fire glows at the sight of the object; he forgets himself; his soul passes into the things he creates; he is by turns Cæsar, Brutus, Macbeth, and Romeo. It is in these transports that Homer sees the chariots and courses of the Gods, that Virgil hears the dismal streams of Phlegyas in the infernal shades; and that each of them discovers things which are nowhere to be found, and which notwithstanding are true.

*Poeta cum tabulas cepit sibi,*
*Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, repperit tamen.*

It is for the same effect that this enthusiasm is necessary for painters and musicians. They ought to forget their situation, and to fancy themselves in the midst of those things they would represent. If they would paint a battle, they transport themselves in the same manner as the poet, into the middle of the fight: they hear the clash of arms, the groans of the dying; they see rage, havoc, and blood. They rouse their own imaginations, till they find themselves moved, distressed, frighted: then *Deus ecce Deus.* Let them write or paint, it is a god that inspires them,

*——Bella horrida bella,*
*Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine Cerno.*

It is what Cicero calls, *Mentis viribus excitari, divino spiritu afflari.* This is poetic rage; this is enthusiasm; this is the god that the poet invokes in the epic, that inspires the hero in tragedy, that transforms himself into the simple citizen in comedy, into the shepherd in pastoral, that gives reason and speech to animals in the apologue or fable. In short, the god that makes true painters, musicians, and poets.

*(To be continued.)*

TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE read in Tavernier, or some other traveller, of an English merchant who was cured of an inveterate gout by a severe bastinado, prescribed by a Turkish Chiaus in his return to Constantinople with the head of an unfortunate Bashaw. It was, doubtless, a severe remedy, and not very easily administered; but it proved so effectual, that the patient never failed, during the remainder of his life, to drink every day to the health of his Mussulman physician. Though I never underwent such painful application, I myself have been cured of a bad habit by a very unpalatable medicine; to use the phrase of Shakspeare, a certain person *gave me the bastinado with his tongue.*

You must know, I am a middle-aged man in good circumstances, arising from the profits of a creditable profession, which I have exercised for many years with equal industry and circumspection. At the age of 26 I married the daughter of an eminent apothecary, with whom I received a comfortable addition to my fortune. The honeymoon was scarce over, when we mutually found ourselves mismatched: She had been educated in notions of pleasure; and I had flattered myself that she would be contented with domestic enjoyments, and place among that number the care of her family: for my own part I had been used to relax myself in the evening from the fatigues of the day, among a club of honest neighbours who had been long acquainted with one another. The conversation was sometimes enlivened by quaint sallies and sly repartees; but politics formed the great topic by which our attention was attracted like the needle by the pole; on this subject I had the vanity to think I was looked upon as a kind of oracle by the society. I had carefully perused the Universal History, together with the Political State of Europe, and pored over maps until I knew, *ad unguem*, the situation of all the capital cities in Christendom. This branch of learning was of great consequence to the members of our club, who were generally so little acquainted with geography, that I have known them mistake the Danube for a river of Asia, and Turin for the metropolis of Tuscany. I acquired some reputation by describing the course of the Ohio in the beginning of our American troubles; and I filled the whole club with astonishment by setting to rights one of the members who talked of crossing the sea to Scotland. During a suspension of foreign intelligence, we sported in puns, conundrums, and merry conceits; we would venture to be inoffensively waggish in bantering each other; we sometimes retailed extempore witticisms, which between friends we had studied through the day; and we indulged one or two senior members in their propensity to record the adventures of their youth. In a word, we constituted one of the most peaceful and best affected communities in this great metropolis.

But the comforts of this and all other club conversation were in a little time destroyed by a stranger whom one of the members introduced into our society; he was a speculative physician, who had made his fortune by marrying a wealthy widow, now happily in her grave. The essence of all the disputants, gossips, and attornies of three centuries seemed to enter into the composition of this son of Æsculapius; his tongue rode at full gallop like a country man-midwife; his voice was loud, flat, and monotonous, like the clack of a mill, or rather like the sound produced by a couple of flails on a barn floor; our ears were threshed most unmercifully; we supposed he was an adept in all the arts depending upon medicine, and a politician of course by the courtesy of England; but all subjects were alike to this universalist, from the most sublime metaphysics to the mystery of pin-making: he disputed with every one of us on our several professions, and silenced us all in our turns; not that he was master of every theme on which he pretended to expatiate; on the contrary, we soon discovered him to be superficial and misinformed in divers articles, and attempted to refute what he had advanced by breaking out into divers expressions of dissent, such as 'But, pray, sir'—'I beg your pardon, sir'—'Give me leave, sir'—'I will venture to say you are misinformed in that particular;' and other civil checks of the same nature; but they had no effect upon this hard-mouthed coursen, except that of stimulating him to proceed with redoubled velocity: He seemed both deaf and blind to the remonstrances and chagrin of the company; but dashed through thick and thin as if he had undertaken to harangue by inch of candle. We were so overborne by the tide of his loquacity, that we sat for three successive evenings half petrified with astonishment and vexation. Sometimes we were cheered with a glimpse of hope that this torrent would soon exhaust itself; but, alas! we found him a perennial source of noise and disputation. I could not help repeating with Horace,

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis Ævum."

The most provoking circumstance of this nuisance was, that he did not speak either for the entertainment or information of the company; he had no other view but that of displaying his own superiority in point of understanding; his aim was to puzzle, to perplex, and to triumph; and, by way of manifesting his wit, he extracted a wretched quibble from every hint, motion, or gesticulation of the society. Overhearing one of the members summing up the reckoning, he denied that five and three made eight, and undertook to prove the contrary by mathematical demonstration. When I called for a bowl of punch he affirmed there was no such thing in nature; that bowls were made of porcelain, earthen-ware, wood or metals; but they could not be made of punch which was a liquid, *ergo*, I had confounded the *majus* with the *minus*; for, *omne majus in se continet minus*. An honest gentleman who sat by the fire having

burned his fingers with a hot poker, the doctor assured him that the accident was altogether an illusion; that fire did not burn, and that he could not feel pain, which was not a substance but a mode; *ergo*, not cognizable by the sense of touching.

As we were naturally quiet and pacific, and, in truth, over-awed by the enormous size of his pugilistic member, as well as by his profound skill in the art of man-slaying, which he did not fail to promulgate, we patiently submitted to the scourge of his impertinence, praying heartily that he might succeed so far in his profession as to become a practising doctor. Sometimes we enjoyed an intermission for half an evening, congratulating ourselves upon the deliverance, and began to resume our old channel of conversation, when all of a sudden he would appear like the Gorgon's head; then every countenance fell, and every tongue was silent: his organ forthwith began to play, and nothing was heard but his eternal clapper; it was no discourse which he uttered, but a kind of *talkation* (if I may be allowed the expression) more dissonant and disagreeable than the glass alarm-bell of a wooden clock, that should ring 24 hours without intermission. To support ourselves under this perpetual annoyance, we had recourse to an extraordinary pint, and smoked a double proportion of tobacco; but these expedients, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the effect of his clamour. Our tempers were gradually soured; we grew peevish to every body, but particularly sullen and morose to the doctor, who far from perceiving the cause of our disgust, believed himself the object of our esteem and admiration; he was too much engrossed by his own impertinence to observe the humours of other men.

For three long months did we bear this dreadful visitation; at length the oldest member, who was indeed the nest egg, died, and the other individuals began to drop off. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation to which I was now reduced: I was engaged in fatiguing business all day, out of humour all the evening, went home extremely ruffled, with the head-ach, heart-burn, and hiccup, and ruminated till morning on my family discomforts. Upon recollecting all these circumstances, I pitied my own condition, and my compassion was soon changed into contempt. This roused my pride and resolution; I determined to turn over a new leaf, and recover the importance I had lost; I with great difficulty discontinued my attendance at the club, and my absence contributed in a great measure to its dissolution. The doctor was in a little time obliged to harangue to empty chairs, and the landlord became a bankrupt.

Thus was I delivered of the worst of plagues, an impertinent and talkative companion. I have now bid adieu to clubs, and am grown a family man: I see myself beloved by my children, revered by my servants, and respected by my neighbours. I find my expences considerably lessened, my œconomy improved, my fortune and credit augmented; and in the fulness of my enjoyment, I cannot help

drinking to the health of the loquacious doctor, who is likely to perform much more important cures with his tongue, than ever he will be able to effect by his prescriptions.

If you think, Mr. Editor, that these hints may be serviceable to others labouring under the distemper of which I am so happily cured, you may freely communicate them to the public by the channel of your Magazine, which has been the source of much amusement to,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

MISOLAUS.

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## HUMOUROUS ACCOUNT OF
# *A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY,*
## PERFORMED AT ROME.

[*From "A Ramble through Holland, France and Italy," just published.*]

WHAT to do with my shallow domestic, Abel, I know not—the fellow hath been perverted by an Irish renegado, and is crossing his forehead and beating his breast before every Virgin Mary he passes:—if I take him to a church there is no getting him away; and if I leave him at home I am obliged, when I return, to go to the churches to find him.

As the holy week is at hand, pilgrims are flocking in from all parts of the globe.

Previous to their partaking of the general pardon, it is required that they shall have paid their adoration to the crucifix at the top of the stair-case that was brought from Jerusalem; and which is said to be taken from Pontius Pilate's house; being the same that our Saviour frequently ascended to undergo examination.

I have practised myself to look at the Catholic ceremonies with temper; but this scene was so infinitely ridiculous, that, without any evil intentions, I threw a whole body of pilgrims into the utmost consternation.

The stair-case consists of eight-and-twenty marble steps; each of which may hold about ten people abreast, and at this season of the year it is constantly crowded.—The Pope himself durst not mount it on his feet.—Upwards of two hundred pilgrims were at this instant ascending, to pay homage to the crucifix *on their knees*, and in this attitude moving on from step to step towards the top. Figure to yourself this group. They first appeared to me to be afflicted with the hip gout—they moved like horses with the stringhalt. I could still have born it all, had I not seen Abel grubbing on in the midst of them, which made me burst into such a fit of laughter, that the holy ones were thrown into such a scene of confusion as you have never witnessed. Suddenly recollecting the expence of plush breeches, I com-

manded Abel to descend. Enthusiasm had deafened him to every worldly consideration; and, what added to my chagrin was, that the pilgrims had greatly the advantage of him, ten out of eleven being sans culottes—so finding all remonstrance ineffectual, I waited to see the conclusion of the ceremony.

The holy receptacle at the top contains a splendid crucifix, surrounded by about a dozen portable saints, which are shewn off by a strong light in the back ground; and it has much the appearance of a magic lantern. As the pilgrims advance they batter their foreheads against the upper step, more or less according to their superstition, or the weight of sin that overwhelms them; and then, as the same method of descent, being as I have informed you upon their knees, might possibly be more rapid, they go off at the top through two narrow passages or defiles that look like a couple of cracks in the wall; which, I suppose, are intended to answer the purposes of a weighing machine, to ascertain how much they are wasted by fasting and praying.

It was evident that they had not used the same artificial means of reducing themselves that a Newmarket jockey does, by wearing a dozen flannel waistcoats at a time, for most of them were barely covered with the remnant of a shirt—what fasting might have done I know not, but am apt to give very little credit to the effect of their prayers.—Indeed there was a more natural way of accounting for their leanness, as most of them had walked some hundreds of miles previous to the ceremony; and we may discover a cause for the strange attitude which they used on the occasion, by conjecturing, that being leg-weary, they had recourse to their knees by way of a change.

These narrow passages did well enough for a mortified taper catholic (one or two of whom I have seen, towards the conclusion of Lent, reduced to such a point that one might almost have threaded a bodkin with them) but in nowise answered the purpose of your portly well-fed protestant; so Abel, as was easy to foresee, stuck fast in the middle—several of them endeavoured to pull him through, till at last he was so completely wedged in that he could neither get backwards nor forwards.—Finding him in this situation, the pilgrims were suddenly disarmed of sufficient strength to withstand the temptations of their old pilfering system; so one ran away with his hat, another clawed hold of his hair, and had very nearly scalped him, supposing it to be a wig. In short, after a violent exertion, Abel effected his escape, and promised to make no more religious experiments for the present; but is persuaded that he should never have got through, had it not been for the interference of the crucifix and portable saints.

# BASEM; OR, THE BLACKSMITH.

## AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

(Concluded from Vol. IV. Page 392.)

"HADGI Basem," said he, "this is the last time we ever shall have an opportunity of importuning you; we leave Bagdat to-morrow, but before we go we earnestly wish to know what happened this day, and the cause of this extraordinary festivity; and we here swear never to ask you any more questions." Basem no sooner heard this request, than fire darted from his eyes, his eyelids were wide open, his throat swelled, and his pulses beat high. "You contemptible wretches," said he, in a violent rage, "you with your barrel-belly and old bear's whiskers, you, more than your companions, perpetually vex and perplex me. I shall presently get up and strangle you, or cleave your skull." Giafar in a suppliant tone replied to this menace, "Believe us, Hadgi Basem, when we assure you that we are fully sensible of your kindness and hospitality. We are now about to separate for ever, and wish to speak well of you in our own country, and make others speak in your praise; to-morrow at this time we shall be far distant from you and Bagdat. Let us—"May you be accurst by Ullah!" exclaimed he; "I have for these twenty years led the life of a prince till I saw your vile faces, which have disturbed my peace and involved me in trouble. I have been driven daily from trade to trade, from occupation to occupation, all which proceeds from the influence of your evil eyes; but I care not, for I am still Basem, and my provision is from God! This very day," continued he, "has happened to me strange adventures, what never have happened before, nor ever will happen hereafter to any mortal man."

"I beseech you," said Giafar, "by Ullah and the last day, that you will acquaint us with these adventures." "Do you really desire it?" "We do indeed," replied Giafar. "Then," said Basem, "under the protection of Ullah I will relate them to you; not to afflict your hearts with sorrow at my misfortunes, but that you may admire the strange vicissitudes of life. Know then, my guests, that I rose this morning rather later than usual, and rejoicing in the thoughts of being a messenger of the law, I went to the mahkamy and found the divan already assembled." He then faithfully related to them what he had suffered there. "And after this disgrace, O my guests," continued he, "I returned home hardly knowing where I went, disgusted with Bagdat and even with life itself. This blockhead the Khalif and I, said I to myself, can never live in the same place; so I resolved to leave Bagdat to him, and to seek my fortune elsewhere. Here, where I am now so jovial, did I sit down overwhelmed with affliction and despair; for I knew not whither to go,

and had in my purse neither a new filse *, nor an old one. In this miserable state I remained an hour, and then starting up to prepare for my journey, I shaped a piece of palm tree, on which I used to hang my clothes, into the form of a sword, and supplied it with an old scabbard, which I luckily had lying by me: round the hilt of my sword I wrapped a piece of wax cloth. I then added another shash to my ordinary one, and also a piece of old labet †, in order to increase the size of my turban, which I carefully flattened, and puffed round the edges. I cut the sleeves from my vest, before putting it on, girt my waist with the belt of my sword, and put the large stuffed turban on my head. In this garb I left my house, and as I strutted along the street, with an almond twig in my hand, the people took me for one of the Khalif's bildars. When I got to the armorer's bazar, I found two fellows fighting, and covered with blood; the spectators were afraid to interfere, but I soon separated them with my almond twig, and the sheih of the bazar gave me five drachms to carry the culprits to the palace of the Khalif to be punished. I accepted the money, as a help to my intended journey, and marched off with my prisoners, but let them escape by the way. However, being near the palace, I entered the gates, and saw Giafar sitting in his chamber of audience, who, by Ullah, bears some resemblance in the face to you, you barrel-belly'd fellow; his belly is exactly like your's. But what a difference between him and you? He is respected by the Emeer al Moumaneen; you are a paltry meddler in other people's business; a guest who without invitation obtrudes himself where he is not welcome." Basem concluded with a particular account of his reception at the shop of Mallem Otman the confectioner, and of the present he received from him.

Basem's story had been listened to with great attention, and really appeared singular to his hearers: "I profess, Hadgi," said Giafar, "I agree with you in what you said, that the like of what has befallen you to-day, was never experienced by man before." "Yes," replied Basem, "and all this good which has happened, is in spite of Haroon al Rasheed. When I left Mallem Otman," continued he, "I went to the bazar, and provided a double quantity of each article, and lighted my lamps, as you see, nor can that pimp the Khalif shut up my house, or by an ordinance abolish my enjoyment." Having said this with an air of exultation, he filled a bumper, and gave them a song; after which he drank his wine, and eat some of his cabab, with kernels of pistachio nuts. He then filled his glass again, and passing it three times round the candle, he sung a stanza of a drinking song. On drinking his second glass, "This," said he, "in spite of the Khalif! I have this day taken money and sweetmeats, I have eaten fowls, and by Ullah I will die a bildar."

The Khalif was highly entertained by Basem's manner of telling his story, and laughed heartily at several passages. "This must be

* A small copper coin. † Felt.

a fortunate fellow," said he to himself, "but I must to-morrow contrive some means to mortify and expose him." It now being near midnight, the Khalif and his two attendants arose to take formal leave, "We beg your permission to retire," said they. "You are your own masters," replied Basem, without moving from his seat, "the permission is with yourselves. God will afflict with adversity the man who wishes you to visit him. May no good be decreed for you!" The Mosul merchants could not help laughing at this parting benediction, but walking down stairs, they let themselves out, and shutting the street-door behind them, returned as usual to their apartments in the palace.

Next morning soon after sun-rise, Basem, starting up from sleep, "A new day, new provision," said he, "by heaven, I will die a bildar!" He then dressed himself as the day before, combed his beard, twisted his whiskers, and sallied forth, little expecting what was to happen. On his arrival at the palace, he, without further ceremony, placed himself among the ten bildars who were in daily waiting, When the Khalif came into the divan, his eyes were employed to discover Basem among the bildars, and, disguised as he was, he soon recognized him. Then calling Giafar, who prostrated himself before him, "Do you observe," said he, "Giafar, our friend Basem yonder? You shall soon see how I will perplex him." The chief of the bildars being called into the presence, after bowing before the Khalif, stood silent. "What is the number of your corps?" said the Khalif. "In all thirty," replied the bildar, "ten of whom attend three days at the palace, and at the expiration of that time are relieved by other ten, so that there is always the same number in waiting, by rotation." "I wish," said the Khalif, "to review those now present, and to examine each particularly." The chief, lifting both his hands to his head, and bowing low as the ground, in token of obedience, retired backwards; then, turning towards the door, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Bildars! it is the pleasure of the Emeer al Moumaneen, that all you present do now appear before him." The order was instantly obeyed, and Basem arranged himself with the others in the divan, but not without being alarmed, and saying to himself, "Mercy on me! what can all this mean? Yesterday was the inquisition and reckoning with the cady; to-day it is with the Khalif in person; by Ullah, it will be the vinegar to yesterday's oil." The Khalif now asked the bildar who stood nearest, "What is your name?" "Achmed, my lord," replied he. "Whose son are you?" "The son of Abdallah." "What allowance do you receive, Achmed?" "Ten dinars a month, fifteen pounds of mutton daily, and a suit of clothes once a year." "Is your appointment of late, or of old standing?" "I succeeded to my father, who resigned in my favour; and I am well contented with the honourable office." "You are deserving of it," said the Khalif. Let the next in order advance."

The next bildar, after prostrating himself before the Khalif, stood prepared for interrogation, What is your name? the name of your

father? and what your allowance?" "O Emeer al Moumaneen," replied he, "my name is Khalid, the son of Majed; my grandfather's name Salem, the son of Ranim. We have enjoyed the honourable office since the time of Abbas. I receive twenty dinars, besides mutton, flour, sugar, and pomegranates, in an established proportion. It is now many years that the family has lived comfortably on this allowance, which has descended from father to son." "Do you also stand aside," said the Khalif. "Let another be called."

Whilst the Khalif was employed in examining the bildars, Basem, as his turn drew nearer, became more and more alarmed. "Good God!" said he to himself, "one mischance is still worse than another: till this day such a thing as this review was never heard of. There is no remedy or support but from God! By Ullah, this is ten times a worse affair than that of the cady! O black hour!" continued he, in an apostrophe to himself. "Why did you not leave Bagdat yesterday? see the consequence of your change of resolution. Every thing but good befalls you. The Khalif will presently demand of you your name, your father's name, and the amount of your allowance. Should he insist on all this, what will you answer? If you answer, my name is Basem the blacksmith; will he not say, you pimp of a spy, who made you a bildar? You! who are you? that you should dare to pollute my palace, by mixing with my bildars! Alas! there is no trust nor help but in God."

The Khalif, who had all along observed Basem's embarrassment, with difficulty avoided discovering himself, and was repeatedly obliged to put his handkerchief to his mouth to prevent laughing, or to turn his head aside to avoid exposing himself. The last of the bildars was now examined, and being arranged on the other side with his companions, Basem remained alone, in trembling apprehension, his eyes cast down, and confusion depicted in his countenance. The Khalif, with the utmost difficulty restrained laughing when he ordered him to approach. The order was repeated three times, but Basem, as if insensible, remained fixed to the spot. The chief of the bildars at length aroused him by a push on the ribs, saying. "You fellow, answer the Emeer al Moumaneen." Basem starting, as if from a dream, asked hastily, "What's the matter?" "What is your name?" said the Khalif. "Meaning me, sir," said Basem, in great perturbation. "Yes, it is you I mean." Basem then began to advance, but his legs could hardly perform their office; he made one step forward and another backward, till he tottered near enough to make his obeisance. His complexion was changed to yellow, his tongue, at other times so voluble and sharp, now trembled, and he stood totally at a loss what answer he should make. He looked down on the ground, and scratched where it did not itch.

The Khalif, perceiving how it was with Basem, had great difficulty to refrain from laughing aloud, and as he spoke to Basem was obliged to turn sometimes aside, and to hold a handkerchief to his mouth. The Khalif then asked his name, his father's name, his present appointments, and by what means they were obtained. "Is it to me,

you speak, Hadgi Khalif?" replied Basem. The Khalif calmly answered, "Yes;" but Giffar, who stood near his master, said to Basem, in an angry tone, "You shred of bildars, answer the Emeer al Moumaneen speedily, and speak with more respect, or the sword will soon be applied to your neck." Basem's confusion was now complete; his joints trembled, his face became still yellower than before, and his tongue faltered. "Misfortune," said he to himself, "will not leave me to visit some one else! By Ullah, O wretch that thou art, every thing may happen to you, life excepted, for this is the moment that must discover you, and the Khalif will infallibly order your head to be struck off: God only remains, and in him is my only hope." After a pause, during which the Khalif had recovered his gravity, "And so," said he, "you are a bildar, the son of a bildar?" "Yes, yes, Hadgi Khalif," hastily replied Basem, "I am a bildar, the son of a bildar, and my mother was a bildar before me." It was not in the power of the Khalif, nor of his vizir, nor of any of those present, to refrain from laughing at this extravagant answer. "You are then a bildar, the son of a bildar, and your allowance is twenty dinars, and five pounds of mutton; and this is your yearly appointment?" "O yes, yes, Emeer al Moumaneen," replied Basem, "and may the decrees of God be your protection!" "This appointment, which descended from your grandfather and father, you now enjoy. It is well; in the mean time do you select three bildars, to accompany you to the dungeon of blood, and immediately bring before me the four banditti, now confined there, who have already confessed their guilt."

Here the vizir interposing, proposed that the waly (the governor in whose custody the prisoners were) should be ordered to produce them; to which the Khalif gave his assent. In a very short while the waly (governor) made his appearance, with the four criminals, their arms pinioned, and their heads bare. They were banditti, who not only had robbed on the highway, but had added murder to robbery, in defiance of the laws of God. When brought before the Khalif, he asked them, "Whether they belonged to that gang which had been guilty of such atrocities?" They answered, "We are, O Emeer al Moumaneen, abandoned by God, and instigated by the devil; we have been associates in their crimes; but we now appear in humility and repentance before the Emeer of the true believers." "You are delinquents of that kind," said the Khalif, "for whom there is no remedy but the sword."

He then ordered the three bildars selected by Basem, each to seize one of the prisoners, to cut open his vest, and blindfold him, then to unsheath the sword and wait for further orders. The three bildars, first bending their bodies, replied, "We are ready and obedient to God and you;" and each in order, seizing a criminal, placed him at a distance on the ground, according to custom, sitting on his knees and hams, his arms pinioned, and his eyes covered. The bildar, with his sword drawn, stood a little behind the criminal, and said, "O Emeer al Moumaneen, have I your leave to strike?"

While the three bildars, with each a criminal, stood thus arranged, Basem stood lost in dreadful reflections. "This crowns all!" said he to himself, "every new misfortune is more curst than its prior sister. By Ullah! to escape from death is now impossible." At this instant, the Khalif called to him, "You there, are you not one of my established bildars? Why do you not lead out your criminal, as your companions have done?" Basem being now obliged to obey, laid hands on the fourth prisoner, tied his hands behind, cut open his vest, and tied a handkerchief over his eyes; then took his stand behind him, but without moving his sword. "I am lost," thought he, "how can I manage the sword? In a few minutes it will be found to be a piece of a date tree: I shall be the public jest, and lose my head by the Khalif's order. In what a wretched scrape am I involved!" He then took his sword from the belt, and grasping the hilt in his right hand, he rested the sword on the left arm. The Khalif was highly diverted at this manœuvre; but called out to him, "You bildar, why do you not unsheath your sword, as your comrades have done?" "My lord," replied Basem, "it is not good that a naked sword should dazzle the eyes of the Emeer al Moumaneen." The Khalif, seemingly acquiescing in this answer, turned to the first bildar, and commanded him to strike; when in a moment the head was severed from the body. "Well done, Achmed," said the Khalif; and at the same time ordered him a present, and an increase of salary. "And do you, Otman," speaking to the second bildar, "execute your criminal." "I am prepared and obedient," replied he; then raising his arm aloft, so as to expose his armpit, he at one stroke made the head leap to some distance from the shoulders.

The Khalif, after commending his dexterity, ordered him the same reward as the former. The third criminal was next decapitated, and the executioner received the same commendation and gratuity that his companions had done. The Khalif now turning to Basem, "You, my established bildar," said he, "cut off the head of your criminal, as your comrades have done, and be entitled to the like reward." But Basem was lost in thought, or rather in a state of stupefaction, till Mesrour stepping up to him, and touching him on the side, whispered in his ear, "Answer the Emeer al Moumaneen, and obey his commands, or else your head shall instantly fly from your shoulders, like those of the banditti." Basem aroused from his reverie, lifting up his head, said, "Yes, yes, Emeer al Moumaneen." "Strike off the head of your prisoner," said the Khalif. "Upon my head and eyes be it," replied Basem; then drawing near the surviving culprit, "It is the Khalif's command," said he, "that your head should be severed from your body. If you are prepared to pronounce the confession of your faith, pronounce it, for this is the last hour that God has permitted you to breathe." The culprit distinctly recited the Moslem creed.

While Basem bared his right arm to the elbow, and fiercely rolling his eyes, walked thrice round the prisoner, desiring he might declare

his firm belief, that this was the ordinance of God, and the day appointed by providence for his leaving the world. "If you are thirsty," added he, "I will give you to drink; if hungry, I will feed you; and if innocent, say with a loud voice, I am an innocent man!" The Khalif was very attentive to all that passed, and highly diverted by Basem's ingenuity. The criminal now exclaimed, in a loud voice, "I am an innocent man." "You lie!" replied Basem, "but I have a secret, which I will not disclose but to the Khalif himself:" he then approached, and kissing the ground, said, "O Emeer al Moumaneen, hear me only two words; I have along with me a treasure, which has been long in our family. My grandfather inherited it from his grandfather, and my father from his father; my mother inherited it from my father, and from my mother it descended to me. It is this sword," laying it before the Khalif, "which possesses a talisman. The power of this talisman is most wonderful, O Hadgi Khalif;" continued he, "if this man is innocent, the sword, when unsheathed, will appear to be wood; but if he is guilty, it will emit a flash of fire, which will consume his neck as if it were a reed." "Let us have a proof of this prodigy," said the Khalif, "strike the neck of the criminal." "I am prepared and obedient," replied Basem; then returning to the criminal, and placing himself in a posture to execute the final order, "Your permission, O Hadgi Khalif." "Smite the neck of the criminal," said the Khalif. Basem now unsheathed his wooden sword, exclaiming, with an air of triumph, "Innocent, my lord!" to the admiration and diversion of all who were present in the divan.

When the laughter he had occasioned ceased, Basem addressing the Khalif, "O Hadgi Khalif," said he, "this man was unjustly condemned, let him be set free." The Khalif, after having ordered the criminal to be liberated, called the head bildar, and pointing to Basem, "Let that man," said he, "be immediately enrolled in your corps, with the usual appointments." He then gave directions, that Basem should be completely equipped with a suit of clothes; and he made him a present of a hundred pieces of gold. The vizir and Mesrour also made him presents in money; so that Basem, the blacksmith, found himself at once a rich man. He soon became a companion of the Khalif in his private hours of relaxation; and rose in time to the station of chief of the Khalif's bildars.

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## *FRENCH VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.*

ON the 28th of September 1791, Capt. Entrecasteaux sailed from Brest. The objects of his voyage were to search after Capt. La Peyrouse, and to make a complete survey of the coast of New-Holland, an island of 3000 leagues in circumference, which Capt. Cook and La Peyrouse had not been able to describe, and the knowledge

of which was essentially necessary to geography. He had two barks, *La Recherche* and *L'Esperance*, of 16 guns and 110 men each; and was provided with astronomers, naturalists, a gardener, a painter, astronomical instruments, time-pieces, and, in short, with whatever could render the voyage useful to the sciences.

The barks touched at Teneriffe, from whence their advices were dated the 13th of October 1791; and afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope, where Bertrand, the astronomer, died by a fall.

On the 16th of February 1792, they left the Cape, and visited New Guinea, the country of the Arsacides, on the 9th of July, and New Ireland on the 17th. On the 6th of September, they returned to Amboyna, one of the Philippine islands.

After a month's stay at the island of Amboyna, Capt. d'Entrecasteaux sailed from thence on the 11th of October 1792, to run down the coast of New Holland, beginning with the south-west part, the one least known, and steering afterwards for the southern part. He was, however, constantly baffled by the easterly and south-easterly winds, insomuch that this part of the enterprize failed.

On the 3d of December 1792, the barks reached the Cape situated at the south-east extremity of New Holland, running down the southern coast till the 3d of Jannary. About two-thirds of this coast they explored.

The south-east winds, and the want of water, obliged them, on the 20th of February, to stop at Cape Diernes, on the south-east extremity of that great island; in this part of the southern coast, they met with very fine harbours. At the end of three weeks they steered for New Zealand, visiting the Friendly Islands, New Caledonia, Solomon's Islands or the country of Arsacides, the side of Louisiana Bougainville had not seen, New Britanny, and the Admiralty Islands.

The whole of this navigation is extremely dangerous: for the distance of 1200 leagues there are reefs of rocks almost as high as the water's edge; and it is probable that La Peyrouse perished there; unless, indeed, he fell a victim to the tempest of the 31st of December 1788, in the Indian seas, as was thought at the time. The memorials of this part of the voyage are of extreme importance to geographers.

D'Entrecasteaux died in the month of July 1793; his death was preceded about two months by that of Capt. Huon, commander of L'Esperance. The second captain of La Recherche, d'Hesminy d'Auribeau, of the Toulon department, assumed the command of the expedition; and in the month of August 1793, returned to Vegio, one of the Molucca Islands. In September he reached Bouro, near Amboyna; and on the 23d of October anchored off Sourabaya in the island of Java, the smallest of the three Dutch establishments there.

Here they became acquainted with the French revolution, which excited divisions among the crews. On the 13th of February 1794, d'Auribeau displayed the white flag, and delivered up the two vessels to the Dutch, under whose protection he put himself. He seized on all the journals, charts, notes, and memorandums of the expedition, and apprehended those of the crews whose political sentiments did

not coincide with his.—The latter, however, afterwards obtained permission from the governor of Batavia to proceed to the isle of France, which they reached to the number of 28 persons, after a passage of 74 days, in the corvette le Leger, under the conduct of Capt. Villaumez, then a Lieutenant of Marine, attached to the merchant service.

He contrived to save a journal, by distributing the leaves in tea-canisters, and which he has delivered to the Commission of Marine. The governor of the Isle of France has sent to Java to claim the French vessels, effects, and papers of this important voyage; and we have every reason to hope that he will not be unsucessful.

Out of 215 men, of whom the crews consisted, 36 died on this difficult and interesting voyage. Ventenat died at the Isle of France, and Pierson, the astronomer, at Java.

Riche, the naturalist, remained at Java, as did also Labillardiere, who is with the Dutch governor of Samarang. Lahaye, the gardener, remains to look after the bread-fruit trees brought from the Friendly Islands for the Isle of France. Piron, the painter, is with the governor of Sourabaya. And Deschamps is the only naturalist who continued with d'Auribeau.

This account came from Capt. Villaumez, who is now at Brest.

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## *FEMALE CHARACTERS.*

### THE DOMESTIC AND THE GADDER.

Qui capit ille facit.

| THE DOMESTIC | THE GADDER |
|---|---|
| IS never without employment, and her time passes so cheerfully as always to appear short. | Can fix herself at no employment, and her time passes so uncomfortably as to be always tedious. |
| Is always found at home when she is wanted. | Is too often abroad where she is not wanted, and not to be found at home when her presence is most necessary. |
| Shortens her nights and lengthens her days. | Shortens her days by lengthening her nights, and this both literally and metaphorically. |
| Is anxious that matters go on well at home. | Desires to know how every thing goes on abroad. |
| Is ready at an hour's warning to receive her own or her husband's company. | Has the fatigue of some days to undergo before she can "set things to rights." |

By attending to all the duties and necessary business of the house, is always cheerful.

Sees every thing with her own eyes, and hears with her own ears.

Is cool, deliberate, collected, and leisurely.

Is happiest in the small circle of a comfortable fireside.

Having done one thing, knows what remains to be done next.

If she takes up a book for amusement or instruction, it is when she has performed every necessary duty.

The neighbours point at her, and recommend her as a pattern for their daughters to follow.

Her children are cleanly, well-bred, and engaging.

Her husband would be a monster indeed if not happy at home.

Her character bids defiance to the utmost efforts of calumny.

From her you hear what she and others *think*.

Has a source of satisfaction whatever sickness or misfortune befalls her.

When she visits, it heightens the pleasure of returning home.

Prevented by rain from an excursion, resumes her usual employments without the bitterness of disappointment.

Thinks, foresees, and is prepared for little disappointments.

By neglecting every thing is always anxious and fretful.

Entrusts her eyes and ears to her servants, and consequently seldom hears or sees aright.

Is eager, in a bustle, confused, and perplexed.

Prefers the smoke and steam of crowded assemblies and theatres.

Thinks it impossible to do every thing, and therefore seldom attempts to do any thing.

If she reads, it is (nine cases out of ten) when she ought to be doing something else.

Her character is equally conspicuous, but set up for a beacon.

Her children are slovenly, imbibe evil habits from the servants, are disgustingly vulgar, or proud and overbearing.

Her husband is soon alienated from home, and becomes a rake, or a tavern husband.

Is perpetually creating surmises, and strengthening suspicions.

From her you learn only what she and her company *say*.

Dreads nothing so much as the slightest indisposition, which may confine her to herself.

Returns from a visit, which she would wish to last for ever, to a home where all is desolate, comfortless, and confused.

In a similar case is miserable, and considers the shower which replenishes the earth, and gives bread to thousands, as a provoking opposition to her will, and an impertinent intrusion on her pleasures.

Feels the delay of the milliner and mantua-maker as one of the heaviest mortifications.

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|---|---|
| Equal in her temper, and warm only in her family and friendly attachments. | Is always "in the cellar or in the garret," too low or too high; and her attachments have the imprudent zeal of blind enthusiasm, from which they pass by an easy transition into the coldness of pride, or the wickedness of hatred. |
| With her you may live upon good terms if deserving. | Of her friendship you are never certain, whether you deserve it or not. |
| Gay without affectation, lively without levity, and grave without melancholy. | Volatile, rompish, and grave or gay, without knowing why or wherefore. |
| Is ever content with her situation, and as it happens to become better, it has no improper influence on her mind. | Is envious of riches, and an imitator (however clumsily) of the manners of high life. |
| Is œconomical without meanness, polite without affectation, and generous without ostentation. | Is extravagant without being genteel, artificially polite, and generous by fits and starts, without doing good. |
| Her husband puts entire confidence in her; and he finds the burthen of an encreasing family lessened by her prudent management. | Lives in a sort of genteel hostility with her spouse, and finds it necessary to deceive him in accounting for the management of money-matters. |

IN A WORD,

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|---|---|
| When she comes to die, has every consolation which can alleviate the horrors of that awful period. | Anxious, confused, terrified, and incapable of recollecting those actions of life which bear reflection, is ready to cry out—"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy." |

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## *CHARACTER OF MECŒNAS,*

*Favourite of the Emperor* AUGUSTUS, *and Patron of* VIRGIL, HORACE, *and the other great Poets and literary Men of the Augustan Age.*

MECŒNAS was generally reputed more a man of letters than a man of political talents; yet, what is extraordinary, there are no pieces remaining that can with any certainty be attributed to him, or that carry the stamp of his peculiar genius.

If his works are lost, his fame will however survive, as long as books have any existence in the world. He had a sincere passion for all sorts of polite learning, and honoured all men with his friendship and an unaffected intimacy who excelled that way; he did not only give

them his heart, but his purse; and these, on the other hand, gratefully repaid the benefits of a short life with immortality.

As Augustus, by his mighty talent for government, seemed destined to be emperor of the world, so did Mecœnas seem ordained to be his minister, or rather a wise and happy favourite, who did not so much execute his master's will, but preside over it by the influence of the soundest reason, tempered with the greatest complacency and good-breeding.

His great and fruitful genius gave him, by way of advance, all that knowledge which is generally collected from a long train of observation, and a great diversity of events; and his generosity was so great and diffusive, that he gilded an iron age, and rendered monarchy not only supportable, but agreeable to a people passionately fond of liberty. He seldom asked favours but with a view to dispense them to his master's honour. All persons of merit were sure to be sharer's in his felicity; and he was much more inclined to give ear to good reports, than any sort of artful or envious insinuations.

He was so far from discouraging all address to him by a repulsive look or stiff behaviour, that with a cheerful and open countenance he encouraged modest or distressed merit to approach him. As he had ever the inclination to grant favours, so none departed dissatisfied who had the least reason to expect them: but with all this he did not want resolution to give a denial—the impudent and the importunate did never obtain, from a vicious weakness, what was due to virtue. In a word, he was the channel through which the riches of the empire flowed to the meanest; and he never thought money better laid out than when he purchased for his master the affections of his people.

The quickness of his parts gave him a great facility in the dispatch of business; and although he was extremely assiduous, yet did he never seem puzzled or perplexed, or more out of humour, than if he were about some ordinary business.

He passed with the same facility from his pleasures to affairs of state, as from these to his pleasures; but his diversions were so refined, and shared by so many persons of excellent wit and learning, that he improved his mind even by his amusements. As he was indebted for his excellent qualities both of mind and heart to the bounty of nature, and not to the liberality of his prince, so could no change or revolution of state affairs, no violence, ravish them from the possessor.

Treasures of another kind, when compared with these are of little value; they may procure hypocritical adorers, but never true friends. In a word, a minister of this character seems to have treasured all his riches in his soul; he has nothing to apprehend from abroad; and his pleasures are free and extensive as his thoughts.

# PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

## HOUSE OF LORDS, JUNE 5.

EARL *Lauderdale* rose, and made his promised motion for a peace with France, which embraced all the objects of the war and our disasters, and went in effect to acknowledge the French Republic; on which the House divided, Contents 8, Non-contents 53. Majority 45.

19. On the Bill for guaranteeing the loan of 4,600,000l. to the Emperor being read a third time, it was opposed by the Duke of Norfolk, who did not think there was any chance of its being repaid, but that it would ultimately fall upon the people of this country.

Earls of Guildford and Derby opposed the bill. Lord Hawkesbury and Viscount Sydney supported it. On a division there were, that the bill do pass, Contents 60, Non-contents 12.

24. On the Order of the Day for the second reading of the Bill for the Prince of Wales's establishment, Earl Cholmondeley (the Prince's Chamberlain) rose, and read from a paper which he held in his hand to the following effect: "I am authorised by his Royal Highness the Prince, to signify to your lordships his acquiescence, on the present occasion, in whatever the wisdom of Parliament shall recommend."

A long debate then ensued, in which several topics of discussion appeared to have been very prematurely brought forward; as several of the noble lords declared, that, though they objected to various parts of the bill, they should reserve their opposition till the bill came into a committee.

The Duke of *Clarence*, after declaring as on a former occasion, that he had had no intercourse with his Royal Brother on this subject, and that he should certainly vote for the bill, made several observations on those clauses which he conceived bore too hard, at least, if they did not carry reflections on the conduct of the Prince. He apologised for the debts which had been incurred as arising from a liberality and generosity of mind, which reflected no disgrace on his high situation. The Prince, he said, had understood, that on his marriage he was to be totally and immediately exonerated from his debts, not by the tedious process proposed by the present bill. When the largeness of the sum now called for was talked of, the House might recollect the sums given to the King of Prussia and the Emperor; and he believed his brother's security to the English nation was as good as that of either of those monarchs. He objected to the wording of the bill, to restrain future princes, as a personal reflection on the present prince. He alluded to the Regency Bill, and thought the same enmity to monarchy was observable in the present proceeding. He again declared his opinion, that the prince was entitled to the proceeds of his Duchy during his minority, and might recover them by law; and concluded by saying he should, notwithstanding all these observations, support the main principle of the Bill.

Lord *Grenville*, in a short speech, defended the principle of the Bill.

The Duke of *Bedford*, Lord *Lauderdale*, the Marquis of *Buckingham*, and the Earl of *Guildford*, all delivered their sentiments at considerable length on the bill. They seemed to agree that the sum allowed for the Prince's maintenance, was not, even if unincumbered, too much to support his dignity. They attempted to throw the blame of the Prince's debts upon ministry, either as having been encouraged, or not at least properly restrained by them, or brought forward before their having arrived at the present enormous amount. They also blamed them for the indelicacy of degrading the Prince by the provisions now adopted. The Marquis of Buckingham considered the recognition by Parliament of the debts of the Crown, or Royal Family, as a dangerous innovation on the Constitution, and thought the bill bore too hard not only on his Highness, but on the honest part of his creditors.

The Duke of *Clarence* joined in the blame imputed to ministry, and declared that the allowance of 50,000l. in 1787 had been found too little to afford a sufficiency for the Prince; and had been the first cause of his involving himself in embarrassments. He charged them also with deceit as to the message obtained from the Prince upon occasion of the former application.

Lord *Grenville* defended Ministry against the charge of improper conduct towards the Prince. Had they interfered uncalled upon in the affairs of the Prince, it would have been indelicate. He professed the sincerest veneration and affection for the monarchy and the Royal Family; and said he did not doubt that however ministry might have acted, blame would certainly have been imputed to them.

The Earl of *Moira* entered very much at length into a discussion of the principles of the bill, which he considered as too confined, and imposing an ungracious restraint upon the Prince, even more by its manner than by its effects. He thought that as the Prince had come forward in a manly and condescending manner to submit himself to Parliament, he should be treated nobly and generously. The debts had been contracted by little and little; and when his Highness first learnt the amount, of which he was little aware, he was very much affected.

Lord Moira, after some further observation, remarked, that when he stated that his Highness did not conceive this bill compatible with his interests, he desired not to be supposed to convey an idea that the Prince wished the bill not to pass; on the contrary, the Prince was willing to adopt any measure which came recommended by the wisdom of Parliament. There appeared to him a very extraordinary degree of inconsistency in this bill; it was said, that the Heir Apparent should preserve a certain portion of state and dignity, in order that he might ascend the throne with the habitual respect of the people; and yet this bill rendered it utterly impossible for the Prince to live in that manner.

Lord *Grenville* concluded the debate by remarking, that the sentiments of his Royal Highness could not be regularly conveyed to them in that manner. The noble lord had endeavoured to fix an inconsistency upon his Majesty's ministers, by attributing to them the opinion that it was necessary that the Heir Apparent should maintain a considerable degree of splendour. He admitted that administration would certainly consider that as a desirable circumstance, and had suggested to Parliament a provision, which, after a certain period, would enable the Prince to live in a stile suitable to his rank. He considered it more consistent with the true splendour and dignity of the Prince, that, by a temporary retirement, he should exonerate himself from the incumbrances under which he laboured, than that any additional burthen should be laid upon the people for that purpose.

The motion for the second reading of the bill was put and carried without a division. The bill was accordingly read a second time, and ordered to be committed on the morrow.

25. The House resolved itself into a committee on the Prince of Wales's establishment bill.

The Duke of *Bedford* said, he had already expressed his disapprobation of the principles and provisions of this bill; but as the Prince had informed the House, through the medium of a noble lord (Cholmondeley) that he acquiesced in it, he should not on that account give it any farther opposition.

Lord *Lauderdale* could not bring himself to accede to the opinion of the noble duke; he entertained a very different idea of the acquiescence of the Prince. His lordship then made several remarks on the provisions of the bill, which he reprobated.

The Earl of *Moira* said, the acquiescence of the Prince weighed with him to withdraw whatever opposition he might have given the bill.

Lord *Grenville* defended his Majesty's ministers.

Lord *Thurlow* said, it was necessary the Prince should give his consent to the bill, as it regarded the property of his Highness in the Duchy of Cornwall.

The Duke of *Clarence* could not suffer the bill to go through the committee without repeating his objections to the mode in which the measure was intended to be carried into effect. He should not, however, propose any thing by way of amendment, for he was afraid it would not be adopted, and if adopted, might at this late period of the session produce much embarrassment.

The bill went through the committee without any amendment, the report was received, and ordered to be read a third time on the morrow.

26. The Royal Assent was given by commission to a bill for preventing future Princes of Wales from contracting debts; a Bill for stopping the distilleries, &c. A Bill for granting an Establishment to the Prince of Wales; and a Bill for granting a jointure to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, were read a third time and passed.

27. The King gave the Royal Assent to the several acts passed. After which his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious speech:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The zealous and uniform regard which you have shewn to the general interests of my people, and particularly the prudent, firm, and spirited support which you have continued to afford me in the prosecution of the great contest in which we are still unavoidably engaged, demand my warmest acknowledgements.

"The encouragement which my Allies must derive from the knowledge of your sentiments, and the extraordinary exertions which you have enabled me to make in supporting and augmenting my naval and military forces, afford the means most likely to conduce to the restoration of peace to these kingdoms, and to the re-establishment of general tranquillity on a secure, an honourable, and a lasting foundation.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I have to return you my hearty thanks for the liberal and ample supplies which the resources of the country have enabled you to provide, beyond all former example, for the various exigencies of the public service.

"I have also to acknowledge, with peculiar sensibility, the recent proof which you have given me of your attachment to my person and family, in the provision which you have made for settling the establishment of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and for extricating the Prince from the incumbrances in which he was involved.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is impossible to contemplate the internal situation of the enemy with whom we are contending, without indulging an hope that the present circumstances of France may, in their effects, hasten the return of such a state of order and regular government as may be capable of maintaining the accustomed relations of amity and peace with other powers.

"The issue, however, of these extraordinary transactions is out of the reach of human foresight.

"Till that desirable period arrives, when my subjects can be restored to the secure enjoyment of the blessings of peace, I shall not fail to make the most effectual use of the force which you have put into my hands.

"It is with the utmost satisfaction that I have recently received the advices of an important and brilliant success obtained over the enemy, by a detachment of my fleet under the able conduct of Lord Bridport.

"I have every reason to rely on the continuance of the distinguished bravery and conduct of my fleet and armies, as well as of the zeal, spirit, and perseverance of my people, which have been uniformly manifested through the whole course of this just and necessary war."

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Wednesday the 5th day of August next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Wednesday the fifth day of August next."

## HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 1.

Mr. *Anstruther* rose to deliver a message from the Prince. After some preliminary observations on the propriety and necessity of supporting the dignity of the monarchy, more peculiarly at the present moment, against the attacks of artful and designing men, he proceeded to state the feeling and sentiments of his Royal Highness; and said, that he was authorised, on the part of his Royal Highness, to express his utmost alacrity and readiness to acquiesce in any limitations or restrictions which the wisdom of the House might think it proper to lay down for appropriating a part of his income to the liquidation of his debts. It was even his eager wish, if possible, to anticipate the wishes of the House on the subject, and to submit most cheerfully to any abatement of the splendour usually annexed to his situation and rank, in order to accomplish an end in which he felt himself so deeply and so peculiarly interested.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* rose, and after paying several deserved and delicate compliments to the Prince, and expressing his hopes of the unanimity of the House on the present occasion, moved, "That instructions be given to the committee appointed to prepare the Bill for granting an increased establishment to his Royal Highness, to make provision in the Bill for such a regular and punctual order of payment in his future establishment, as to prevent the possibility of future incumbrances; and to appropriate a certain proportion of his income (leaving the blank to be afterwards filled up) to the liquidation of his debts."

Mr. Dundas, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Anstruther supported the motion. Many other gentlemen spoke for and against it.

The House divided on the motion, Ayes 242, Noes 46. Majority 196.

2. Mr. *Barham* rose to make his promised motion. He proceeded to comment upon the ruinous transactions in the West Indies, during the command of Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey; in the course of which he read various extracts from their different proclamations, and concluded by moving, "That an address be presented to his Majesty, praying the rescinding of all the acts done in pursuance of those proclamations, as being contrary to the law of nations, and the rights of sovereignty."

Mr. *Manning* seconded the motion. In doing so, he declared he did it for the purpose of rescuing the national character, which, without a disavowal of the proceedings alluded to, he considered as committed.

Mr. *Grey* took the earliest opportunity of rising, for the purpose of obviating the impressions that might have been made by the preceding speakers. He entered into a general defence of the conduct of his father Sir Charles Grey, and Sir John Jervis.

Mr. *Dundas* stated to the House, that an application had been made by the West India merchants to his Majesty's ministers, requesting them to undertake the same measure which had been proposed that night. He resisted that application, because he conceived the conduct of Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis to be deserving of applause instead of censure; and therefore, instead of negativing the motion, he should first move the previous question; and, secondly, in order to shew the necessity of the House repeating its former declaration, he would put the following resolutions:

"That the inhabitants of the French West India Islands not having availed themselves of the proclamation of the 1st of January 1794, was not to be considered as a general rule for the British forces in that quarter to act upon.

"That as the proclamation of the 10th and 21st of May were not carried into effect, the House conceived it unnecessary to give an opinion upon them.

"And that the House still retains the sense which it has already expressed of the able and gallant conduct of Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis, during their command in the West Indies."

The House then divided on the previous question, when there appeared, Ayes 67, Noes 17.

A division took place on the first resolution moved by Mr. Dundas, Ayes 64, Noes 13.

The second resolution was carried by a majority of 43, the numbers being for it 57, against it 14.

The question on the last resolution, expressive of the approbation of the House of Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis was then put and carried, with only one dissentient voice.

Mr. *Rose* brought in the Bill for providing a proper Establishment for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which was read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed on Friday.

3. Mr. *Pitt* brought in a Bill for making a sure and certain jointure for her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which was read a first time, as was a Bill for more effectually protecting Merchants, Bankers, &c. from the depredations of their clerks.

On the second reading of the Bill making provision for the payment of his Royal Highness's debts, Mr. Grey said he could not help reverting to the discussion of it, and supporting the principles he had already laid down, he was therefore determined to take again the sense of the House on it. The House then divided, when there appeared, for the second reading 50, against it 19.

The report on the Imperial Loan being brought up, and the resolution read, Mr. *William Smith*, after taking a wide survey of the present state of Europe, could see every thing to risk in guaranteeing the Emperor's Loan, and very little to be rationally expected; it would therefore have his hearty negative.

Mr. M. *Robinson* wished the money that was thus about to be thrown away on the Emperor might be converted to the strengthening of our navy.

Mr. *Fox* proceeded to prove the infidelity of the Emperor in pecuniary engagements, and the little stability of the Vienna bank. He was answered by Mr. Pitt, who vindicated his punctuality and fidelity in that respect by the evidence of history and general opinion; and, after alluding to the present state of the internal affairs of France, contended that our hopes from the co-operation of the Emperor were tenfold increased.

Mr. *Hussey* went into a long calculation, to prove that we should be considerable losers by the imperial loan, which, he contended, had not been contracted on fair and honourable terms even for the Emperor.

After a few words to explain from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Hussey, the House divided, for the resolution 60, against it 35.

5. Mr. Secretary Dundas after a short introductory speech, in which he descanted on the cruel principles of the French in the island of Guadaloupe, in ordering the body of the brave General Dundas to be dug up from the grave, and yielded a prey to the voracious birds of the air, moved,

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that a monument may be erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, to the memory of Major-General Thomas Dundas, in testimony of the grateful sense entertained by this House of the many services rendered by that brave officer to his country, particularly in the reduction of the French West India Islands, which caused the gross insult offered to his remains, by the enemy, in the island of Guadaloupe."

Mr. *Manning* seconded the motion.

Generals *Tarleton* and *Smith* both spoke in favour of it; Mr. Wilberforce against it, he not deeming the General's conduct strictly correct on the score of humanity, on the capture of the island. The motion passed *nem. con.*

Mr. *Charles Dundas*, brother to the deceased, in warm and pathetic terms thanked the House for the honour done to the memory of his relative and to his family.

Mr. *Pitt* brought up an account of the net proceeds of the Duchy of Cornwall, during the minority of his Royal Highness; which was ordered to lie on the table; and in the course of a long debate, in which many members delivered their opinions, Mr. Pitt moved,

"That the House do, on Monday next, resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of taking into consideration the provisions necessary for the esta-

blishment of the Prince of Wales, and the means for liquidating the debts of his Royal Highness.

"That it be an instruction to the committee to provide an annuity out of the consolidated fund for the punctual payment of the debts of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to take such measures as may prevent the contracting of similar debts in future. And

"That it also be an instruction to the said committee, to make a provision, that, in case of the demise of the crown, such part of the debts of his Royal Highness as then remain unpaid, shall be liquidated out of the civil list, or the hereditary revenues of the crown.

"That the House do resolve itself into a committee, on Monday next, to consider of a provision for the appropriation of an annual sum, towards the liquidation of such of the Prince of Wales's debts as may remain unpaid by his Royal Highness."

Mr. *Sheridan* spoke at considerable length, and with not a little asperity; maintaining that the Sovereign should himself have come forward and made some sacrifices towards the payment of the Prince's debts.

Mr. *Sheridan* concluded his speech by moving, that after the word "consolidated fund," be added

"Provided it could not be supplied from the civil list, or the suppression of sinecure places."

A great diversity of sentiment prevailed, more as to the manner than the means of settling the Prince's affairs.

Mr. *Sheridan* withdrew his motion by compromise, and on the original being put, it passed 148, against 93. On the motion for adjournment moved by Mr. Pitt, it passed 153, against 29.

8. Mr. *Pitt* rose to move, That the sum of 65,000l. be appropriated from the consolidated fund for the payment of the Prince of Wales's debts, in case of his demise. This produced a long debate, at conclusion of which the House divided, for the motion 93, against it 68.

Mr. *Anstruther* then moved, "That it be an instruction to the committee, that they may have power to apply the annual revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall to the purpose of discharging the Prince's debts." On which the House again divided, for the motion 58, against it 96.

Mr. *Pitt* now moved that the Speaker do leave the chair, in order for the House to go into a committee on the bill.

Another debate ensued, in which Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Whitbread opposed the bill, and condemned it *in toto*, as disgraceful, degrading, and inconsistent. The House then divided on the question of the speaker's leaving the chair, Ayes 157, Noes 36.

In the committee on the bill there were divisions on three clauses.

On the clause for granting his Royal Highness an additional allowance of 65,000l. a year, an amendment was proposed by Mr. Wilberforce, that instead of 65,000l. the blank be filled up with 40,000l. After several other members had spoken, a division took place, for the amendment 38, against it 141.

On the clause impowering his Majesty to appoint commissioners, &c. Ayes 132, Noes, 35.

And on the clause appointing the 65,000l. additional income to be taken from the consolidated fund, Ayes 149, Noes 16.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* presented the Emperor's Loan Bill which was read a first time.

10. On the motion for the second reading of the Austrian loan bill, General Tarleton rose to object to it, and took a view of the probable circumstances of the ensuing campaign, and its result, which appeared to him in a very unfavourable light, as affecting this country. He repeated various arguments against the policy of the war, and observed, that the internal disturbance of France always bore a proportionate relation to the relaxation of the external efforts of the allies.

Mr. *Lechmere* said the present bill to him appeared to be a gross imposition. Prussia we had subsidized at a time that his Prussian Majesty declared that it was

not in his power to send troops to our assistance; though, at the same time, he could appoint a numerous army to subjugate and plunder Poland, an engagement to which he faithfully adhered in concert with the Empress of Russia. He could not see that we could expect a more faithful or honourable line of conduct from the Emperor: he would therefore most decidedly oppose our contributing to grant him any pecuniary assistance.

Mr. *Fox* offered an amendment, that it be read a second time that day two months.

The House then divided, for the second reading 59, for the amendment 29.

The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

The House in a committee went through the various clauses of the Prince of Wales's establishment bill, and filled up the blanks. The fund for discharging the debts was settled at 65,000l. such as his Royal Highness contracted as principal, and not collaterally.

12. The Bill for widening and improving the entrance to the city by Temple Bar, after some slight opposition from Mr. Lechmere, was read a third time and passed.

The House resolved itself into a committee of supply.

On the question being put that a sum of 27,000l. be granted on account of the expences incurred by the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

Mr. *Powys* said, that if this was only part of the expence actually incurred on account of the marriage, it was one of those unfortunate transactions, which the House could not look to without grief and shame. After the pledge, however, which the prince had given to the House with respect to his future conduct, it must be the general wish rather to look forward than to look backward. He must nevertheless remark, that there was no precedent of any such sum having been granted for the marriage expences of the Prince of Wales as was now required, and he thought that before such a demand was made, some special ground ought to have been laid on the present occasion. Some gentlemen had expressed their surprise that his Majesty had not come forward to grant some assistance to the Prince. He had not touched on that topic, because he was persuaded, that if there had existed the means, his Majesty would certainly have interfered to have prevented the Prince from being reduced to so humiliating a situation.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* stated, that he could not produce any precedent of a sum having been granted for marriage expences, but it had been usual to grant a sum to a Prince of Wales when he first engaged in an establishment.

The sum was then voted, as also a sum of 25,000l. for finishing the repairs of Carlton-house.

15. Mr. *Pitt*, after some short observations, moved, "That an address be presented to his Majesty, requesting that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to order exchequer bills, to an amount not exceeding the sum of one million and a half, to be issued to commissioners, to be lent out to the merchants and planters in the West India Islands, on certain securities or pledges, &c." which was agreed to.

The bill to guarantee the Emperor's loan was read a third time; and on the question that it do now pass, Mr. Fox said that he could not, even in this last stage of the bill, prevent himself from opposing it. New reasons every day occurred to countenance his opposition. He then stated the surrender of Luxembourg, the strongest fortress belonging to the Emperor, to save which he would, no doubt, have exerted every nerve; but as he was unable to effect that very desirable end, what hopes could be entertained of his being in a state to afford us any material relief? he also adverted to the distressed state of France, on which he thought we too sanguinely relied. The bill was then read a third time, and passed without a division.

On the report of the Prince of Wales's Establishment Bill, several of the amendments made by the Committee were read and agreed to. On the reading of the amendment relative to the appropriation of the sum of 16,250l. quarterly, towards the discharge of the Prince's debts, General Smith proposed that it should be only 15,000l. The House divided, Ayes 81, Noes 12.

General *Smith* brought forward a clause of considerable length, which he proposed to introduce into the bill, respecting the proceeds and arrears of the Duchy of Cornwall during the minority of the Prince; and asserting a right in the Prince to claim them for his own use, &c. General Smith having moved that the said clause do stand part of the bill, a debate ensued, in which the Attorney General, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and some other members, took part; after which the House divided, for the motion 40, against it 97.

Another division afterwards took place, wherein 131 members present were all on one side, and the two tellers only left on the other. The motion related to the separate allowance to the Princess of Wales, and which Colonel Stanley proposed should be chargeable with her separate debts.

After a variety of amendments, the Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Wednesday.

16. The House resolved itself into a committee, Mr. Joddrell in the chair, to which the different accounts and expences of the British East-India settlements were ordered to be referred.

Mr. *Dundas* then rose and said, that he would reduce to as narrow and simple a statement as possible, the subject he had now to speak of, which was in itself of a nature complex and extensive; this he hoped he could easily do, as the accounts he had to bring forward, though various and numerous, were by no means perplexed.

He then stated the revenues and charges of the different settlements in the East-Indies, when the former appeared to exceed the latter in the sum of 1,867,744l.

Mr. *Dundas* next stated the debts due to the Company in India, then the assets, by which it appeared that the assets had increased 73,804l. The Company's affairs were therefore better this year by 625,747l.

The affairs of the Company at home he next considered, where he found an excess beyond the estimate of 157,500l.

From the general result of the comparison of the last and present year's accounts, the Company's affairs appear to be better with respect to debts and assets 1,412,249l.

Mr. *Dundas*, after expressing his sanguine hopes that the prosperity of our India settlements would yearly increase, intimated his intention of meliorating the state of the Indian army, and making provision in certain cases for its officers. He then concluded by moving several resolutions founded on the above statements.

After the first resolution moved by Mr. Dundas was read by the chairman, Mr. Hussey said, as it did not appear by the Right Hon. Gentleman's statement, he wished to know the amount of the debt due from the Company to Government.

Mr. *Dundas* said, that the Company contended there was no debt due to Government, though his Right Hon. Friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, maintained the contrary position.

Mr. *Hussey* then, adverting to part of the statements of Mr. Dundas, observed, that notwithstanding the flourishing state of the company had been insisted on, he held a paper in his hand, by which it appeared that in the year 1781 the balance in favour of the company was 5,536,000l. and in the accounts now offered this balance was 42,000l. less than in 1781, whereas the difference of their stock or capital in these periods was very great indeed. In the former period (1781) it was, taking it one way, 3,200,000l. and another 2,800,000l. and now it was stated to be 7,520,000l. That the result of this increased capital should be a reduced balance, appeared to him somewhat extraordinary.

Mr. *Hussey* was answered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

General *Smith* rose to express his satisfaction at the regular and orderly mode of stating the Company's affairs annually to Parliament, introduced by the Right Hon. Gentleman. The advantages of the plan were obvious; by it the accounts of each year could be regularly compared with that immediately preceding. Those statements were in general so voluminous, that it was impos-

sible to investigate them accurately on the night of their delivery; he would therefore reserve his observations on them for a future opportunity.

After some conversation in favour of the Company's officers, and on certain parts of Mr. Dundas's statements, the latter gentleman moved a string of resolutions, which were severally agreed to by the committee; and the House having resumed, the report was ordered to be received on the morrow.

17. The *Vice Chamberlain* informed the House, that his Majesty had, in consequence of the address of the House, given directions that a monument be erected to the memory of General Dundas.

The report of the India Budget was brought up, and the resolutions read and agreed to.

On the third reading of the Bill for providing an establishment for the Prince of Wales, and making a provision for the discharge of his debts, Mr. Jolliffe said a few words, tending to shew that the present bill was unjust, and highly dishonourable to his Royal Highness, though the alterations it had undergone made it somewhat less exceptionable.

Mr. *Hussey* objected to the whole of the bill, as tending to lay an additional burthen on the people, from which they would have been relieved, had his plan of the sale of the crown lands been adopted.

A few other members spoke on the question, when the House divided, Ayes 54, Noes 10.

Another division took place on a motion from Colonel Stanley, for making the Princess of Wales's privy purse independent of the Prince; for the proposition 12, against it 51.

The House afterwards proceeded to nominate commissioners for conducting the measure of liquidating his Royal Highness's debts, when the following gentlemen were appointed, viz. the Speaker, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Master of the Household, the Master of the Rolls, and Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands.

After some subsequent discussion the bill was read a third time and passed.

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## STRICTURES
ON
# *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

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JUNE 20.

A NEW Play, called ZORINSKI, was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, for the first time, the characters of which were thus represented:

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|---|---|
| Casimir, (King of Poland) | Mr. AICKIN. |
| Zorinski, - - | Mr. BARRYMORE. |
| Rodomski, - - | Mr. BENSLEY. |
| Radzano, - - - | Mr. KEMBLE. |
| Zarno, - - | Mr. BANNISTER, jun. |
| O'Curragh, - - | Mr. JOHNSTONE. |
| Amalekite, - - | Mr. SUETT. |
| Witzki, - - - | Mr. FAWCETT. |
| Naclo, - - | Mr. CAULFIELD. |
| Rosalia, - - | Mrs. KEMBLE. |
| Rachel, - - - | Miss LEAK. |
| Winifred, - - | Mrs. BLAND. |

Peasants, Soldiers, Assassins, &c.

The story of this piece is chiefly founded upon an incident in the life of the present excellent and unfortunate monarch of Poland; but as the author could not with propriety bring a living monarch upon the stage, he has taken the name of Casimir, a former king of the same country, whose character bore a general resemblance in point of private worth with that of the unfortunate Stanislaus,

whose fate is lamented by mankind at this moment, and whose virtues will be revered to the latest posterity. In the piece before us, however, Casimir is not the principal character, but Zorinski, who gives the name to the play.

Zorinski is a degraded noble, of the most ambitious and vindictive character. Having forfeited his honours, he conceals himself in the salt-mines near Cracow, accompanied only by his faithful servant Zarno. Another noble, by name Radzano, had been despoiled of his property by Rodomsko, a furious chieftain, and was supposed to be dead. Affairs are in this situation when the piece opens, and Radzano arrives disguised, intending to present a memorial to the king, requiring his restoration to rank and fortune. This memorial Radzano presents to Casimir, and reveals himself,. The king recommends pacific measures, alledging the great power of Rodomski, but promising that Radzano shall have justice. Debates run high in the Diet, the king advising peace, and Rodomski, with the fury of Moloch, giving his "counsel for war." The opposition of the benign Monarch to the violent measures recommended by Rodomski, induces the latter to determine on joining in a conspiracy against the king. Before the breaking up of the Diet, however, Radzano and Rodomski are opposed to each other, but instead of suffering them to end their difference by the sword, the king, who understands that Radzano is in love with Rosalia, the daughter of Rodomski, advises the latter to consent to an union between the lovers, as the best ground for mutual reconciliation. Rodomski appears to consent, in order to get Radzano more in his power. While Rodomski meditates the destruction of the king, he receives a letter from his confederates, importing that there was a man concealed in the salt mines of so determined a character, that he was fit for any desperate enterprize. To him Rodomski repairs, and in the man pointed out to him finds Zorinski, who reveals himself, and at length engages in the conspiracy.

The king is soon dragged from his capital by a band of conspirators, and, after various hardships, is at last left under the guard of Zorinski alone. The latter several times raises his hand with the intention to kill his sovereign, but in the and the affecting eloquence of the monarch prevails, and Zorinski falls at his feet in an agony of contrition. By the assistance of Zorinski, the king is then conducted to a mill, the master of which was one of the slaves to whom Radzano, on resuming his possessions, had given freedom. In this mill the suffering monarch obtains refreshment and repose, and being now effectually secured from his enemies, he determines to reward Zorinski, for sacrificing his misguided revenge at the shrine of loyalty; and the piece concludes with the marriage of Radzano and Rosalia, and the happiness of all parties.

There are some comic scenes relative to the miller and his wife; Zarno and his sweet-heart Rachel; Amalekite, a Jew overseer of the slaves; and an Irish servant of Radzano, which afford an agreeable relief to the impressions of the serious and terrific events.

The dialogue has much of the poetical strength which Mr. Morton, the author, has previously exhibited. The music, by Dr. Arnold, is very beautiful, and unusually well adapted to the sentiments; an air by Miss Leak in the first act, and one by Mrs. Bland in the third, are particularly pleasing.

This piece has been several times repeated with considerable applause.

*July* 16. At the same Theatre was produced a new Musical Piece, called, "WHO PAYS THE RECKONING?"

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| King, | Mr. CAULFIELD. |
| Edward, | Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. |
| Natty, | Mr. FAWCETT. |
| Martin, | Mr. BENSON. |
| Drive-rent, | Mr. BURTON. |
| Emily, | Mrs. BLAND. |
| Mary, | Miss LEAK. |

Edward, an enterprising young soldier, is attached to Emily, the daughter of Martin, an honest but indigent rustic, who, not liking the military profession,

will not permit a union between his daughter and her lover. It appears that Martin had borrowed thirty pounds of Driverent, an hard-hearted usurer, to whom he had given his bond. The bond becoming due, Driverent demands his money, but hints very plainly that he would give up the debt if Martin will assign his daughter in payment. Edward is so struck with the situation of poor Martin, who is threatened with a gaol unless he will gratify the libidinous views of Driverent, that he, Edward, determines to try any desperate expedient to rescue poor Martin from the gripe of his oppressor. With this view, under cover of the night, Edward prowls in the wood to surprise the unwary traveller, and the king passing with only one attendant, Edward demands his money. The king offers him a purse containing forty pounds. Edward takes the amount of the debt, and returns the other ten pounds to the king, not without such signs of contrition as induce his majesty to think him an object of compassion rather than of punishment. Under this idea the king and his attendant trace Edward to a neighbouring alehouse, after he has liberated poor Martin, and where he is detained, being unable to pay his reckoning for the liquor he had drank with Natty his recruit Without meaning to punish Edward, the king had ordered the officers of justice to attend in order to discover the motives which had tempted so noble a fellow as Edward to so shameful an action as robbery. Unable to release himself by any other means from the relentless landlady, Edward leaves the blade of his sword in pawn, and substitutes a piece of wood in its stead. When he is in custody, Emily, who has disguised herself in the garb of a soldier to follow her lover, meets him as he is going to prison, and in the excess of fondness, without revealing herself, persuades the officers to bear her away as the offender, and to release Edward. To this entreaty the officers assent, and Emily is doomed to be beheaded, and Edward is singled out to perform the dreadful ceremony. He objects; and on hearing that nothing but a miracle, such as the changing of his sword to wood, can avert the sentence, he takes courage from the situation of his own weapon, and, in pretending to strike, pretends that his sword had been miraculously changed, in order to prove the innocence of the intended victim. Matters are thus cleared up; the king understanding the generous motives upon which Edward committed the robbery, and Emily avowing herself to her beloved Edward, whose merit is rewarded with her hand. There are other characters and incidents, but they are not essentially connected with the main story.

This piece is founded upon a circumstance of a similar kind, said to have happened in the time of Charles the Second. The present drama was evidently written with too much haste; but, with some alterations, and some invigorating touches to the dialogue, it might have passed muster. Not having been received with the most cordial approbation, however, it has been withdrawn.

The piece is by the younger Arnold, and the music by the Doctor. The overture seemed principally intended to display the compass of the trumpet; and few notes as that contains, they certainly were notes of admiration!

# POETRY.

*In the Song of* Patrick O'Neal, *inserted in Vol. IV. p. 346, the following Verse was accidentally omitted. It should have come in after the third verse.*

NEXT morning from Dublin they sail'd with their prey;
I was half-starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way;
Not a mile-stone I saw—not a house nor a bed—
All was water and sky, till we came to Spit-head.
Then they call'd up "*all hands!*"—Hands and feet soon obey'd.
Oh! I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with a spade—
For the first sight I saw made my poor spirits fail;
'Twas a great swimming castle for PATRICK O'NEAL!

## *MASONIC SONG* *.

TUNE—"*Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid
By the Almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Which soon prevail'd throughout the land.

CHORUS.

Hail, mysterious! hail, glorious Masonry!
Who mak'st thy vot'ries good and free.

In vain mankind for shelter sought,
From place to place in vain did roam,
Until by Heaven they were taught
To plan, to build, t'adorn a home. CHOR.

Illustrious hence we date our Art,
And now its beauteous piles appear,
Which shall to endless time impart
How favour'd and how free we are. CHOR.

Nor yet less fam'd for ev'ry tie
Whereby the human thought is bound;
Love, truth, and boundless charity,
Join all our hearts and hands around. CHOR.

Our deeds approv'd by virtue's test,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world, admiring, shall request
To learn, and all our paths pursue. CHOR.

---

## *ANOTHER.*

DIVINE Urania, virgin pure!
Enthron'd in the Olympian bow'r,
I here invoke thy lays!
Celestial Muse awake the lyre,
With heav'n-born sweet seraphic fire,
Freemasonry to praise.

The stately structures that arise,
And brush the concave of the skies,
Still ornament thy shrine;
Th' aspiring domes, those works of ours,
"The solemn temples—cloud-capt tow'rs,"
Confess the art divine.

With Prudence all our actions are,
By *Bible, Compass,* and by *Square,*
In love and truth combin'd;
While Justice and Benevolence,
With Fortitude and Temperance,
Adorn and grace the mind!

---

* The Editor has taken the liberty of altering this song in different parts, and hopes the author will not think it less poetical on that account.

Let Masonry's profound grand art
Be rooted in each Brother's heart,
Immortal to remain;
Hence for ever mayst thou be
Beyond compare, O Masonry!
Unrivall'd in thy reign! T.

---

## TO HOPE.

O THOU whose sweetly-pleasing sway
Our willing hearts with joy obey,
O, Hope! my pray'r attend;
The pray'r of one whose tortur'd heart,
Pierc'd by Affliction's sharpest dart,
Finds thee its only friend.

'Midst all the pangs which rend my breast,
And long have robb'd my soul of rest,
On thee I still rely;
For Heav'n in mercy sent thee here,
And bade thee wipe the bitter tear
That streams from Sorrow's eye.

O'er all mankind thy care extends,
Thy balm the guilty wretch defends
From madness and despair;
To stop stern justice in her course,
Thou teachest him the wond'rous force
Of penitence and pray'r.

Virtue, by tyrant Pow'r oppress'd,
Friendless, afflicted, and distress'd,
By thee is taught to rise;
And, conscious of her Heavenly birth,
To scorn the narrow bounds of earth,
And claim her kindred skies.

'Tis thine to pierce the dismal gloom
Where Sorrow weeps o'er Friendship's tomb,
And hail that happy shore
Where pleasure shall for ever reign,
Where virtuous love unites again,
And friends shall part no more.

'Midst tort'ring racks and scorching fires
The hero whom thy voice inspires,
In conscious virtue brave,
Triumphantly resigns his breath,
And plucks the sting from vanquish'd death,
The vict'ry from the grave.

O may thy kind, thy gentle pow'r,
Sustain me in that dreadful hour
When nature shrinks aghast;
When death's cold hand these eyes shall close,
And my long pilgrimage of woes
Shall have an end at last.

When the pale lamp of life expires,
When reason calm, and fancy's fires,
Have left my panting breast;
O! still, my lovely cherub, stay,
And bear my parting soul away
To realms of endless rest. J. W.

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## *PROLOGUE TO WERTER,*

### A TRAGEDY BY MR. REYNOLDS,

FIRST SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HULL,

JULY 3, 1787.

*WRITTEN BY J. F. STANFIELD.*

WITHIN the glooms of yonder somb'rous grove,
In cypress bow'r with myrtles interwove,
Sits sadly sorrowing the Tragic Muse,
As her stain'd eye the tale of woe pursues;
The feeling tale, that does the scene disclose
Of Werter's sorrows and of Charlotte's woes;
Of hapless Werter torn by keenest smart,
And wretched Charlotte's sympathising heart.
Long o'er the page the goddess bent her eye,
Gave ev'ry woe a tear, each grief a sigh,
'Till, whelm'd with grief, the volume from her threw,
And from her trembling lips these accents flew: —
"Shall my encroaching sisters still profane
"The rightful subjects of my hallow'd strain?
"Shall they presumptuous seize on Werter's woe,
"And impious bid his sacred sorrows flow?
"See History ascend my ebon throne,
"And rend the heart with accents not her own!
"See Sculpture tremblingly the marble turn,
"Where Charlotte drooping weeps o'er Werter's urn!
"While Painting, skilful in pathetic lore,
"Colours the scene with pencil dipt in gore,
"And thro' the tearful eye, with felon art,
"Seizes the soul, and rends th' impassion'd heart.
"No longer shall these honours lead to fame,
"The Tragic Muse shall reassert her claim:
"Hence ye presuming, ye profane, begone—
"Be Werter mine—his sorrows are my own!"
She said indignant, and, at her award,
Forth from her vot'ries sprung a youthful bard—
With modest fear he hails the high command—
She gives the strain and guides his trembling hand.
The simple tale, thus sanction'd, claims the stage,
And Werter now shall grace the *Tragic* page.
Here numbers all their magic softness give,
And action bids the story almost live;
Persuasive ardours all their force impart,
With anguish fire, or melt with grief the heart!
O may the horrors of the crimson'd Muse
Enforce the moral which this story shews;

Check ruffian outrage in its wildest force,
And curb th' impetuous passions in their course;
Shew *wily Love* assuming Pity's tear,
And dangerous *Friendship* softer aspects wear;
Shew the sad bosom rent from rash-made vows,
The chaste, yet erring, wife sink 'midst her woes,
And self-destruction stain the horrid close!
Such be th' impressions of our moral strain!
Such ever dignify the *Tragic* reign!
Whilst WE with humble pow'rs th'effect improve—
'Tis yours to *feel*—let it be ours to *move!*

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## *TO A YOUNG LADY,*

### CURLING AND POWDERING HER HAIR.

BY DR. LOWTH, LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

NO longer seek the needless aid
Of studious art, dear lovely maid!
Vainly from side to side forbear
To shift thy glass, and braid each straggling hair.

As the gay flowers which Nature yields
Spontaneous on the vernal fields,
Delight the fancy more than those
Which gardens trim arrange in equal rows;

As the pure rill, whose mazy train,
The prattling pebbles check in vain,
Gives native pleasure while it leads
Its random waters winding through the meads;

As birds, the groves and streams among,
In artless strains the vernal song,
Warbling their wood-notes wild, repeat,
And soothe the ear, irregularly sweet;

So simple dress and native grace
Will best become thy lovely face;
For naked Cupid still suspects
In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.

Cease then, with idly cruel care
To torture thus thy flowing hair;
O, cease with tasteless toil to shed
*A cloud of scented dust around thy head.*

Not Berenice's locks could boast
A grace like thine among the host
Of stars though radiant now they rise,
And add new lustre to the spangled skies:

Nor Venus, when her charms divine
Improving in a form like thine,
She gave her tresses unconfin'd
To play about her neck, and wanton in the wind.

ON THE

## *BENEVOLENCE OF ENGLAND.*

STRANGER, wouldst thou ALBION know,
Ask the Family of Woe;
Ask the tribes who, swarming round,
In her arms have succour found!
Or, if one of that sad band,
*Thou* hast sought her native land,
To the *heart* thou may'st refer
For BRITANNIA's character!
If that heart has pow'r to feel,
This glorious truth it will reveal:
Be thou the humblest child e'er care will own,
Or th' illustrious ruin of a throne,
'Twas not thy rank or station—'twas thy *grief*
Spread her white arms to offer thee relief.

Ye fragments of each plunder'd coast!
Check the Muse if here she boast.
No, ye sad band! who 'midst your ruins smile,
Ye own, for ye have felt, the Genius of our Isle;
ALBION succours all who sigh,
Such is *her Equality*.

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## *THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.*

NOW, Joan, we are *married*—and now let me say,
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth to devour and consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a throne.

Thou shalt milk our *one* cow, and if fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan may milk *two*;
I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat a good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who would wish for *self only* to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Tho' thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember,
That thy *May* was my own when thou shewest *December*;
And when Age to my *head* shall his winter impart,
The summer of *Love* shall reside in my *heart*.

*Bath.*

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

### NEW CONSTITUTION OF FRANCE.

THE Commission of Eleven have at length presented their report upon the New Constitution of France. To the Constitution of 1793 the New Constitution bears very little resemblance.

It declares the form of Government to be Republican, one and indivisible; and the sovereignty to reside in the whole body of the French people. The declaration of rights is similar to the former declaration, with the exception of the articles relative to the right of insurrection, and to the popular societies. These articles are suppressed. There is also a new article in favour of the liberty of the press, which in future is neither to be suspended, nor limited, nor violated in the slightest degree under any pretence whatever.

The legislative power is to be divided between two assemblies. The one to be composed of 500 members under the name of the Council of the Five Hundred; the other of 250 members under the appellation of the Council of the Ancients. The Council of Five Hundred is to initiate all laws; the Council of the Ancients is to sanction and ratify them. Half of the members of each assembly are to go out every two years. To be eligible to the Council of the Five Hundred a man must be a French citizen, have been resident in France for ten years previously to his election, be thirty years of age, and be possessed of a certain portion of landed property. To be eligible to the Council of Ancients a man must be either married or a widower, have been resident in France for fifteen years, be forty years of age, and must have been in possession of a certain portion of landed property for one year previously to his election.—The legislative body is to have a guard of 1200 men.

The two Councils are to be elected directly by the Primary Assemblies. Every man born and living in France, and 21 years of age, whose name is inscribed in the register of his canton, and who pays a stipulated contribution to the state is a French citizen. Persons, however, born in France, and having made one or more campaigns in the present war, are exempted from the above conditions.—Foreigners are not to be entitled to the rights of French citizens until they have resided seven years in France, and pay a direct contribution, or possess any landed property, or marry a French woman.

The executive power is to be vested in the hands of a directory, composed of five members, and appointed by the legislative body from a list made out by the Council of the Ancients. The directors are to remain in power five years; one is to go out by rotation every year; each is to be president in his turn for three months. Palaces and large salaries are to be assigned to them, aud they are to be attended in public by a guard of honour. The directors are not to be less than forty years of age; and the members of the legislative body cannot be elected to the executive power till two years after the expiration of their legislative functions.

These are the principal provisions of the new Constitution which is proposed to be given to France; the prominent features of it are those of an aristocratic, rather than of a democratic Republic.

Boissy d'Anglas concluded this interesting report on the new French Constitution as follows:

"You will establish civil equality—equality with respect to the law.—*You will not attempt to establish absolute equality*, which is a chimera. We ought to be governed by the best men, and you will find the best among those who have an interest in maintaining the government, and in the execution of the laws—*and these are men of property*.—Men without property would soon attack property, and establish fatal taxes, which they would neither feel nor have foreseen. That

country, where men of property govern, is in a state of society—that country again, where those without property govern, is in a state of nature."

*Head-Quarters of the Prince of Conde's Army, in Germany, July 17.*

On the 14th of June the Prince of Conde, having received the news of the death of Louis XVII. dispatched a general officer immediately to Vernon, to receive orders from the new king, Monsieur, now Louis XVIII.

On the 16th the Prince of Condé celebrated, in the middle of his camp, a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the late Louis, after which, the army being ranged in order of battle, the prince made the following proclamation:

"Gentlemen, scarce had the tombs of the unfortunate Louis XVI. his august consort, and his respectable sister, been closed, when they have again been opened, to unite to those illustrious victims the most interesting object of our love, our hope, and our esteem. The young descendant of so many kings, whose birth alone could secure the happiness of his subjects, inasmuch as the blood of Henry IV. and of Maria Theresa flowed in his veins, has just sunk under the weight of his fetters, and of a miserable existence. It is not the first time that I have called to your recollection this principle, that the king never dies in France.

"Let us therefore swear to this august prince, now become our king, that we will shed our last drop of blood, in proof of that unbounded fidelity, that entire devotion, that unalterable attachment, which we owe to him, and with which our souls are penetrated. Our wishes are about to be manifested by that cry which comes from the heart, and which profound sense of duty has rendered so natural to all good Frenchmen—a cry which was always the presage and the result of your successes, and which the regicides have never heard without stupor and remorse."

"After having invoked the God of Mercy in behalf of the king whom we have lost, let us intreat the God of Battel to prolong the life of the king now given to us, to secure the crown of France upon his head, by victories, if necessary, and still more, if possible, by the repentance of his subjects, and by the happy union of clemency and justice.—Gentlemen, *Louis the XVII. is dead, long live Louis the XVIII.*"

Mr. Crawford, the envoy from the King of England, assisted at this ceremony, united in the exclamation of *Live Louis the XVIII.* and threw his hat up into the air. He brought money for the army, and the most satisfactory assurances from the king his master.

The conclusion of the diet of Ratisbon, on the question of peace, is to the following effect:—"That his Imperial Majesty be desired to make immediate propositions for peace to the French nation; and that the King of Prussia be requested to employ those good offices he has so often promised, for the purpose of hastening the salutary object so much desired by the empire.

## HOME NEWS.

*Extract of a letter from Dumfries, June 16.*

"As there have been different reports of the mutiny which took place here on Thursday evening the 11th inst. among the soldiers of the 1st fencible regiment, we have it in our power, from authority, to give a true state of that transaction.

"One of the men having been confined for impropriety in the field when under arms, several of his comrades resolved to release him; for which purpose they assembled round, and endeavoured to force the guard-room; but they were repelled by the adjutant and officer on guard, who made the ringleader a prisoner. The commanding officer immediately ordered a garrison court-martial, consisting of his own corps and the Ulster Light Dragoons. When the prisoners were remanded back from the court to the guard-room, their escort was attacked by 50 or 60 of the soldiers, with fixed bayonets. The escort, consisting of a corporal and six men charged them in return, and would not have parted with their prisoners, but at the intercession of the serjeant-major, who thought resistance against such numbers was in vain. The mutineers then set up a shout, and a

part of them ran away with the prisoners. The lieutenant-colonel and major, on hearing the noise, ran down to the street; and the former seeing the way the prisoners had gone, followed and retook them. They submissively agreed to go with him to confinement; but when he had reached the middle of the street, he was surrounded by a great number, who charged him with fixed bayonets in every direction. The major did his utmost to bear down their bayonets on the left, and Capt. John Grant jun. was near him on the right, equally active. The mutineers, like cowards, were encouraging one another to push on, and had enclosed the three officers in a narrow compass, when one of the most violent approaching the lieutenant-colonel's breast, and threatening to run him through, he was under the necessity of pulling out a pistol, and presenting it at his head. The fellow immediately stooped, and the whole fell back, as if they had received the word of command.

"Many of the officers had by this time joined, and order was soon restored. They were paraded at the Dock, the mutiny articles read, and a forcible speech made to them by the lieutenant-colonel. They were then ordered, as a mark of returning duty and allegiance, to face to the right and march under the colours, which was instantly complied with. The ranks were then opened, and six of the ringleaders picked out, sent to the guard under an escort, and the affair reported to the commander in chief. The regiment has since received a route to march to be encamped on the east coast."

*July* 12. A fifer, of the name of Lewis, went to the King's Arms public-house and called for some beer; the man of the house observing him to be in liquor refused it to him, on which a quarrel ensued, and Lewis was turned out; he soon collected a mob, on whom he imposed a tale of his companion having been crimped in the house, and then confined in the cellar, and that he with difficulty escaped. The people, indignant, forgot that respect to the laws of their country which should at all times govern their conduct, and giving way to the impulse of the moment, broke open the door and destroyed every article of furniture that the house contained; when thus employed for about two hours the military appeared, and they dispersed. Lewis was, however, taken into custody, and after an examination at Bow-street, committed to Newgate, to take his trial for the offence.

13. The mob again assembled at Charing Cross, and on being driven from thence and Downing-street, where it is stated they broke some of Mr. Pitt's windows, they proceeded to St. George's Fields, where they gutted a recruiting house near the Obelisk, and likewise destroyed by fire the furniture belonging to one Edwards, a butcher. The horse guards, the City and Borough Associations, and Lambeth Volunteers, at length arrived, headed by a magistrate, who read the Riot Act, but with no effect, when the horse guards galloped in among the crowd, trampled down many, and severely wounded others. The military remained under arms all night.

A very large mob again assembled about the Royal George recruiting-house, in St. George's Fields, on Tuesday evening, and took from the house that part of the furniture which they had not destroyed on the preceding evening, and burnt it in the road; the timely arrival of three companies of the foot guards, a detachment of the life guards, and as many of the Surrey fencibles, prevented any further mischief; one man had his hand cut off by a life guards-man who was severely wounded by a brick which was thrown at him; and we are informed that a pistol was discharged at the soldiers.

## TRIAL OF MISS BRODERICK.

17. Came on at Chelmsford the trial of Miss Ann Broderick, for the murder of the late Counsellor Errington. It appeared, by the opening counsel for the crown, that she had lived with Mr. Errington for twelve years. The defence set up was the insanity of the prisoner, and which was very clearly proved by a variety of witnesses. The unhappy woman was accordingly acquitted, to the apparent satisfaction of a very crowded court. She was however detained in cus-

tody in order to be taken care of as a lunatic, under the statute of the 17th of George the Second.

The above trial commenced a little after six o'clock in the morning, and lasted for several hours. Miss Broderick was conveyed from the gaol to the court in a chaise, and when put to the bar, was attended by three females and her apothecary; she was dressed in mourning, without powder; and after the first perturbations were over, occasioned by the concourse of surrounding spectators, she sat down on a chair prepared for her, and was tolerably composed, except at intervals, when she discovered violent agitations, as her mind became affected by various objects and circumstances. When the indictment was reading she paid a marked attention to it; and on the words, "that on the right breast of the said G. Errington she did wilfully and feloniously inflict one mortal wound, &c." she exclaimed, "Oh, my Great God!" and burst into a torrent of tears.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Const were counsel for the prosecution. The first opened the case, and the latter examined the witnesses for the crown.

George Bailey, the first witness, servant to the deceased, proved Miss Broderick's coming to his master's house—he saw Mrs. Errington and the prisoner meet at the parlour door.—Miss B. asked Mrs. E. if Mr. E. was to be spoken with; she answered, "Yes, Ma'am, pray walk up stairs."—His mistress went up first.—Within the space of a minute he heard the report of a pistol; he first called to some workmen, then ran up stairs, and on entering the drawing-room beheld his master all over blood, and leaning with his left hand on his right breast. Mr. Errington said, "Oh God, I am shot! I am murdered!" On Mrs. E. ordering Miss Broderick to be taken hold of, she threw a pistol out of her left hand on the carpet, and laughed, crying out, "Here, take me! hang me, and do what you will with me; I don't care now!"

When the constable took her in custody and handcuffed her, she desired to be permitted to put her hand in her pocket in order to give him something: he said, "some other time." On being asked if she had another pistol, she replied she had, and in a low tone of voice said, "This I intend for myself." John Thomlinson proved to the same effect as the last witness.

Mr. Children (not Childers, as stated in the news-papers), surgeon of Grays, gave an account of the wound—said he went into another room in which Miss Broderick was detained, and questioned her as to the position she was in when she shot Mr. E. she replied, "I was standing up, and Mr. E. was sitting down. I believe I held the pistol in my left hand, but I was so much agitated that I cannot perfectly recollect." The position, Mr. Children said, thus stated, corresponded with the nature of the wound.

Mr. Miller, another surgeon, was called; he confirmed the statement of Mr. Children, and that the wound had been the occasion of Mr.E.'s death. Griggs, a constable, confirmed the evidence of the first witness.

The principal witnesses for the prosecution being examined, those for the prisoner were called. The first was William Bush, who lived at the Bull in Whitechapel. His master ordered him to put a horse in a whiskey, and drive the lady (Miss B.) after the Southend coach. In doing this, he observed and related to the court the behaviour of Miss B. which was so incoherent, wild, and extravagant, that he deemed her insane; when he drove slow she complained of his going too fast, and when fast, too slow. In short, he told his master on his return, he was glad he had got rid of his *crazy* passenger.

Mr. Button, the magistrate, produced a letter delivered to him by Miss Broderick.

Ab. Morris married a sister of Miss Broderick. He stated the whole family to be at times deranged and insane.

Ann Minns, a charwoman, who lived with Miss Broderick at Kennington, Elizabeth Honeyball, a servant girl, Mary Simpson, and —— Griffin, a baker at Kennington, all proved a strange wildness of conduct and insanity in the prisoner. They related several instances, one of which was, her repeatedly going upon the public road near Kennington, and marching backwards and forwards with her arms folded like a soldier. Most people used to laugh at her as they

passed, and some pitied her, and asked "what was the matter with that poor lady."

The Judge (Chief Baron Macdonald) summed up the evidence, and concluded by observing, that on the whole, if the Jury thought the latent seeds of derangement, after a convulsive struggle of six months, had been called forth on this horrible occasion, so as to overwhelm the senses of the unhappy prisoner, they were bound in conscience to acquit her. If, on the other hand, they believed it was only the preparatory pangs of a mind intent on gratifying its revenge by the death of its object, they must find her guilty; but they scarcely need be told, that should a doubt remain on their minds, common charity required that the balance should turn in the prisoner's favour.

The Jury consulted about two minutes, and then gave their verdict as already stated, *not guilty*.

When the verdict was delivered, she was lifted from her seat, and with the most becoming demeanour curtsied to the Court and Jury.

The Chief Baron ordered her to be taken care of for the present, until some arrangement could be formed for her security.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Miss Broderick remains in gaol, much in the same state, not seeming to have derived any great succour from her recent acquittal: she wears the miniature picture of Mr. Errington at her breast, on which she often gazes with the tenderest affection. His family have returned her picture (which they found) by the same painter; at which she expressed much surprise and concern: — they have, however, behaved towards her, under her perilous situation, with the most laudable humanity. During her trial, she jumped up with a view of refuting the insinuation that she went down with an intent to shoot Mr. Errington; but her tears forbade her utterance.—She has since said, "that she had only wished to state that she had engaged a bed at the Dog and Partridge, at Stifford, and prevailed upon the landlady's daughter to sleep with her that night, after her return from Mr. Errington's."—She was exceedingly averse to the proposal of her friends to plead her lunacy in palliation of her crime, and requested the chaplain of the prison to prevent their making any defence for her at all.

This unfortunate female, though rather short in stature, has an interesting countenance, and is elegant and engaging in her manners; she is very fair, has light blue eyes, with brown hair of the lightest colour: she is somewhat more than thirty years of age.

The Judges, on leaving the town, directed that Miss B. should be examined before two magistrates, that she might be safely removed, under their order, to the place of her settlement, with a particular recommendation annexed thereto, that she might be taken all possible care of.

The following circumstance happened a few days since at an inn near York: a person genteely dressed and well mounted put up at this inn, where he dined, and after finishing an excellent repast, went into the yard, ordered his horse, and rode away. The innkeeper, finding he had not paid his reckoning, immediately took a horse, rode after and overtook him; "I believe, Sir, you forgot to pay your reckoning!" "Oh, dear, I believe I did," replied the other, and putting his hand to his pocket, as if for money, instantly pulled out a pistol, which he clapt to the landlord's breast, swearing he would shoot him, if he did not instantly deliver his money. The astonished landlord delivered his money to the amount of about 5l. and rode back, not a little chagrined at the issue of his pursuit.

TWO SINGULAR CHARACTERS.

Lately died, in a lodging-house near Gloucester, John Dunn, well known by the name of the *Old Irish Linch Man*. He had frequented that city upwards of eighteen years. His appearance was wretched in the extreme, and his garments worse than those worn by a common beggar, which character he frequently assumed; and by this means he procured the greatest part of the necessaries of life,

and always preferred those places to lodge in where beggars resorted. He was never seen with more than a piece, or a piece and a half of linen in a wretched wallet or bag thrown across his shoulder, with which he called at every door, and usually travelled a circuit of 18 or 20 miles at a time. His custom was to go to Ireland six or eight times in the year, where it appears, by receipts found about him, that his trade was so large, that he paid above 150l. per annum for bleaching only. Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he sent for a tradesman, at whose house he had frequently received donations, to him he disclosed his mind, and told him, that he was possessed of a great deal of cash, as well as several packs of linen, in which his money was concealed, in a warehouse on the quay, in Gloucester, as well as in some goods that were in the city of Chester. On opening the packs at the former place, in the presence of the gentleman, who was accompanied by a clergyman and several others, a considerable quantity of gold and silver was found, very curiously tied up in rags and old stockings, in small parcels, in a variety of covers; the whole is intended to be distributed among his poor relations in Ireland. It appears that he never was married.

Some days ago died a man, of the name of Wood, a pastrycook, or rather pyeman, in Bowlane. He had amassed between 50 and 60,000l. by labour and penuriousness, living in a garret, and performing the meanest offices of life. It was his custom to eat abroad, in order to save at home; but this custom was fatal to him, for he gorged so much at a neighbour's, as to stop all the functions of nature, and he was actually suffocated with a good meal. Two nieces, now in services of all work, will share his fortune; and it is a pity through the want of a will, that a natural son, before the mast, *should not have a finger in the pye.*

Electricity. Mr. M'Neal, in the vicinity of Bray, amusing himself with some electric experiments on Dr. Franklin's principles, by flying a kite near a thunder-cloud, suspended by a cord entwisted with brass wire, received a shock of actual lightning, which struck him to the earth senseless; through which means he fortunately let go the non-electric ribband, by which he held the conducting cord of the kite, and thus providentially saved his life, though he was severely hurt. The buttons on the left sleeve of his coat, which fortunately were the only metallic substance about him, instantaneously melted; his coat, along the sleeve, singed in a zigzag or rather spiral direction on the outside to his shoulder, and his arm, under the coat, in the same direction, was livid and benumbed, for a considerable time.

Ingratitude.—John Aylatt Stow, Esq. who died lately, left in his will the following *item:*

"I direct my executors to lay out the sum of five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be purchased for that money; and that they do present it to . . . . . in order that he may contemplate upon the same, and be able to form a just comparison, which is best and most profitable, a grateful reward of past friendship and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence. This I give him in lieu of 3000l. which I had by a former will (now revoked and burnt) given him."

The *paramount* estates in England and Wales, at this time, are as follow:

| | per annum. | | per annum. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Duke of Bedford - | 77,000 | Earl Stamford - - | 29,000 |
| Duke of Northumberland | 72,000 | Duke of Portland - - | 28,000 |
| Duke of Devonshire - | 56,000 | Marquis of Lansdowne - | 27,000 |
| Duke of Marlborough | 55,000 | Marquis of Bath - - | 25,000 |
| Duke of Norfolk - - | 54,000 | Lord Petre - - | 25,000 |
| Earl of Lonsdale - - | 48,000 | Sir James Tilney Long | 24,000 |
| Earl of Buckinghamshire | 45,000 | Mr. Coke, Norfolk - | 23,000 |
| Earl Grosvenor - | 44,000 | Lord Harewood - - | 22,000 |
| Earl of Uxbridge - - | 41,000 | Mr. Myddleton - | 20,000 |
| Sir W. W. Wynne - | 38,000 | | |

## PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Mr. Hume, to the Prebend of Yatesbury, in Salisbury Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Harrington; patron, Bishop of Salisbury. The Rev. Robert Milward, to the vicarage of Broxted, near Dunmow, Essex. *Cambridge Commencement-day*, July 7, the following Gentlemen were created Doctors in Divinity: Dr. Maurice Johnson, a prebendary of Lincoln; Dr. Charles Brodrick, bishop of Clonfert; Dr. John Cleaver, rector of New Malton, and Dr. William Douglas, master of Bene't-college—by mandate; Dr. William Bailey, subdean of Lincoln and prebendary of St. Paul's; Dr. H. Hunter of Queen's college; and Dr. Thomas Parkinson, F. R. S. rector of Kegworth, Leicestershire, and archdeacon of Huntingdon. Mr. Druce, Attorney, of London-street, appointed Under Sheriff to John Liptrap, Esq. one of the Sheriffs elect; and Mr. Heylin, Attorney, of Merchant Taylors Hall, Under Sheriff to Richard Glode, Esq. the other Sheriff elect. Thomas Elder, Esq. of Forneth, appointed Postmaster-General of Scotland, in the room of Robert Oliphant, Esq. of Rossie, deceased.

## MARRIAGES.

DRUMMOND Henry Martin, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Edmunds, eldest daughter of Francis Edmunds, Esq. of Worsbrough, Yorkshire. Lieut. Col. Campbell, of his Majesty's 86th regiment, to Miss Jane Meux Worsley, youngest daughter and coheiress of the late Edward Worsley, Esq. of Gatcombhouse, in the Isle of Wight. John Dalrymple, Esq. of the 3d guards, to Miss Johnson, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. A. Johnson, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire. Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. of Wrottesley, in Staffordshire, to Lady Caroline Bennett, eldest daughter of the Earl of Tankerville. Lord Charles Fitzroy, second son to his Grace the Duke of Grafton, to Miss Mundy, eldest daughter of Edward Miller Mundy, Esq. of Shipley, in Derbyshire.

## DEATHS.

AT Hammersmith, in the 63d year of his age, Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B. Colonel of the 10th Reg. of Foot, and formerly Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Vienna. Henry Drummond, Esq. banker, at Charing Cross. At Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, aged 63, the Rev. William Sheffield, D. D. Provost of Worcester college, and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum in the University of Oxford. Jonathan Faulknor, Esq. of Havant Park, Hampshire, an Admiral of the Blue in his Majesty's Navy. At her house in Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Radnor. Mr. James Craig, architect, in Edinburgh, nephew of James Thomson, author of the Seasons. At Gibraltar, William Adair, Esq. late Surgeon-General of the garrison there. Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. in the 84th year of his age. Sir William Middleton, Bart. Member of Parliament for the county of Northumberland. At his seat at Park-place, Oxfordshire, the Right Hon. Field-marshal H. H. Seymour Conway. At Rochester, in the 70th year of his age, Thomas Nightingale, Esq. formerly for many years collector of the customs in that city, collector to the Trinity-House, and brother to John Nightingale, Esq. banker, of Lombard street. In the 88th year of his age, Mr. James Fletcher, senior, formerly an eminent bookseller in Oxford, but who had retired from business some years. Suddenly, at Thruxton, near Andover, the Rev. John Harrington, D. D. Rector of that place, and of Chalbury, Dorset, Prebendary of Salisbury, &c. Sir Francis Wood, Bart. Dr. John Lorimer, Physician to the British Army in the American war in Florida, and examining surgeon to the East India Company. At Herrenhausen, the celebrated Hanoverian botanist Erhardt, a pupil of Linnæus.

## BANKRUPTS.

THOMAS Nuttall and John Smethurst, of Salford, Lancashire, brewers. James Brindle, of Middle Temple, London, money-scrivener. George Wilson and Robert Buchanan, of Lambeth Hill, otherwise Lambert Hill, London, wine merchants. John Oldham, of Manchester, grocer. Simon Bates, of Bunhill-row, Old-street, Middlesex, watchmaker. Peter Bentley, of Pancras-lane, Bucklersbury, London, mason. John Jardine, of Mary Port, in Cumberland, dealer. John Weaver, of North Curry, in Somersetshire, dealer. Matthew Hawkins, of Manchester, upholsterer. Thomas Chantry, of the parish of Bathwick, in Somersetshire, architect and builder. James Hiscocks, of Frome Selwood, in Somersetshire, clothier. William Pearce, of Chiswick, in Middlesex, carpenter. Joseph White the elder, of Staines, Middlesex, innholder. Sam. Felton, of Curzon-street, London, scrivener. Henry Webster, of Fleet street, London, stationer. John Swire, of Halifax, merchant. Edward Angell, of Shoe-lane, cabinet-maker. Walter Ewer, Little Love-lane, Aldermanbury, merchant. John Gould Read, of Trowbridge, in Wilts, clothier. Robert Parker, of Millthorp. in Westmorland, cotton-manufacturer. Joshua Brittan, of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, innkeeper. George Turner, of Salford, in Lancashire, beer-brewer. Edward Prockter, of Sheffield-street, Clare Market, tallow-chandler. John Pettley, of Lavenham, in Suffolk, innholder. James Parr, of Manchester, innkeeper. Thomas Lovett, of Bath, statuary. Thomas Court, of Oxford, Bargemaster. James Taylor, of Cheapside, hardwareman. Thomas Smith, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Taylor. John Cole, of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, shopkeeper. Joseph Purvass, of High-street, Mary-le-Bonne, stable-keeper. George Gilham, of Charing Cross, victualler. James Foster of Newington Causeway, Surrey, hosier. Edward King, of Gower's Walk, Church-lane, Whitechapel, horsedealer. Joseph Hopkins of Sodbury, Gloucestershire, dealer. Hector Applebury Cooksey, of Presteign, Radnorshire, apothecary. Stephen Wilson, of Wood-street, Cheapside, silkman. John Dearlove the younger, of Harrowgate, Yorkshire, cotton-manufacturer. Thomas Robinson, of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Middlesex, victualler. John Seamen, of Iron Gate, St. Catherine's, Middlesex, victualler. James Arthur M'Donnell, of Osborn-street, St. George, Middlesex, money-scrivener. Henry Bitter of Lothbury, merchant. William Wigley, of Oxford-street, hosier. Thomas Towlers, of Marlborough, Yorkshire, cornfactor. Richard Smith, of Whitchurch, Salop, money-scrivener. David Morgan, of Lanvihangel Geneur Glyn, Cardiganshire, dealer. Thomas Tibbs, of Chitten, Wiltshire, wine-merchant. John Devey, of Wolverhampton, upholder. Joseph Simpson the younger, of Birmingham, and Henry Hatton, of Westbromwich, Staffordshire, coal-merchants. Henry Poole, of Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, Ironmonger. John Griffin, of Fareham, Hants, draper. Joseph Burr of Derby-street, May-fair, horse-dealer. Wm. Davies, of Liverpool, slater. Francis West, of Godmanchester, Huntingdonshire, horse-dealer, John Phillips, of Kenchester, Herefordshire, grazier. Matthias Deane, of Reading, Berks, money-scrivener. John Bray, of Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, Surrey, lighterman. John Mawe, of Bishop Hatfield, Herts, innholder. Joseph Cawthra, of Yeadon, in Guiseley, Yorkshire, merchant. Benjamin Skelton, of Greenwich, Kent, shopkeeper. Wm. Samuel of High Holborn, coach-master. John Vaughan of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, sadler. John Maurice, of Oxford-street, linen-draper. Francis Joseph Macke, of Thayre-street, Manchester-square, upholsterer. Francis Gilding, of Aldersgate-street, cabinet-maker. Walter Webster, of Smithfield, hay and straw salesman. James Read of Rochester, Kent, money-scrivener. William Dibb the younger, of Otley, Yorkshire, dealer. Simeon Pope, of Hampstead, in Middlesex, stock-broker. William Francis, of Fenchurch-street. London, slopseller. Margaret James and Matthew Smith, of Great Ryder-street, St. James, Westminster, bricklayer.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

## GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For AUGUST 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF
EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

CONTENTS.




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## TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

*I. T. R.* the ingenious Author of *Stanzas to* WINTER, has mistaken our motive for postponing them; the truth is, we thought them unseasonable in the *dog-days*. They are reserved for a future Number. His other Contributions, however, dated Aug. 21, shall certainly appear in our next.

*The Soldier's Parting* also in our next.

Various other Articles are under consideration.

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Edward Jerningham Esq.re

Published by J. Parsons. No. 21. Paternoster Row. Sept. 1796.

THE

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## MEMOIRS OF

## *EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.*

THERE cannot be a more agreeable recompence to requite the task of the biographer than the consciousness that while he is attempting to do justice to genius, he is at the same time rendering a due tribute to moral worth. This testimony, we may venture to affirm, has seldom been more justly apportioned than on the subject of our present attention, who has long possessed a considerable rank in the literary world, and whose private character has been as much esteemed by a large and noble circle of friends as his ingenious labours have been admired by the public in general.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq. is a descendant from a very old and respectable family in the county of Norfolk, and is the younger brother of Sir William Jerningham, the worthy baronet who is now the head of that family. The seat of Sir William is Cossey Hall, near Norwich. This place was given to Sir Henry Jerningham by Queen Mary, on account of his very active and persevering services in smoothing her ascent to the throne.

After a short residence in the English college at Douay Mr. Jerningham completed his studies at Paris, where he amply qualified himself in every classical attainment and ornamental accomplishment suited to his abilities and rank in life, under the tuition and care of the Rev. Dr. Howard, president of the English seminary in that metropolis. The library belonging to that house consisted chiefly of the books that were formerly in the possession of James the Second, the unfortunate monarch of this country. Dr. Englefield, who had been chaplain to the royal fugitive, presented the library to the seminary before mentioned. It was in these humble remains of the exiled monarch that our author commenced his acquaintance with the British Muse, after having possessed himself of the treasures of Greek and Roman literature. The works of Spenser and of Dryden, we understand, were his early favourites; from the former he imbibed

that air of romance so suited to the poetical character, and by those of the latter he learned to correct enthusiasm, and regulate allegory by the lights of common sense, and the manners of human life.

The fate of the travelling library that belonged to the royal wanderer, suggested to Mr. Jerningham the subject of his first poetical effusion, which was received with such success as to induce him to enlist himself under the banners of the Muses.

Soon after the establishment of the institution for affording protection to unhappy females tempted from the paths of chastity, but who feel the sorrows of penitence, and are anxious to return to the precincts of virtue, our author published a very interesting and a very beautiful little poem, entitled The Magdalens, which was highly admired by all persons of taste and feeling, and which, according to the testimony of the venerable Jonas Hanway, one of the first and most zealous supporters of the plan, was of very great advantage to the institution, in giving a spur to the benevolence of the public.

When our author returned to England about the year 1762, Mr. Gray's celebrated *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* attracted his notice, and drew from him a very pathetic and elegant parody, which he entitled, The Nunnery.

We shall not, however, employ ourselves in the needless task of tracing our author through the regular progress of his graceful and tender Muse, as his productions are universally known. All his works in succession were admired by the public, and that admiration was sanctioned by the approbation of the best cotemporary critics. His works altogether consist of three volumes, the last of which lately appeared, and, far from evincing any decline of his powers, shew a bolder imagination, and, on the whole, certainly comprehends the best of his compositions.

In this last volume the poems of Enthusiasm and the Shakspeare Gallery stand pre-eminent in excellence. Our readers will doubtless be gratified in knowing what Mr. Burke says of the latter, as the admiration of such a man must be valuable indeed. Adverting to the poem of The Shakspeare Gallery in a private letter which we have had the pleasure of perusing, the British Cicero says of our author, "I have not for a long time seen any thing so well finished. He has caught new *fire* by approaching in his *peribelion* so *near* to the *sun* of our *poetical system*." The preceding passage, which is exactly in the fine figurative style of Mr. Burke, is a beautiful compliment to the great British poet, and a very flattering tribute to the merit of our author.

Having particularised the poem of Enthusiasm, we shall give the words of Dr. Parr, whose learning and judgment need no acknowledgment in this place, on the subject: "The general plan of the work is well formed. The imagery is striking without glare; the texture of the whole style is easy without feebleness. Almost all the lines flow melodiously. Many of the expressions are wrought up to an exquisite pitch of elegance, and the debate for and against the claims of the Enthusiast is conducted at once with the perspicuity of

argument and the animation of poetry." The spirited and vigorous mind which this character of the work displays, shews how able Dr. Parr is to decide on the subject; nor is his candour less to be admired for bearing this liberal testimony in favour of a cotemporary writer.

We shall insert one more quotation in favour of our author, because it at once does homage to his genius, and manifests the estimation in which his private character is held. The following is a passage in a letter from the late Lord Harcourt to our author, which we have seen. The letter is dated, Dublin Castle, 1773. "I am greatly obliged to you for a late instance of your regard and attention, and for the hopes you allow me to entertain of receiving a copy of your last performance. I take a real pleasure in reading your works, which have every merit to recommend them; and if I am more than ordinarily fond of them, it proceeds from the very sincere esteem which I have for the author. I shall never forget what Her Majesty * so justly observed of your works, "that she was sure the author was a man of worth and merit." I was struck with the justice and propriety of the observation."

Since the publication of his poems, Mr. Jerningham has been tempted to venture into the dramatic regions. His tragedy of *The Siege of Berwick*, is written with great force of language and poetical spirit. The characters are well drawn, and the fable is conducted with critical skill. His other dramatic work is a comedy, entitled *The Welch Heiress*, which exhibits a much greater portion of humour than could be expected from a Muse so plaintive and so elegant as that which inspired the usual productions of our author. This comedy also presents an admirable portrait of the manners of higher life, in the circles of which the author has indeed been so much confined, that it is no wonder his comedy did not hit the taste of the million, from whom, after the first representation, his diffidence prompted him to withdraw it.

Several of Mr Jerningham's compositions have exercised the talents of the Musician, and others have given scope to the genius of the Painter, of the skill of the latter a good specimen may be found in Macklin's Gallery.

It has been the peculiar fortune of our author to possess the friendship of most of the first people in this country as to talents and rank, and, though moving amidst the dissipation of fashionable life, he has preserved a simplicity in his manners that could hardly be supposed the growth of the present period. What was said of Gay may be properly applied to him:

"Of manners gentle and affections mild."

And to him may be also applied the beautiful lines in which Pope celebrates his own filial tenderness; for Mr Jerningham, like his great

* After this favourable opinion of our author, it must give pleasure to the illustrious character who expressed it to hear that Mr. Jerningham is a frequent visitor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with whom he has several times been invited to reside in the pavillion at Brighton.

poetical predecessor, resided with his mother till she died at a very advanced time of life. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing lines so admirable and so well suited to the occasion:

"Oh! friend! may each domestic bliſs be thine!
"Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine;
"Me let the tender office long engage
"To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
"With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
"Make langour ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death,
"Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
"And keep a while one parent from the sky."

Our author was originally of the Roman Catholic persuasion, but has conformed to the doctrines of our Church. That no motive of interest or ambition however operated in producing this change in his opinions is evident, for though recommended by his talents to the first connections through life, he has never availed himself of these connections, but, contented with a competency, his course has been principally marked by

"Calm contemplation and poetic eaſe."

The plaintive enthusiasm and reflective tenderness which distinguish the poetry of Mr. Jerningham cannot be better characterized than by the following passage from Thomson, with which we shall conclude this article:

"He comes! he comes! in ev'ry breeze the Pow'r
"Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
"His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
"The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
"The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
"Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare;
"O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
"Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
"Infuses sweetest tenderness; and far
"Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought."

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## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF *FREEMASONRY.*

Φιλοτης ισοτης. PYTHAGORAS.

I HEAR frequent exultations on the increase of the Craft, the flourishing state of Lodges by the acquisition of members, and the brilliant appearance which they exhibit in their processions, furniture, and operations. All this must give pleasure, undoubtedly, to every true lover of an institution founded on the best of principles and calculated for the best of ends, the comfort of man in this state by the enlargement of his powers and the exercise of his virtues, and the preparing him for a state of supreme felicity.

But amid all this pleasing satisfaction, the inquisitive and virtuous mind feels a disagreeable sensation on perceiving a proportionable addition of imperfections. Venerating, as I most sincerely do, this most antient and honourable Society, I cannot at the same time shut

my eyes against evils which creep in among its professors, and tend to give some colour to the deep-rooted prejudices which are entertained against it.

One of these, if not the most formidable, I shall beg leave here to bring forward, and that is the desire which seems to actuate the general body of enlarging the number of members. That Masonry itself should be universal I cheerfully allow. I wish to see its influence operating in every clime, and among every race of men, because wherever its footsteps are discerned, civilization assuredly will be seen. But this by no means calls for an universality of numbers.

Brotherly love, relief, and truth, are the standing characteristics of the order; but if all men are masons those characteristics will be no more. They would be the properties of men, merely in common with other human properties, heightened or lessened according to the influence of passions and caprice. Where the numbers are select, the more distinction will attach to the professor of the science, the more disgrace to his vicious course, and the more love and respect to his upright conduct and conversation.

Easiness of access to a society induces a consequent light apprehension of its merits.

If there are peculiar excellencies belonging to an institution; if it confers a dignity, and promises privileges; a strict attention, certainly, should be observed by those who belong to it to preserve its honours and its advantages from being prostituted.

Is this strictly attended to by the administrators of those mysterious secrets which kings and the best of men have delighted to exercise themselves in?—I fear not.

Far be it from me to sport with the nakedness of that which I revere. It is the professor, and not the science, which calls for this paternal animadversion.

When a man of a light and airy mind, in a sportive mood, heightened by the cheerful glass, conceives the desire to become a Mason, is it consistent with the principles of that chaste sobriety which Masonry inculcates, to meet his inclinations, and to receive him while under the influence of gaiety? His conceptions of the institution will naturally afterwards be in unison with the circumstances which characterized his initiation. Again, shall every other society be observant of the characters of such persons as offer themselves to be members, and even, perhaps, when moral grace or turpitude is of little moment to its interests, and shall we, who belong to a society refined in its principles, elevated in its professions, and marked with distinctions of the most flattering kind, be less scrupulous than those who are remote from such pretensions?

When a man undistinguished by the ornament of an uniform virtue, is invested with the badge of the antient Craft, a stone is loosened from the edifice, and a humiliating stain is marked on the sacred veil.

Let it appear that a difficulty impedes the entrance into the Masonic temple;—let it be fully manifested, that without the grace of moral accomplishment, a firm and virtuous industry, and the desire of knowledge, there is no way of obtaining an association among the

sons of peace, and the depraved mind will shrink back from curiosity under the covert of a ridicule which will do honour to its object; while the truly estimable of mankind will press forward with respectful ardour for admission, and labour afterwards, with a glorious industry, in the support and embellishment of it.

In close connection with this imperfection is another, and that is, the rapid mode of elevating young members. Scarcely has the name of *apprentice* been given to the new-made Brother, but he is hurried, without a noviciate, to another degree, and so onwards, till he can scarce discriminate the peculiar marks of each; and from the confused representation which his mind forms of the whole, it is not to be wondered at that his expectation is deadened, and his respect sinks into indifference.

Shall he who knows not how to handle the *chissel*, be set to form or perfect a plan?—All this would be ridiculous in the ordinary occupations of life; can it be at all less so in that which professes the elevation of human nature by the expansion of the mental powers?

What is found to be so easy and soon to be attained will lose a proportion of its value, and will become an object not of serious, but entirely of amusive consideration.

Formerly, to be a *Freemason* excited a particular observation in those who were not so distinguished, and was a peculiar recommendation to those who were. At present this does not appear to be the case. The number is so multiplied, that, like the title of *esquire* affixed to a name, it ceases, at least in itself, to attract either curiosity or respect.

The great philosopher from whom I have chosen a motto for these desultory remarks, was more cautious in the plan and conduct of that society which he founded. Many preparatives, and arduous ones too, were indispensibly necessary to procure the honour of being a Pythagorean. A moral strictness was the primary requisite for initiation; a subjugation of the passions, a close and inviolable secresy, with an active industry, were the only recommendations to a second degree; and a more refined elevation of sentiment and conduct, led the student to the summit of philosophic mystery. All this kept up the spirit of generous emulation, and united it at the same time to the most exalted friendship; the prize of true honour lay open to all. Virtue alone was the path to it, and it was only the fault of him who failed that kept him from it. But the number of genuine Pythagoreans could not be great. Allowed; but they were virtuous, they were friends, indissolubly such; and the society was venerated because virtue was its badge and its crown.

I hope no Brother will take offence at these reflections. They were prompted by a sincere love of the Society, and a concern to see any of its interests injured; and are thus thrown out in print for the serious consideration of all who are actuated by the same sentiments.

To reform is at all times honourable; and in the concerns of a large community every member should bring his own exertion, as if the whole work depended upon his labours alone. W.

# HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[*Continued from p. 23.*]

THOUGH Solomon, as we have before observed, had established certain classes or lodges, and to each had assigned regulations, the salutary effects of which were evinced in the perfection of the work performed; yet, not content with those effects by which his own fame and glory were to be extended, he also took into consideration the *future* agreement and prosperity of the craft, and deliberated on the best means to secure them by a lasting cement.

Now, *brotherly love* and *immutable* fidelity, presented themselves to his mind, as the most proper *basis* for an *institution*, whose aim and end should be to establish permanent unity among its members, and to render them a society, who, while *they* enjoyed the most perfect felicity, would be of considerable utility to *mankind*. And being desirous to transmit it under the ancient restrictions as a blessing to future ages, Solomon decreed, that whenever they should assemble in their lodges to discourse upon and improve themselves in the *arts and sciences*, and whatever else should be deemed proper topics to encrease their knowledge, they should likewise instruct each other in *secrecy* and *prudence*, morality and good fellowship; and for these purposes he established certain peculiar rules and customs to be invariably observed in their conversations, that their minds might be enriched by a perfect acquaintance with, and practice of, every moral, social and religious duty, lest while they were so highly honoured by being employed in raising a temple to the great Jehovah, they should neglect to secure to themselves an happy admittance into the celestial lodge, of which the temple was only to be a type.

Thus did our wise Grand Master contrive a plan by mechanical and practical allusions, to instruct the craftsmen in principles of the most sublime speculative philosophy, tending to the glory of God, and to secure to them temporal blessings here, and eternal life hereafter; as well as to unite the speculative and operative masons, thereby forming a two-fold advantage, from the principles of geometry and architecture on the one part, and the precepts of wisdom and ethics on the other.

He was likewise sensible, that when this building should be completed, the craftsmen would disperse themselves over the whole earth; and being desirous to perpetuate in the most effectual manner the harmony and good-fellowship already established among them, and to secure to themselves, their future pupils, and their successors, the honour and respect due to men whose abilities were so great, and would be so justly renowned, in conjunction with Hiram king of Tyre and Hiram Abbif, the Deputy Grand Master, he concerted a proper plan to accomplish his intentions; in which it was determined,

that, in conformity to the practice of the original professors of the royal art, general distinguishing characteriscticks should be established for a proof of their having been fellow labourers in this glorious work, to descend to their successors in all future ages, who should be in a peculiar manner qualified to cultivate the sublime principles of this noble establishment; and such were adopted and received accordingly. With respect to the method which would be hereafter necessary for propagating the principles of the society, Solomon pursued the uniform and ancient custom, in regard to degrees of probation and injunctions to secrecy; which he himself had been obliged to comply with before he gained a perfection in the royal art, or even arrived at the summit of the sciences; therefore, though there were no apprentices employed in the building of the temple; yet as the craftsmen were all intended to be promoted to the degree of Masters, after its dedication; and as these would secure a succession, by receiving apprentices who might themselves in due time also become Master Masons, it was determined, that the gradations in the science should consist of three distinct degrees, to each of which should be adapted a particular distinguishing test, which test, together with the explication, was accordingly settled and communicated to the fraternity, previous to their dispersion, under a necessary and solemn injunction to secrecy: and they have been most cautiously preserved, and transmitted down to posterity by faithful brethren, ever since their emigration. Thus the center of union among Free Masons was firmly fixed: their *cabala* regulated and established; and their principles directed to the excellent purposes of their original intention.

The old constitutions aver, that, some short time before the consecration of the temple, King Hiram came from Tyre to take a view of that mighty edifice, and to inspect the different parts thereof, in which he was accompanied by King Solomon, and the Deputy Grand Master Hiram Abbif; and that after his examination, he declared the temple to be the utmost stretch of human art! Solomon here again renewed the league with Hiram, and made him a present of the sacred scriptures, translated into the Syriac tongue; which, it is said, is still extant among the Maronites, and other eastern Christians, under the name of the old Syriac version.

The temple of Jehovah being finished, under the auspices of the wisest and most glorious king of Israel, the prince of architecture, and Grand Master Mason of his day; the fraternity celebrated the capestone with great joy; but their exultations were soon checked by the sudden death of their dear and worthy Master Hiram Abbif; to the great concern of King Solomon, who, after some time allowed to the craft to indulge their sorrow, ordered his obsequies to be performed with great solemnity, and buried him in the lodge, near the temple, according to the ancient usages among Masons.

After Hiram Abbif had been mourned for, the tabernacle of Moses and its holy reliques being lodged in the temple, Solomon, in a general assembly, dedicated, or consecrated it by solemn prayer, sacrifices, and music, vocal and instrumental, praising Jehovah, upon

fixing the holy ark in its proper place, between the cherubims; when Jehovah filled his own temple with a cloud of glory!

The invocation and prayer used by Solomon on this occasion was as follows:

Standing before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, he spread forth his hands and said:

O Lord God of Israel! there is no God like thee, in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, who keepest covenant and shewest mercy unto thy servants, that walk before thee with all their hearts.

Thou hast kept with thy servant David my father that which thou hadst promised him: what thou spakest with thy mouth, thou hast fulfilled with thine hand, as it is this day.

Let all the people of the earth know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else.

Let all the people of the earth know thy Name, and fear thee.

Let all the people of the earth know, that I have built this house, and consecrated it to thy name.

But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain thee. How much less this house which I have built!

Yet have respect, O Lord my God, to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee: May thine eyes be open towards this house by day and by night, even toward the place of which thou hast said, "*My name shall be there.*"

And when thy servant and thy people Israel shall pray toward this house, hearken to their supplication; hear thou them from Heaven thy dwelling-place; and when thou hearest forgive!

The fame of this grand edifice soon prompted the inquisitive of all nations to travel to Jerusalem, and survey its excellencies, as far as was allowed to the Gentiles; and they soon found, that the joint skill of all the world came infinitely short of the Israelites, in the wisdom, strength, and beauty of their architecture; when the wise King Solomon was Grand Master of all Masons at Jerusalem, when the learned King Hiram * was Grand Master at Tyre, and the inspired Hiram Abbif had been Master of the work: when true Masonry was under the immediate care and direction of Heaven; and when the noble and the wise thought it an honour to be associates of the ingenious craftsmen in their well-formed lodges. Accordingly the temple of Jehovah became the just wonder of all travellers, by which, as by the most perfect pattern, they resolved to correct the architecture of their own countries upon their return.

When Solomon had accomplished this great undertaking of erecting a temple to Jehovah, for the purpose of national devotion, he engaged the Fraternity in carrying on other works; *viz.* two palaces at Jerusalem for himself and his queen, the stately hall of judicature, with his ivory throne, and golden lions; a royal exchange, made by filling up the great gulph between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion,

* The tradition is, that King Hiram had been Grand Master of all Masons; and when the temple was finished, came to survey it before its consecration, and to commune with Solomon about wisdom and art; when, finding the Great Architect of the Universe had inspired Solomon above all mortal men, Hiram very readily yielded the pre-eminence to Solomon *Jedidiah*, i. e. the beloved of God.

with strong arches, upon which many beautiful piazzas were erected, with lofty colonades on each side. Between the columns a spacious walk led from Zion castle to the temple, where men of business met; the house of the forest of Lebanon, built upon four rows of cedar-pillars, being a summer-house to retire to from the fatigue of business; with a watch-tower that looked on the road to Damascus: several cities on the road between Jerusalem and Lebanon; many store-houses west of the Jordan, and several store-cities east of that river, well fortified; and last of all Tadmor, in the desart towards Syria *, one days journey from the Euphrates, and six from Babylon, called in later times by the Greeks Palmyra, with a lofty palace in it.

All these, and many more public works, were finished in the short space of thirteen years after the temple, by the care of 550 Masters of works: for masonry was cultivated throughout all the kingdom of Israel, and many Lodges were constituted under Grand Master Solomon; who, as the old constitutions relate, annually assembled a Grand Lodge at Jerusalem, to preserve the cement of the Fraternity, and transmit their affairs to the latest posterity.

Even during his idolatry, this prince built some curious temples to Chemoch, Moloch, and Ashtaroth, the gods of his concubines, till about three years before he died, when he composed his penitential song, the Ecclesiastes; and fixed the true motto on all earthly glory, viz. *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, without the fear of God, and the keeping of his commands; which is the whole duty of man!* and died aged 58 years.

Many of Solomon's Masons, before he died, began to travel; and carried with them their skill and taste in architecture, with the secrets of the Fraternity, into Syria, Lesser Asia, Mesopotamia, Scythia, Assyria, Chaldæa, Media, Bactria, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and other parts of great Asia and Africa; and probably also into Europe; though we have no history early enough to assure us as yet of the transactions of Greece and Italy. The tradition is, that they travelled to Hercules's pillars on the west, and to China on the east: and the old constitutions affirm, that one called Ninus, who had been at the building of Solomon's temple, carried the art into Germany and Gaul.

In many places being highly esteemed, they obtained special privileges; and because they taught their liberal art only to the free-born, they were called Free Masons; constituting lodges in the places where they built stately piles, by the encouragement of the great and wealthy, who soon requested to be accepted as Members of their Lodges, and Brothers of the Craft; till by merit those free and accepted masons came to be Masters and Wardens. Even princes and potentates became Grand Masters, each in his own dominion, in imitation of King Solomon; whose memory, as a mason, has been duly revered, and will be, till architecture shall be consumed in the general conflagration.

*(To be continued.)*

* 2 Chron. viii. 3.

CHARACTER OF

# *BERNARD GILPIN,*

BY GEORGE CARLETON, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,

IN 1752.

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AS there are scarce any writings more entertaining than the lives of persons of distinguished characters and eminent virtue, who made the world the better and the happier for their having lived in it; so there are none more useful and instructive, or that have a more direct tendency to excite a generous emulation, and animate us to noble and virtuous pursuits. Virtue, when abstractedly considered, makes but a faint impression on the human mind; but when it is, as it were, *substantiated*, by being exhibited in real characters, then every generous breast takes fire, our native sense of ingenuity is touched, and we are not only prompted but encouraged to excel. When the lives indeed of heroes, of mighty conquerors, and eminent statesmen are exposed to view, the bulk of readers, though their admiration may be raised, yet seldom reap any solid advantages from them, or derive any additional strength to their virtuous resolutions; but when the lives of those are set before us, who have adorned the ordinary stations of life by a steady and uniform pursuit of virtue, and a cheerful and resolute discharge of the duties incumbent upon them, from their first appearance on the stage of the world till their leaving it; there is scarce any thing that can have a more happy influence upon our minds, or more effectually tend to inspire resolution, and rouse us from that lethargic and inactive state into which the generality of mankind are sunk.

In the life of Bernard Gilpin, which having just met with we have read with uncommon pleasure, and would earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers, we are presented with a character which, for genuine humility, native candour and ingenuity, firmness and strength of mind, exalted piety and extensive benevolence, is scarce inferior to any perhaps that can be named. This truly *apostolical* man had many difficulties to grapple with (the surest tests of virtuous principles), arising from the times wherein he lived, and the prejudices of education, having come into the world about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII. and been brought up in the principles of Popery. But such was the native honesty of his disposition, such the prudence of his behaviour, such his application to the discovery of truth, such, in a word, the innocence, simplicity, and beauty of his whole conduct, that he surmounted all his difficulties, relinquished the absurdities and superstitions of that religion wherein he was educated, became an ornament to the protestant cause, was zealous in asserting its honours, and, till the close of life, shewed so warm a concern for the good of mankind, and the interests of true religion, and discharged

the duties incumbent upon him as a clergyman with so much diligence, fidelity, and resolution, as must render his memory venerable, and transmit his name with distinguished honour to the latest posterity.

Besides the amiable character which is exhibited to our view in the foregoing work, it has this additional recommendation, that it is written with great elegance and judgment.—The stile of the ingenious biographer is such as is suited to his subject, easy and natural; his reflections are few and to the purpose; in a word, the whole is wrought up in such a manner as to render it not only a very instructive but an entertaining performance.

We heartily wish that we had sufficient influence with our readers, and with all indeed with whom we converse, to persuade them to a careful perusal of this piece; for instead of being afraid of incurring the imputation of a bad taste, or want of judgment, on account of what we have said concerning it, we are persuaded, that those who read it with attention, provided they have not lost their moral sense, will think we have fallen short in our commendations of what it really deserves.—It will not be expected that we should give large extracts from it; we shall therefore content ourselves with laying before our readers, as a specimen of the ingenious biographer's manner of writing, some of those observations which he has made towards the close of his performance, on the character of that worthy man whose life he has given us. After mentioning his humility, his candour, his sincerity, his great knowledge, his uncommon skill in the art of managing a fortune, &c. he proceeds as follows:

'Thus far,' says he, 'however, he hath had many imitators. The principal recommendations of him, and the distinguishing part of his character were, his conscientious discharge of the duties of a clergyman, his extensive benevolence, and his exalted piety.

'As to the discharge of his function, no man could be more strongly influenced by what he thought the duties of it. The motives of convenience or present interest had no kind of weight with him. As the income was no part of his concern he only considered the office, which he thought such a charge as a man would rather dread than solicit; but when Providence called him to it (for what was not procured by any endeavours of his own he could not but ascribe to Providence) he accepted it, though with reluctance.—He then shewed, that if a sense of the importance of his office made him distrust his abilities, it made him most diligent in exerting them. As soon as ever he undertook the care of a parish, it immediately engrossed his whole attention. The pleasures of life he totally relinquished, even his favourite pursuits of learning. This was the more commendable in him, as he had always a strong inclination for retirement, and was often violently tempted to shut himself up in some university at home or abroad, and live there sequestered from the world. But his conscience corrected his inclination, as he thought the life of a mere recluse by no means agreeable to the active principles of christianity; nay, the very repose to which his age laid

claim he would not indulge; but as long as he had strength sufficient persevered in the laborious practice of such methods of instruction as he imagined might most benefit those under his care. Of popular applause he was quite regardless so far as mere reputation was concerned: but as the favour of the multitude was one step towards gaining their attention, in that light he valued it.—He reproved vice, wherever he observed it, with the utmost freedom. As he was contented in his station, and superior to all dependance, he avoided the danger of being tempted to any unbecoming compliance; and whether he reproved in public or private, his unblameable life, and the seriousness with which he spoke, gave an irresistible weight to what he said.—He studied the low capacities of the people among whom he lived, and knew how to adapt his arguments to their apprehensions. Hence the effects that his preaching had upon them are said to have been often very surprising. In particular it is related, that as he was once recommending honesty in a part of the country notoriously addicted to thieving, a man, struck with the warmth and earnestness with which he spoke, stood up in the midst of a large congregation, and freely confessed his dishonesty, and how heartily he repented of it.

'With regard to his benevolence, never certainly had any man more disinterested views, or made the common good more the study of his life, which was indeed the best comment upon the great Christian principle of universal charity. He called nothing his own; there was nothing he could not readily part with for the service of others. In his charitable distributions he had no measure but the bounds of his income, of which the least portion was always laid out on himself.—Nor did he give as if he was granting a favour, but as if he was paying a debt; all obsequious service the generosity of his heart disdained.—He was the more particularly careful to give away in his lifetime whatever he could save for the poor, as he had often seen and regretted the abuse of posthumous charities. *It is my design at my departure* (says he, writing to a friend) *to leave no more behind me than to bury me and pay my debts.* What little he did leave he left wholly to the poor, deducting a few slight tokens of remembrance that he bequeathed to his friends. How vain it was for those who were not in real want to expect any thing from him, he plainly shewed by his own behaviour; for when a legacy was left him, he returned it to such of the relations of the legatee as stood in most need of it. Such instances of benevolence gained him the title of The Father of the Poor, and made his memory revered long afterwards in the country where he lived. But no part of his character was more conspicuous than his piety. It hath been largely shewn with what temper, sincerity, and earnestness, he examined the controverted points of religion, and settled his own persuasion. He thought religion his principal concern; and of course made the attainment of just notions in it his principal study. To what was matter of mere speculation he paid no regard; such opinions as influenced practice he thought only concerned him. He knew no

other end of religion but a holy life, and therefore, in all his enquiries about it, he considered himself as looking after truths which were to influence his future conduct, and make him a better man. Accordingly, when his religious persuasion was once settled, he made the doctrines he embraced the invariable rule of his life; all his moral virtues became Christian ones, were formed upon such motives, and respected such ends as Christianity recommended. It was his daily care to conform himself to the will of God, upon whose providence he absolutely depended in all conditions of life; resigned, easy, and cheerful, under whatsoever commonly reputed misfortunes he might meet with. He had some peculiar, though, it may be, just notions with regard to a particular providence. He thought all misfortunes which our own indiscretions did not immediately draw upon us were sent directly from God, to bring us to a sense of our misbehaviour, and quicken us in a virtuous course; accordingly, at such times, he used with more than ordinary attention to examine his past conduct, and endeavour to find out in what point of duty he had been defective.

'To the opinions of others, however different from his own, he was most indulgent. He thought moderation one of the most genuine effects of true piety. It hath already appeared, from his intercourse with the dissenters, how great an enemy he was to all intolerant principles; how wrong he thought it on one hand to oppose an established church, and on the other to molest a quiet separatist.

'His life was wholly guided by a conscience the most religiously scrupulous.—I cannot forbear inserting an instance of its extreme sensibility, though it may be thought perhaps rather superstitious.—He had behaved in some particular, with regard to his parish, in a manner which gave him great concern. His conscience was so much alarmed at what he had done, that nothing he could alledge to himself in excuse, was able to make him easy. At length he determined to lay open the whole case before the Bishop of Durham, his diocesan, and to surrender up his living, or submit to any censure which the bishop might think his fault deserved. Without thus bringing himself to justice, he said, he never could have recovered his peace of mind.

'Such was the life and character of this excellent man. A conduct so agreeable to the strictest rules of morality and religion, gained him among his cotemporaries the title of *The Northern Apostle;* and indeed the parallel was striking—his quitting the corrupt doctrines in the utmost reverence of which he had been educated; the persecutions he met with for the sake of his integrity; the danger he often ran of martyrdom; his contempt of the world; his unwearied application to the business of his calling; and the boldness and freedom with which he reproved the guilty, whatever their fortunes or stations were; might justly characterise him a truly apostolical person.

'Viewed with such a life, how mean and contemptible do the idle amusements of the great appear? How trifling that uninterrupted succession of serious folly which engages so great a part of mankind;

crowding into so small a compass each real concern of life! How much more nobly doth that person act, who, unmoved by all that the world calls great and happy, can separate appearances from realities, attending only to what is just and right; who, not content with the closet-attainment of speculative virtue, maintains each worthy resolution that he forms; persevering steadily, like this good man, in the conscientious discharge of the duties of that station, whatever it is, in which Providence hath placed him!'

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# *THE KHALIF AND HIS VISIER,*

## AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

### *BY WILLIAM BELOE, F. S. A.*

IT is very well known throughout the East, that Haroon al Rasheed, Khalif of Bagdat, accompanied by Giafar, his favourite visier, frequently walked through the streets and suburbs of the city by night in disguise. Thus he became acquainted with, and was able to correct various irregularities, which would have escaped the vigilance of his inferior officers of justice.

One evening the light of the moon enabled him to discover beneath a portico three men, whose dress and appearance bespoke them to be of middle rank, in close and serious conference. He approached them without being perceived, and heard them making the bitterest exclamations against their evil fortunes, which each, speaking of himself, declared to be without parallel. "Can any Mussulman," said the first, "be so great a wretch as I am? May the prophet never again favour his chosen tribe, if from morning till night I am not the victim of sorrow and disquietude. I have a neighbour whose only study is to perplex me in my dealings, to injure me in my reputation and property, and whom Alla seems to have inspired with extraordinary vigour of mind and body, for no other purposes than to counteract my prospects of interest, and designs of pleasure."—"Ah," said the second, "your condition is indeed pitiable, but how much more so is mine? Your days alone are distressing to you; at night you can recline on your pillow, and find consolation in grateful slumber, forgetting your perplexities, your neighbour, and yourself; I, on the contrary, have no interval of peace; my days are harrassing, and my nights worse. Alas! I have a wife who eternally torments me; at my business, my meals, nay, even in my bed, her presence disturbs, and her tongue wounds me; I live in incessant irritation, and have no hope of tranquillity but in death."—"Well," said the third, "I have patiently listened to you both, but am still convinced, that my causes of affliction are still more aggravating than either or than both of yours. I have an extravagant, profligate, worthless son; in spite of remonstrance or punishment I have beheld him advance

progressively from vice to vice, till I now see him a disgrace to human nature, and every hour am expecting that the vengeance of Mahomet, or the laws of our country, will tremendously overtake him." On this the three complainers bade each other adieu, and separated for the evening.

"Giafar," said the Khalif to his favourite, "be it your care to find out who these three men are, and see that they attend my pleasure in full divan to-morrow." Giafar obeyed his master; and the three trembling Moslems were conducted by the guards to the seraglio, where each, though ignorant of his imputed crime, expected to lose his head, or at least to have the bastinado. When the divan assembled, and the Khalif on his throne was surrounded by the imams, the emeers, and the grandees of his court, with a loud voice he commanded the three miserables to be brought forth. "Friend," said Haroon al Rasheed to the first, "it seems thou sayest of thyself, that thy condition is eminently unfortunate; relate the causes of thy griefs to the wise men whom thou seest here before me." The man at first was inclined to equivocate, but the visier pointing to the executioner, and affirming that the Khalif had overheard part of their discourse, he declared that he indeed was of all men the most miserable, inasmuch as a wicked neighbour continually persecuted him. As soon as he had finished his narrative—"Take that fellow," said the Khalif in an angry tone to his attendants, and give him five hundred bastinadoes." The imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, looked at each other in astonishment, but said nothing. The Khalif, whose composure was not in the least disturbed, called for the second miserable: "Well, friend," exclaimed Haroon al Rasheed, "and what sayest thou? Thou art also, it appeareth, one whom Mahomet refuses to smile upon." The man having witnessed his neighbour's punishment knew not how to act, and would willingly have held his peace; but being urged in a commanding voice, and fearing that even worse than the bastinado would attend his obstinacy, acknowledged with a faltering voice, that his evil genius, in the shape of a termagant wife, made his days and nights insupportably vexatious. "Take that fellow," said the Khalif to his officers, "and give him instantly five hundred bastinadoes." The imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, a second time looked at each other in astonishment, but preserved the strictest silence. At the command of the Khalif the third man stood forth. "Mussulman," said Haroon al Rasheed, in somewhat of a less intimidating tone, "let me hear thy tale of sorrow." "Commander of the faithful," said the man, "I perceive that thou already knowest the sorrows which oppress my heart; nevertheless, at thy command, and without hesitation, I repeat in the hearing of the court, that a profligate son has been the disgrace of my manhood, and is now the torment of my age." "Take that honest fellow," said the Khalif, "and immediately give him a thousand sequins." A third time did the imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, look at each other with astonishment, without venturing to enquire the reason of the Khalif's most extraordinary decision.

Haroon al Rasheed, after looking upon them some time with complacency, rose from his throne, and thus expressed himself: "Moslems, the judgment which I have this day pronounced, appears to some of you harsh and severe, and to all of you inexplicable; hear then my motives, and confess the justice and beneficence of your prince. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet—shall Moslems indulge in bitter exclamations against Alla, for inconvenience and trouble which their own exertions can remove? Shall our holy prophet be wearied with tears and lamentations, which are only occasioned by his servants' indolence and pusillanimity? The first man whose case I heard, and whom I punished as he deserved, impeached the goodness of providence, and the justice of my government also, for an evil which he himself could have effectually removed. He had a bad and unjust neighbour—granted—but was it not in his power to have changed his residence, and to have followed his occupation as a merchant in some other place? The second, also, was alike intemperate in his complaints—but why arraign Alla, or his prophet, when he himself possessed the remedy of his suffering? He had a bad and worthless wife—but could he not have gone with her immediately to the cadi, given her a writing of divorce, and sent her away? As to the third man, consult your own hearts, and confess my justice.—From an ungracious child who can fly? From that sorrow, what change of place, or what decision of law can preserve us? It follows us abroad, it wounds us in solitude, it disturbs our meals, and haunts our pillows. In this case pity is the slightest boon we can bestow, and liberality is no more than justice."

The imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, were no longer astonished, but confessed aloud the wisdom of the Khalif.

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## ANECDOTES OF
## *HENRI DUC DE MONTMORENCI.*

*From* SEWARD'S "*Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons,*" *&c. just published.*

AS this illustrious nobleman was one day playing at hazard, he won a considerable sum of money. A gentleman standing near him said to his friend, "That now is a sum which would make a gentleman's fortune." "Would it so, Sir?" replied the duke; "take it then, I only wish that it were more."

As the duke was walking one day in the fields near Thoulouse with another nobleman, their discourse turned upon the happiness of men in different situations; and whether those were most to be envied who were in eminent, or those who were in low situations of life. "Ho!" says the duke, on observing three or four peasants, who were making

their frugal meal under a tree, "these men shall settle the point for us." He comes up to them, and accosting them in his usual gracious manner, says, "My friends, are you happy? pray tell me." Three of them told him, "that confining their happiness to a few acres which they had received from their ancestors, they desired nothing farther." The fourth said, "that all that he wished was to be able to regain the possession of a part of his patrimony, which had passed into other hands by the misfortunes of some of his family." "Well, then, my friend, if you had it again, you think that you should be happy?" "As happy, my lord duke, I think, as a man can possibly be in this world." "What would it cost you to recover it?" "Two thousand livres, Sir." "Well, then," said the duke, turning to one of his attendants, "present him with the money, that I may say I have had the satisfaction to-day of making one person happy."

St. Preuil, who headed the troop which took the duke prisoner after the battle of Castelnadauri, fell at the feet of his sovereign, to request the life of his illustrious captive. Richelieu, who was present whilst he was thus forcibly imploring the clemency of Louis, cried out, "St. Preuil, if his majesty were to treat you as you deserve, he would lay your head at your heels *."

Montmorenci, when brought to his trial at Thoulouse, was, contrary to the custom observed with state-prisoners in France, placed upon a stool on a level with the court. When the judges delivered their opinions respecting the sentence that was to take place upon this distinguished culprit, the first to whom the president applied, gave his opinion for death, the dreadful but the well-deserved punishment of him who appears in arms against his sovereign. The rest, one by one, rose from their seats, uncovered their heads, but said nothing; too plainly shewing, by their mournful silence, the cruel necessity they were under to dispense the rigid sentence of the law, however at variance with their wishes and their affections.

The Chancellor Seguier, Richelieu's meanest minion, and who had been brought up by the father of the duke, presided at this tribunal (as it is said) at his own particular desire. On his asking the duke in the usual forms of French criminal procedure, "What was his name?" the duke replied, "I am sure, Sir, you ought to know it, who have so long eaten the bread of our house."

The duke appeared much affected when he was asked whether he had any children; with respect to every thing else, he made his answers as short as possible. He not only admitted the facts of which he was accused, but confessed several charges that were not brought against him, in hopes to save the lives of those who had followed him in his fatal expedition. When he was asked, whether the Duke of Orleans, his sovereign's brother, had not prevailed upon him to take up arms against their mutual sovereign, he replied, "that he did not pretend to lay any blame upon him, but that it was his ac-

* The cardinal never forgave St. Preuil for telling his friends, "that if he had known that the duke was to have perished on a scaffold, he would have blown his brains out when he took him prisoner."

cursed destiny which had precipitated him into so great a crime;" yet he always protested, in the most solemn manner, that he had not the least intention to affect the government of the country.

The duke, soon after he had undergone his interrogatory, begged to be permitted to retire for a moment, when, addressing the tribunal with a most respectful bow, he said, "Gentlemen, I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that when M. Guillemot was confronted with me, I accused him of having counterfeited my seal. I was then greatly agitated. I now completely discharge him from the accusation which I made against him in that situation. He is an honest man. I signed with my own hand the agreement with the States of Languedoc."

Soon after the condemnation of the duke, the king sent for his marshal's staff and his collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost. These distinguished marks of the sovereign's favour, and of the duke's merit, were brought to Louis as he was playing at chess. The Duke de Liancourt, and all the persons of rank who were in the room with Louis, men and women, burst into tears. "Sire," said M. de Charlus, who was sent to the duke by the king, "behold the collar of the order and the marshal's staff, which I present you on the part of the unfortunate Duc de Montmorenci. He has given me in charge, Sir, to assure your majesty, that he dies under the deepest impression of sorrow for having offended you; and that so far from complaining of the sentence by which he is condemned to die, he thinks it bears no proportion to the enormity of the crime of which he has been guilty." Having said this, M. de Charlus fell at the knees of the king, and taking hold of them with both his hands, and bursting into tears, said, "Ah Sire, ah Sire, pardon M. de Montmorenci! his ancestors have been such good servants to your predecessors! Pardon him, Sire! pardon him!" At this instant, every person that was in the room (and it happened to be extremely crowded), men and women, as if impressed with one instantaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, crying, "Sire, for God's sake, pardon M. de Montmorenci!" Louis, at this dreadful and affecting scene, appeared totally unmoved. "No," said he, raising his voice, "M. de Montmorenci must not be pardoned. There cannot possibly be any pardon for him. You ought not to be sorry to see a person die, who has so well deserved to die as M. de Montmorenci. The only favour that I can grant him, is, that the executioner shall not tie his hands, and that he shall only behead him."

When this was told to the duke, his surgeon (M. de Lucante), who came to him to cut off his hair to prepare him for his execution, fell into a swoon by the side of his master. "Ah, poor Lucante," said the duke; "you, who whilst I was in prison so firmly exhorted me to receive all my sufferings as coming from the hands of him who made me—you, I see, are more afflicted than myself! Comfort yourself; let me embrace you, and take my last farewell of you." Then turning to his confessor, he said, "I am ready to go to the scaffold."

The scaffold was erected in an inner court of the town-house of Thoulouse, in which the duke was confined. In passing to it, he observed the statue of Henry the Fourth, which stood in the middle of the area; the statue of a monarch who had been in some measure indebted to the duke's father for the crown of France. He stopped some minutes, and looked at it very attentively, reflecting, perhaps, on the ingratitude and cruelty of the king his son. His confessor, who was beside him, asked him what was the matter, and whether he wanted any thing. "No, no, my good father," replied the illustrious criminal, "I was merely looking at the statue of Henry the Fourth. He was a great and a noble-minded prince. I had the honour to be his godson. Let us go on." Then pointing to the scaffold, he added, "That is my only road to Heaven."

As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he saluted the commanding officer, and all the persons present, more particularly the town-guards, who had orders to attend this melancholy ceremony in the dress they wore on solemn occasions. He intreated them all to bear their testimony to his sovereign, that he died his most obedient subject, and penetrated with the deepest contrition at having offended him. He then placed himself upon the block, and having committed his soul into the hands of the Author of his being, received the fatal blow. The blood flew out upon the walls of the area; and such is still the veneration of the people of Thoulouse for the memory of M. de Montmorenci, that a few years ago they affected, with tears in their eyes, to shew the marks of it upon the walls of the court *.

Thus, by the hands of the executioner, and as a public spectacle on a scaffold, perished Henri Duc de Montmorenci, a nobleman highly distinguished for the splendid virtues of munificence and of courage, of no incompetent parts and understanding, a Peer and Marshal of France, Knight of the venerable Order of the Holy Ghost, and the first Christian Baron of Europe: qualities and titles which would have pleaded very strongly in favour of the life of him who possessed them, had he not diminished their power, and destroyed their influence, by committing treason against the executive government of his country; the greatest crime which a subject can commit; in itself but too apt to contain all other crimes, and in its own pernicious germ to inclose the seeds of rapine, devastation, and murder; the dissolution of all order, and the destruction of civil society.

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* The surgeons having opened the body to embalm it, found five musquet balls within it. They remarked, that of the seventeen wounds which he had received at the battle of Castelnadauri, not one was mortal. Soon after the duke was taken prisoner, his surgeon offered to dress them. "Oh! no, my good friend," said he, "is is by no means necessary; *one more* will soon cure them all."

# EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE.

*(From* WATKINS's *Travels.)*

LORENZO MUSATA, a native of Catania, in Sicily, was in the year 1774 taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separated from each other. One day, as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers; and having embraced him in tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length, growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arsena, he heard a voice cry out—'Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo,' and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprise and joy; but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave!—He had been taken by a Genoese galley, on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude! and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only purchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthrophy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

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## *EXTRACTS*

### FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT,

### CONTAINING DIRECTIONS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY VIII.

HIS Highness's baker shall not put alums in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour, with the same; and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks.

His Highness's attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses, where he goes to visit.

Master-cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

Dinners to be at ten, and suppers at four.

The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together; no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime.

The King's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

There shall be no *romping* with the *maids* on the staircase, by which dishes and *other things* are often broken!!

Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen.

The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen-maids; and he that gets one of them with child, shall pay a fine of two marks to his Highness, and have his allowance of beer withheld for a month.

The grooms shall not steal his Highness's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them.

Coal only to be allowed to the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's chambers.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Among the fishes for the table is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to purveyor.

Twenty-four loaves a day allowed for his Highness's grey-hounds!

Ordered—That all noblemen and gentlemen, at the end of the sessions of the parliament, depart to their several counties, on pain of the royal displeasure!!

## THE PILLOW.

WHAT a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame when the candle is extinguished, and the head on the pillow! If, on a strict scrutiny of the soul, we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creature, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie.

It is never so delicious, or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

The instant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns; the softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, a man must be on good terms with his pillow; for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

The conversation of the pillow with the placeman, the man of the world, the intriguer, the satirical author, would be very poignant. What a number of secret discoveries! And what might not the pillows of kings and ministers tell us!

It is at this moment that truth speaks; for conscience, when we are inclined to listen to it, will tell us pretty nearly what we are.

Nero's father used to say, *I know Agrippina, I know myself; the child she will bring forth must be a monster.*

We must be happy or miserable at night by recollection. Memory recalls our faults and negligences, and this should put us in a method to avoid them; for they will not lose sight of us, they will banish sleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us that there is neither repose nor happiness but in the harmony of an upright conduct, and in the exercise of charity.

Others guess at us, but ourselves only can see ourselves; we only know what we really are. *Do not abide by the judgment of men,* says Montaigne, *abide by your own.*

The pillow gives us notice of what we are to do the following day: he who knows how to consult his pillow will probably receive friendly admonition. If the head repels it, it is a charitable warning; but if it quietly reposes on it, a man may proceed in his intended design.

Happy is he who can say, when he lies down—No man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortune, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid due respect to the property of others, the certain pledge of the repose of families; and the labourer's hire has never remained in my hands at sun-setting, according to the expression in Scripture. Those testimonies of conscience, those internal enjoyments of soul, give a delicious repose, and a still more delicious awaking.

The literary work we can again read over, when reclined on the pillow, a long time after its composition, is not to be despised. The

mind is in the same situation as at the time of writing, but sees itself much better, and can judge.

If a man has lived in harmony, peace, and good order, he is pleased at the reflection; whatever has been dictated by a momentary impulse appears wretched and puerile; but if he is so fortunate to have sacrificed revenge, the writing is consolatory and pleasing; one readily forgives himself the errors he is only to blush for before the Muses. The author who has been good at one time will be so again; he does not feel the uneasiness that awaits him whose work, stuffed with every degree of malice, has torn his adversary in pieces with relentless ridicule.

The satirist and the misanthrope will never read over their most approved and applauded works with the same pleasure as the virtuous man will taste in reviving works which criticism may doubtless reprehend, but which sound morality will not be ashamed to own.

The clock strikes twelve! Awful hour! Night, depriving me of the sight of the earth, seems to put me in possession of the heavens. Those millions of suns and worlds which the Eternal has strewed with such profusion, give man the opportunity of observing the immutable laws by which they are governed.

It is to night that the Cassinis and the Galileos are indebted for their greatest discoveries. And thy vigilant eye, indefatigable Herschel, meets the comet which would pass unperceived by a heedless world.

All privileged beings, who cultivate their minds, watch more or less; the silence and tranquillity of the night are favourable to their meditations, and supply the place of the voluntary darkness to which the Greek savages formerly condemned themselves for the discovery of truth.

Night is the common benefactress of every thing that breathes; it is during her reign that the greatest share of happiness is spread over the earth; violent passions are lulled, the human race are relieved from labour; the prisoner, loaded with the fetters of despotism, flits far from his dungeon, and accuses his tyrant before assembled worlds. The inequality amongst men has, in a manner, ceased; voluptuousness, with its charms, enraptures the young married pair, and repairs the devastations of war. LE M——.

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## *BON MOT.*

A GENTLEMAN who resides in St. James's-street, happening to spend the evening in the city among some friends, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined singing, alleging that he was so indifferent a performer in that way, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, observed that he had a very good voice, and that he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing. "That may be," resumed the other (wishing to get excused), but as I am not a *freeman*, I have *no voice in the city*."

# THE STAGE.

## BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from p. 26.*

A MIRTHFUL mischief sporting in her air,
Lo! ABINGTON, Thalia's fav'rite care,
Design'd the path of higher life to tread,
To nature faithful, and by genius led,
With arch vivacity, the comic throne
She claims, and shines with lustre all her own.
Where affectation's flippant airs are seen—
The mincing accent, and the study'd mien,
Where art prevails o'er nature's simple grace,
And fashion's whims preside in reason's place,
The coldest critic must with pleasure view,
And own each portrait spirited and true.
In scenes where sharp sarcastic strokes appear,
With satire's keenest barb she points the sneer;
Thus when gay *Millamant* with bant'ring vein
*Marwood* insults in pity's galling strain,
Th' ironic tone such stinging force conveys,
That CONGREVE scarcely merits higher praise.
But though she thus can charm the critic sight
In parts affected, sprightly, and polite,
The wild simplicity of hoyden youth
She paints with all the glowing tints of truth.

The muse who knows that HARTLEY could controul
And sooth to sympathy the sternest soul,
Can ne'er forgetful of her worth remain,
But seeks her name to decorate the strain.
In ROWE's fine portrait of submissive woe,
That contrite yields to fate's relentless blow,
The wretched victim of a lawless flame,
By pow'rs harsh mandate doom'd to public shame,
What eye to HARTLEY could a tear deny?
What breast so hard that could refuse a sigh?
Urg'd by the noblest glow of filial fire,
When poor *Cordelia* seeks her injur'd sire—
Or warm with conscious honour's purest aim,
When *Desdemona* vindicates her fame,
Her plaintive strains would make a stoic feel,
Such magic graces o'er the bosom steal.
Again, sweet exile, grace a drooping stage,
Again with nature's loveliest charms engage.
Lo! CRAWFORD wanders to another clime,
And YATES too soon must feel the stealth of time,

Then shall we own the triumph only thine,
Where dignity and tenderness combine,
In ev'ry gentle and impressive part
With pow'r resistless to enchain the heart.
To thee, when YATES shall court the private shade,
The sorrowing muse must fondly seek for aid,
By thee alone, dear wand'rer, then display
The melting force of her pathetic lay.

*(To be continued.)*

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## CHARACTER OF
# *LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.*
### BY MADAME ROLAND.

*From Miss* WILLIAMS's *Sketch of the Politics of France.*

LOUIS XVI. behaved to his ministry with the greatest good humour. This man was not precisely such a personage as he has been industriously represented by those who were interested in degrading him. He was neither that stupid sot which he has been held out to be for the purpose of exciting contempt, nor that polite, good and affectionate character for which his friends have extolled him. Nature had formed him in a common kind of mould: he would have acted well in an obscure situation; but he was depraved by a royal education, and lost his moderation at a critical period, in which his safety could have been effected only by the assistance of genius or virtue. A common mind, educated at court, and taught from the cradle the art of dissembling, acquires many advantages in its commerce with mankind. The art of discovering to each no more than he would wish him to know, is only a habit, to which constant exercise gives the appearance of address; and a man must be born an idiot, in order to appear a fool in a similar situation.

Louis XVI. had besides a good memory, and a great share of activity; he never was a moment unemployed, and read a good deal. He had the most perfect and minute knowledge of all the treaties made by France with the neighbouring powers; he was well acquainted with its history, and was the best geographer in his kingdom. Knowledge of names; the just application of them to the phisiognomies of the persons of the court to whom they belonged; acquaintance with all their private anecdotes, had been extended by him to every individual, who had at all distinguished himself in the revolution; and no one of any quality or description could be mentioned to him, of whom he could not give some kind of information founded on their private history. But Louis XVI. without strength of character, was confined in his views, and had twisted as it were his feelings by superstitious prejudices and jesuitical principles. The great ideas of religion, the belief of a God, and the assurance of im-

mortality, are perfectly in harmony with philosophy; and while they rear its column on those most solid of all foundations, they likewise adorn it with the most finished capital. Wretched are the legislators who despise these powerful means of inspiring political virtues, and of forming the morals of a nation. If they were even illusions, we ought to cherish them, for the consolation of mankind: but the religion of our priests presented us only with objects of childish fear, and miserable mummeries instead of good works; and also consecrated the whole code of despotism, on which the authority of the established church is founded.

Louis XVI. was literally afraid of hell, the horns and hoofs of the devil, and excommunication; and with all this it was impossible he should be any thing but a poor creature of a king. If he had been born two hundred years earlier, and had had a reasonable wife, he would have made no more noise in the world than other princes of his line, who have passed across the stage without doing either much good or evil: but ascending the throne amidst the dissoluteness of the court of Louis XV. and the disordered state of the treasury, and surrounded by corrupted men, he was drawn on by a giddy woman, who joined to Austrian insolence the forwardness of youth, and to the arrogance of grandeur the intoxication of the senses, and the carelessness of levity; and who was herself seduced by all the vices of an Asiatic court.

Louis XVI. too weak to hold the reins of government, which was now falling headlong into ruin, and crumbling to dissolution, hastened his own by faults without number. Neckar, who always acted the pathetic in politics as well as in writing; a man of moderate abilities, but of which the world entertained a high opinion, because he had formed a high opinion of them himself, which he was careful to make known; without foresight; a sort of a retail financier, who could only calculate the contents of a purse, and was talking continually of his reputation, as women of intrigue talk of their chastity; Neckar was but a sorry pilot for the storm that was gathering. France was, as it were, exhausted of men: it is a thing highly surprising that they should have been so scarce in this revolution; it has brought forth scarcely any but pigmies. It is not because there was any want of wit, of information, of knowledge, of philosophy: these ingredients had never been more common: it was the blaze of the torch just expiring. But that energy of soul which J. J. Rousseau has so admirably defined as the first characteristic of the hero, supported by that solidity of judgment which knows the just value of every thing; with that foresight which penetrates into futurity, the re-union of which constitutes character, and forms the superior man, we have looked for it every where, but it has been no where to be found.

Louis XVI. continually floating between the fear of irritating his subjects, and his wish to keep them within bounds, and unable to govern them, convened the States-General, instead of reforming the expences, and regulating his court. After having himself unveiled the spring, and shewed the way to innovation, he hoped to stop its

progress, by affecting a power against which he had furnished arms, and against which he had himself given instructions for resistance.

No other means were left him, than to sacrifice with a good grace a part of his authority, in order, by means of the other, to seize the whole, on a proper occasion, which he was not however likely to do; since he gave himself up to the most desperate sort of intrigues, the only sort familiar to those whom he chose for his advisers, under the protection and patronage of his wife. He had certainly preserved under the constitution sufficient means both of power and of happiness, if he had had the wisdom to keep himself within bounds. Want of ability had disabled him from preventing the establishment of the new government; but honesty alone would have been sufficient to have saved him, if he had been sincere in executing, when he had accepted the constitution. Unhappily for himself, on one hand to support what he was overthrowing with the other, was his crooked policy; and this perfidious conduct first excited mistrust, and then finished by kindling general indignation.

When he had made choice of patriotic ministers, he was particularly anxious to inspire them with confidence; and he succeeded so well, that for three weeks I saw Roland and Clavieres, enchanted with the king's dispositions, thinking only of the happy order of things, and flattering themselves that the revolution was finished.—"Good God!" I said to them, "every time I see you come from the council with this great confidence, I always think that you are about to commit some act of great folly."—"I assure you," answered Clavieres, "that the king is perfectly convinced that his interest is intimately connected with the observance of the laws which have been just established: he reasons about them too feelingly not to have a perfect conviction of this truth." "If," added Roland, "he be not an honest man, he is the most arrant cheat in the kingdom: dissimulation can hardly go so far."—"And for my part," I replied, "I have no great confidence in any man's regard for the constitution, who has been educated in the prejudices of despotism and habits of dissipation, and whose conduct latterly has exhibited a total want both of genius and virtue. Louis XVI. must be a man very much above the common standard, to have any sincere regard for a constitution which narrows the limits of his power; and if he had been such a man, he would not have suffered those events to have taken place which have brought about this constitution."—My great argument for his insincerity was founded on his flight to Varennes.

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## *A THIEF RESCUED BY AN ELEPHANT.*

### AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

DURING the siege of Pondicherry, in the East-Indies, by the British army, when Mr. Lally was governor, there were in the French garrison several war elephants, all of which, from the scarcity of provisions, except one, died, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which had

rendered him the favourite of every one, and the object of general admiration. This animal, in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, ran for protection under the belly of the elephant. Delighted with the poor wretch's confidence, the elephant instantly faced about to the crowd, erected his proboscis, and threw his chain in the air (as is the manner of these creatures when engaged with the enemy) and became so furious in defence of the criminal, that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they, nor even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail with him to give up the malefactor. The contest had continued above three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's interposition, and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an extasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgment, by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor; who was apparently so sensible of what had happened, that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance.

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## ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF
# *THEODORE,*
## KING OF CORSICA *.

*BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE, ESQ.*

THEODORE Anthony, Baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz, about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes, in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. I saw him soon after his last arrival; he was a comely middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry. An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprized of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed

* See Vol. IV. p. 310.

to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he played so many pranks, and counterfeited so many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper in the World was published for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it, and sent to his prison. He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds. He sent in a few days to Mr. Dodsley, the publisher of the World, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being denied, he sent a lawyer to Mr. Dodsley, to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions:

**Precibusque minas regaliter addit. Ovid.**

In May 1756 this extraordinary event happened: Theodore, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of insolvency. However, he remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's, in Audley-street; but not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-street, Soho, who, having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, lodged him in his house. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne, in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances attended him to the last. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall, to demand the benefit of the act, he was asked, "What effects he had?" He answered, "Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica." It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

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## *ORIGIN OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.*

ON the place where this edifice stands was once an hospital dedicated to St. James, originally founded by the Citizens of London for only fourteen maids afflicted with the leprosy, who were to live a chaste and devout life: but afterwards new donations increased the extent of the charity, and eight brethren were added to minister divine service. This hospital, which is mentioned in a manuscript of the Cotton Library so early as in the year 1100, was at length suppressed by King Henry VIII. who allowed the sisters pensions during the term of their lives, and, taking down the edifice, built a palace in its room, which retained the name of the hospital, and is still standing. In this edifice our kings have resided ever since Whitehall was consumed by fire in 1697.

# THE UNION OF LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN,

## *A SERMON,*

*Preached in St. Andrew's Church, New Town, Edinburgh,*

TO THE FRATERNITY OF

## *FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,*

AND OTHER HEARERS,

ASSEMBLED THERE ON THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER 1786, BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW;

*BY JAMES WRIGHT*, A. M.

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT MAYBOLE.

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PREFACE.

HAVING published, lately, a book, intitled, *A Recommendation of Brotherly Love*, in which the duties of the Second Great Commandment of the Divine Law are explained at considerable length, the Grand Lodge of Scotland did me the particular honour of taking public notice of it, in the news-papers, in terms of great respect, and of recommending it to the frequent perusal of all the Brethren of the different Lodges holding of the Grand Lodge. The Noblemen and Gentlemen of the said Grand Lodge have paid me the further compliment, of requesting me to preach the First Sermon that has ever been delivered to the Masonic Fraternity at Edinburgh, on the Festival of St. Andrew. This Sermon, preached at Edinburgh on that Anniversary, is now published at their particular desire.

Whether the bulk of those who may happen to read this Discourse, and the Charge with which it is accompanied, shall think it deserving of that very warm and friendly patronage with which the Grand Lodge of Scotland has been pleased to honour it, I cannot foresee: but this I know, that it was composed with a good and benevolent design. And I do most sincerely wish and pray, that God, before whom the hearts of all men lie open, and into which HE can infuse whatever sentiments and emotions HE pleaseth, may cause this feeble, but well-meant, attempt, to suppress strife and discord, and to promote a spirit of forbearance and love, among my Christian Brethren; may cause every one who reads it to feel the power of that principle which runs through it, and produce in them those good effects, which were most sincerely intended by its being preached.

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1 JOHN iv. 21.

*And this Commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth* GOD, *love his* Brother *also.*

THESE are the words of the disciple whom Jesus loved. St. John's uncommon tenderness and sensibility of heart rendered him more like to his great Master than any of the other Apostles, and procured him that preference which he held in his Lord's affection. His writings breathe the true spirit of Love to both God and Man.

After having treated, in this chapter, of the nature and obligations of the first and great commandment of the law, which is Love to God, he concludes with shewing, in the words of the text, that Love to

Man is a principle congenial with it. They are co-existent principles, and they cannot be found separate from each other. Love to Man is the fruit or evidence of Love to God; and therefore, whoever is possessed of the one principle, will possess the other also. Hence it is vain to imagine, that a man can be devout towards God, or that he can have any just claim to the character and rewards of religion, who is not at the same time benevolent and charitable towards his Brethren: much less can any one be said to be religious, whilst he indulges himself in any species of malice and injustice.

It is proposed, through the Divine aid,

I. To consider what is implied in the word *Brother*.

II. To mention some of the chief arguments which the Christian religion makes use of, to persuade us to love our Brethren.

III. To shew that we cannot love God, unless we love our Brethren also.—And,

IV. To make some reflections with a view to guard you against that narrow selfish spirit, and those evil passions, which are a hindrance to the exercise of Love to mankind.

I. We shall consider what is implied in the word *Brother*. The words *Brother* and *Neighbour* are often used by the sacred writers to denote all mankind. Hence the word *Brother* implies one who resembles us in the shape of his body, and in the general cast of his mind; one who is of our own nature, and who, in an enlarged sense, is of one blood with us. Thus said St. Paul to the men of Athens *, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Although our Brother may differ from us in some outward circumstances of birth and fortune and education, or in some peculiar features of his body and of his mind, yet he was born in the same planet with us, and he is our cotemporary passenger through this state of mortality, and he is susceptible of joy and sorrow, and he is sensible to the difference between a state of prosperity and adversity, as we are. Being our fellow-traveller through this probationary state, he is beset with the like enemies, and dangers, and temptations, that we have to struggle with.

Upon us depends much of that happiness, or of that misery, which he doth experience in his journey through life. He, and we, have but a short while to travel together, before we shall take a final leave of each other on this side of the grave, and be summoned to appear before the Judge of all the earth, to give an account of our mutual treatment of each other. 'Therefore see that ye fall not out by the way;' for the time is near, when you and your Brother shall not be able either to befriend or to hurt one another any more. The time is fast approaching, when ye shall not have it in your power either to do him a good office, or to wound his character, or to hurt his property and his peace. Let us be careful to live together in habits of friendship, and in a mutual intercourse of good offices; and the more especially as our holy religion teaches us to expect, that, after a short

* Acts xvii. 26.

separation by death, we shall meet again in the world above, and be companions for ever. This being the case, we ought surely to consider our Brother as one whom we are not only bound to love, but whom we ought zealously to help forward in his way to the Heavenly Zion, because thither doth he and we profess to bend our course.

Again, the word *Brother* implies one in whom the infinitely wise and gracious Author of our being has forced us to take a particular interest, by the impulse of some of the strongest principles of our nature. To the welfare of his fellow-creatures no man can be indifferent, without incurring much guilt, and without shewing that he has either the baseness to resist the dictates of some of the sweetest and strongest affections of the soul, or that, by a most criminal depravity of his nature, he has rendered himself callous and insensible to these.

When our Brother is in poverty, that nature which we have in common with him, speaks for him. His state is then the direct object of our pity. When we behold him naked and hungry, without waiting for any deductions of reason, an advocate spontaneously riseth up in our breasts to plead for him. When he is sick, we naturally wish to visit and comfort him. When he has lost a parent on whom he depended, or a child whom his soul loved, we sympathise with him in his grief; and, in every case of his great distress, we take part with him in his sufferings, and we wish to pour balm into his wounds. In his joy also we rejoice, and his good fortune makes a part of our own.

Instances to the contrary are always justly esteemed marks of a base and depraved heart: it is an evidence of a narrow and perverted soul, to be indifferent either to the joys or sorrows of others. Such a man tramples upon those natural powerful laws, which, like so many golden cords, unite the human species, and by which the Gracious Author of our being has, in a certain degree, compelled us to take a warm interest in each other's welfare, and has made it become at once our duty and our pleasure to bear one another's burthens, and to share with each other both in our good and bad fortune.

Moreover, the word *Brother* implies one from whose society we derive some of our best pleasures and enjoyments. The union and friendship of each creature to those of its own species, is one of those general principles upon which Infinite Wisdom has acted in the great work of the creation. Every thing is so formed as to have a predilection for those of its own kind. This analogy runs through all the works of God, even from the lower forms of dead matter, up to man, whom He has created after his own image. This principle is indeed of no value to things that are void of perception. The brutes, however, enjoy much happiness from social intercourse with those of their own species. But man, as he is the noblest of the terrestrial works of God, so his capacity of enjoyment from the society of his Brethren is by far the greatest. In his case, both his intellectual and his moral powers serve as so many inlets to felicity, arising from good neighbourhood and social intercourse with his fellow-creatures.

A solitary individual is a helpless and a joyless creature. Hence the appetite for society is one of the strongest of our nature; and the pleasure and the benefit of indulging it is very great, and would be still much greater, was our love to one another as pure and unallayed as it ought to be. Perfect love among men, unmixed with malice and injustice, is not indeed to be expected in the present state of human nature. This would be that golden age, of which some benevolent philosophers dreamed, and of which some kind-hearted poets sung: but only in Heaven, and no where else, is it to be realized. The happier, however, will be our state on earth, the nearer that we approach to it. In the society of our Brethren, we are disburthened of our sorrows, and all our joys are enlivened. In society, we gratify some of the best and noblest feelings of the heart; and from thence our nature derives some of its greatest embellishments and improvements.

Thus God has linked the human species together by such strong ties of affection and of interest, as ought not to be dissolved rashly, or upon slight grounds. Knowing that we have a common nature, and that we are all liable to err, we ought to bear with each other's weaknesses and errors, and we ought to forgive one another's offences. 'How oft,' said St. Peter to his Lord *, 'shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' This command our Lord has enforced by an argument of peculiar magnitude, and which must speak powerfully to the heart of every man who believes that he must give an account of himself to God. 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses †.' This leads us,

II. To mention some of the chief arguments which the Christian religion makes use of, to persuade us to love our brethren. The light of nature itself teaches us, that all men are the children of one great family. The whole human race are the children of one God and Father of all; and therefore we are all in the relation of Brethren to one another. Our Brethren ought to be most dear to us, because God is their God and our God, their Father and our Father: and our affection to one another ought to be increased, by considering that Christ shed his blood for them and for us. What can make us esteem and love even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that the Lord Jesus Christ died for them?

But we Christians are more nearly related to one another as Brethren than others, because we are the children of God in a new and peculiar sense. We are his adopted children through grace, and we enjoy many spiritual privileges which are denied to other men. We are taken into a covenant-relation to God; and we are, in a peculiar

* Matth. xviii. 21, 22. † Matth. vi. 14, 15.

sense, heirs of the promises made to the fathers, and by the prophets. 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! Beloved, now are we the Sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when HE shall appear, we shall be like HIM, for we shall see HIM as HE is *.' Therefore, while we ought to consider all men as being our Brethren, from the ties of a common nature, we ought to view every Christian as being in a peculiar sense our Brother and our Sister, and as enjoying, with us, privileges and hopes superior to what are enjoyed by the rest of mankind.

Hence the argument which the Christian religion has laid great stress upon for the exercise of mutual love among the Christian Brethren, is the consideration of their being all the disciples of one Master and Lord, who is Christ Jesus, their and our immaculate head. Our Saviour, immediately after he ascended up on high, poured down the gifts of the Holy Ghost upon the first converts, to strengthen their faith in his gospel; but more particularly upon the Apostles, to enable them to teach his doctrine, and to make proselytes to it wherever they preached, with a view to his forming one great religious and spiritual society. From among all the different tribes and nations of men dwelling on the face of the whole earth, he hath selected a certain number of followers, who are called and predestinated to be the true church of God. The doing of this was the first act of his power, after he entered into his glory. At Antioch, his disciples first took the name of Christians, by which name they continue to be distinguished from all other religious sects. They are one great religious society, whose faith and hope do centre in one Glorious Mediator, who died for us all, and through whom we obtain the remission of sins, and eternal life.

The circumstance of discipleship to the great Saviour and Judge of the world, is a new and strong tie of friendship among us. Love to one another, is the very badge, or the most distinguishing mark, of our Christianity. Therefore, saith our Saviour †, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Vain is it to pretend to be a Christian, without possessing the temper of love to the Brethren. So well did the primitive Christians understand that love to their Brethren was essential to the character of real Christians, that even the Heathen emperor, who persecuted them, bore this testimony, saying, 'Behold how these Christians love one another!'

The great apostle of the Gentiles, in order to represent the obligations which the Christian Brethren are under to love one another, tells us, that we are the members of Christ's spiritual body, and members of one another; that is, he compares the mutual affection which ought to subsist among Christians, to the union and sympathy

* 1 John iii. 1, 2. † John xiii. 34, 35.

of the members of the natural body. Thus *, 'But now hath God set the members, every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased HIM. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. That there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it: or whether one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.'

What a beautiful representation is this of the relation which subsists between Christ and his followers, and of that love which his followers ought to have one toward another. We ought to love one another, because we do thereby nothing more than love a set of creatures, who are, as it were, 'bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh.' Malice, or fraud, or injustice, ought not to be so much as heard of among us; because, by hurting our Brother, and more especially our Christian Brother, either in his person, or property, or character, we hurt one of our own members, or a part of our ownselves, from our mutual relation to Christ, the Spiritual Head of the whole Christian body, and the Common Center of our mutual affection to one another. We Christians ought to love one another, because Christ, the Center of our Brotherhood, loveth us, and died for us; and because HE is taking care of our separated members, that is, our departed friends and Brethren, till we shall go to them.

Out of this argument for mutual love among the Christian Brethren, there grows another, which is of equal force. From our relation to Christ, who calleth us his Brethren, and in whom we have everlasting life, we hope soon to be raised to those mansions of felicity which he is gone to prepare for us, and to dwell there with him, and with one another, through all eternity. Shall not we therefore love each other, who are thus designed to be friends and companions to one another through endless ages?

Our present acquaintance is but the beginning of our friendships. It is to the friendship of the life to come, only what the seed-time is to the harvest, or what a state of childhood is to mature age. And of our meeting together in a future state, where our friendships will be made perfect, and will be uninterrupted and everlasting, there can be no doubt; because, since Christ, who is the head of the members, is risen, we shall also rise again. 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' saith HE; 'whosoever believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live:—because I live, ye shall live also.' HE is become 'the first-fruits of them that slept;' and as the first-fruits betoken the approaching general harvest, so the general resurrection is drawing on. Since Christ, who is our Lord and Head, is entered into his glory, we, if we follow HIM by a life of sincere faith and ho-

* 1 Cor. xii. 18, 28.

liness, shall also ascend up on high, and behold him, and share with him in his glory. Thus HE saith to us, as well as to his immediate disciples *, 'Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in GOD, believe also in ME. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.'—What pleasant words are these! Do not our hearts burn within us whilst we hear this voice from above, assuring us that pious friends on the earth shall be everlasting companions in Heaven? Therefore, depart from us, all ye unsocial and malevolent passions, that our hearts may be always open to those tender and benevolent feelings, and to that brotherly kindness and charity, which are suitable to beings who are going to the world of pure and everlasting friendship.

There is still another argument for the exercise of love among the Christian brethren, which our Saviour himself has made frequent use of, and which cannot fail to have a powerful influence upon every sincere believer in him.—Although our Saviour be now personally absent from us, and we cannot therefore perform any acts of human friendship to himself, as Lazarus and his sisters, and as Zacheus and Joseph of Arimathea did, yet we have it still in our power to shew him kindness in the person of his disciples, our Christian Brethren. He will consider the humane and beneficent deeds which we do to them as being done to himself. Now, who would not wish to give meat to Christ, if he saw him hungry, as he often was in the days of his flesh? Who would not give him drink if he saw him thirsty? Who would not give him a place to lodge in, if he saw him a stranger, and without a home? Shew these acts of kindness to his disciples, your own Christian Brethren, and ye will perform them to him. Acts of benevolence and mercy done to them, will bring you the same reward, and place you in the same rank in his favour and esteem, as if they had been done to himself. 'Whosoever shall give to drink, to one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward †.'

He also assureth us, that if we shall injure any of his disciples, our Christian Brethren, by persuading them to forsake the faith of the Gospel, or by seducing them into acts of wickedness, the punishment thereof will be very great. 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones who belive in ME, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea ‡.'

Thus we see that Christ will consider every injury that we do to our Christian Brethren, especially such injuries as tend to hurt their souls, or to take away their peace, as well as every ministry of kindness, as being done to himself.

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* John xiv. 1—3. † Matth. x. 42. ‡ Matth. xviii. 6.

That he may add still greater weight to this argument for mutual love among Christian Brethren, he tells us, that the good angels who minister to the happiness and salvation of the pious, and meek, and humble, do daily witness in Heaven the injuries that are done to them by their Brethren through malice and injustice. Thus, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father who is in Heaven *.' Is not this a consideration which ought to arrest the daring hand of guilt, and stop the profligate and the injurious from seducing into vice, and from treating with cruelty and injustice, any of our Christian Brethren, the flock of Christ, whom, by his Spirit, and by the ministry of good angels, he watches over with the tenderness and care of a faithful shepherd?

In his own description of the last judgment, our Saviour has strongly marked the value of a humane and benevolent mind; and he has set before us, in the strongest colours, the awful danger of being unjust and unmerciful toward our Brethren. 'When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my Brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.—Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal †.'

Though we are not to imagine that, in the awful day of final retribution, any other virtue or vice, more than acts of charity or unmercifulness, will be overlooked by a Judge of infinite knowledge; yet the foregoing passage serves to shew us in what high estimation men of true goodness and benevolence of heart are held by the Supreme Father of the world. They are laying 'up a good foundation against the time to come.' They are casting their bread upon 'the

* Matth. xviii. 10. † Matth. xxv. 31. to the end.

waters, and they shall find it after many days.' But let all those who are insensible to the miseries of their fellow-creatures—and still more, let those who are instrumental in bringing calamities upon others, read this passage and tremble.

*(To be continued.)*

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ACCOUNT OF AN

## *EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL GENIUS,*

WHO LIVED SOME YEARS AGO AT DRESDEN, IN SAXONY.

IT is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony to appoint a peasant in every village in their district to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three.

Mr. Christian Gotthold Hoffman, who is chief commissary at Dresden and the villages adjacent, when he was auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in March 1753, was told, that there was among them one John Ludwig, a strange man, who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading in books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised M. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in the man's appearance that corresponded with a mind superior to his station, was greatly surprised to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was, in every respect, that of a plodding ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true? and the man bluntly and coarsely replied. "What neighbour has told you that I read and study? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter."

Hoffman, however, continued the conversation, notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic, and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academic in a public examination.

Mr. Hoffman, after this conversation, prevailed on the peasant to stay some time at his house, that he might further gratify his curiosity at such times as would be most convenient. In their subsequent

conferences he proposed to his guest the most abstracted and embarrassing questions, which were always answered with the utmost readiness and precision. The account which this extraordinary person gives of himself and his acquisitions is as follows:

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February 1715, in the village of Cossedaude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eager desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to get into his possession. In about a year his master began to teach him to write, but this exercise was rather irksome than pleasing at first; but when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great alacrity, especially as books were put into his hands to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other. When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic, but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig therefore was so disgusted with arithmetic, that after much scolding and beating he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else; so that the greatest part of what he had learnt was forgotten. He was associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensibly like them. As he grew up he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness, was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades, when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to get at it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about 20 years old, he bought a small bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded. Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning over the leaves of his bible, to find the passages referred to in the catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and therefore set about to transcribe the catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of paper, and though when he began, the character was scarce legible, yet before he had finished it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learnt is easily recovered.

In the month of March 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived, and he found that in order to discharge this office, is was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object, and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather, better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however hateful the task, and whatever labour it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad at any rate to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale. His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want, and at last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He therefore went immediately in search of this school-fellow, and was overjoyed to find upon enquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions.

The reluctance with which he began to learn the powers and properties of figures was now at an end; he knew enough to make him earnestly desirous of knowing more; he was therefore impatient to proceed from this book to one that was more difficult, and having at length found means to procure one that treated of more intricate and complicated calculations, he made himself master of that also before the end of the year 1739. He had the good fortune soon after to meet with a treatise of geometry, written by Pachek, the same author whose arithmetic he had been studying; and finding that this science was in some measure founded on that which he had learnt, he applied to his new book with great assiduity for some time, but at length, not being able perfectly to comprehend the theory as he went on, nor yet to discover the utility of the practice, he laid it aside, to which he was also induced by the necessity of his immediate attendance to his field and his vines.

The severe winter which happened in the year 1740, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and having there no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry; and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these instruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March, and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

He was now necessarily recalled to that labour by which alone he could procure himself food, and was besides without money to pro-

cure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary to pursue his geometrical studies. However, with the assistance of a neighbouring artificer, he procured the figures which he found represented by the diagrams in his book, to be made in wood, and with these he went to work at every interval of leisure, which now happened only once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. He was still in want of a new book, and having laid by a little sum for that purpose against the time of the fair, where alone he had access to a bookseller's shop, he made a purchase of three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this acquisition he could not rest till he had begun to study astronomy; his next purchase therefore was an introduction to that science, which he read with indefatigable diligence, and invented innumerable expedients to supply the want of proper instruments, in which he was not less successful than Robinson Crusoe, who in an island, of which he was the only rational inhabitant, found means to supply himself not only with the necessaries but the conveniencies of life.

During his study of geometry and astronomy he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived that it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to get acquainted with philosophy, and being continually upon the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called *An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of man, and of the Universe.* In reading this book he was struck with a variety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden and enquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the works of Wolfius written in the German language, and Wolfius having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

The first purchase that he made of Wolfius's works, was his logic, and at this he laboured a full year, still attending to his other studies, so as not to lose what he had gained before. In this book he found himself referred to another, written by the same author, called Mathematical Principles, as the fittest to give just ideas of things and facilitate the practice of logic, he therefore enquired after this book with a design to buy it, but finding it too dear for his finances, he was obliged to content himself with an abridgment of it, which he purchased in the autumn of 1743. From this book he derived much pleasure and much profit, and it employed him from October 1743 to February 1745.

He then proceeded to metaphysics, at which he laboured till the October following, and he would fain have entered on the study of physics, but his indigence was an insuperable impediment, and he

was obliged to content himself with his author's morality, politics, and remarks on metaphysics, which employed him till July 1746, by which time he had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the physics which he had so earnestly desired, and this work he read twice within the year.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wolfius's Mathematical Principles at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in this book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This however cost him incredible labour, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep for something more than a year.

He proceeded to the study of the *Law of Nature and Nations*, and at the same time procured a little book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These books with a few that he borrowed were the sources from which he derived such a stock of knowledge, as is seldom found even among those who have associated with the inhabitants of a university, and had perpetual access to public libraries.

Mr. Hoffman, during Ludwig's residence at his house, dressed him in his own gown, with other proper habiliments, and he observes that this alteration of his dress had such an effect that Hoffman could not conceive the man's accent or dialect to be the same, and he felt himself secretly inclined to treat him with more deference than when he was in his peasant's dress, though the alteration was made in his presence, and with his own apparel.

It happened also that before Ludwig went home there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phænomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed, he had hitherto been acquainted with the planetary world only by books, and a view of the heavens with the naked eye, he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him scarce suffered him either to eat or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on the sky became cloudy, and continued so during the whole time of its continuance; this misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on he looked up at it with the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow; when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle, and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board laid side by side, over two trussels made a writing table for the phi-

losopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper containing extracts of books, various calculations and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before were placed on a shelf with the compass and ruler that have been described, which with a wooden square and a pair of six inch globes, constituted the library and musæum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, sometimes carrying a basket at his back, and sometimes driving a wheel-barrow, and carrying such garden-stuff as he had to sell about the village. In this state he was subject to frequent insults, such as "patient merit of the unworthy takes," and he bore them without reply or any other mark either of resentment or contempt, when those who could not agree with him about the price of his commodities used to turn from him with an air of superiority, and call him in derision a silly clown and a stupid dog.

Mr. Hoffman, when he dismissed him, presented him with 100 crowns, which filled all his wishes and made him the happiest man in the world; with this sum he built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and furnished it with many moveables and utensils, of which he was in great want, but above all he procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water than withhold from his mind that food which his intellectual hunger perpetually required. T. S.

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## *PHYSIOGNOMICAL SKETCHES.*

### BY E. WILSON, SUNDERLAND.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

'TIS odd—'tis very odd'—says my young friend Frank Johnson, as he came bouncing into my room one night, 'that this same art of reading faces is not more comeatable; yet one truth is clear; we are all physiognomists by Nature, none by art. That old lady, however, depend upon it, has some secrets behind the curtain which she is determined none shall see. Have not our greatest philosophers been begging, and praying, and peeping, and peering, and prying about, like the arrantest snivellers, for these 3000 years, and not one admitted, not one embrace? Nay, sooner than indulge their worships with even one glance of her beauties

more than the meanest pig-driver, she would pull them by the nose for their impertinence. It is cutting, very cutting, an't it, Ned?' 'True, sir,' I replied, 'and that should teach us diffidence and humility. And now that you are thus speaking, I remember it is only a few weeks ago since the old wry-nosed gossip, Mrs. Curiosity, popt up to me, and archly tipt me the wink to trip up stairs after her, and see her favourite young daughter by Lavater. Tut! thinks I, and so I will. I went, saw, and liked her. Her phiz was captivating, and her language admirable.—Do you know, says she, that I am going to have the rooms of my brother the banking-merchant, hung round with portraits and definitions; and when any one applies for a place, a physiognomical comparison will only be necessary, thus: Pray, sir, for what department do you offer yourself?—An accomptant's, ma'am, or even a saleman's.—Pshaw! your phlegmatic chin, and mighty little nose, show you totally unfit for dispatch; be off, sir: Ha! here comes another humble petitioner. Well, sir, express your wishes.—I am told, ma'am, you want a treasurer, and—Enough, sir. Your projecting chin shows you too positive; yet I think you know the principles of right and wrong. Walk in, sir.—Thus talked the lovely girl, in a manner easy to be understood.'

'I remember,' said Frank, 'that some years ago I had occasion to go through Borough Bridge, and to stop there all night. The landlord I soon found to be a knowing little chatty fellow, and one who knew how to please his guests. Never was I more entertained in my life than by his company. He was not one of your common dry-brained swizzle venders; no, sir; he had read several characters carefully in the book of nature, and knew how to render a reason.—Sir, says he, I presume you come from such a place.—True, quoth I.—And pray, continued he, do you know the Rev. Mr. W——?—Perfectly well; he is a genuinity and I respect him much.—Here, cried the landlord, he shall always be welcome; and though an oddity, he is a gentleman.

One night, added my host, as I was sitting at the fire-side over a mug of ale, chatting with three of my neighbours, a barber, a grocer, and a taylor, in came a gentleman in a clerical garb, totally a stranger.

Your most obedient, says I; would you please to walk into the parlour, and have a fire lighted, sir. No sir, quoth his reverence in the greatest good humour, I am no hermit; I love society. None of your musty old cynics for me; give me my bottle and friend; and if it is no intrusion, sir, I shall be glad to join you and your friends here. Sir, you do us honour, I answered, and we shall be proud of your company. Ha! how do you do, my dear, says he to my daughter, "The sweet little girl that I love." Ah, honey! cried he, you are a little *killing thief*. I see plainly you have been *stealing* the colour from the *lilies* of the valley, a tinge from the *roses* of the forest, a *smile* from your mother, and a *look* from your father. Then turning to me—You must know, sir, resumed the black gentleman, that you have now in your house one of the greatest physiognomists

in the world, not even excepting Lavater himself, and a—here I thought he deserved one of my best double-distilled bows, and so I honoured him with an angle of nine degrees to the perpendicular to the plane of the horizon. Yes, sir, says he, with a huge degree of self-complacence, it is even so. Now Lavater chiefly confined his studies to the analogy there is betwixt what a man appears to be, and what he really is; of his abilities and character in general, and of pathognomy, or the knowledge of the passions. But I have soared infinitely beyond him, and have, to my inexpressible joy, culled flowers from fields where no other mortal has dared to tread. The most ignorant are physiognomists, though they know it not. Each word, each gesture, shows the man. 'Tis just as easy, too, to judge of a person's station in life as it is evident, yes, incontrovertibly evident, that there is the same connection betwixt a man and his employment as there is betwixt his body and that something within his body—the mind. When a stranger comes to your house, I dare say you will immediately form some idea what he is. Such a one, you'll say, looks like a tradesman; another like a farmer; this a butcher; that a taylor; and so on. Is it not so? speak, man? Really, sir, I replied, you amaze me. Nay, further, resum'd his worship, I am confident there is a similar connection betwixt a preacher and his congregation, or a tradesman and his shopman. Shew me the one, and pull my ears if I do not describe the other. (Splutter o'nails! thought I, this is an odd lingo. Faith, Ned, I wish the qualifications of my governor would descend down to me in this same sympathetic manner). But, says he, as experiments are the ground-works of all scientific discoveries, I'll give you one, and prove irrefragably the truth of what I have advanced. For instance, here are three of your friends, totally unknown by me. Despise me as a simpleton if I do not tell the occupation of each by only investigating his looks. Nay, I'll bet you a bottle—done, said I; for as he was likely to afford much entertainment, I had no desire to discourage him. Then eying the first very attentively, till the poor fellow was horridly out of countenance, This gentleman, says he, is a—though, let me see—the furrows on that forehead show study—those eyes a deep penetration on abstruse subjects—the tip of the nose, and a retreating chin, discovers much real knowledge without ostentation. Why, sir, he is a lawyer. Wonderful! I exclaimed, and you, sir, says he to the second, clapping him upon the shoulder like a Philistine, you, sir, I shall pronounce a—a military gentleman. This is indeed astonishing, said I, your penetration infinitely transcends even the very great expectations I had form'd of it. And as to this other friend, adds the physiognomist, I shall not hesitate to call a—ay—O, the joy of my heart!—why, sir, you must be an author. I am myself an author, and have gained immortal honour. The most acute observers in the kingdom have paid me that tribute. Do give me your hand my dear brother author, I cannot but feel a cordial friendship for you. Can I have the pleasure of speaking a word with you in the adjoining

room?—Off marched his reverence—Wha—wha—what, whispers the taylor to me in the greatest perplexity, will he want? Why, says I, he will ask you of course what you are now writing. An' a wh—wha—what mun I say? Tell him you are writing a book on natural philosophy, but that you have not done it, or else he will be asking to look at it.' Wia I will—nat'ral fee—fe—fe—feel-o-filly—O what said ye? Natural philosophy. O ay—natral filly-soffy. He went, and I overheard the curious conference. And pray, my dear friend, cried the author, wagging his hand lovingly—what kind of work now engages your attention? Naturally feel-a-sophy—replied poor snip. O, an excellent subject i'faith. Can you gratify me with a sight of it? Nay, answered the other, I ha'n't yet dun't. When yon have, will you permit me to revise it? Aye ye shall an' welcome. The poor fellow having got to the end of his lesson, very prudently observed they'd better gang back, which motion the clergyman accepted. Well, Sir, whose is the bottle? asked the stranger. I then confessed he had deviated a little in the last circumstance. 'Tis true, said I, he has had an eager thirst after learning, but his friends think it a *thread-bare* calling, have been very averse to it, and brought him up to one in which they thought he might *cut out* a better livelihood, but it is much against his inclination. It is enough. Fetch the bottle and we'll crack it.

## *CURIOUS METHOD OF PROTECTING CORN.*

A GENTLEMAN farmer in South Wales, to prevent the crows from eating the corn after it was sown, has tried the following expedient with the most complete success. He took a cat and tied her fast by the leg to a stake in the middle of the field; no sooner was this done than the cat began crying, and so continued for two or three days (being well fed night and morning), and not a crow has been seen on the field since.

## *ON COMPASSION.*

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives:
She dies; her tenderness outlasts her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death, WEBB.

THE exquisite and pathetic little picture of maternal tenderness exhibited in the motto of this essay is a lively proof of that intensity of feeling which binds our race in gentleness together. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade likewise the whole mass of being; and, though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot he be called wretchedwho

receives, or communicates, the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement, it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again divided, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing as they move along the sweets of health and happiness. That no felicity exists independent of a susceptibility for these emotions, is a certain fact; for to the heart of him who hath been cold to filial or fraternal duty, the soothing charm of friendship and of love will ever be unknown. It is therefore evident, that, to be happy, man must invariably consult the well-being of others; to his fellow-creatures he must attribute the bliss which he enjoys; it is a reward proportional to the exertion of his philanthrophy. Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you cut off the prime source of his happiness; he has no proper object on which to place his affection, or exercise his humanity; the sudden rapture of the grateful heart, the tender tones of friendship, and the melting sweetness of expressive love, no longer thrill upon his ear, or swell his softened soul; all is an aching void, a cheerless and almost unproductive waste; yet even in this situation, barren as it is, where none are found to pour the balm of pity, or listen to the plaint of sorrow, even here some enjoyment is derived from letting loose our affections upon inanimate nature. "Where in a desert (says Sterne) I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

That man was formed for society, seems a truth too well established, and the benefits arising from such an union so apparent, that few would ever suppose it to have been doubted; yet have there been philosophers, whom hypothesis, or the love of eccentricity, led to prefer that period,

When wild in woods, the noble savage ran.

An election so absurd, merits not a serious refutation; every day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence, that our crimes are nearly in proportion to the rupture of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are often the consequences of indirect deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who (unless driven by hunger and despair) lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow-creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved; for let no

man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of our youth, that, to be happy is to be beloved, and that our enjoyment will be commensurate to our efforts in relieving the distress and the misery of others. Was this the case, how much of that wanton and pernicious cruelty would be avoided, as frequently the disgrace of manhood as of boyish years. Were our children taught to nourish sentiments of love and esteem for those around them, to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power, to visit and give succour to the sick and the afflicted, how often would the tear of rapture fill their eyes; how would the sweet sensation dwell upon their hearts, and grow with their increasing years.

Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple light of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
That falls, like saddest moonlight, on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still? BOWLES.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat: a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead, and useless; they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often, in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint! Not that the speculator is a foe to retirement; he has already confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of him who, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of cheerless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is, from his own experience, well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortunes and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amiable character into unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest in their welfare they

hope to secure; and, as a corroborating instance of what has been advanced throughout this paper, I shall conclude it with the following anecdote:

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate; "With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched; you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, Sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, Sir," said he;—"this is mine—this I can give."

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## *ON MODESTY,*

### AS A MASCULINE VIRTUE.

I WAS the other day in company where modesty was the topic of conversation. Now as there are different species of modesty, and as each of these generally take likewise a particular complexion from the temper and disposition of the possessor, it is necessary to fix a point, or else people talk of nothing. This being premised by a gentleman present, the discourse turned upon modesty in men, though even this was allowed to be twofold; but as both these sorts of modesty appeared to spring from the same root, and generally to go together, they were admitted as a fair subject of debate; when I was not a little displeased to find that the majority of the company, the greatest part of which were ladies, declared against modesty in men, as an unnecessary qualification, nay, even as a defect, and in the course of their argument treated it accordingly.

When I retired I began to reflect on what must be the consequences of such a decision by the fair sex.—It is certain that a modest man labours under many disadvantages in his dealings with the world, I mean with mankind; but that these should be multiplied with regard to their connections with the women (by whom modesty of any

kind ought to be respected) is certainly somewhat hard, and, for the honour of the sex, one could not but wish it were otherwise.

Is it not absurd when a virtuous young man (of which number I believe there are not too many in this metropolis) is praised for one of his good qualities—is it not absurd I say for any man, infinitely more so for any woman, to add, "that he is too modest, and that spoils all?" And is not this an encouragement to vice and debauchery from that very quarter whence they ought to receive their greatest check, the tribunal of the fair?

I can account for this absurdity by one suggestion, which, if not in the mouth, is, I fear, in the heart of almost every young woman, viz. "That a modest man has not a sufficient regard for the sex:" than which there never was a more false maxim advanced, for the most modest men are generally the greatest adorers of the fair sex, their regard for whom is indeed the very occasion of that timidity which so often exposes them to ridicule. Should any woman be apprehensive of any farther inconveniencies from such a disposition, what an opinion might we not justly entertain of her! Yet such is the force of custom, for I should be sorry to attribute it to any thing else, that the most abandoned men of the town are often preferred, even by the most modest women; and in excuse we are told, "that reformed rakes make the best husbands." If this maxim were true, it might perhaps be hard to judge when a rake was reformed; but I fear the contrary is generally the case: for, in the first place, it is hard, very hard, to wean such persons from their evil courses; and, in the second place, when they have at last been brought to abandon ill women, it is a great chance indeed if they do not also quit all thoughts of the whole sex. Accustomed as they are to the worst of females, they generally get an ill opinion of all; and surfeited as they are with fictitious charms, they seldom retain any relish for real ones. In short, the consequence of a woman joining herself in wedlock with such a man, is generally that he brings her a fortune and constitution equally broken and impaired, and often despises his wife for no other reason than because he himself is really an object of supreme contempt.

I mean not by this, that every young fellow who has been imprudent enough to run into some juvenile follies, however reprehensible, ought to be marked out for reprobation by the women; all I would be understood to inculcate is, that the abandoned rake is by no means a fit companion for the modest fair, either in wedlock or in company; and certain I am, that if the ladies gave less encouragement to such persons, we should see fewer of them both in our public and private companies. I know that much of this has been noticed to little purpose; and the same absurd maxims still prevailing, I must own have roused my attention.—*Homo sum; nihil humanum a me alienum puto;* and as it is certain that the men here, as in most countries, chiefly form themselves by the women, I thought the conduct of the latter in this respect of too much consequence to be passed over in silence.

MODESTUS.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF
# *BOTANY BAY,*

*Extracted from a Letter written by a Native of Derby, in the New South Wales Corps.*

*Sydney (Port Jackson), Dec. 13, 1794.*

THE settlement on the coast of New South Wales contains two principal towns; Sydney the capital, and Paramatta (formerly named Rose Hill), distant about 17 miles. Sydney is situated at the head of a beautiful cove, which leads into a very fine harbour; Major Grose has made great improvements: Sydney contains 700 good comfortable huts, exclusive of numerous brick buildings, the property of Government. The soil is all sandy, but by industry will produce sufficiently; most of the gentlemen have farms about four miles from Sydney, which have grown a good crop of wheat; and I am of opinion that wheat will be plentiful in a few years: there are many settlers in different parts.

The only or principal thing wanting is cattle, which might be kept in any number, grass being in plenty: we have many pigs and goats, but they are chiefly in the hands of gentlemen: poultry and fish are tolerably cheap; but it must be remembered, that this is the most flourishing period the colony ever experienced.

Spirits being now plentiful, a number of persons retail the same, but the price, as well as quality, vary much; the gentlemen always purchase the cargoes; and this watery mixture is sold at 16s. per gallon. A convict was not (until very lately) suffered, on any account, to take spirits in payment for work; but now the prisoners have plenty of liquor. Liquor, or more properly grog, purchases what money will not, viz. settlers farms, or crops unripe, also their stock. Kangaroos formerly were plentiful, but now they are retired up the country; the colony produces the most beautiful birds, opossums, &c. &c. The trees never entirely shed their leaves; the summer is intensely hot, and the winters are very cold at nights and in the mornings, though the climate is much milder since I have been here, owing to the country being cleared; the seasons here are exactly opposite to the seasons in England, your winter being our summer.

Paramatta is a town situated at the extreme cove of Port Jackson; on your ascending the wharf appears a row of huts on each side, and a spacious road to the distance of a mile; at the upper end Governor Philips erected his country seat. The garden that surrounds it is beautiful, abounding in the season with grapes, melons, pumpkins, and every other fruit and vegetable. The florist may also amuse himself. In short, the country may well be called Botany Bay; for the botanist, I believe, may here find the most beautiful shrubs and evergreens that produce very fragrant flowers. The governor's

garden at Paramatta is so situated by nature, that, in my opinion, it is impossible for art to form so rural a scene.

Five miles from Paramatta is another village; at this place Government have a great deal of land in cultivation; every mile you travel inland the soil improves; at fourteen miles from the village of Irongabber is another settlement, called the Hawkesbury, at which place is a spacious fresh water river, and the soil rich; and I have not a doubt but in a short time this place will be very flourishing.

The farmers are now gathering their wheat; it may appear to you extraordinary, but true it is, that the summers will produce two crops of vegetables. The quantity of timber surpasses all description, though the country has been so much cleared since I came; a great number of boats have been built, which supply us with plenty of fish, and the oysters are the largest I ever saw. About nine days sail from Sydney is Norfolk Island, a most fertile place, about the size of the Isle of Wight. The natives in general of Botany Bay are tall and slender, have very black, curly hair, flat faces, and very large mouths; some of them run sticks through their noses; they draw the front tooth in tribute to their chief; are much scarified on the back and breast, done by an oyster-shell cemented with gum at the end of the whommora (or throwing-stick); they talk very quick; dance by raising their arms and wheeling in a circle, at sometimes singing or making a confused noise. One of the females sits thumping her stomach, which gives a droll sound. They burn their dead; are very expert in throwing their spears, and with exactness, at a great distance; their canoes are formed of solid bark, which they carve from the trees, by means of a stone axe; they fight in a most savage manner; their subsistence is chiefly on fish, the women being very expert at this duty; their lines are curiously platted from the bark of trees, and the hook is a piece of bark; they assemble in small tribes, each having a different fire: the children when young ride on the parents shoulders, holding by the hair of the head; after death they expect a removal to the sun, which they worship; they are a very dirty and lazy set of people.

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TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the various societies that are established in this metropolis, there is one that has not yet been noticed by any of the public writers, though it is almost as numerous as that of the Bucks, and full as ancient as the Free Masons; it is indeed thought to have been instituted before the Roman empire, and it is honoured with a deity of the Greeks for its patron.

There are Lodges of this society in various parts of the metropolis, and there is scarcely a corporation in England that has not a regular meeting of several of its members, who consist of all ranks of people. The justices of the quorum are most frequently candidates, and they are seldom or never black-balled by the majority. Many of the members of the common council, who are not stimulated by party zeal, are also members of this laudable association.

Taciturnity and fumigation are now two essential requisites in a canditate, who must prove his qualifications previous to his being admitted. To be brief, this is neither more nor less than the Sleepy Club, so well known, though hitherto so little celebrated. Every member of this society must immediately after supper take a pipe, and, whether it be lighted or not, clap it in his mouth; and as it is an invariable maxim with the sons of Morpheus, "that speaking spoils conversation," he must nod in five minutes, and attain a secure snore in ten, at which signal he must open one eye, fill his glass, drink, and resume his former station.

I have spent many very agreeable evenings in this worthy society, whose plan is so healthful and peaceable, that it is to be wished it were still more numerous, and that it prevailed as much upon the continent as it does throughout England. The various good effects that are derived from it cannot be enumerated; but a few may serve to point out its general beneficial tendency. In the first place, it preserves health by promoting sleep, so essential to the human frame, even in the midst of company; so that a member of this society might at the same time be a member of the everlasting club, without injuring his constitution by sitting up. It prevents all altercation in politics or religion, party disputes are unknown, and peace and tranquillity reigns around. All prophane or obscene talk is also avoided, and a man is sure never to reveal his secrets (unless he talks in his dreams), an event frequently fatal over a bottle. All scandal is abolished, and a perfect harmony and a general good understanding are on all sides established.

This institution is said to owe its birth to a certain dumb philosopher, whose cynic virtue greatly distinguished him in the third olympiad: it is certain, what he wanted in loquacity he made up in judgment, by placing himself upon a par with his disciples, who, though they possessed tongues, did not make use of them. But we are indebted to Sir Walter Raleigh for bringing this society to its present degree of perfection, as the badge of silence, a pipe, was at that time either unknown or neglected: to the introduction then of that soporific herb, tobacco, we may ascribe the present flourishing state of the present worthy, prudent, and numerous society of Sleepers.

*Drowsy Row,*
*Aug.* 9, 1795. A MEMBER OF THE SLEEPY-CLUB.

TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

*HAVING lately met with a book which afforded me some entertainment, and one part of which seems to fall in with your plan of collecting whatever can be met with illustrative of* FREEMASONRY, *I extract and send the following letter for your insertion. The title of the book is, "Letters of Baron Bielfeld, Secretary of Legation to the King of Prussia, Preceptor to Prince Ferdinand, Chancellor of the Universities in the Dominions of his Prussian Majesty, F. R. A. B. &c. Author of Political Institutes;" of course we may presume that the sentiments it contains are entitled to our attention.*

*I am, Sir,*

*Your occasional Correspondent,*

*S. J.*

TO MADEMOISELLE M. VON B***, AT HAMBURGH.

*Hamburgh, Feb. 6, 1738.*

SO you are quite alarmed, madam, very seriously angry!—My reason tells me you are wrong; but my passion tells me you can never do wrong: for it makes me perceive that I love you more, if it be possible, since I have been a Freemason, and since you have been angry with me for so being, than I ever did before. Permit me therefore, by this opportunity, to employ my rhetoric to dissipate your discontent; that you may approve the motives which have induced me to take this step, that you may restore me to your favour, and that I may be enabled to reconcile my reason with my passion.

You know that I am naturally curious, and that I have made great efforts to discover the secrets of Freemasonry, but without the least effect. I have found men that have been the most indiscreet in other respects, the most impenetrable in this matter. There was therefore no other way for me to take but to get admission into their society; and I do solemnly assure you, madam, that I do not in the least repent it.

That a man may be very honest and very happy without being a Freemason, I readily allow; but this argument is equally applicable to every object that excites our curiosity, and even to many of the most pleasing parts of learning. If we banish curiosity (the desire of increasing our knowledge) from the world, there is at once an end of all improvement in science; the most ingenious, the most pleasing inventions and discoveries would be lost in darkness. And who can say how far the knowledge of those objects, of whose essence, whose principles, we are absolutely ignorant, may lead us? That which at first appears frivolous, frequently becomes, in the hands of a skilful man, highly useful. I do not pride myself in being of the number of these, but I am fully satisfied that I shall have a better claim to it by being a Freemason.

You will not require, I am persuaded, that I should explain to you our mysteries; you are much too prudent. You would entertain a passion for a man of honour, and not for a traitor, a monster. It is my interest to convince you of my discretion, and to make you sensible that a man who can keep a secret from the woman he adores, ought to be esteemed by her as worthy to have other secrets to keep. You must therefore commend my discretion and nourish my virtue. I shall not, at the same time, keep from you any information concerning our society that it is in my power to give; but for its mysteries, they are sacred!

One reflection that dissipated my scruples and hastened my reception was, that I knew this order to be composed of a great number of very worthy men; and who I was sure would never have twice entered a Lodge, if any thing had passed there that was in the least incompatible with a character of the strictest virtue. It is true, that into this sanctuary of virtue there sometimes steal unworthy brethren, men whose morals and conduct are not such as could be wished; but such is the condition of all things in this world, that the good and the bad are inevitably mixed with each other; for the small number of twelve apostles was not exempt from one unworthy member. I did not expect, by becoming a Freemason, to be introduced to a society of angels, but of worthy men; and I have not been disappointed.

I readily confess, that what is called Freemasonry may be made a disgrace as well as ornament to society. If a company of young fellows, destitute of sense and merit, assemble in the form of a Lodge, and after performing certain ridiculous mummeries, proceed to scenes of disorder, certainly nothing can be more detestable than such an assembly. But if you consider our society as the most solemn and perfect fraternity that ever existed upon the earth; in which there is no distinction of men by the language they speak, by the dress they wear, by the rank to which they were born, or the dignities they possess; who regard the whole world but as one commonwealth, of which each nation forms a family, and each individual a member; who endeavour by these means to revive the primitive maxims of mankind in the greatest perfection; to unite under their banner men of knowledge, virtue, and urbanity; whose members mutually defend each other by their authority, and enlighten each other by their knowledge; who sacrifice all personal resentment; who banish from their Lodges all that can disturb the tranquillity of mind or the purity of manners; and who, in the intervals of their delightful labours, enjoy the innocent pleasures of life; if, I say, you regard Masonry in this light, you must agree that the interest of this society must be that of the whole race of mankind; and that it must operate on the human heart in a manner that religion itself cannot effect without great difficulty.

It is not therefore wonderful, that this order has been sometimes encouraged and sometimes persecuted by the ruling powers in a state; they who commend and they who blame may have their

reasons; but nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to imagine that the secret assemblies of the Freemasons can tend to disturb the security or tranquillity of a state: for though our doors are shut against the profane vulgar, they are at all times open to sovereigns and magistrates; and how many illustrious princes and statesmen do we count among our brethren? If aught passed in our lodges that was dangerous or criminal, must they not have been long since abolished? But the experience of many ages, during which this order has never been known to perform any actions but those of morality and munificence, is a stronger argument in its favour than any I can produce. I shall, therefore, say no more on this matter; and I should not have said so much, if I did not know that you are capable of feeling the force of these arguments: for you have too much discernment to suffer yourself to be directed by that prejudice and caprice which has so much dominion over the common rank of women. If with a pleasing figure, and a graceful manner, you possessed only a common way of thinking, I should love you only as women are commonly loved; that is to say, for the gratification of desire and for self-interest. But my affection is founded on a sense of your real merit, on the dignity of your mind and the simplicity of your heart. If this affection is of any value with you, preserve it, Madam, by returning to your reason, and by dissipating those transient clouds which have eclipsed, for a moment, that favourable opinion you have hitherto entertained of me: and permit me to assure you, by the faith of a Mason, that my love shall endure as long as my life. I have the honour to be, &c.

P. S. I herewith send you a pair of gloves, that were given me by the lodge at my reception.

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## *ON POVERTY.*

THERE are two sorts of pride, one philosophic, that boasts of poverty; the other a beggarly one, which is ashamed of it. Poverty, in itself, is so far from being mean, that it requires certain circumstances to render it so: ignoble birth, servile office, low condescension, vulgar breeding, or poorness of spirit. Any of these particulars indeed, may superadd a meanness to poverty, but they will, at the same time, diminish the grandeur of riches. Poverty hurts our credit only on the change; yet even there, character alone has raised a fortune; considered simply, it excludes us not from a court, though it does from the shambles. The opulence of Plato made no addition to his philosophy, but the indigence of Socrates has added a merit to his. Is there a soul so mean as not to prefer a pedigree from the latter, to the line of Attalus?

When Lord Corke * mentions his poverty, does he betray a meanness? He was so proud of his original indigence, that he puts it upon record by his will. This circumstance was never imputed as a disgrace to his posterity, though the earldom of B**** will ever remain a reproach to his.

R. G.

* Richard, the first Earl.

## DISSERTATIONS ON THE *POLITE ARTS.*

### No. III.

IN our former papers we have endeavoured to shew, that the polite arts consist in imitation, and that the object of their imitation is nature represented to the mind by enthusiasm. We have nothing more to do than to shew the manner in which this imitation is made. And by this means we shall have the particular difference of arts, whose common object is the imitation of nature.

Nature may be divided with regard to the polite arts into two parts; one which we take in by the eyes, and the other by the ministry of the ears; for the other senses are quite barren with regard to the polite arts. The first part is the object of painting, which epresents upon a plan all that is visible. It is the object also of sculpture which represents nature *in relievo*; it is the object likewise of the art of gesture, which is a branch of the other two arts just named, and which differs in what it includes, only in this, that the subject to which gestures are given in dancing is natural and alive, whilst the painter's canvas and the marble of the statuary are not so.

The second part is the object of music, considered singly, and as a simple tune, bearing the second place to poetry, which employs words, but words in metre, and calculated in all its tones.

Thus painting imitates nature by colours, sculpture by relievos, dancing by the motions and attitudes of the body. Musick imitates it by inarticulate sounds, and poetry by words in measure. These are the distinctive characters of the principal arts; and if it sometimes happens that those arts join with one another, and are confounded, as, for example, in poetry, if dancing furnishes gestures to the actors upon the stage; if music gives the tone of voice in declamatibn; if the pencil decorates the scene; these are services which they render mutually to one another, in virtue of their common end, and their reciprocal alliance, but it is without any prejudice to their particular and natural rights. A tragedy without gestures, without music, without decoration, is still a poem. It is an imitation expressed by discourse in metre. A piece of music without words is still music. It expresses complaint or joy independently of words, which help it indeed, but neither give nor take away any thing that alters its nature. Its essential expression is sound, as that of painting is colour, and of dancing the movement of the body.

But here a remark is to be made, that as arts ought to chuse their designs from nature, and perfect them, they ought also to chuse and perfect the expressions they borrow from nature. They should not employ all sorts of colours, nor all sorts of sounds; they must make a just choice, and an exquisite mixture of them; they must be connected, proportioned, shaded, and put in an harmonious order.

Colours and sounds have sympathies and antipathies among themselves. Nature has a right to unite them according to her will, but it is art that should do it according to rules. It is not sufficient that it *hurts* not the taste, but it should *flatter* it, and flatter it as much as it is capable of being flattered.

This remark may be applied equally to poetry. Words, which are its instruments or colours, have in poetry a certain degree of beauty, which they have not in common language: they are the smooth ashlar, the marble chosen, polished, and cut, which make the edifice more rich, beautiful, and substantial. There is a certain choice of words, turns, and above all a certain regular harmony, which gives its language something supernatural, that charms and lifts us above ourselves.

### WHEREIN ELOQUENCE AND ARCHITECTURE DIFFER FROM THE OTHER ARTS.

WE must recal for a moment the division which we made of arts in the First Dissertation *. There were some invented from want alone; others for pleasure; and some owed their birth first to necessity, but having since found out the way to adorn themselves with beauties, they began to be reckoned in the number of those which we call *Polite Arts*. Thus architecture, having changed those caves which necessity had dug out for the retreat of mankind into elegant and commodious dwellings, deserved a distinction among the arts which it had not before.

The same observation holds good with respect to eloquence. The necessity which men had to communicate their thoughts and sentiments to one another, made them orators and historians, as soon as they could make use of words. Experience, time, and taste, added new degrees of perfection to their discourse. They formed an art which is called eloquence, and which, for the pleasure it affords to the mind, may share the palm with poetry: its relation and resemblance with poetry indeed gave it occasion to borrow and deck itself with those ornaments which might suit it: and hence we have round periods, measured antitheses, striking pictures, and allegories well sustained: hence also the choice of words, the arrangement of phrases, the uniform progression of harmony. It was then that art served for a model to nature, which sometimes indeed happens, but always upon this condition, which ought to be the base and fundamental rule of all arts, *viz.* that in those arts which are for use, pleasure takes the character of necessity itself, every thing in them ought to look as if they were for use. In the same manner, as in those arts which are destined for delight, use has no right to enter, except where it has the character to procure the same pleasure as if it was calculated solely to please.

Thus poetry and sculpture, having taken their subjects from history or from society, would have but a weak excuse for a bad performance, by urging the justness of their copy from the model they had taken; because it is not the *true* but the *beautiful* that we expect

* See Vol. IV. p. 369.

from them: in the same manner eloquence and architecture would deserve the greatest reproach if the design of pleasing appeared strongly in them. It is in these that art blushes if it is discovered. Every thing that is only ornamental is vicious.

There are occasions, however, where eloquence and architecture may soar a little. Heroes are to be celebrated, and temples to be built; and as it is the duty of these two arts to imitate the grandeur of the object, and to excite the admiration of men, they are permitted to rise some degrees, and to expose all their riches; but still without wandering from their original end, which is use. We expect beauty upon these occasions, but a beauty at the same time that is strongly connected with utility.

What would be thought of a sumptuous edifice which could be of no use? The expence compared with the uselessness, would occasion a disagreeable disproportion to those who saw it, and the utmost ridicule to him who built it. If the edifice requires grandeur, majesty, and elegance, it is always in consideration of the master who is to inhabit it. If there is proportion, variety, unity in it, it is to render it more compact, more solid, more commodious: every beauty, to be perfect, ought to have some use; as, on the contrary, in sculpture, things of use ought to become pleasing and delightful.

Eloquence is submitted to the same law. In its greatest liberties it is always fixed to usefulness and truth; and if sometimes the *likely* or the *agreeable* become its object, it never goes far, and only makes use of these liberties because truth has never more credit than when it is pleasant.

The orator and historian have nothing to create; their genius serves them only to discover the real appearance of their object: they have nothing to add, nothing to retrench; they scarcely dare to transpose; whilst the poet makes models for himself, without troubling himself with reality: insomuch that if we were to define poetry by opposing it to prose or to eloquence, which I here take for the same thing, we should say that poetry is an imitation of beautiful nature expressed by discourse in measure; and prose, or eloquence, is nature itself expressed by free discourse. The orator ought to tell the truth in a manner which may make it be believed, with that force and simplicity that persuade. The poet ought to tell the probable in a manner that renders it agreeable, with all the grace and energy that charm and astonish. Nevertheless, as pleasure prepares the heart to persuasion, and as profit flatters mankind, who are not apt to forget their own interest, it follows, that the agreeable and useful ought to unite in poetry and in prose.

There are poetical fictions that appear in the simple habit of prose; such are romances, &c. We also see subjects that have truth for their objects, drest and adorned with all the charms of poetic harmony: such are the didactic or instructive kinds of poetry. But these instances of poetry and prose are pure in neither kind: they are a mixture of both, to which our definitions have no regard, they are caprices made on purpose to be out of rule.

*(To be continued.)*

# POETRY.

## *AN ELEGY*

### ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN REED,

### WHO WAS LOST IN THE BORROWDALE, OCTOBER 31, 1789.

*BY THE REV. JOHN HAMPSON.*

THE following verses are inscribed to the memory of an amiable young man, who commanded the Borrowdale in the voyage to Botany Bay, and who will long be regretted by his friends, as an ornament to society, and an honour to his profession. The intimation that he foresaw his fate is literally true; for a day or two before he sailed he was observed, for perhaps the first time in his life, to be remarkably dejected and out of spirits: and it is a singular circumstance, that a boy on board the same ship was several nights so disturbed by dreaming of storms and shipwrecks that he absolutely refused to go, and by this means saved his life. It is proper to add, that the lines marked with inverted commas are a translation, or, if the reader pleases, an imitation, of the first part of the Third Ode of Horace.

---

"GO, trusty bark, and, dearer to my heart
"Than all that wealth or pleasure can afford,
"Back to his Latium bear my better part;
"Nor let these plains deplore their absent lord.

"Stedfast as fate his fierce unconquer'd mind,
"Than triple brass more firm his mighty soul,
"That to the ocean first and raging wind
"Gave the frail plank, and sought the distant pole;

"That, undismay'd, the watry region tried,
"While on the lofty deck the hero stood;
"Pleas'd o'er the subject main secure to ride,
"And meet the fury of the boist'rous flood.

"What form of death, what evil should he fear,
"Who heard, unmov'd, th' impetuous billows roar?
"Saw the huge monsters of the deep appear,
"And the swift ships retiring from the shore?

"Saw where the South his ancient empire boasts,
"O'er sullen Adria, and her gloomy wave;
"And high Acroceraunia guards the coast,
"Whose ragged rocks the idle tempests brave?

"In vain did Heav'n the distant lands divide,
"And sever from th' inhospitable main,
"If men presumptuous dare the treach'rous tide,
"And sense of danger sink in thirst of gain!"

So sung the bard of yore, whose tuneful hand
On Tyber's banks first wak'd the lyric strain;
So sad Eliza from the northern strand,
In softest accents blest her parting swain.

Curst be the wretch that, piercing first the tomb
Where long the shining ruin lay confin'd,
Saw the vile ore, and from earth's hollow womb
Pour'd forth the baleful influence on mankind.

Then from the fabled box *, in evil hour,
Rush'd pale contagion of infectious breath,
And fell disease, whose all-subduing pow'r
Then wide display'd the spacious gates of death.

Oh, lust of gold! since first thy sordid rage
Impious began, with unrelenting sway,
Let loose the furies of the iron age,
And vice and crimes obscur'd the face of day,

Still do we trace thy footsteps stain'd with gore,
In the grim front of war midst heaps of slain;
Where throng'd battalions press the bloody shore,
And reap the purple harvest of the plain;

Or where the gallant ships, with swelling sails,
And streamers waving, quit the crouded bay,
O'er the smooth surface glide with prosp'rous gales,
As through the brine the finny nations play.

The hardy tar, by tend'rest vows pursu'd
Of his lov'd maid, forsakes his rural home,
Content and cheerful, for his country's good,
O'er distant seas, and various climes to roam.

He ploughs the desert wave, and smiles at toil,
The rage of Sirius, or the polar snow;
And fir'd by mem'ry of his natal soil,
Dares the rude storm, or meets th' embattled foe.

Safe from the torrid and the frozen zone,
Pleas'd he revisits all he left behind;
Nor sees his fate, nor hears his future groan
Pour its last echoes to the passing wind.

Thus, gentle Reed, from foreign climes restor'd,
The voice of friendship hail'd thy glad return,
Nor recks how soon, alas! and how deplor'd,
Thou too shalt seek th' irremeable bourn.

Full oft shall mem'ry, brooding o'er the past,
The horrors of that fatal morn recal,
When from th' Æolian cave the issuing blast
Urg'd its stern terrors o'er th' affrighted ball.

In vain the fondness of maternal love,
In vain thy spouse and weeping sister join,
In anxious vows to him that rules above,
And supplicate for thee the Pow'r Divine:

In vain they charge the freighted bark to bear
Her rich deposit o'er the gloomy wave;
Nor see their vows dispers'd in empty air,
Nor yet presage for thee the destin'd grave!

Calm and serene the faithless ev'ning shone,
That gave thee once again to tempt the flood;
And, sinking to the west, the circling sun
Unboding set, and innocent of blood.

Yet the gay sun that ting'd the placid scene,
In golden pomp descending to the west;
Nor the still calm that lull'd the deep serene,
Could check the dire presage that fill'd thy breast.

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* The box of Pandora.

What boots it now thy sad prophetic soul,
  Warn'd from above, descried impending fate?
Of doubt and fear first felt the stern controul,
  And saw wide ope the adamantine gate!

How fond the wish, that Heav'n-imparted fear
  Had from the billows sav'd thy rosy breath,
To sorrowing friendship spar'd the bitter tear,
  And snatch'd one victim from the grasp of death!

For, lo! in air the gath'ring whirlwinds meet;
  Clouds rush on clouds in fierce confusion hurl'd,
And big with ruin rage through all the fleet,
  And fill with wild uproar the watry world.

Howls the loud storm, and from the aching sight
  In sudden darkness wraps the dread domain;
As chaos were return'd, and tenfold night
  Resum'd her ancient melancholy reign.

See! reeling through the foamy, wild abyss,
  Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne;
Astonish'd hear the growing tempest hiss;
  And hope and fear alike th' expected morn.

Ah! what avails of youth th' intrepid force,
  Or the calm counsels of maturer age,
Of stubborn fate t' avert the certain course,
  Or quell the storm, or curb old Ocean's rage?

Nor might, nor skill, the striking bark can save;
  The lurking sands arrest her from beneath;
With horrid crash wide op'ning to the wave,
  And dreadful rushes in the watry death.

They seek the monstrous caverns of the deep,
  Or breathless cast upon the sounding shore
(Where birds of prey their dreary mansions keep,
  And round the storm-beat rock the billows roar)

Neglected lie; the last sad rites denied,
  That pious duty pays the flitting shade,
Of hallow'd earth the sleeping dust to hide,
  And solemn dirge slow winding through the glade.

What though in storms thy gentle spirit fled,
  Midst raging billows, and a wintry sky;
And the green wave, deep closing o'er thy head,
  Low sunk beneath thy sacred relicks lie!

Yet not unblest, O Reed! thy mournful bier,
  Nor yet unsung thy ashes shall remain;
The muse to thee shall consecrate the tear,
  And genuine urge the elegiac strain.

What though to soft humanity denied
  To tend thy couch, and catch thy parting breath!
Watch the last ebb of life's retreating tide,
  And wipe away the chill cold damps of death!

Yet present he, the mild propitious Pow'r,
  That from the flood the rash disciple bore,
To sooth the anguish of thy final hour,
  And bid his angels waft thee to the shore.

There rest in peace: ere long, when Heav'n decrees,
  We too, like thee, the frequent path shall tread;
And toss'd awhile on life's tempestuous seas,
  Outfly the storm, and mingle with the dead.

## *A SKETCH,*

BY T. P.

AH! who art thou whose gentle form
Hangs o'er the bold rock's rugged brow,
And seems to court the dreadful storm,
That sweeps the brawling wave below?

"O, Ocean! thou whose briny tide,
"Long, long, has roll'd o'er Edward's head,
"At length receive his promis'd bride,
"And make of thine a bridal bed!"

O God! she's gone! amid the wave
I see the beauteous phantom toss'd!
The cliff abrupt forbids to save,
Now to my straining vision lost!

And wert thou, then, that wretched maid
Whose reason with her lover gone,
So long thro' gloomy glades hast stray'd,
In midnight sorrows and alone.

In truth ye were a matchless pair,
While yet ye drew life's balmy breath,
Still sense and beauty's darling care,
And be ye matchless still in death!

Oft shall the main in gloomy hour,
Yield your sad spirits to my sight,
What time from yon old ivied tow'r
The drowsy bell divides the night.

Oft shall I hear your voices rise,
Mix'd with the storm's discordant roar,
Or sinking sad in broken sighs,
Die with the billows on the shore.

As o'er the cliff I sadly rove
And sorrow fills my swelling breast,
I'll sing the mournful song ye love,
And bid your gentle spirits rest.

---

## *TO INDUSTRY.*

BY THE SAME.

NYMPH of the ruddy cheek and nut-brown skin,
O that my simple lay had pow'r to please ye;
Knock at my door, knock loud, I'll let thee in,
That is, I will if I am not too lazy!

Dear Laziness, with soft bewitching art,
Spreads o'er my limbs her robe of sober grey,
Stills the wild throbbings of the mighty heart
And bids the senses silently obey.

Aided by noon, I feel at her command,
The subtle poison thro' my marrow creep,
The tool sinks gradual from my pow'rless hand,
And, lo! I rush into a sea of sleep.

Now here, now there, the hurrying billows tossing,
  Prevent the gentler influence of the god;
Injur'd Propriety my vision crossing,
  In vain complaining shews Reflection's rod.

But chief at morn, when from the neighb'ring shed
  I hear thy voice, O Industry, so early,
I wake, I rouse, and lift my drowsy head,
  O then this laziness, which loves me dearly,

Peeps in my face so languishingly coaxing,
  Feels for my broken rest a thousand fears,
Oblivion's stream my nose so softly pokes in—
  And strait I'm gone again o'er head and ears.

E'en now she's picking Fancy's tender wing,
  On sweet poetic pasty shuts the door:
Singing I gape, and gaping, lo! I sing,
  Excuse, O Industry—I can no more!

---

WRITTEN IN

## *MEMORY OF MY FATHER,*

WHO DIED 29th DECEMBER 1789.

FREED from the dreary troublous vale of life,
  Here rests the "*husband, father, and the friend,*"
Sickness and health forego their wonted strife;
  Death's ebon darts their opposition end.

Light lies the turf upon the peaceful breast
  Whose mansion pure *few* earth-born passions stain'd;
Where pride ne'er gloom'd on its continual rest,
  Nor factious Envy with her breath profan'd.

Has Death involv'd thee in this cloud of night
  While Hope and Pleasure beam'd their cheerful ray?
So fades Aurora's ineffectual light
  When the dark evening circumscribes the day.

*Care, Pain,* and *Grief,* terrific, gloom no more,
  But seem to pave a *golden-way* to Heav'n!
The race to reach the distant goal is o'er;
  The *toil* is ended, and the *prize* is giv'n!

And whilst on yonder "*star-pav'd plain*" you rove,
  And pitying view us active forms of clay,
Accept the last sad tribute of our love—
  The *best* thy lone posterity can pay!

T.

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## *PORTRAIT OF AN HYPOCRITE.*

HIS aspect mild, his manners smooth and civil;
  In words a perfect saint, in works a d——l.
His canting tongue acts the dissembler's part,
Whilst mischief lurks in his nefarious heart;
No snarling symptoms—yet most sure to bite—
Mark him, my friends, and spurn the hypocrite!

W. J.

# MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

## GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

### QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION.

*Edinburgh, August* 3, A. L. 5795.

THOMAS Hay, Esq. S. G. M. in the chair.

The minutes of the preceding Quarterly Communication were read, and unanimously approved of.

Charters of constitution and erection were ordered for two new Lodges, one at Forres, and the other in the second battalion of Argyleshire Fencibles.

After some business, which we should not be justified in explaining, had been transacted, and several pounds ordered to be given in charity, the Lodge was closed with the usual ceremonies.

P. S. The Quarterly Communications of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, are regularly held on the first Mondays of the months of February, May, August, and November. The Grand Lodge also meets annually on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, for the purpose of electing office-bearers for the ensuing year. See Vol. III. p. 174 and 435. ÆE. RAA.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

### CONSTANTINOPLE, *July* 10.

A TERRIBLE fire broke out here on Tuesday evening, and lasted till eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, having reduced to ashes about 1000 houses and shops, and 200 warehouses, of which 150 were full of wood for building. The rest contained almost all the black fruit and figs that remained in first hands here, about two millions of dollars worth of oil and butter, and an immense quantity of tobacco, savear, tallow, rice, and corn. The whole damage being estimated at five millions of dollars. The fire was stopped at the grand custom-house, the tobacco custom-house having been reduced to ashes. Fortunately the fire did not enter the *Carshoe*, although it burnt several shops on the outside of it. Before the fire happened it was said government intended to build a fine dock for shipping here, on the plan of the one at Toulon—but it has not since been talked of. The sufferers by the fire vented their grief in loud imprecations against the Grand Signior, who is greatly disliked on account of the monopoly of corn and other provisions, and his slighting the janissaries.

### VIENNA, *July* 12.

On Friday the 10th inst. the Emperor and his fourth brother amused themselves at the Imperial palace at Luxembourgh, near Vienna, with preparing fire-works, assisted by a page and an Hungarian chasseur. The Emperor had been sometime superintending this business, when finding the room warm, he walked out for the benefit of the air. About twenty minutes after some of the gunpowder caught fire, and Prince Alexander had both his eyes blown out. He languished till seven o'clock the next morning, when he died. The page and chasseur were killed on the spot.

*Extract of a private Letter from Quiberon, dated July* 18.

In the night between the 15th and 16th inst. we attacked, 5000 men strong, the enemy's intrenched camp near St. Barbe, placed on an eminence about a

league and a half distant from ours, all the intrenchments of which were bristled with cannon. We had already carried the first and second intrenchments, when a masked battery, the fire of which enfiladed our corps, opened upon us, and did great execution among our troops. M. d'Hervilly was wounded in the belly, but, notwithstanding, commanded the retreat with great presence of mind. It was effected without the least disorder, and covered by the gun-boats. The loss of the enemy was far more considerable than ours. Very unfortunately it so happened, that Gneral Vauban, who had landed near Carnac, could not come up in time to take the enemy in flank, whilst General Tintigniac harrassed them from another side. Reinforced by four regiments with the *black cockade*, who arrived yesterday under the order of M. de Sombreuil, we intend immediately to re-commence our attack.

After the affair of the 16th inst. no day passed without skirmishes. On the 20th General Hoche harrassed the advanced posts of the Royalists the whole day with constant firing, but the evening seemed to promise some repose. The regiment of Dresnay covered the left flank of the fort, and the fort itself was garrisoned by the regiment of Hervilly. M. de Sombreuil covered the right flank with two battalions, and defended the passage which the ebb tide forms on the strand. It was with great astonishment that in the dead of night a great number of musket-shots were heard in the fort, and at the break of day the tri-coloured flag was seen hoisted in the same. The French seamen, who composed a part of the regiment of Hervilly, kept up a secret understanding with the enemy, massacred their officers, together with about 150 soldiers who remained faithful to their duty, and opened the gates of the fort to the detachment sent by General Hoche.

Count Sombreuil now merely exerted himself in saving as many individuals as he could. A considerable number of women and children, who had taken refuge in the peninsula of Aurai, greatly increased the embarrassments arising from such a situation. The gallant Sombreuil chose the most favourable position to cover the embarkation, and maintained it with the utmost bravery, supported by the British gun-boats, which, however, on account of the low water, could not approach the shore near enough to do great execution. About fifty of the brave warriors who fought around M. de Sombreuil were able to effect their escape; all the rest of the little army, amounting to 5000 men, surrendered prisoners of war.

The Bishop of Dol, seeing the impossibility of every one's being embarked, said to his clergy, "Gentlemen, let us not embarrass the re-embarkation: let us go whither our duty calls us:" and all, animated by his example, proceeded to the depot of the sick and wounded, and performed their ministerial functions. They were all taken. M. de Sombreuil, the Bishop of Dol, and some hundreds more of the emigrants taken on this occasion, have since been shot at Vannes.

A Treaty of Peace between Spain and the French Republic; and another of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between England and America, have been ratified and confirmed in the course of the past month.

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## HOME NEWS.

### CROYDON ASSIZES.

*July* 30. Jeremiah Aversham, alias Abershaw, was tried on an indictment, wherein he was charged with having been guilty of the wilful murder of David Price, a constable of Union Hall, in the Borough, on the evening of the 13th of July last, at the Two Brewers public-house, in Maid-Lane, Southwark.

Mr. Garrow opened the case.

Barnard Windsor, a constable belonging to the Union Office, deposed, that on the evening of the 13th of January, he and the deceased went to the Two Brewers public-house, in Maid Lane, to apprehend the prisoner at the bar, against whom they had received informations of his having been concerned in

divers felonies; that they found a man in the house, whom they took into custody, the prisoner not being there at that time; that in about ten minutes afterwards the prisoner came into the tap-room with another person, and, on their attempting to seize him, he drew two pistols out of his pocket, and discharged one from each hand; that from the right hand hit Price the deceased, and that from the left slightly wounded the witness on the top of his head.

Robert Merry, a constable, said, he was in the next room when the pistols were fired, and met the deceased in the passage, who told him he was shot; that he took him to a house in the neighbourhood, but that he died in about ten minutes afterwards, before any medical assistance could be got.

Baron Perryn, in his charge to the Jury, said, that the only circumstance for their consideration was, who had actually fired the pistol by which the deceased was killed; at the same time reminding them, that the witness Windsor had positively sworn the prisoner at the bar did so. The Jury, after two minutes consideration, pronounced the prisoner—Guilty. Mr. Knowles, on the part of the prisoner, moved an arrest of judgment, on the ground of the record being wrong. The objection was over-ruled.

The prisoner was then tried upon a second indictment, for shooting at Barnard Windsor with a pistol loaded with ball, stated to have happened at the same time and place, and on which also the prisoner was found guilty; when Baron Perryn immediately passed sentence of death on him.

John Little was indicted for the wilful murder of James M'Evoy and Sarah King, in the parish of Richmond.

Mr. Fielding opened the case in an exceedingly pathetic address to the Jury.

George Jones lives in Kewfoot Lane, and is perfectly acquainted with the prisoner, who was a porter at the Observatory in Kew Gardens, was on the 23d of June at a relation's house near the deceased, and was alarmed about ten o'clock in the evening with a loud scream, which he conceived to come from M'Evoy's house; he accordingly rung the bell, but could not get admission; went to a Mr. Martin, who accompanied the witness to the house, and again rung the bell, when a very faint voice cried, Who's there? that they opened the parlour windows and saw the woman, Mrs. King, lying upon her face on the floor, dead.

Mr. Smith, surgeon, examined Mr. M'Evoy, found several wounds on his head, and one upon his left temple, which had occasioned his death.

The prisoner in his defence said, he asked M'Evoy to lend him five guineas; that Mrs. King called M'Evoy a villain, and in a passion said, You shall not have a farthing, and then made a blow at M'Evoy, which he prevented; and Mr. M. said, Little, you shall be served, go down stairs, I'll come to you, which he did; that he heard a noise, and went up to the door.—M'Evoy called out, Who is there?—Mrs. King said, nothing was the matter; she would come down to him, which she did in a great rage, and said she would be his butcher, and attacked him three times, each of which he threw her down, and the last time she fell against the fender, and that fall killed her.

He then went up stairs, and found M'Evoy on the ground, much beat; he put him into bed; in doing which, he let the stone which Mrs. King had used against him (the prisoner) fall on the bed; and seeing no hopes of M'Evoy's recovering, he, on hearing the witness at the door, locked himself in, for fear they should murder him, if he had not time to explain.

Chief Baron M'Donald then summed up the evidence; and the Jury pronounced him guilty.—Sentence of death was immediately passed.

31st. Sarah King was indicted for the wilful murder of her new-born bastard child, in the parish of Nutfield, in the county of Surry.

Mr. Silvester, in his opening, stated the circumstances at large.

She was found guilty, and immediately received sentence of death.

Previous to Abershaw's being taken from the bar, after his having received sentence of death for the murder of Price, he observed to the court, with that indifference which has marked his conduct through the whole time of his confinement, that he was convicted on the evidence of one man, which was con-

trary to the laws of God, and that he was murdered. After receiving sentence he put on his hat, and throwing his great coat over his arm, included both judge and jury in one horrid curse. He was not sentenced to death for the murder of Price, though found guilty, as the objection Mr. Knowles took to the form of the indictment would have delayed his execution till after the next term, but for shooting at and wounding Barnaby Windsor.

*Aug.* 3. About ten o'clock, Jeremiah Abershaw, John Little, and Sarah King, were brought out of the New Gaol, Borough, and conducted in a cart to the place of execution (Kennington Common), where they were hanged pursuant to their sentence. An immense crowd of people attended on the occasion.

Little and King behaved very penitently, but the conduct of Abershaw exactly corresponded with his behaviour before and after trial. From the prison to the fatal tree he appeared perfectly unconcerned, carrying a flower in his mouth, and laughing and speaking to every person he knew on the road, while his fellow-sufferers were employed in contemplating a book each held in their hands. When the cart stopped under the gallows, he threw away among the crowd a prayer-book which was offered him, as also his hat and handkerchief, saying he should have no farther use for them: he refused to join in prayer, though the clergyman who attended them took infinite pains to persuade him to a sense of his situation; and after throwing his shoes among the crowd, and uttering a dreadful curse against his prosecutors, he was launched (or rather launched himself) into eternity, with the exclamation of, "Here goes it!" He seemed to struggle much in dying.—The bodies of Little and King were given for dissection, and Abershaw was hung in chains on Putney Common.

*Sept.* 3. James Newland, an auctioneer at a standing auction, near Temple Bar, was for the third time brought before Wm. Addington, Esq. at the Public Office, Bow Street, on a charge of fraudulently obtaining money from a person who bought goods at his auction.

Andrew O'Connor stated, that yesterday morning he went into the prisoner's shop, who was selling goods by auction, and purchased a case containing four dozen plated-handled knives and forks; that afterwards a case of silver handled knives and forks, which appeared to be second-hand, were put up, and which to induce him to purchase, the prisoner said he would take the others back, and allow him the full money he had given for them, to go in part for the silver ones, and which were knocked down to him at eight guineas, for which he paid that sum; but on examining those sent home, he discovered they were not the same, being new ones, and not near so heavy.

The prisoner insisted they were the same as purchased; but the magistrate giving credit to the oath of Mr. O'Conner, informed the prisoner he must find bail, or stand committed. He accordingly found bail for his appearance at the next session, to answer this charge of misdemeanor.

The following providential escape lately occurred at Cambridge:—As three children of Mr. Hodson, printer, were leaning out of an upper chamber window, at the back of his house, looking after a jackdaw which had fled from its cage into the gardens, the frame suddenly gave way, and the children were thrown out, but fortunately lighting on some gooseberry bushes, were taken up without having sustained the least injury, a few scratches excepted.

*Yellow Fever.*—As many of our brave countrymen will probably soon go to the West Indies, we are induced to give the following hints relative to the preservation of health, from a physician of the first eminence, who for many years practised in that country. Avoid fruits, particularly pineapples. Guard against the dews, which are very heavy half an hour before and after sunset. If a little ill, take an emetic of ipecacuanha; and after its operation, a dose of Glauber or Rochelle salts, then take bark in tolerable quantities. We would recommend to those who are going there, to take with them a quantity of ipecacuanha, bark, salts, and James's powder; but the latter we would not have used without the advice of a physician.

*To Farmers.*—A correspondent has favoured us with the following recipe, which he and many of his friends have found very efficacious in the drying of milch cows. Let the udder be full of milk, then take one gill of fish oil, a quarter of a pound of green soap, and a handful of salt; mix them together, and rub the udder exceedingly well, until the whole of the mixture is used; after which bleed the cow two or three times, or oftener if required. She must be kept upon hard meat two or three days before she is dried.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bath has adopted the following method of digging potatoes with the greatest success. Instead of destroying the root, as usual, raise it gently up, and introducing the hand under it, take all the large ones up, re-place the root, and tread it firmly in. By this method he has had a second crop, and has a fair prospect of a third.

*Rice.*—The extent and degree of the benefits attending the use of this article are very little known. It is probably not understood, that rice in food will go eight times as far as flour; and that one pound of rice baked with a gallon of milk (with the addition of a little treacle to sweeten it), will, at the expence of about sixteen pence, make eight pounds of pleasant, wholesome, and nourishing food. In the Foundling Hospital, the use of rice instead of flour has been attended with a very great saving to the Hospital, exclusive of general benefit to the public.

*Directions for using Rice with the greatest advantage.*—Take some rice, wash it in cold water, then put it into boiling water, let it boil ten minutes *, then drain the water from it, put it in a bason, cover it with a plate, turn it over, the plate being undermost, let it remain for use. By this method the rice retains all its nourishing quality. It is an excellent and substantial food, if mixed with boiled breast of mutton cut into pieces, seasoned with pepper and salt; or with cabbage; and particularly with salt fish.

Rice mixed with skim milk, and a little suet shred fine, makes a most excellent pudding.

The above methods have been used many years, by several gentlemen of this kingdom, with general satisfaction to themselves, servants, and neighbours.

*The Rev. Mr. Broughton's Receipt for Potatoe Bread.* To three pecks of flour add one peck of potatoes, when boiled and peeled; bruise them whilst warm, and mix them with the flour; then put the yeast, and let it rise as in the making of common bread; much less water, and one third of the yeast commonly employed will be sufficient.

The process, says Mr. Broughton, is such as may be readily adopted by the bakers; nor do I apprehend any material inconvenience from the increased price of potatoes; as the quantities planted this year greatly exceeds any former year, and the plantations in general promise the most abundant crops. I have tried several, but have not met with a better. It is obvious that the plan cannot be adopted, until the potatoe crops are ripe. I would also recommend it to my fellow citizens not to encourage the digging potatoes at this season, by purchasing them for their tables, when there is such a profusion of other vegetables: a potatoe which weighs an ounce now, will weigh above four times as much in one month.—*Tiverton, July* 17.

*To make a Turkish pillaw.*—To a quart of water add four onions sliced, cut up one pound of meat in small pieces, about the size of a crown piece; put in two or three cloves, or a little allspice. Let it stew well together for an hour, then add from one to two pounds of rice, according to the quantity you wish to make, and let it boil for about ten or twelve minutes. N. B. The rice must be soft and hot: strain the whole through a cullender, and serve it up dry.

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* Be careful that the water put in at first be in sufficient quantity to keep the rice covered during the whole time of boiling.

[*The Lists of Promotions, &c. are unavoidably postponed till our next.*]

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

## GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For SEPTEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PERFECT, M. D.

CONTENTS.




LONDON:

Printed for the PROPRIETOR;

Sold by J. PARSONS, No. 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW; and may be had of all the Booksellers and Newscarriers in Town and Country.

[Entered at Stationers'-Hall]

## TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The obliging Communication of our worthy Brother *Stanfield* is unavoidably postponed for want of the book to extract from, which we have not been able to procure.

It is with pain that we decline inserting the lucubrations of our zealous and indefatigable Correspondent *E. W.* but a peculiarity of phraseology pervades the whole that we think would not be generally acceptable to our Readers. We have no doubt that this Gentleman can with great ease adopt a more correct style as a vehicle of humour, and hope that he will receive this hint with candour, and oblige us by a continuance of his favours.

Brethren presiding over or meeting in Country Lodges are requested to transmit for insertion in this Magazine such Intelligence, having relation to Freemasonry, as they may deem interesting to the Fraternity, and proper for Publication.

*C. D.'s Curious* ORIGINAL *Verses of Lord Capel, written in the Tower*, have appeared in almost every periodical collection for these thirty or forty years past: as has also the ORIGINAL *Letter from Lord Lansdown to his Nephew on his taking Orders.* Scarcely any Articles have been more hackneyed.

As it is our intention to give a Series of *Portraits of Provincial Grand Masters*, we shall be obliged to any Brethren who will make use of their influence to procure us the loan of *Original Paintings*, and furnish us with *Biographical Sketches* to accompany the Engravings.

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Any of the PORTRAITS contained in this Work may be had in Frames, handsomely gilt and glazed, at 3s. 6d. each, by applying at the BRITISH LETTER-FOUNDRY, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY-LANE, where Communications for the PROPRIETOR will be thankfully received.

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Seney sculpt.

William Perfect M.D.
Provincial Grand Master
for the County of Kent.

Published by J. Parsons, Paternoster Row. Oct. 1798.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

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FOR SEPTEMBER 1795.

## MEMOIRS OF

## *WILLIAM PERFECT, M. D.*

MEMBER OF THE LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY, AND PROVINCIAL GRAND-MASTER OF MASONS FOR THE COUNTY OF KENT.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THE Gentleman who is now the subject of our pen was born at Oxford about the year 1740, but was not educated at that celebrated seat of the muses: a circumstance which he laments in his epistolary correspondence to the late Rev. T. Austen, of Rochester, in the following couplet:

> "I foremost rate among my earliest woes,
> "That *born*, not bred, where learned Isis flows," &c. &c.

His father, the Rev. William Perfect, vicar of East Malling in Kent, died about the year 1758, and was interred near the pulpit of the church of which he was minister, and is remembered by the surviving inhabitants with a respect bordering on adoration. Such was the gracefulness of the person of this missionary, that he might truly be called, "*The Beauty of Holiness.*" Indeed the graces of his form were but types of his intellectual endowments; the melody of his voice, the fire and animation of his delivery, and, above all, his inspired choice of argument and language, always engaged a crowded auditory, who never departed without improvement: the magic rhetoric of his manner roused the *guilty* to a sense of their offences, and cheered the *guiltless* with the glorious certainty of everlasting happiness. His life was exemplary, pure, and simple; his manners gentle, affable, and courteous; his condescension evinced his good sense; he admired great and loved good men of all persuasions; his family ever experienced his affection, his friends his benevolence. His departure from this life was distinguished by that firmness of soul, that internal calmness, that conscious rectitude, which marks and characterises

the Christian. A small marble entablature appears on a pillar contiguous to the spot where his remains are deposited, which was erected by his son, as the last filial tribute he could pay to so revered a parent. The inscription is in Latin; the purport, that he was vicar of that church, with his age, and the time of his decease, concluding with this line:

"Plura dici noluit Vir Optimo."

Dr. Perfect, in the cultivation of his genius, has not escaped the shafts of criticism; but, considering that censure is a tax which every man pays for being eminent, we shall pass over that circumstance without farther animadversion. The eminence he has obtained in the line of his profession is a criterion of the excellence of his talents, while the number of publications of which he is the author, and the success with which they have appeared, evince the scope of his abilities.

*The Medical Museum* owed much of its reputation to the communications of this Gentleman. "*An Attempt to improve Medical Prognostication*," "*The Case of a Catalepsy*," "*The Appearances on dissecting a Woman who died from eating too great a Quantity of Cucumbers*," among many other articles of his information to the proprietors of that work, form prominent features not only of his wish, but of his ability to impart medical knowledge. About the year 1787 he first published, with remarks, quotations, and observations, his "*Cases of Midwifery*," in two volumes octavo, founded on the literary correspondence of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Colin Mackenzie, which are rendered of superior value, as containing the only traits of that respectable Gentleman's practice which have hitherto been submitted to the public eye. From the practical and scientific tendency of these volumes, it is but justice to aver, that they have not been equalled since the publication of Cases on the same subject by Monsieur La Motte, a celebrated French accoucheur. A second edition of these Cases appeared in the year 1790; and soon after he published, in one volume octavo, "*Select Cases of Insanity*," dedicated to Dr. John Coakley Lettsom: and if the merit of this work be to be ascertained by the rapidity of the sale, too much cannot be said in its praise, upwards of a thousand copies having been sold since its first appearance, and we understand a second edition is at this time preparing for the press.

In the year 1791 Dr. P. published "*A Remarkable Case of Madness*," with the medicines used in the cure, dedicated to Dr. Wm. Rowley, of Saville Row: so singular an instance of insanity, at the early period of eleven years, is not to be found in the records of medicine; and the cure is an additional proof of the judgment, skill, and experience of the author, in the treatment of confirmed mania.

His "*Address to the Public on the Subject of Insanity*," in quarto, decorated with an elegant engraving suitable to the occasion, is humane, open, and manly, and highly interesting to all who can feel for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, when so deplorable a circumstance occurs as a derangement of the mental system.

His "*Symptomatology*," a work of the most extensive utility, and an "*Essay on the Epilepsy*," containing eight cases successfully treated, with practical remarks and observations, are, we understand, in great forwardness for the press; and will, no doubt, add to the well-earned fame and reputation already obtained by this deserving author.

The following extract is literally drawn from Seymour's New Survey of Kent, where we find it arranged under the article Malling (West): "Dr. Perfect, a skilful and experienced practitioner of this town, has fitted up divers convenient apartments for the reception of all persons insane, or immersed in the desponding abyss of melancholy; they are attended at his house with the affection of a parent, and the abilities of a man who has from study and observation reduced into a practical science the method of restoring the most wild and eccentric ideas, to cool sense and rational judgment; this Gentleman, actuated by a noble principle of universal philanthropy, and a tender concern for the mental infirmities of his fellow-creatures, has so far succeeded in the arduous task of curing dementated individuals, as to deserve a singular favour and countenance from the legislature." And, in The Kentish Traveller's Companion, published last year, we find the following observation: "In this burial ground (Dartford) is a monument to the memory of Elizabeth, first wife of William Perfect, M. D. of West Malling, who has rendered his name famous to this and succeeding ages, by his great skill and unparalleled success in the cure of insane persons, and for his tenderness in the treatment of those unfortunate maniacs who have claimed his care and attention."

The public opinion concurring with such testimonies of merit, our eulogy would be superfluous in commendation of abilities of such superior brilliancy in every branch of his profession as those which have distinguished him, whose whole life has been devoted to the art of medicine, and in contributing to the relief of his fellow-creatures. This Gentleman's skill in his profession, and acute observations on it, in every department, are acknowledged in the "*Memoirs of the Medical Society*," and several productions of a similar nature.

Worth of every description, and merit however indigent, humble, and unfortunate, have ever found in him a friend and protector, and in the most liberal manner has his hand been extended to assist those whose misfortunes have rendered them objects of compassion and benevolence.

The medical productions which do him so much honour we have before enumerated, and it is but common justice to his literary merit to acknowledge, that his works in prose, especially his literary correspondence, possess a rotundity of period, a neatness of construction, and an elegance of expression, that are extremely pleasing.

As his abilities are great and various, so his manners are amiable and inviting; nor should we omit to mention the moral, religious, and instructive letters which he has written and published with considerable success, nor the specimens of his poetry, which are very numerous, and are generally distinguished by an elegance of style, and a pathos so delicately affecting, as are calculated alike to charm the ear of harmony and the heart of sensibility.

The "*Pastoral Sketches,*" which obtained a succession of *silver medals,* and appeared in the Sentimental Magazine, possess a strain of rural elegance and taste, and are not among the least happy imitations of Shenstone and Cunningham. These juvenile efforts of merit have been since revised, corrected, and reprinted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and several Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, &c. &c. have occasionally likewise been inserted in the European, Universal, Freemasons, and several other periodical prints, and breathe that pure spirit of poetry, good taste, and delicate sentiment, which will always command attention, and not unfrequently excite admiration.

Among his earliest performances we recollect a "*Bavin of Bays,*" in one volume 12mo, "*The Laurel Wreath,*" in two volumes 12mo, both printed by subscription, and honoured with a numerous list of respectable names; next to these we find "*An Elegy on the Great Storm in 1773,*" which had an uncommonly rapid sale; indeed it contained a most beautiful description of that awful and memorable war of the elements: the intense heat which preceded it is emphatically expressed in the following beautiful line:

"When nature panted from her inmost seat."

The "*Snowy Day,*" a pastoral sketch, has been esteemed a faithful copy of that picturesque scene, and his other fugitive pieces possess very considerable merit. He is also the author of "*Ennevilla, an Elegy*"—"*The Deserted Rookery*"—"*The Peasant of the Cliff*"—"*The Crisis,*" and many other pieces which have never yet been published, but which, from the specimens he has already given in this line of writing, we hope he will be induced to make better known.

It is but justice to Dr. Perfect to remark, that he is particularly interesting and graceful in the delivery of his orations; his wit and vivacity render him a most agreeable companion, and his convivial powers occasion his company to be courted by the first characters of the age. No traits, however, are more conspicuous than his hospitality and good nature, and if his feelings are sometimes roused to a momentary warmth candour will attribute it to a nice sense of honour, and a strict adherence to propriety. A rich vein of humour pervades his conversation, and when inclined to be satirical his remarks neither proceed from ill temper or malignity, but are always directed by liberality, which will never prostitute the mirth of the moment to mean reflection or personal invective. The same adherence to rectitude is conspicuous in all his literary productions, where servility has never directed his pen to false panegyric or fulsome adulation. He has acquired an independency by the most laudable industry, and his innocent hilarity well display that native goodness of heart which is exemplified in the exercise of benevolence, and humane attention to meliorate the sufferings of the unfortunate persons who become the immediate objects of his peculiar care and compassion.

Dr. Perfect is, in the relations of private life, a kind Master, an affectionate Parent, a steady Friend, and lives as much beloved by his acquaintance as perhaps any Gentleman in the kingdom, and as much respected by *all those who know him best.* He unites the qualifications of the Scholar with those of the Gentleman; he has long distinguish-

ed himself amongst the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and is deservedly considered as one of their strongest pillars and brightest ornaments. As a proof of the high estimation in which he is held by the *Royal Craft*, on the resignation of Colonel Jacob Sawbridge as Provincial Grand Master for the county of Kent, at a provincial Grand Lodge of Emergency held at Maidstone on the 7th of July 1794, he was unanimously nominated and returned to the Grand Lodge, who confirmed the choice of the Brethren, and, by permission of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he was invested with full powers by patent for that important office; the patent is dated December 21st, 1794, and signed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Moira, A. G. M. and Sir Peter Parker, D. G. M. and all that need be added to this circumstance is, that titles of honour add not to his worth who is an honour to his title.

We have given a Portrait of this Gentleman, who has deservedly engrossed so much of our praise, and who, though he never suffers the whispers of vanity to approach his ear, we hope will not be offended with our just comments on his private, public, literary, medical, and masonic character. The biographer can never do any person justice while he acts with timidity and a fear to displease; nor is that page deserving of perusal which, in defiance of the best information, underrates abilities that should command general respect, and virtues that are entitled to universal esteem.

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## *SKETCH OF HIGH LIFE.*

*From* MR. JERNINGHAM'S * *Comedy of* "THE WELCH HEIRESS."

SIR PEPPER PLINLIMMON, LORD MELCOURT, *and* LADY BELLAIR.

*Sir P. Plin.* YOU don't appear, Lord Melcourt, to be struck with the artless manner of my girl!

*Lord Mel.* I ask your pardon, I am exceedingly struck!

*Sir P. Plin.* She has a few rusticities adhering to her, all which will drop from her, like dross from gold.

*Lord Mel.* In the crucible of Lady Bellair's refining conversation.

*Sir P. Plin.* Very true. I am certain Lady Bellair would perform miracles on my daughter—if she pleased.

*Lady B.* But why, Sir Pepper, do you doubt my inclination?

*Sir P. Plin.* Because you fine ladies dislike trouble. I will be bold to say, that, in the course of the winter, you never do any thing that your inclination, that is to say your vanity, does not prompt you to do.

*Lady B.* I ask your pardon, Sir Pepper.

*Sir P. Plin.* Indulge for once an old man's curiosity, and edify me by recording some instances where you act in opposition to the dictates of your inclination.

*Lord Mel.* This is a perfect challenge.

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* See Memoirs and a Portrait of this Gentleman in our last Number.

*Lady B.* Well, let me recollect. I go every other Sunday, in the early part of the evening, to an old aunt, who lives at the antipodes of the fashionable part of the town, and there I retail to her the historic scandal of the fortnight; and then she reads to me, through her green spectacles, out of a folio, a sermon of the last century.

*Lord Mel.* I hope, Sir Pepper, you will give Lady Bellair some credit for that.

*Lady B.* Then I go once in the winter to the Ancient Music.

*Sir P. Plin.* That, I suppose, is a concert performed by the decayed musicians.

*Lady B.* Not exactly so; it is, however, a very edifying concert, and composed of those hoary, venerable notes, that in days of yore delighted the ears of Harry the Eighth and Anne Bullen, and is now a very suitable recreation for old bachelors, old maids, and emigrant nuns! But to continue the narrative of my mortified inclination: my carriage every morning makes one of the long procession of coaches that besiege the circulating library in Bond-street.

*Sir P. Plin.* That denotes your ladyship's fondness for literature.

*Lady B.* I beg your pardon, Sir Pepper, literature is my aversion: I never look into a book, but I cannot avoid calling every morning at the library; it is a kind of literary tavern, where the waiters are in perpetual demand. A dish of elegant sonnets for Miss Simper; satires with a poignant sauce for Mrs. Grumble; a sirloin of history for lady Sleepless; a broil'd devil of private anecdote, highly peppered with scandal, for Lady Angelica Worthless. It would amuse you, Sir Pepper, to see these female Academics enter the porch of Hookham college, their cheeks, paled by study, a little relieved by a thin stratum of morning rouge. Then you would wonder at the method the learned professors adopt of supplying the impatience of their pupils; for example—one lady receives the first volume of an author, of which she will never enquire for the second; at the same time she receives the second volume of another author, of which she has not yet an idea of the first.

*Sir P. Plin.* Give me leave to observe, this vague method of reading must create a kind of chaos, without consistency.

*Lady B.* Consistency is a vulgar word we do not admit into our vocabulary; and as for the chaos you disapprove of, I really think there is to be found the whole merit; for this miscellaneous, variegated, unconnected reading, forms the beautiful dove-tailed, mosaic literature of the female mind.

*Sir P. Plin.* I hope you will allow Lady Plinlimmon to be a brilliant exception to your general description.

*Lady B.* Most undoubtedly; I have a long list of exceptions.—But not to interrupt the narrative of my own memoirs—I am sometimes obliged to mingle with the elegant mob at a sale of pictures.

*Sir P. Plin.* A sale of pictures must be very improving. You there frequently meet with works of old masters.

*Lady B.* The ladies of fashion do not go to auctions for the sake of the *old* masters; do they, lord Melcourt?

*Lord Mel.* No, indeed! A bow from Lord Gauze, a smile from Lord Flimsy, or a compliment from Sir Gossamer Bagatelle, effaces the names of Rembrandt, Corregio, and Vandyke!

*Lady B.* However, we play with the catalogue, and we stare at the pictures. And I have heard it observed, that in the two late celebrated sales, the love of *vertú* made the ladies gaze at some pictures from which their grand-mamas would have turned away.

*Sir P. Plin.* Indeed!

*Lady B.* But then, I will say for the ladies, that they stole a glance at these pictures through the medium of their long veils, which you know transmits a kind of drapery to the paintings! But to proceed, I am under the obligation, sometimes, of getting up in the middle of the night, to be in readiness to go to a new play, and, with all my precaution, I never can get there before the middle of the second act.

*Sir P. Plin.* That is very unlucky.

*Lady B.* Not in the least; for I never listen to the play.

*Sir P. Plin.* But does not your talking loud in the first row disturb the audi nce?

*Lady B.* I never occupy the first row; I place the old ladies in the first and second row, they having nothing to do (poor things) but to listen to the play; and then I sit snug on the last form, which we call among ourselves, Tattle-row, and then, perhaps, I am seated between Sir Voluble Prattle, and Colonel Easy, and we three converse and titter *à la sourdine*, the whole evening: but I'm afraid I grow dull.

*Sir P. Plin.* Quite the reverse, I assure you; I presume your ladyship pays more attention to the opera; the softness of the Italian language has something enchanting to a delicate ear.

*Lady B.* I know nothing of the Italian language, there is no attaining the knowledge of it without passing through the perplexing, jumbling, cross-roads of a grammar; that would shake my intellects to pieces.

*Sir P. Plin.* Still the music may flatter the ear, though you do not comprehend the words.

*Lady B.* I comprehend the music as little as I do the words.

*Sir P. Plin.* It is, then, the dancing I conclude delights you—

*Lady B.* No; the dancing does not particularly interest me; indeed I cannot see the dancing in my box, for I generally sit with my back to the stage.

*Sir P. Plin.* As neither the music, nor the dancing, has any allurement, I suppose your ladyship seldom or never goes to the opera.

*Lady B.* I ask your pardon, Sir Pepper, I never omit an opera.

*Sir P. Plin.* What then can be the attraction? I really see nothing to entice you.

*Lady B.* Is it nothing, Sir Pepper, to lean half out of one's box; with the head inclined to give the easy feather a more graceful play? which looks a meteor waving in the air; and which, as the poet says,

"Allures attention from the tuneful scene;
"Gives fops the flutter, and old maids the spleen."

Is t nothing, Sir Pepper, to have all the opera glasses levelled at one? To sit in my box, as on a throne, the unrivalled queen of Fopland?

*Lord Mel.* I must confess, Lady Bellair, you have an extensive dominion; Fopland is a populous country.

*Lady B.* So it is, and what is still better, there is not an old man to be found in it.

*Sir P. Plin.* I am sorry I am excluded from being one of your majesty's subjects?

*Lady B.* Out of regard to your gallantry, I will introduce a bill to naturalise you, Sir Pepper; but, not to lose the thread of my narrative, I must inform you, that I go once in the winter to an assembly, given by the wife of my physician; there all his pale convalescents stalk about like ghosts:

*Lord Mel.* And to conclude the description; the lemonade is intentionally made so acid that the doctor is obliged to return all the visits of his company the next day.

*Sir P. Plin.* Very good indeed.

*Lady B.* You perceive what a mortified life I am obliged to lead.

*Sir P. Plin.* If your historic pencil has drawn a true resemblance, I must confess a fashionable lady is to me an incomprehensible being.

*(Exeunt.*

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TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

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SIR,

IN turning over a late volume of the *Archæologia*, a work calculated to illustrate local history, and to furnish amusing information to inquisitive minds, I was much surprised to find a gentleman, whose extensive knowledge and penetration I have frequently admired, descend so low as to throw out invectives against a whole society of men, many of them of the highest rank and estimation, in whose favour he is nevertheless obliged to admit a saving clause that will indeed, on due consideration, securely shelter them from his wanton obloquy.

Governor Pownal, in his Observations on Gothic Architecture, fond of the idea of having discovered the origin of Freemasonry in the corporations of artists employed by the Roman pontiff in the 12th century, in various countries, to restore decayed churches, censures the grant of exclusive privileges to them as an instance of ecclesiastical usurpation and tyranny; when, if he had considered the matter with unbiassed coolness and circumspection, he might have recollected, that in ages of feudal turbulence and barbarism, no mechanical arts could ever have been exercised, if they had not been protected from lawless violence, and been nursed with that tenderness which their first efforts required. About the time referred to, was, indeed, the æra of municipal establishments for the promotion of trade, and for the association of those brotherhoods and fellowships that cultivated the

several mysteries now enumerated in the list of companies in the city of London and other commercial towns. If no other tyrannical assumptions could be charged upon the Church of Rome, than granting protection to Masons while employed professionally in the service of religion, the complaints against that corrupted see would have given place to the warm praise of policy and humanity. But whether these privileges were properly or improperly conferred, they were not bestowed to train up novices in a new art or mystery; but for the encouragement of able and experienced masters: for the buildings then erected still remain, and not only so, but remain the admiration even of this improved age! so that Governor Pownal is not justified in dating the *origin* of Freemasonry from papal encouragements to architects, who *must* evidently have been formed in *other* schools: they were necessary, indeed, on account of the barbarity and ignorance of the times, not of the professors of the masonic art, who have left such splendid monuments of skill to justify the protection they obtained. We ought to patch them up as long as we can make them stand; for whenever our august cathedrals and other collegiate structures yield to the inevitable decays of time, neither the piety nor the liberality of our times afford any assurance that they will ever be restored in a suitable style. He has as little authority beyond conjecture for supporting his censure of the privileges granted to *Italian* architects in the twelfth century, by an *English* statute enacted in the fifteenth century; or to infer that because in the troublesome reign of our Henry VI. occasion was taken to condemn the private congregations of English Masons, that therefore those of Italy were exorbitant in their claims 300 years before that time!

The Governor is not more happy in his injurious character of the present race of Freemasons, than in the inferences he has drawn to the prejudice of their operative ancestors: his motive in either case, being beyond my conception, I leave wholly to himself. He says, that by degrees their clubs or lodges sunk into *a foolish harmless mummery*. If Freemasons do in reality possess the art of refining *folly* into *goodness*, the world may justly credit any other pretensions to which they may lay claim; for so far as their actions come under public notice, they have been peculiarly distinguished by their benevolence and philanthropy. It is worthy of remark, that the same pen that fixes the stigma of *folly* on their lodge meetings, should affirm them also to be *a brotherhood of charity!*. We may hence syllogistically infer, that, in this gentleman's opinion, charity and folly are synonimous terms! Either the Governor is a Freemason himself, or he is not: if he is one of the fraternity, I regret that I cannot hail a man of his abilities as a worthy brother, for his endeavours to expose to public contempt an institution that he is nevertheless reluctantly obliged to commend: if he is not a Freemason, which is most probably the case, for that disposition must be obdurate indeed that is not somewhat mended by masonical *mummery*, he appears, if possible, in a still more disadvantageous point of view, in officiously meddling with what he knows nothing about. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

 J. N.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

## *THOUGHTS ON CALUMNY.*

CALUMNY may be defined a false, injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of Calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, durst not venture upon it; he who has but a spark of ingenuity in his temper, disdains it. One asked a Spartan whether his sword was sharp? He answered, "Sharper than Calumny."

The Calumniator is a general Misanthropist, he spares no age, order, nor sex. He is a general calamity, and wants power, not will, to be the Phaeton of the world. He wishes the destruction of the human race, but the best and most useful men are his principal objects; for he that aims at the overthrow of a building, will bend his strength against the pillars.

United measures for the public good give the Calumniator nothing but torment, and he will stick at nothing to break the connection—he cannot bear to see individuals happy; and, if he knows two of kindred souls, he is restless, until, by secret arts and insinuations, he breaks the sacred bands, and separates Lœlius from Scipio, Pylades from Orestes.

Calumny is one of those evils, which, for reasons infinitely wise, God has permitted in every age of the world, and the greatest, the wisest, the best of men, have suffered by Calumny.

Moses, though meek to a proverb, was calumniated by his own brother and sister.

Socrates, among the Greeks, lost his life by Calumny.

Calumny banished Rutilius from Old Rome, and Calumny deposed Lord Somers, the greatest, the best Chancellor that had ever been in England.

If Calumny, then, be so pernicious to human society, if it be a vice in its nature so detestable, why is it not every where ranked in the first class, and an adequate punishment provided by all legislatures? It has been seen in different lights by different states, and in different ages. Among the Athenians, the Calumniator was only subject to a pecuniary mulct.

The Romans branded him on the forehead.

In some of the present governments in Europe, Calumny is a capital offence. A delicate sense of honour had made duelling as frequent as libelling and Calumny; and the only way to prevent the former, was effectually to suppress the latter.

In some other governments and their dependencies, Calumny seems to be tolerated. Is it because it prevails like a torrent, and that it would break through all banks made to stop it? or, are the people less sensible of its stings, or have they more virtue to bear them? Possibly false notions of liberty may be the true cause.

In such a government, how shall Calumny be avoided? Where shall protection be found? Where shall the injured seek redress? If Calumny may sometimes lose its force by being neglected, the Calumniator generally discovers his malicious wicked intention, by inuendoes and words which need an interpreter. Avoid, therefore, applying the Calumny to yourself, although you are sure it was designed for you.

For protection, innocence, one would think, should prove a complete coat of mail to resist the darts of Calumny. I remember a saying of Cicero, "as fire cast into water is forthwith extinguished, so is calumny when cast upon a good life." I wish this had been as truly as it was elegantly said.

Innocence oftentimes provokes Envy, the parent of Calumny; and the most perfect character is liable to wounds, the scars of which are never wholly effaced: even innocence will not wholly free a tender mind from a sense of Calumny. Patience must accompany Innocence, and that which is inevitable must be borne with tranquillity and fortitude. H.

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ANECDOTE OF

## *SHENSTONE.*

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot); they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. "Would to heaven (said Shenstone, pointing to the trees), that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!"—He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money (says he) is not worth struggling for. —You cannot be poorer than I am.—Unhappy man (says he, throwing him his purse) take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the footboy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived: that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty;"—then, taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. You know how this tale of distress would affect Shenstone. He enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went

to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and, I am told, when Shenstone died, that this labourer wet his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

See by this, how easily an evil action may come from a good principle. I am persuaded there are many honest men who suffer death without deserving it; and so, probably, would this man too, had he robbed any other than the benevolent Shenstone.

—Immortal benevolence! the richest gem that adorns the human soul! Without thee, kings are poor; and, in thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

In vain we crown the conqueror with laurels, and the slayer of thousands with immortality. The *real* hero is seldom found in the field; he lives peaceful and retired, in the calm walks of private life.

J. S.

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## *ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.*

WRITTEN BY THE LATE DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

[NEVER PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS.]

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THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from Friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to Friendship, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds, or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate Friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connections more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen; they feel them-

selves unable to pay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed in the common acceptation of the world it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—"Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers: they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged joined with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were

seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion (from above) heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall."

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## SPIRITED CONDUCT OF
## *A MAYOR OF ARUNDEL.*

A FEW months before the abdication of James II. Lord Chancellor Jeffries, of detested memory, went to Arundel in Sussex, in order to influence an election. He took his residence at the castle, and went the day fixed for the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peckham, who was then Mayor of Arundel, held his court. Jeffries had the impudence to shew his detested face there: the Mayor ordered him to withdraw immediately; and, in case of refusal, threatened to have him committed. "You," said he, "who ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our sacred constitution, shall not so audaciously violate them. This is my court, and my jurisdiction here is above your's." Jeffries, who was not willing to perplex still more the King's affairs, and to enrage the populace, retired immediately. The next morning he invited Peckham to breakfast with him, which he accepted; but he had the courage to scorn to take a place, which the merciless executioner offered him. [*Taken from the Records of the Town of* ARUNDEL.]

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## *ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.*

LORD Molesworth, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the last century, an esteemed work, entitled, "*An Account of Denmark.*" This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with that freedom which the liberty of England inspired. The king of Denmark then reigning was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his minister to complain of them to William III. king of England. "What would you have me do?" said William. "Sire," replied the Danish minister, "if you had complained to the king, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." "That is what I neither will nor can do," replied the king; "but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me into the second edition of his work."

# HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[*Continued from Page* 84.]

[Year of the Flood 1374, before Christ 974.] THE division of Solomon's dominions into the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, did not much affect the Fraternity, or disturb their lodges: for Jeroboam ordered them to build him two palaces, the one at Sichem, and the other at Penuel; and also to erect two statues of the golden calves, with temples for their worship, the one in Bethel, and the other in Dan, which were worshipped by the Israelites, till they were carried away by Shalmaneser and Tiglath-Pileser. King Baasha built Tirzah for his palace; and King Omri built Samaria for his capital; which his son, King Ahab, built a sumptuous temple for his idol Baal, afterward destroyed by King Jehu; and a palace of ivory, beside many castles and fenced cities.

Solomon's successors on the throne of Judah succeeded him also in the Grand Master's chair, or deputed the high-priest to preserve the royal art. Their care of the temple, with the many buildings they raised, are mentioned in holy writ down to Josiah the last good king of Judah. The masons formed in his school, and who travelled, improved the Gentiles beyond expression: thus the Syrians adorned Damascus with a lofty temple and a royal palace. Those of Lesser Asia became excellent workmen; particularly at Sardis, in Lydia, and along the sea coasts in the mercantile cities, as at Ephesus.

There the old temple of Diana, built by some Japhetites, about the days of Moses, being burnt down about 34 years after Solomon's death; the kings of Lesser Asia refounded and adorned it with 127 columns of the best marble, each 60 feet high, of which 36 were of the most noble sculpture; under the direction of Oresiphon and Archiphron, the disciples of Solomon's travellers: but it was not finished till after 220 years, in the seventh year of Hezekiah king of Judah, under the direction of the grand Ephesian masters in this royal craft, Demetrius and Polonius. [A. M. 3283.]

This temple was of the Ionic order, in length 425 feet, and in breadth 220 feet, with a duly proportioned height; so magnificent, so admirable a fabric, that it became the third of the seven wonders of art; the charming mistress of Lesser Asia, which even Xerxes, the avowed enemy of image worship, left standing, while he burnt all the other temples in his way to Greece. [A. M. 3680.] At last it was burnt down by a vile fellow merely for the infamous ambition of being talked of in after-ages (whose name, therefore, shall not be mentioned here), on the birth-day of Alexander the Great; after it had stood 365 years: when it was jocosely said, the goddess was so deeply engaged at the birth of her hero in Pella of Macedonia, that she had no leisure to save her temple at Ephesus! It was rebuilt

by the architect Denocrates, at the expence of the neighbouring princes and states.

The Assyrians, ever since Nimrod and Ninus, had cultivated the royal art, especially at their great Nineveh, down to King Pul, to whom Jonah preached; and his son Sardan Pul, the mean and effeminate Sardanapalus, who was besieged by his brother Tiglath Pul Eser, and his general Nabonassar; till he burnt himself with his concubines and treasure in old Nimrod's palace, in the twelfth year of Jotham king of Judah. [A. M. 3257.] The empire was then partitioned between Tiglath Pul Eser, who succeeded in Nineveh, and Nabonassar who established himself in Chaldæa.

Nabonassar, called also Belesis or Baladan, an excellent astronomer and architect, built his new metropolis upon the ruins of a part of old Nimrod's works, near the great old Tower of Babel, then standing; and called it Babylon; which was founded in the first year of the Nabonassarian, or famous astronomical æra: for this city is not noticed by any author before Isaiah, who both mentions its rise and foretells its ruin.

The science and the art did not only flourish long in eastern Asia to the farthest East Indies; but also before the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, we find that Masonry took a western course: for the disciples of Solomon's travellers, by the encouragements of princes and states west of the Assyrian bounds, built, enlarged, and adorned a great number of cities and towns; such as Boristhenes and Sinope in Pontus; Nicomedia, Prusias, and Chalcedon in Bithynia; Bizantium, now Constantinople, Cizicus also, and Lampsacus in the Helespont; Abdara in Thrace: also in Greece, Tarentum, Regium, Rome, Ravenna, Grotona, Florence; and many more in Italy; Granada, Malaga, Gades, &c. in Spain; Massilia, and others on the coast of Gaul; Britain being then unknown.

[Before Christ 740.] The Syrians adorned Damascus, by the assistance of Solomon's masons, with a lofty temple, a royal palace, and a public altar of most admirable workmanship; which last so ravished Ahaz, king of Judah, that he caused a model of it to be taken, and sent it to Urijah, the high-priest of Jerusalem; and, upon his return, having removed the altar of the Lord out of its place in the temple, ordered this new altar to be set up in its stead.

After the good Josiah, king of Judah, fighting for his superior Nabopolassar, was slain in the battle of Hadah Rimmon, by Pharoah Necho, all things went wrong in Judah; for the grand monarch Nebuchadnezzar, first his father's partner, having defeated Necho, made Josiah's son Jehoiakim his vassal; and, for his revolting, he ruined him. At length he captivated all the remaining royal family of Judah, with the flower of the nobles, especially of the more ingenious craftsmen; laid waste the whole land of Israel, burnt and demolished all the fine edifices, and also the inimitable temple of Solomon, after it had been finished and consecrated 416 years. For, on the seventh day of the fifth month, answering to the end of our July, came Nebuzaradan, captain of the guards to the king of Babylon, to Jerusalem, and after having taken out all the sacred vessels, the

two famous pillars that were in the temple, and all the riches that could be found in the king's palace, and the city; he did, pursuant to the command of his master, set both the temple and city on fire, overthrew all the walls and towers belonging thereto, wholly razing it to the ground, till he had effected a thorough desolation!

[Year of the Flood 1778, before Christ 570.] Nebuchadnezzar being now at rest from all his wars, and in full peace at home, applied himself with great industry to the grand design of finishing his buildings at Babylon; and employed therein all the able artists of Judea, and other captives, beside his own Chaldean masons; who, by their joint labour, made it the fourth of the seven wonders of art. The most famous works therein were the walls of the city, the temple of Belus, in which were placed the brazen sea, the pillars, &c. brought from Jerusalem, the palace and hanging gardens, the river and the artificial lake and canals, made for draining that river. In the magnificence and expence of which works, he much exceeded whatsoever had been done by any king before him; and, excepting the amazing wall of China, nothing has been since attempted that can be placed in competition with them. This splendid grand master also caused to be erected, in the plains of Dura, a golden image of their god Baal, sixty cubits high, and six broad; containing 7000 Attic drachmas of gold, according to Diodorus; which amount to three millions and a half of our money.

The Medes and Persians had rivalled the Assyrians and Chaldeans in Masonry at Ecbatana, Susiana, Persepolis, and many other fine cities, before they conquered them in war; though they had nothing so large as Nineveh and Babylon, nor so accurate as the temple, and other edifices of Solomon.

The Jewish captives, after Nebuchadnezzar's death, kept themselves at work, and consoled themselves by brotherly communion in regular lodges, until the appointed time of their deliverance. They were thus the more capable at the rebuilding the holy temple and city of Salem upon the old foundations; which was ordered upon the decree of Cyrus, according to God's word, which had foretold his exaltation and that decree. For, Belshazzar being slain, Cyrus, the Persian, soon after removed the imperial seat to Susiana in Persia, and thereby put an end to the Babylonian empire, after it had stood 209 years; and he promised the Israelites great favour, and a speedy restoration to their own land. [A. M. 3468, before Christ 538.]

[Before Christ 707.] The Medes and Persians had much improved in the royal art, and had even out-done the Assyrians in Masonry at Ecbatana; which, being repaired, beautified, and vastly enlarged by Deioces king of the Medes, who reigned there with great wisdom, honour, and prosperity for above fifty years; during which time he constantly employed the Fraternity; and it becoming a great city, he is, for this reason, by the Greeks, esteemed as the founder of it: also Susiana and Persepolis, with many more fine cities, were built before the Persians had overcome the Assyrians and Babylonians in war, where they had shewn admirable skill; but yet

none of these masonical works came up to the accuracy of the temple, and other structures of King Solomon.

[Before Christ 536.] Cyrus, who had been fore-ordained to restore the children of Israel, and to re-build the holy temple at Jerusalem, having founded the Persian empire, issued out his decree for those welcome purposes. He constituted Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel, his provincial grand master in the land of Judea, the lineal heir of David's royal race, and prince of the reduction, with the high-priest Jeshuah his deputy; under the title of Tirshatha, by immediate commission from him. All the vessels of gold and silver brought to Babylon from Jerusalem, were by this decree ordered to be delivered to Zerubbabel, who carried them back to Jerusalem. The vessels at this time restored, amounted to 5,400: the remainder was brought back by Ezra, in the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, many years after: but, before the temple was half finished, Cyrus died, which put a stop to the work.

Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus, neglected the temple; being wholly intent upon the conquest of Egypt, that had revolted under Amasis, the last of Mizraim's race; a learned grand master, for whom the fellow-crafts cut out of a rock an house, all of one stone, 21 cubits long, 12 broad, and 8 deep, the labour of 2000 masons for three years, and brought it safe to Memphis. He built many costly structures, contributed largely to restoring Apollo's temple at Delphi in Greece, and died much lamented, just as Cambyses had reached to Egypt. [A. M. 3478.]

Cambyses conquered the land, and destroyed many temples, palaces, obelisks, and other glorious monuments of the antient Egyptian Masonry, and died on his way home. [A. M. 2482.] The false Smerdis, the Magian, taking advantage of this event, usurped the throne by the name of Artaxerxes, according to Ezra, and stopped the building of the temple; but was soon dethroned, and succeeded by Darius Hystaspes, one of the seven princes that conspired to cut him off. Darius married Artistona the daughter of Cyrus, and confirmed his decree.

[Before Christ 520.] Darius was a prince of wisdom, clemency, and justice; and has the honour to have his name recorded in holy writ for a favourer of God's people, a restorer of his temple, and a promoter of his worship therein. He was blessed with a numerous issue, a long reign, and great prosperity. [A. M. 3489, before Christ 515.] In his sixth year, just twenty years after the founding of the temple, Zerubbabel finished it, and celebrated the cape-stone; and next year its consecration or dedication was solemnized: and though it came far short of Solomon's temple, in extent and decorations, nor had the cloud of glory or divine Shechinah, and the holy reliques of Moses; yet, being reared in the Solomonian style, it was the finest building upon earth.

The Sidonians were as frank and liberal toward this work, as in the days of Hiram; bringing down cedar-planks in abundance from Libanus to the sea-shore, and from thence to the port of Joppa, as they had been ordered first by Cyrus, and after him by Darius,

Here, also, the curious craftsmen held stated and regular lodges, as in the days of Solomon; associated with the master masons, giving lectures, and strictly adhering to good old usages.

In this reign Zoroaster flourished, the Archimagus or grand master of the Magians, who worshipped the sun and fire made by his rays; who became famous every where, called by the Greeks, The Teacher of all human and divine Knowledge: and his disciples were great improvers of the liberal arts, erecting many palaces and temples throughout the empire, and long flourished in eastern Asia, even till the Mahometans prevailed. A remnant of them are scattered in those parts to this day, who retain many of the old usages of the Freemasons, for which they are here mentioned, and not for their religious rites, which we do not interfere with. We leave every brother to liberty of conscience; but strictly charge him carefully to maintain the cement of the lodge, and the three articles of Noah.

Zoroaster was slain by Argasp the Scythian, A. M. 3517; and Darius Hystaspes died in the following year.

Xerxes his son succeeded, who encouraged the Magian Masons, and destroyed all the image temples, except that of Diana at Ephesus, in his way to Greece, with an army of five millions, and ships innumerable.

[Before Christ 510.] Ahasuerus, called Artaxerxes Longimanus, having married the beautiful Jewess, Queen Esther, became a favourer of the Jews. In the third year of his reign, he made a great feast in his palace of Suza; *And the drinking was according to the law, none did compel; for so the king had appointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure* *. He appointed Ezra, the learned scribe, to succeed Zerubbabel in the direction of the craft; who built many synagogues, as well in Jerusalem as in other cities of Judea; and next to him Nehemiah, who built the strong walls of Jerusalem. [Before Christ 455.] He, for that purpose, divided his workmen into classes, or more properly lodges, and assigned to each of them the quarter where they were to work, and their places of refreshment; but reserved to himself the reviewal and direction of the whole, in which he laboured so effectually as to complete the work, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of his enemies, both within and without the walls, to retard his design. While part of the craft were carrying on the building, the other stood to their arms to defend them against any sudden attack: all had their arms at hand, even while they worked, to be ready, at a signal given, to draw together to any part, where the enemy should be discovered approaching to molest them.

[Before Christ 408.] Darius Nothus gave leave to Sanballat, the Horonite, the friend and advocate of the Samaritans, to build a temple upon Mount Gerizim, near Samaria, and so far insinuated himself into the favour of Darius, as to procure the high-priesthood for Manasses, his son-in-law, and brother to Jaddua the high-priest of Jerusalem. This temple stood in splendour, till demolished by John

* Esther i. 8.

Hyrcanus, who levelled the city and temple with the ground; and compelled all the Idumæans to conform to the law of Moses. After Nehemiah, the high-priest of Jerusalem was usually the provincial grand-master of Judea, as well under the Persians as the Greeks and Romans.

Under Darius Ochus, Mausolus king of Caria, in Lesser Asia, died; which accident was rendered famous by the great grief which Artemisia, who was both his sister and his wife, expressed at his loss. [Before Christ 353.] Before she died, she took care for the erecting that famous monument for him at Halicarnassus, which was reckoned the fifth of the seven wonders of the world; and from whence all monuments, of more than ordinary magnificence, are called *mausoleums*. It was in length, from north to south, sixty-three cubits, in circuit 411 feet, and in height 140 feet, surrounded with 136 columns of most admirable sculpture: and the fronts, east and west, had arches seventy-three feet wide, with a pyramid on the side wall, ending in a pointed broach, on which was a coach with four horses of one marble stone. All was performed by the four best masons of the age, Scopas, Leochares, Timotheus, and Briax.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DISSERTATIONS ON THE *POLITE ARTS.*

### No. IV.

### OF TASTE.

NATURE, having provided for all mankind, has distributed to every man in particular a portion of taste which determines him principally to certain objects. This she has done, by forming the organs in such a manner, as to be attracted by one part of nature rather than by all. Well-formed souls have a general taste for all that is natural, and at the same time have usually a master affection which attaches them to certain objects in particular.

Let it be conceded to us then, that every one has his taste, provided it be for some part of nature. Some may admire the chearful, others the serious; these love a conceit, and those what is grand and majestic, &c. Such objects are in nature, and increase each others beauties by the contrast. There are some happy geniuses capable of embracing all: they admire the serious in a grave subject, and the comic in a facetious one; they are equally prone to weep at a tragedy as to laugh at a comedy.

There is an *ideal perfection* in Poetry, in Painting, and in all other arts. The mind may conceive a work of nature quite perfect, entirely without a fault, in the same manner as *Plato* has conceived his *Republic*, *Xenophon* his *Monarchy*, and *Cicero* his *Orator*. As this idea might be the fixt point of perfection, the value of all works might be judged by their degree of similitude or unlikeness to this point.

"*This work has faults:*" such a judgment is in the power of most people to make. But, "*This work has not all the beauties it is capable of,*" is another, which is reserved only for judges of the first order. We may easily perceive the reason both of the one and the other. To give the first judgment, it suffices to compare the performance with the ordinary ideas which are always with us when we would judge of arts, and which offer us plans, or sketches at least, by which we may find out the principal faults in the execution. But for the second, we must have taken in all the possible extent of art in the subject chosen by the author; a gift scarcely granted to the greatest geniuses.

You have the idea of a perfect *tragedy*. You have felt the emotions increase at each scene; the stile is *noble* and *elevated*. You are attached to the fate of unhappy *Romeo*, you weep for him, you are fond of your grief, and you *enjoy* your grief. Remember what *kind* and *degree* of feeling you have experienced; and it shall for the future be your rule to go by. If another author is happy enough still to add to it, your taste becomes more elevated and more exquisite: and it must be by that degree of perfection that you judge of other tragedies.

Let us try to reach this *ideal beauty*, which must be our supreme law. Let us read the most excellent works of the same kind. We are ravished with the enthusiasm and ecstacy of *Homer*, and with the wisdom and neatness of *Virgil*. *Shakspeare* elevates us with his grandeur, and *Otway* charms us with his sweetness. Let us make a happy mixture of the single qualities of these great Men: thence we shall form an *ideal model* much superior to any one that exists; and this model shall be the sovereign and infallible rule of all our decisions. It was thus the Stoics judged of wisdom by the ideal sage they created; and that *Juvenal* found the greatest poets beneath the idea he had conceived of poetry, by a sentiment which his words could not express:

Qualem nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum.

## OF PAINTING.

Having in the forgoing Dissertations spoken of all the *Polite Arts* taken together, we shall now treat of them separately. And first of Painting.

Poetry and Painting have so exact a resemblance to one another, that to treat of them both at the same time, we should have nothing to do but to put poetry, fable, and versification, in the room of painting, design, and colouring. It is the same genius that creates in one and the other: the same taste that directs the Artists in the choice, disposition, and assortment of the great and little parts: that makes the groups and contrast; that lays on and adapts the colours: in a word, that regulates the composition, design, and colouring. We shall afterwards speak more largely of poetry: so that we shall here say only a word or two concerning the methods painting takes, in imitating and expressing nature.

Supposing the ideal painting has been conceived according to rules in the painter's imagination: his first operation to express and pro-

duce it, is the *Sketch:* this is what begins to give a real being, and independent of the mind, to the object he is about to paint; and this gives him the bounds he is to observe: it is called the *Design.*

The second operation is, to place the lights and shades, to give objects their proper jutting, roundness, and relievo; to connect, detach them from the plan, to draw them near, or to lengthen them from the spectators. This is the *Clair-Obscure.* The third, is to lay on the colours, such colours as those objects have in nature, to blend, to shade, and weaken them as there is occasion, in order to make them appear natural: this is called *Colouring.* These are the three Rules of picturesque expression.

## OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

Music had formerly a much greater compass than it has at present. It gave graces to all kinds of sounds and gestures: it took in singing, dancing, versification and declamation: *ars decôris in vocibus & motibus.* But since versification and dancing have formed two separate arts, and declamation, abandoned to itself, is no longer an art, music properly speaking is reduced simply to what we call tune; that is, the science of sounds.

This distinction nevertheless coming rather from the artists than from the arts themselves, which have been always closely connected with one another, we will here speak of music and dancing without separating them. The mutual comparison we shall make of one with the other, will help to make us the better acquainted with them: they will bestow light upon each other in this account, as they give beauty to each other on the stage.

Men have three ways of expressing their ideas and sentiments; words, tone of voice, and gesture. We understand by gesture, the exterior motions and attitudes of the body: *Gestus,* says *Cicero, est conformatio quædam & figura totius oris & corporis.*

I have named words first, because they are in possession of the first rank; and that men commonly give most attention to them. Nevertheless, the tone of voice and gesture have several advantages over them: their use is much more natural: we have recourse to them when words fail us; they are also more extended: they are universal interpreters which follow us to every part of the world, they make us intelligible to the most barbarous nations, and even to animals. In short, they are consecrated in an especial manner to our sentiments. Speech *instructs* and *convinces* us; it is the organ of reason; but the tone and gesture are those of the heart: they *move, win,* and *persuade.* Speech expresses passion only by means of ideas, to which sentiments are affixed, and as if by reflection. The tone and gesture go directly to the heart. Speech expresses passions by naming them: if we say, I love you or I hate you, and do not join some gesture and tone to the words, we rather express an idea than a sentiment.

The finest speech in the character of *Juliet* would have but little effect on our passions, without Mrs. *Merry's* gesture joined to her elegant and moving tone of voice. *Affectus omnes, languescant necesse, nisi voce, vultu, totius propè habitu corporis inardescant.*

In a word, speech is a language of institution, which men have made more distinctly to communicate their ideas: tones and gestures are the dictionary of simple nature; they contain a language which is born with us, and which we make use of to express every thing that relates to the wants and to the preservation of our being; it is short, lively, and emphatical. What a foundation for arts, whose design is to move the soul, is this language; the expressions of which are rather those of human nature itself than of mankind!

Speech, gesture, and tone of voice, have degrees, or they answer to the three kinds of arts mentioned in the first chapter. In the first degree, they express simple nature, for want alone: this is the genuine picture of our thoughts and sentiments: such is, or ought to be, our conversation. In the second degree, nature is polished by the help of art to add pleasure to utility: they chuse with some care, but with restraint and modesty, the most proper and agreeable words, tones, and gestures: this is oratory. In the third, they have nothing but pleasure in view: these three expressions have not only all their natural grace and force, but also all the perfection that art can add to them, we mean measure, motion, modulation, and harmony; and this is versification, music, and dancing, which are the greatest possible perfection of words, tones of voice, and gestures.

### DESIGN AND RULES OF MUSIC.

If I were to own that I could not be pleased at a discourse I did not understand, my confession would have nothing singular in it. But were I to say the same thing of a piece of music, a Musician might ask me, if I thought myself connoisseur enough to enter into the merit of a piece of music that has been worked up with the greatest care? and I would venture to reply; Yes, for the business of music is to *move*. I do not pretend to calculate sounds: I speak not of vibration of cords, nor of mathematical proportion. I abandon to *theorists* these speculations, which are only like the nice grammatical or dialectical parts of a discourse, whose merits I can feel without entering into the discussion. Music speaks to me in tones: the language is natural to me; if I don't understand it, art has corrupted nature, rather than mended it. Music should be judged in the same manner as a picture. I see strokes and colours in it whose meaning I understand; it strikes, it touches me. What would be said of a painter, who should content himself with laying on his canvas a parcel of bold strokes and a heap of the most lively colours, without any sort of resemblance to any known object. The application is very naturally made to music. There is no sort of disparity, or if there is, it strengthens my proof. The ear, say they, is much more delicate than the eye. Then I am more capable to judge of a piece of music than of a picture.

I appeal to the composer himself, which are the parts he approves of most, which he is most fond of, and to which he is continually recurring with a sort of secret pleasure? Are they not those where his music (if we may so say) is speaking, where it has a clear meaning, without obscurity, and without equivocation?

Let then the profound musician applaud himself, if he will, for having, by a mathematical concord, conciliated sounds that seemed to have the utmost antipathy to each other; if they signify nothing, I shall compare them with those gestures of our *British* orators, which are only signs of life; or to those artificial verses, which are only metred noise.

It is true, I cannot tell why I am pleased with a fine piece of music, but what signifies that? If I feel, it matters not whether I express my sensation by words or otherwise:

Causa latet, vis est notissima.

The heart has its understanding independent of words; and when it is once touched it has comprehended all. Moreover, as there are great things which words cannot reach, there are also delicate ones which words are as little capable of expressing. This is very manifest, in what we are speaking of.

Let us declare then that music, the best calculated in all its tones, the most geometric in its concords, if it should happen that, with these qualities, it had no signification or meaning, we could compare to nothing but a prism, which presents the most beautiful colours and forms no sort of picture.

The first merit of music, dancing, and eloquence, is to be conspicuous. *Prima virtus perspicuitas.* What does it signify to me, that there is a beautiful edifice in that pleasant valley, if it is obscured with night and darkness. We do not expect a meaning from each of them in particular: but they ought each of them to contribute towards one. If it is not a period, let it be a limb, a word, a syllable. Every tone, every modulation, every step, ought to lead to a sentiment, or to give us one.

*2d,* The expressions ought to be *just.* It is the same in sentiments as in colours: a demi-tint degrades them, makes them change their nature, or renders them equivocal.

*3d,* They ought to be *lively, fine,* and *delicate.* Every body is acquainted with the passions to a certain degree. When a man paints them no farther than that, he has only the merit of an historian, of a servile imitator. We must go farther if we would seek for beautiful nature. There are for music and dancing, as well as for painting, beauties which artists call light and transitory; fine strokes that fall in the extasy of passion, sighs, tender accents, and inclinations of the head. These are the touches that warm, awaken, and animate the mind.

*4th,* They ought to be *easy* and *simple,* all that looks like constraint, gives pain, and fatigues us. Whoever looks on or hears, is the unison of him that speaks or acts; and it is not with impunity that we are spectators of his pain or trouble.

*5th,* Lastly, the expressions ought to be *new,* especially in music. *Est natura hominum novitatis avida.* There is no art where the taste is more greedy and more haughty: *judicium auriam superbissimum.* The reason of this, no doubt, is our facility in taking the impression of sounds; *naturâ ad numeros ducimur.* As the ear carries the sentiment to the heart, in all its force, a second impression is almost use-

less, and leaves our souls inactive and indifferent. From thence seems the necessity of continually varying the modes, the motions, and the passions.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LETTERS FROM
## *BARON BIELFELD.*

[*Continued from our last, Page* 131.]

*To Baron* VON ST. * * * *at Hamburgh.*

### LETTER I.

PREPARATORY TO THE INITIATION OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA INTO MASONRY.

*From my Domicil, July* 20, 1738.

MOST VENERABLE MASTER,

YOU behave toward me, not as a brother, but as a father mason. You are desirous that I should participate of the glory of receiving the Prince Royal of Prussia into our order. I am fully sensible of the high value of this favour, and am ready to accompany you to Brunswick, and there to regulate the reception. It appears, by the letter of the count of Lippe Buckebourg, that the idea of becoming a Freemason struck that great prince in a manner very singular. You cannot but admire, most venerable, the concatenation of uncommon events. It was necessary that the king of Prussia should come with a numerous retinue to Loo, to visit the Prince of Orange; that he should be accompanied by the Prince Royal; that at table the conversation should turn on Freemasonry; that the king should speak of it disadvantageously; that Count Lippe should undertake its defence; that he should not be dazzled by the authority of majesty; but that with a noble freedom he should avow himself to be a Freemason; that, on going out from the entertainment, the Prince Royal should express to him in confidence, a desire of becoming a member of that Society, and that he should wish his reception to be at Brunswick, where the king his father had resolved to go, and where the concourse of strangers of every sort, during the approaching fair, would give less suspicion of the arrival of the brother masons, who are invited to come there to form a lodge for that purpose; that Count Lippe should address himself, Sir, to you, to procure to our order this glorious acquisition, and that your friendship should induce you to remember me, that I also might be of the party. Behold, most venerable, a series of remarkable incidents, which make me prophecy a favourable issue to this enterprise. You know that my present station is displeasing, and my country irksome to me. I resemble one of those plants which are nothing worth if not transplanted. At Hamburgh I shall, at most, run up to seed

and perish. Perhaps the Great Disposer of the universe will give me a better fortune, and will lay the foundations of it at Brunswick. I am preparing all things for my journey. For the rest I know perfectly well how necessary it is to observe a profound silence, with regard to an expedition of so much delicacy. Do me the justice to believe me to be, with all the zeal, and all the attachment of a mason, &c.

## LETTER II.

### GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE INITIATION.

*Brunswick, August* 24, 1738.

YOUR villanous fever, my most dear brother, appears to me more insolent than that of the princess Urania. It has not only attacked you in the flower of your days, but has laid this snare for you at a period that might have influenced all the remainder of your life. It has deprived you of the glory and the advantage of having assisted at the reception of the Prince Royal of Prussia, and of there performing the office of overseer, to which you was appointed. How unfortunate! "Turn out then, whatever may be said of your rich apartment, this villanous fever," and be radically cured against our return. We do not expect to make any long stay at Brunswick, because there is here one crowned head too many, who might discover that we have received the prince his son into our order, and, in his ill-humour, might be wanting in respect to the most venerable.

In the mean time, my dear brother, I shall acquit myself of my promise, and here employ the first moments of my leisure, in giving you an exact account of our journey and success.

We left Hamburgh, Baron O——, Baron L——, and myself, the tenth of August, and arrived the next evening at the gates of Brunswick. The officers of the customs began to examine our baggage. This authoritative ceremony put us into a great consternation. Judge of our embarrassment. We had with us a large trunk, filled with the furniture, insignia, and instruments necessary for holding a lodge. All these might be deemed contraband, notwithstanding the privilege of the fair. We held a council instantly. If the officer should persist in opening the trunk, there was nothing to be done but to declare ourselves conjurers or mountebanks. But we were soon eased of our fears; for by virtue of a ducat which I slipt into the officer's hand, he declared that we were persons of quality, and incapable of defrauding the customs.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel of Corn: it is the principal inn of the town; any where else it would be reckoned a tolerable good alehouse. Count L———, Count K——, and Baron A—— of Hanover, arrived there almost at the same instant, and joined us the same night. Rabon, valet de chambre to M. O——, and a good mason, was appointed to do the duty of a tiler, and acquitted himself to a miracle.

The next morning the cannons of the rampart declared the arrival of the king of Prussia and his train. The presence of a crowned

head, and the affluence of all sorts of strangers, which the fair has brought to Brunswick, makes the town appear highly animated. We agreed that none of us should appear at court, except Count L——, whom we deputed to the Prince Royal to receive his orders, relative to the day, the hour, and place of his reception. H. R. H. appointed the night between the 14th and 15th, and chose it should be in our apartment, which was in fact very spacious, and quite convenient for the business. There was only one inconvenience, which was the vicinity of M. W——, who lived in the apartment adjoining to our anti-chamber, and was separated from it only by a thin partition. He might, therefore, have heard all, and told all. This reflexion alarmed us; but as our Hanoverian brethren knew the hour at which he was wont to drown, as the song says, his sorrowful reason in wine, we seized his foible; we attacked him, by turns, after dinner; and, being prepared to encounter with him at chinking of glasses, we left him toward night so fast, that he would have slept by the side of a battery; and the Thyrsus of Bacchus served us, on this occasion, as effectually as could have done the finger of the god Harpocrates.

On the 14th the whole day was spent in preparations for the lodge; and a little after midnight we saw arrive the Prince Royal, accompanied by Count W——, captain in the king's regiment at Potsdam. The prince presented this gentleman as a candidate whom he recommended; and whose reception he wished immediately to succeed his own. He desired us likewise to omit in his reception not any one rigorous ceremony, that was used in similar cases; to grant him no indulgence whatever; but gave us leave, on this occasion, to treat him merely as a private person. In a word, he was received with all the usual and requisite formalities. I admired his intrepidity, the serenity of his countenance, and his graceful deportment, even in the most critical moments. I had prepared a short address, of which he testified his approbation. After the two receptions, we proceeded to our work. He appeared highly delighted, and acquitted himself with as much dexterity as discernment.

I do assure you, my dear brother, that I have conceived very great expectations from this prince. He is not of a remarkable stature; and would not have been chosen to have ruled in the place of Saul; but when we consider the strength and beauty of his genius, we cannot but desire, for the prosperity of the people, to see him fill the throne of Prussia. His features are highly pleasing, with a sprightly look and a noble air; and it depends altogether on himself to appear perfectly engaging. A petit maitre of Paris would not perhaps admire his frizure; his hair, however, is of a bright brown carelessly curled, but well adapted to his countenance. His large blue eyes have at once something severe, soft and gracious. I was surprised to find in him so youthful an air *. His behaviour, in every respect, is that of a person of exalted rank, and he is the most polite man in all that kingdom over which he is born to rule. He

* The Prince was, at this time, in his twenty-seventh year.

He gave T. V. Master B. von O * * * the most delicate and flattering instances of regard. I say nothing of his moral qualities: it would be difficult to discern them at one interview; but I protest to you, that there was no part of his conversation which did not mark great dignity of mind, and the utmost benevolence of temper: and, for the truth of this, I appeal to the public voice.

All was finished soon after four in the morning: the prince returned to the duke's palace; and, in all appearance, as well satisfied with us, as we were charmed with him. I hastened to bed, completely fatigued with the business of this fair day *.

We shall send to day, to receive from our most illustrious brother orders relative to our return. To-night we shall go to the Italian Opera, which they say is a very fine one; and to-morrow, I believe, we shall set off for Hamburgh, where I hope for the pleasure of embracing you. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

AFTER THE PRINCE'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Charlottenburg, June* 20, 1740.

THE king has publicly declared himself a Freemason, and a few days since his Majesty held a very illustrious lodge. I made the necessary preparations and acted as principal overseer, the king himself being in the chair. The curiosity of all the court was very strongly excited. We received their highnesses prince William, he Margrave Charles, and the Duke of Holstein, who were all highly charmed with being admitted of our order.

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## *HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.*

1353. TO correct the abuses and degeneracy of the English inhabitants, who had migrated to Ireland, and settled there, was a favourite stroke of policy adopted by Edward III. For this purpose he deputed Sir Thomas Rokeley, an English Knight, to assume the reins of government in that kingdom, which he did with an equity and integrity unknown to many of his predecessors. By his own disinterested moderation, he set a noble example to those Lords who had been habituated to pillage and oppress their inferiors. "I am served (said the honest Englishman) without parade or splendour; but let my dishes be wooden, rather than my creditors unpaid."

1487. A dreadful war was carried on in Ulster, between the Chieftain O'Neal and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tirconnel. This war had

* "Masons have certainly good reason to plume themselves on having for their Brother, one who is undoubtedly the greatest genius of any Prince in Europe: but if they think that this, or any other relation, will supply with that wise Prince the place of merit, they are greatly deceived. Sometime since, a Freemason, it is said, endeavoured to intrude himself on the king, by virtue of this connection; but the monarch finding that the man had no other merit, took no notice of him; he therefore determined to enforce his application, by making the king a sign, which he answered, by shewing an indignant countenance, and turning his back upon his brother mason."

nothing more considerable for its immediate cause than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognize his authority by paying tribute. The laconic state with which the demand was made and rejected, would deserve to be admired in a nobler contest. "*Send me tribute, or else*—" was the message of O'Neal. The answer was expressed with the same Princely brevity. "*I owe you none—and if*—."

1563. The Earl of Desmond, a fierce and powerful Chieftain, made encroachments upon the possessions of the Earl of Ormond. Ormond collected his followers, and repelled his outrage. Their petty war ended in the defeat of Desmond, who was wounded and made a prisoner. As the Ormondians conveyed him from the field, stretched on a bier, his supporters exclaimed, with a natural triumph, "Where is now the great Lord of Desmond!"—"Where," replied Desmond, with an unyielding spirit, "but in his proper place?—still upon the necks of the Butlers."

1585. The son of Sorleboy, an old Scottish Chieftain, had rebelled against the English government in Ireland, and was beheaded. An Englishman was found so mean and brutal as to insult the father on the misfortune of his son, and to point exultingly to his head, which was erected on a pole. The brave old Scot viewed the spectacle with a stern composure, and turning to his insulter, with a menacing and indignant aspect. "My son (said he) hath many heads."

1587. The Irish warmly opposed the admission of the English laws into their kingdom. Hence when sheriffs and other officers were proposed to be appointed in the respective counties, they combined against them. When the English deputy intimated to Mac Guire, the Chieftain of Fermanagh, that he intended to send a sheriff into his district, MacGuire answered, with a well-affected simplicity, "Your sheriff shall be welcome: but let me know his erick (value), that if my people should cut off his head, I may levy it upon the country."

1642. In the insurrection which happened in Ireland at this time orders were given to the Earl of Ormond and Sir James Coote, who commanded the King's troops there, to pillage, burn, and destroy the countries of the rebels. Coote executed these orders rigorously; Ormond with more humanity and prudence, yet with a severity sufficient to afford the rebel leaders a pretence of complaint. Lord Gormanston (a rebel chief) remonstrated by letter against his proceedings; if continued, he threatened Ormond, that his wife and children should answer for it. The reply of Ormond to this threat is worthy to be recorded. He wrote to Gormanston, reproached him with his disloyalty, vindicated himself, and declared his resolution of prosecuting the rebels at the hazard of every thing dear to him, in pursuance of his King's command. "My wife and children (said he) are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children. This would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I rate my wife and children."

1671. The attempt of the infamous assassin, Blood, upon the life of the great Duke of Ormond, in the time of Charles the Second,

was suspected to have been contrived by the Duke of Buckingham. Ormond himself overlooked it; but his son, the young Earl of Ossory, who was warm, brave, and spirited, did not preserve so cool a temper upon the occasion. While Buckingham was standing behind the King, this young Earl advanced to him with a stern aspect, "My Lord (said he, in a low and sullen voice) I well know that you was at the bottom of the late attempt of Blood. Take notice: should my father come to an untimely or violent death, I shall consider you as the assassin: I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King: I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

Although the life of Ormond escaped, yet his enemies continued indefatigable in destroying his reputation; and though all the charges brought against him proved, on examination, to be frivolous, yet the King was obliged to treat him with a mortifying coldness. Such unworthy treatment could neither humble nor provoke the Duke. He took his part in council, he attended daily on the King, without concealing his sentiments on public affairs, or betraying his resentment, without intriguing, or flying to any faction for revenge. Even in the drawing-room his virtues and conciliating address attracted a little circle round him of those who were independent of the court. On such an occasion the King, not daring to shew him any civility, was abashed and confounded. On which the profligate Buckingham said to him, "Sir, I wish to know whether it be the Duke of Ormond that is out of favour with your Majesty, or your Majesty with the Duke of Ormond: for, of the two, you seem most out of countenance."

Yet in this state of disgrace Ormond still continued to speak his sentiments freely, nor was he mortified by opposition. He compared himself to an old clock cast into a corner: "and yet (said he) even this rusty machine points sometimes right."—When Col. Cary Dillon solicited his interest in some suit, declaring that he had no friends but God and his grace: "Alas, poor Cary! (replied the Duke) thou couldst not have named two friends of less interest, or less respected at Court."

When Lord Shaftesbury was declared Lord Chancellor, Charles asked the Duke of Ormond his opinion of this measure. "Your Majesty (answered the Duke) hath acted very prudently in committing the seals to Lord Shaftesbury, provided you know how to get them from him again."

After the loss of the battle of the Boyne, King James threw out some ungenerous reflections upon the conduct of his Irish troops on that occasion. This provoked the officers, and they retorted it upon him. They contended that their men, though not animated by a princely leader, had taken no inglorious part; and observed, that while William shared the danger of his army, encouraging them by his presence, by his voice, by his example, James stood at some distance a quiet spectator of the contest for his crown and dignity. They finished with a severe sarcasm: "Exchange Kings (said they) and we will once more fight the battle."

## THE UNION OF
# LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN:
## *A MASONIC SERMON.*

[*Concluded from p.* 113.]

III. WE cannot love God, unless we love our brethren also. The love of God and the love of our brethren do both proceed from the same principle, and the same state of the heart. As, therefore, a fountain cannot send forth both sweet waters and bitter, so, from the heart, there cannot possibly proceed both love to God and hatred to men. A religious principle cannot be divided by its being half good and half bad, or by its having quite opposite and contradictory objects. Our Saviour tells us, that we "cannot serve both God and Mammon;" that is, the bent of the mind cannot be directed to two perfectly opposite objects at the same time: so, he whose heart is false, and is bent on malice and injustice toward his brother, cannot love God. As both duties proceed from the same principle, the one cannot exist separately from the other.

Besides, it requires a less exertion of the spiritual or religious principle, to love our brethren whom we see, than to love God whom we have not seen. We see God, indeed, through the medium of faith, arising from the view of his works and dispensations, and espesially from those discoveries which he has made of himself, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore he is altogether without excuse who does not love God: but we see men with our bodily eyes. But the impressions made on the mind, by the strongest acts of faith, are less lively and ardent than those which arise from immediate vision. Therefore, if the religious principle be not so strong as to make us love our fellow men, whom we daily see and converse with, it cannot possibly be in such a degree of strength as to make us love God, whom we see only by the eye of faith. The apostle reasons in this way in the verse immediately preceding the text:—"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

This high authority of one who spoke by the immediate direction of the Spirit of God, may convince us, that the love of God, and the love of man, must always go together; and that he who is void of the one principle, will want the other also.—This declaration of the apostle serves to set the duty of love to our brethren before us in its true and important light. How great pains ought we to take to understand this duty in all its branches! and how careful ought we to be to practise it, since the God of truth hath laid so much stress upon it, in that revelation of the things necessary to salvation, with which he has been graciously pleased to favour us! We ought to consider it with the seriousness due to a matter upon which our salvation itself depends. For, be assured, O man! that without a benevolent and forbearing spirit toward your brother, you cannot love God. With-

out the uniform exercise of candour, and truth, and justice, you have yet to begin a religious life. If you think that you can serve God, and yet hate your brother, you do but deceive yourself. Without a benevolent and forgiving spirit, the love of God cannot dwell in you: and if you do not love God, you have no claim to the blessings of a covenant-relation to him, nor to the hope of eternal life. Therefore, beware of leaving out of your system of religion, that essential article of its true spirit and meaning, without which your pretensions to religion are vain, and without which you cannot be the followers of Christ, and the heirs of his everlasting kingdom.

IV. We shall now make a few practical reflections, with a view to guard you against a narrow selfish spirit, and those evil passions which are an hindrance to the exercise of love to your brethren.—The two great enemies to your salvation, in the case of disobedience to the divine precept to love your brother, without which you cannot love God, are either an interference of worldly interest and ambition, or the indulgence of some malevolent passion for its own sake. Without entering into the consideration of the hateful causes, and the dismal effects, of indulging the malevolent passions, consider seriously, that the season of hatred and discord among contemporary brethren will soon be over. "Brethren," saith St. Paul, "the time is short. It remaineth that both they that have wives, be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." That sable curtain will soon be dropt, which will for ever hide from us those trifles, which, by exciting ambition, covetousness, and malice, are the ground of our present unsocial and injurious treatment of one another.—How small a thing soweth discord among brethren! and they are soon to have no connection with those things about which they quarrel, and injure one another.

We should remember that we have but one short life, in which we can either do good to our brethren, or in which we can enjoy the fruits of our bad treatment of them. We shall not return from the grave, to perform neglected acts of friendship and of gratitude, or to atone for acts of malice and injustice. Neither can the living recal their departed brother, to make apologies to him, or to give him redress for the evil things which they had said of him, and done to him, while he lived. Many there are who would wish to call back the dead to life, that they might treat them better; and therefore, let this be a warning to brethren, to behave to one another with friendship and kindness, before that fast approaching period cometh, which seals up the characters of men, and finishes our probationary works.

As a preventative of your doing actions that are unjust and unmerciful, and of guarding you against all manner of strife and bitterness, keep in mind that state of mortality in which ye are placed, and that awful act of dissolution which ye are soon to undergo, and by which your relation to this world is annihilated. In death, there is no remembrance of feuds and animosities. In the grave, men shall

quarrel no more. There, neither rivals strive to supplant, nor do competitors struggle with one another. There, Cæsar and Pompey have laid aside their variance. There, the clamorous noise and the malignant bustle of contending parties, are hushed into a perfect calm. There, the injurious are locked up in the dark chamber of aweful silence, where they shall disturb the peace of others no more. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master *."

Again, consider that whilst acts of malice and injustice render men like to the evil spirits, who take delight in doing mischief, and in destroying peace and happiness, the exercise of a humane and benevolent mind assimilates you to the glorious angels, who are God's messengers of grace and mercy; and to Jesus Christ, who was the visible pattern of perfect goodness and love; and to God, whose very name is Love, and whose supreme delight it is to communicate happiness to his creatures. Since, by benevolence of spirit, ye do thus become partakers of the divine nature, in the exercise of this amiable spirit must necessarily consist the excellence and the glory of every rational and intelligent being. Benevolence of heart is the very principle of eternal life; and therefore, your hope of the heavenly bliss doth essentially depend upon your feeling and expressing true love to your brethren. "We know," saith the apostle John, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren: He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer; and, ye know, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him †." "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him ‡."

Moreover, consider that it is essential to that true greatness and nobility of soul, which is above the doing of what is inhumane and ungenerous, to think worthily of the dignity of our own nature, or to discern and feel the relation which redeemed creatures bear to the universe at large, and to the immortal spirits. Our designs and principles will be narrow or expanded, according as we view our existence and enjoyments as circumscribed to the uncertain term of a few years, or as consisting of an endless duration. It is not at all wonderful to see a man of deistical principles possessing a narrow and contracted soul, and guided wholly by principles of selfishness: but it is a surprising thing, to see one who professes to have the Christian faith and hopes, confining his views wholly to objects that are seen and mortal, and destitute of a generous and liberal mind.

Hence I contend, that the belief of the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state, is essentially necessary to liberality of sentiment and generous actions. What a mighty difference must it make upon men's generosity or narrowness of spirit, to believe that the soul shall perish at death, or that it shall live for

* Job iii. 17—19. † 1 John iii. 14. ‡ 1 John iv. 16.

ever! Could a narrow selfish spirit lodge within us, if we contemplated, with true faith, those distant, but real and great objects, with which we have a connection, and that state of true riches and everlasting glory which is prepared for us in the heavens? Did we consider where we are soon to take up our abode, and what sort of employments we are soon to be engaged in, and with what sort of beings we are soon to associate; how mean and contemptible would malevolence and strife, and the operations of a party spirit, appear to us! When the soul is elevated by the contemplation of those amazing scenes which we have yet to pass through, and of the great things of eternity, does it not look down with contempt on the avarice, and selfishness, and malevolence of worldly and little minds? Did we, by true faith and hope, realize our right of citizenship to heaven through grace, we should allow no worldly interest, or sinful passion, to interfere with our blessed hopes; and we should view our brethren of mankind as beings whom we ought to love, because they are designed to be our friends and companions when time shall be no more.

Therefore, cultivate that largeness and generosity of mind, which meditation opens, and which Christianity perfects. Always view your present life in its connection with eternity, that your treatment of one another may be such as becometh redeemed and immortal brethren. Love, and forbear, and assist one another, as it becometh those who are mutual heirs to an everlasting inheritance, and an incorruptible crown. How mean and dishonourable, and how inconsistent with your hopes, must every act of deceit, and injustice, and uncharitableness appear to you, who, by a work of God's heavenly grace, so great as fills with admiration even those glorious hosts who stand in his presence, are called to the hope of being soon associated with "the spirits of just men made perfect, and with Christ the Mediator, and with God the Judge of all."

The love of the brethren being thus a principle of great importance in religion, of importance so great, for the reasons shewn in the foregoing discourse, that there can be no true religion without it, every scheme or institution that can be devised by the wisdom and liberality of the human mind, to promote its influence, must be truly laudable. Commendation is justly due to every attempt to fasten the sweet tie of brotherly kindness and charity among men.

For that reason, a considerable degree of praise is due to the institution of FREEMASONRY, which is founded on principles the most liberal and the most virtuous. Whilst it is designed to be a check to a narrow and selfish spirit, and to lead us to view all men as our brethren, it is at the same time an advocate for that purity of manners, and for that propriety of behaviour in the brethren one towards another and toward all men, which is suitable to the original principle of the institution.

The best things may no doubt be abused in some instances; but the principles of MASONRY, considered in themselves, are so far from having the most distant tendency to hurt either public or private virtue, that, on the contrary, they have a direct and well-contrived tendency to promote both piety toward God, and friendship among

men; two things which, as I have shewn, cannot be separated. No evil design against either the church or the state, or against the peace and good order of families, or of society, ever did, or ever could, arise from the principles of MASONRY.

It is surprising, that an institution coeval with the first rise of society among the human kind, and which none of even its enemies has ever yet been able to shew that it hath a tendency to hurt the morals of mankind, or to disturb the peace and good order of society, should ever have been unpopular in any country, or have met with the public resentment. I can say, with great truth, that the prejudices entertained against it by some, are altogether the effect of their total ignorance of its nature and design.

That relief to distressed objects of every country, and of every religious persuasion, which cometh from the funds of this most ancient of all charitable institutions, ought to be considered as an argument in its favour by all the humane. The charitable funds of the MASONIC SOCIETY are, for the most part, managed with more care, and with a more strict attention to the characters and real necessities of those who apply to them for relief, than perhaps any other charitable funds whatever; which arises not from Masonic Brethren being superior in character and virtue to those gentlemen who manage other charitable funds, but from the mode of distribution and enquiry.

Many worthy noblemen and gentlemen, who have presided in the several degrees of office in the grand lodge of Scotland, can well attest, that a very large sum is disbursed annually and quarterly from their funds, and distributed among the poor of various classes. So great has been the attention of some of those worthy characters to the state of poor and distressed objects, that *upon them will come the blessing of the widow and the fatherless, and "of him that was ready to perish!"*

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AN ADDRESS TO THE

## *MASON BRETHREN**.

Allow me to address myself, in particular, to you, the Brethren of the GRAND LODGE of SCOTLAND, and the Brethren of the other Lodges of this very ancient and respectable city of Edinburgh, and all those Brethren from the country who have this day assembled with you.

In reflecting upon your most ancient and noble Institution, ye cannot fail to be struck with the great singularity of its having descended, both in its principles and forms, pure and unadulterated, to you, even from the first age of the world. Amidst the successive revolutions of kingdoms, and the alterations of forms of government, and the many changes of laws and customs, MASONRY has always remained the same, except in the case of a few improvements made upon it by the great and the wise King SOLOMON. Its permanency hath arisen from its being built, not upon mutable and perishing circumstances of an exterior nature, but upon some of the best affections of

* This Address was also delivered in St. Andrew's Church, the Brethren all standing during the time it was spoken.

the human heart. Piety towards God, the glorious Master-Builder of the universe, and Love to Mankind, are the two grand immoveable Pillars which support the Fabric of Masonry.

Reflect upon, and imitate, the wisdom and the virtue of those many great and good men of all languages, and tribes, and nations, who gloried in being admitted to the knowledge of your noble Art, and who strove to transmit it pure from age to age. Kings and Nobles, and Priests and Generals, have boasted of being made acquainted with a science, whose object is to exercise and to improve some of the best affections of the human soul. Do ye vie with them in setting honour upon the Craft, and in transmitting it pure as ye have found it, by keeping back from the Door, as well as from the Hall, of Masonry, *every* thing that is repugnant to its principles.

There is great merit in your having hitherto taken good care that the High Offices in the Grand Lodge of Scotland should be held by none but Noblemen and Gentlemen of very great respectability and worth. It is well known, that the rules of every Society will be more or less strictly observed, and that good order will be better or worse preserved, according to the degree of dignity and virtue which he possesseth who presides over it. Every institution, for whatever purpose it is designed, takes its colour, in some measure, from the character of its Master or President; because it is a part of his office to give admonitions to others, as well as to exemplify the fixed rules and standing orders of the Society. The spirit of the Ruler, in all cases, is, in a certain degree, infused into those whom he directs.

The Office-bearers in every Lodge ought to take good heed to the characters of those whom they admit into the Society; because *an Accepted Mason is held by all Foreigners, as well as by us, to be a term which implies a man of honour and virtue; one who has a right to be admitted into the company of Gentlemen of every description, and of the highest rank.* By granting a man the privilege of being an Accepted Mason, ye do virtually give him a Letter of recommendation to the acquaintance and friendship, and confidence, of a certain number of the most respectable characters that are to be found, in every part of the world. Would it, therefore, be treating them well, to abuse that confidence which they are naturally led to repose in you, by introducing undeserving men to their acquaintance and friendship? I submit to you, whether such an ample and valuable Certificate ought to be granted to any, except those alone, who, upon enquiry, are found to be men of worth and virtue. Unless great attention be given to this particular, not only the Lodge of admission may itself come to suffer in point of character, but injustice may be done to the honour of the Craft in general, and a deceit imposed upon all those Brethren, both at home and abroad, who, trusting to your Attestation, give their hand of fellowship to persons who may be unworthy of their confidence and friendship, and even of being admitted into their company. This is one of the possible abuses of Masonry, which ought to be carefully guarded against.

The younger part of my Brethren will, I hope, forgive me, while, in the spirit of sincere friendship, I wish to remind them, that they

ought not to consider their admission into a Mason Lodge as being designed to enlarge the circle of mere frolic and dissipation. Let them, on the contrary, view it as laying them under an additional obligation to submit to the rules of decency and propriety, and as a happy mean of forming in them a taste for the delicate and refined moral pleasures of the heart. For that reason, every species of riot and wanton levity, and opposition to the rules of good order and manly behaviour, are perfectly inconsistent with the spirit of MASONRY. As that old age is the most agreeable in which we find a certain degree of the cheerfulness and gaiety of youth, so youth appears more amiable, by its having a certain and a well-timed proportion of the gravity and solidity of old age.

Above all, let young men begin early to reverence Truth, which is a qualification indispensably necessary to the existence of friendship among Brethren. Falsehood is inimical to good brotherhood, and to every thing joyous and beneficial to society. A deceitful man is incapable of being a true friend, or a good citizen. Falsehood implies double-mindedness, and hypocrisy, and treachery, and all those vices of the heart whose direct tendency is to mislead and deceive the Sincere and the Upright, and to sow strife and discord among Friends and Brethren. As candour is essential to true friendship, so the want of it implies every thing that is baneful to the pleasures and interests of social life. So long as truth guards the heart, it will be the seat of Virtue and of steady Friendship; but if that guard is once dismissed, the heart is at once laid open to every species of depravity. Accordingly, the first early symptom of a mean and worthless character, in which you can place no confidence, is always that of a want of regard to the sacred law of Truth. Let all men, therefore, and especially the young, as they regard their honour, and happiness, and usefulness in this life, and their hope of being admitted into the New Jerusalem, into which, saith the Holy Spirit, "nothing shall be admittd that maketh a lie:" let them, I say, beware of falsehood, and be always sincere in every thing that they both say and do. Then will all men honour and put trust in them.

Forms and ceremonies are necessary to the being and the preservation of every great institution; but forms are of no value, except in so far as they produce a regard to the spirit or principle of the institution itself. Therefore, use their forms as being only so many handmaids to your feeling the power of the moral and beneficial influence of the art. Strive to make your science subservient to the purpose of strengthening in you pious and charitable dispositions, that these may not only operate at Masonic Meetings, but may give a colour to your whole life. Unless the practice of your art shall produce in you a refined benevolence of soul, and improve the social and charitable dispositions of the heart, not only toward the Brethren of your respective Lodges, but toward all mankind, ye frustrate, with respect to yourselves at least, one main end of the Masonic Institution.

Although your Institution had no higher object than that of an ordinary Social Club, it would stand foremost even in that class of brotherly meetings. Even in that view, ye enjoy the pleasures

flowing from the exercise of the social and benevolent affections, in much greater perfection than other fraternal clubs; because, to conscious innocence, and correct propriety of manners, there is joined, in your case, such ceremonies as tend to promote a sense of the design of your meeting, being that of improving the Temper of Mutual Affection and Brotherly Love. In your case, there are several peculiar circumstances which serve to heighten the hilarity of your social intercourse. But how must it delight you to consider, that while many others are spending their vacant hours in scenes of riot and hurtful dissipation, or in the loose debasing haunts of gross vice, ye are cementing the sweet bonds of friendship to one another, and practising an Art which teaches you how to enliven the prosperity of your friends and neighbours, and how to make the parent's wounded heart to bleed more gently, and how to soften the distresses of the widow and the fatherless, and how to taste every moral pleasure with greater delicacy and sensibility of mind.

As some take offence at your meetings, from their ignorance of the design of them, take good heed to yourselves, that ye may give no just and real cause of being blamed. Walk according to the original and inherent principles of your Art; and then will ye observe that virtuous decency and propriety of manners, both within and out of the Lodge, which will prevent the prejudiced from having any "evil thing to say of you."

In a mixed assembly like yours, three things are more immediately necessary to the existence of true friendship; condescension to inferiors, becoming respect to superiors, and a power of secrecy. We have it declared by a great authority, that "*He who revealeth secrets, separateth chiefest friends.*"

I congratulate you upon your appointing a Sermon to be preached to you on the Anniversary of St. Andrew, being the day of the Election of your Office-bearers. A discourse on any one of the great principles of Christianity, has always a good effect upon the hearts of the serious; and therefore it is a proper mean of pre-disposing you to discern and to feel the spirit and moral influence of an institution, which has for its immediate object, a reverence for the God of the Universe, and sincere good-will to all your Brethren of mankind.

I shall conclude this charge, which, in the spirit of a sincere concern for the honour and happiness of the Brethren, I have taken the freedom of giving you, in the words of two inspired men: "These six things doth the Lord hate, yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that telleth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren *."—"Let Love be without dissimulation: Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love in honour preferring one another; distributing to the necessity of the Saints, given to hospitality. Bless them who persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another †." Amen.

* Prov. vi. 16. † Rom. xii. 9—16.

# THE STAGE.

## BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from p. 100.*

WITH ev'ry careless grace of sprightly ease,
Secure, while nature can delight, to please,
The sportive CARGILL revels o'er the scene,
Love in her eye and frolic in her mien.
By no ambitious impulse e'er betray'd,
And scorning affectation's vain parade,
She skims along where genius points the way,
Simple at once and arch, correct and gay.
Where'er the bard a character supplies,
Which no stiff airs of high-bred art disguise,
Where the quick graces spring from feelings warm,
That fire the eyes and animate the form,
The lovely Syren soars beyond his art,
And speaks the vivid language of the heart.
Though nature starts at that fantastic rage,
The vile transform of sexes on the stage,
Such varying excellence in her we meet,
As almost sanctions the absurd conceit.
Yet CARGILL throw this dang'rous skill aside,
And let thy sway o'er man content thy pride;
Oh! turn not such delusive pow'rs to vex,
With love's resistless snares, thy hapless sex.

FARREN, with talents that have rais'd her name
High on the records of theatric fame,
Of affectation fatally the slave,
Too oft perverts what bounteous nature gave.
E'en where a bard has this lov'd folly try'd
With some *outré* resemblance to deride,
Too oft her manners far transcend the part,
And mock the feebler effort of his art.
Yet was she form'd each softer care to move,
To image tender truth and gen'rous love,
To bid the sympathizing sorrows flow
With plaintive charm of mild domestic woe,
Though from the serious muse she long has stray'd,
And fondly revels with the comic maid.
'Tis hers to sport with airy ease along,
And hold the glass to fashion's giddy throng,
Reflect each foible of the flutt'ring race,
And paint their virtues with an heighten'd grace.

*(To be continued.)*

AN IMPROPRIETY IN THE

## *CHARACTER OF OTHELLO,*

MOOR OF VENICE.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG many advantages redounding to the Public from a well-conducted Magazine, that of its occasionally serving for a conveyance of such points of information as do not require the size of a pamphlet, is not, perhaps, the least. In this view, and at the desire of many, I offer here the solution of the question, "How came it "that Shakespeare gave to Othello the hue of a downright Black-"a-moor?"

Nothing, I presume, more obvious, nor more natural than the origin of this his discolouring that character; an origin, which it may be worth remarking, not only because nothing can well be indifferent that tends to clear up any point relative to that justly admired author, but as it adds one more instance to thousands of notable consequences, and sometimes very great ones both in church and state, from apparently so small a cause as the mistake of a single word.

Shakespeare taking, it seems, the fable of this play from an English translation of one of Cynthio's novels, has followed too implicitly the translator. The word *Mor*, or *Moro*, bears in many of the Southern Countries, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. two very different significations; that of a *Moor*, or that of *Chief*. Thus *Commandante* MOR or MORO should be rendered *Commandante in Chief; Sirviente Mor*, the *Serjeant Major; Mor* being in fact an abbreviation of *Major*. Othello was the Commandant *in Chief* at Cyprus, and certainly no *Moor*. Nor by any thing but a few passages in the play itself consequential to that error, is any such idea warranted. Of all the states in Europe, the Venetians were, for obvious reasons, the last that could be suspected of employing in their armies a *Black-a-moor* as a General, or in any quality above that of a Drummer or Trumpeter.

Not that I would here insinuate that such a character was so much out of the common order of nature as not to be endured on the stage. But, in such case, the main of this plot would naturally turn upon so extraordinary an event, as that of a *Moor* so raised, or so trusted. There was a play written expressly on a plan of this kind, by Andres de Claramonte, a Spanish writer, and entitled, El Negro Valiente in Flandes, which pleased so much, that he was encouraged to give a *second part*.

That however this solution of mine is not absolutely *new* I have some reason to suspect, not only from its being extremely obvious, but for that some actors, upon a time, hazarded an Othello in his historically proper colour, which was, however, for very good reasons, not well received by the public; as it was offering too great violence to the author's design, which they were bound to respect, even though they might have hit upon the same explanation as I have here attempted.

And to allow but the truth, there appears such a piquancy of singularity in the circumstance of Othello's being represented as a Black, that the public is happily far from being a loser, by a mistake which has been so advantageously repaired by the incomparable genius of a Shakespeare; he has, on this occasion, done by chance what great musicians sometimes do by choice, run into a discord on purpose to shew the power of their art to retrieve it into harmony.

Si non erasset fecerat ille minus. OVID.

AN ADMIRER OF SHAKESPEARE.

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# *ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.*

## BY WILLIAM BELOE, F. S. A.

### THE MAN AND THE GENIE.

A Certain fellow, who had the character of being very ignorant, had the fortune to be married to a wife extremely ugly in her person, and of a most wicked and malignant disposition. The poor man's patience, after a long series of sufferings, was finally exhausted; he often wished for her death, but this was to little purpose. He at length one day bethought himself that he would take her to the sea-shore, and get rid of her at once by throwing her into the ocean.—"Come, my dear," said he to his wife, "let us go together where our river empties itself into the sea, where we may wash our cloaths." He took their cloaths upon his back, and together lovingly they went, till they arrived at the beach; whilst she was employed in wetting the cloaths, he watched his opportunity, and with little ceremony tumbled her into the sea; having done this, he thought it but prudent to leave that country, and seek his fortune elsewhere.

As he was one day on his journey a genie appeared to him, of such enormous size, that whilst his feet were on earth, his head reached the clouds: the genie stretching out his arms, seized the poor fellow by the neck, and asked him what kind of death he chose to die. "Sirrah," said he, "shall I dash you against the rocks, shall I cut you in pieces, or shall I plunge you into the ocean." "Alas, my Lord," replied the man, "what fault have I committed?" "What fault?" said the genie, "do you pretend not to know?" "No, Sir," replied the man, "by your life I do not." "What, Sir," answered the genie, "was it not you that threw that vile devil, that abominable old sow, into the sea? did not you pollute the waters of the ocean with her carcase? did you not compel the spirits of the deep to abandon their habitations on account of her pestilential wickedness?" "What," said the man, "and are you too a runaway from that detestable vixen and beast, my wife?" "I most undoubtedly have done this," said the genie. "Is it then," said the man, "just and right to punish me, when a being like you cannot support her presence? if you were unable to bear it, how could I?" "You are in the right," replied the genie, "I will be your friend, and accompany you in your travels."

The genie and the man proceeded in their journey together, till they came to a noble city, where a great and magnificent prince reigned, Upon entering the gates, the genie addressed himself to the man, and said, " Suppose I should make you vizier to this prince ?" " The vizier !" said the man, " alas, how can that possibly be ?" " Yes," said the genie, " I have it in my power, and it shall certainly come to pass ; I will transform myself into an enormous serpent with two huge heads ; I will then entwine myself round the body of the Sultan's daughter, and if the whole kingdom should rise against me in arms, it will not be in their power to dislodge me ; now from personal terror, as well as from affection to his daughter, the sultan will undoubtedly proclaim by a public crier, that whoever will relieve his daughter from the serpent, shall have her for his wife ; you then, my friend, shall present yourself disguised as a minister of the law, and offer to relieve the sultan's daughter from her distress : the moment you approach, I will dissolve as melted lead, and disappear."

The man followed the directions of the genie ; it was proclaimed by a crier, that whoever would relieve the sultan's daughter from an enormous serpent with two heads, which had entwined itself round her body, should have the princess for his wife. The man disguised himself as a sheik, or minister of the law, went to the palace, presented himself to the sultan, and was introduced into the haram. On entering into the chamber, the first object which presented itself was the poor princess, beautiful as an houri, enclosed in the folds of an enormous serpent : the sultan and the vizier stood at a distance, impatiently expecting the event ; in a moment the serpent dropped from the neck of the young woman, dissolved like melted lead, and disappeared. The princess rose, as it were, from the bosom of the grave ; the man pronounced certain prayers upon her head ; rejoicings began, and before the day was terminated he was betrothed to the princess, and the marriage was consummated. On the day which followed her marriage, the genie appeared to the man in the palace of his father-in-law ; on seeing him, the man prostrated himself, and humbly kissed his hand : " Now," said he, my friend, " I have a certain favour in return to request of you." " What may that be ?" said the man. " Why," returned the genie, " it is my intention to entwine myself round the vizier's daughter, with whom I am in love ; now should you presume to come and relieve her, as you did the daughter of the sultan, depend upon it that I shall cause your death, and that of your new wife, in a moment." " I give you my word," said the man, " that I never will attempt it."

The next day there was a great noise and tumult in the palace and haram of the vizier, and when people enquired what was the matter, they were informed, that the serpent, which had before attacked the daughter of the sultan, had now attacked the daughter of the vizier : " Oh," said the sultan, on hearing this, " that matter may soon be made easy, I have only to direct my son-in-law, the sheik, to appear, and he will immediately relieve her from her affliction."— Messengers soon came to inform the man of what had happened, with the sultan's entreaty, that he would be so good as to go and re-

lieve the daughter of his vizier; and that he would esteem his compliance as a particular favour. "Not I," answered the man, "I wish I may be hanged if I stir an inch." "But for what reason?" exclaimed the messengers, "as this affair cannot possibly be finished without your assistance."

The sultan, being acquainted with what had happened, commanded the man to go without a moment's hesitation. The man again refused to leave his house; the sultan then sent a third messenger to this effect. "My son, if you do not go instantly, and relieve this unfortunate young woman, I will order your head to be brought me; what, is it the daughter of your prince alone that is to be the object of your kindness and generosity?" "Well," said the man, "I am in a fine perplexity truly; if I go to assist the vizier's daughter, I shall be devoured by the genie; if I do not go, I shall be put to death by the sultan." The man however went to the palace of the vizier, was introduced to the woman's apartment, and there beheld the genie, in the form of a serpent, twisted round the body of the miserable young woman. When the genie observed the man advancing towards him, he whispered him in a low voice, "Is this the return you make my friendship?" The man answered him in the same tone, "I am by no means come to oblige you to quit your present situation, but I am come to do you a singular kindness." "What kindness?" said the genie, in anger. "The woman," replied the man, "on whose account both you and I forsook our country, is got out of the sea; she already knows where we are, and is advancing in quest of us: I am only come in a friendly manner to give you notice." As soon as the genie heard this, he changed colour, and discovering great trepidation, whispered in a faltering accent, "where is she, my good fellow?" "She will be here in a moment," said the man. "If that be the case," said he, "brother, adieu, I take my leave of you, I am off." Saying this, he slipt off from he vizir's daughter, and was gone in a moment.

THE SULTAN AND HIS VIZIER; OR, THE SULTAN WHO RECEIVED A BLOW.

A CERTAIN prince, who, attended by his vizier, was accustomed to take the rounds of his city, met one evening, at the entrance of a bazar, a person of respectable appearance: the prince politely saluted him. The stranger, who was near the door of his house, returned the salutation, and said, "I entreat you, and the person who is with you, to enter into my house; be so kind, Sir, to accept of a hearty invitation to my supper." The prince and his vizier entered without hesitation. The stranger behaved to them with great politeness, and shewed them particular attention. A table was plenteously covered, and supper was soon served up; it consisted of five hundred different dishes: the stranger requested his guests to sit and partake of his entertainment. The prince was struck with the splendour and profusion of the table, and observing that there were no persons to be present but himself, his vizier, and their host; "Sir," said the sultan, "you must doubtless have invited other guests?" "No," said the master of the house, "I have invited none." "Why then," said the prince, "this great profusion of victuals? is this consistent with the

appearance of a person like you?" On which the stranger gave the sultan a violent blow with his fist; a blow bitterer than fire. "Sir," said he to the prince, "are you obliged to eat it all? eat what you please, and leave the rest."

The sultan whispered his vizier, "we are certainly in the wrong; I, by an impertinent question, have provoked this man to strike me, but by Alla if you do not find some means by which I may properly give him a blow for the one I have received, I will certainly put you to death." "Sir," answered the vizier, "you shall to-morrow night invite him to your apartments; you must give him an entertainment in all respects superior to this, in splendour and magnificence; if he shall presume to make any observation, you may then return the blow you have now received." The sultan accordingly followed the advice of his minister, and invited the stranger. The next night the man entered the sultan's apartments, with a countenance and manner somewhat confused and embarrassed; the sultan however encouraged him by the politeness and kindness of his behaviour: after a short interval, supper was called for, and the table was covered with a thousand dishes. The sultan sat down, and invited his guest to take his place; he did so, and in a cool and collected manner said, "God's will be done; this is indeed what it ought to be; may God for ever prosper the plenty of your table; here is a profusion of victuals, but profusion is an excellent thing; it delights the eye before it satisfies the stomach. He feasted heartily, and afterwards exclaimed, by way of grace, "Praise be to the omnipotent God of his people."

The sultan whispered his vizier, "This will not do, how can I possibly strike a man who expresses himself so wisely? but if you do not find out some just cause for my giving him a blow before we part, I certainly will kill you." "My Lord," said the vizier, "when he rises from the table to wash his hands, you shall officiously present yourself to pour out the water for him; if he shall say, "By no means, Sir, God forbid that you should thus demean yourself, indeed this must not be;"—for such an impertinent opposition you may certainly give him such a blow as you think proper; saying at the same time, "Pray, Sir, am I to be taught by you what I am to do? do you presume to contradict me?" The sultan promised to do so, and when the stranger rose to wash his hands, the prince eagerly pressed forwards, laid hold of the vessel, and prepared to pour water on the hands of his guest. "God bless you, Sir," said the stranger, "I am delighted by your kindness, may God prosper all your undertakings!" After this exclamation, the prince was obliged to pour the water upon the stranger's hands, but at the same time it evidently appeared that he was inwardly chagrined and angry.

Coffee was now introduced, and the prince again addressing his vizier, said, "I swear by Alla, if you do not speedily find a remedy for my disquietude, I will order you to be put to instant death; is it not enough that the man has struck me, but that I should also be degraded to the servile office of pouring out water for him to wash?" "Sir," answered the vizier, "he will soon be obliged to take his leave, do you be ready with a bamboo in your hand: call one of your

youngest slaves, and, as the stranger passes, exercise your cane severely upon the back of your slave; should he then say, For God's sake, Sir, and for my sake, pardon this poor boy, and do not beat him with such severity: you may then return the blow, and say, "Is not this my slave, Sir? is not chastisement a necessary part of education? do you presume to contradict me?" The sultan again followed the advice of his minister, and was beating the boy when the stranger passed. The stranger, as he went along, exclaimed; "Sir, you do very right, beat him by all means, chastisement is a very necessary part of education; if the young man should expire in consequence, God has certainly decreed it so." Upon this the vizier impatiently stepped forwards, "For heaven's sake, Sir," said he to the stranger, "have some compassion, and intercede for this unfortunate boy; surely you cannot be so hard-hearted." Upon this the stranger gave a blow to the vizier, ten times harder than that which he had given to the sultan. "How dare you," said he, "presume to interpose in a matter of this kind? Is not the boy a slave? is he not kindly educating him?" The sultan burst into a hearty laugh, "Now," said he, "I forgive you both, as my vizier has fared no better than myself."

### THE CADI, AND THE MAN WHO HAD RECEIVED A BLOW.

A CERTAIN half-witted man one evening left his house in a melancholy mood, when a mischievous young fellow, who observed him muttering to himself, thinking him a proper subject for diversion, silently stole behind him, and gave him such a terrible blow on the neck, that he almost suspected his head was knocked off. The man suddenly turning about, observed the youth standing near him, in a violent fit of laughter. He immediately seized him, "You, Sir," said he, "what business had you to strike me? have you no fear of God, that you should dare to insult me without any provocation?" At this, calling out "Justice! justice!" he dragged the youth, who without any intermission had continued in one fit of laughter, before a judge. In this situation they arrived at the place of justice, where the cadi was sitting, who seeing the young man laugh so violently, asked the reason why he had been brought before him? "My Lord," replied the melancholy man, "I never saw this fellow before in my life; I neither spoke to him, nor provoked him by any means; notwithstanding which he came behind me, and struck me a very violent blow on the neck; I am now come before your lordship to demand the law of God against him."

"Why, my young friend," said the cadi, "did you strike this man?" "For the life and soul of me," replied the youth, "I could not help it;" at the same time shewing two sequins to his judge, the venerable cadi immediately made a parade of turning over the leaves of two or three immense folios, which lay by his side. "Why, my Lord," said the complainant, "surely you can have no occasion for such copious references to know the fine which our law imposes on a man who strikes another without provocation?" "Oh," said the cadi, "if you are competent to decide your own case, what necessity for the interference of a judge?" "My Lord," said the man,

"I beseech you be not offended; if there be occasion, by all means consult your books." The cadi, after having rummaged his folios or some time, knitting his brows with the appearance of unusual sagacity, "Young man," said he, "it is necessary that you pay this injured accuser twenty small coins." "Alas," replied the youth, "I have no small money." "Then, Sir, you must get change," returned the cadi. The young man making a bow, walked out of the room, but without any intention of returning. The cadi and the melancholy man remained together; when tired with the business of the day, after waiting for some time, the cadi dropped asleep. The patience of the complainant also being nearly exhausted, observing the situation of the cadi, he walked up to him, and gave him a blow on the cheek ten times harder than that which he had received.—Starting from his slumber, and rubbing his face, "Rascal," said he, "do you dare to strike me?" "Alas," said the man, "I have very particular business, which requires my immediate presence, and as you have decreed the price of a blow, be so good as to remain till the young man returns, and instead of giving the fine to me, pray keep it yourself."

### THE PEDANT.

THERE were two brothers of dispositions and propensities as opposite to each other as it is possible to conceive; the one priding himself on his accuracy of language, his Arabic erudition, and acquaintance with oriental literature: the other despising the pomp of pedantry, and the affectation of grammarians. One day walking together, they perceived an inscription engraved upon a portal; the curiosity of the learned brother immediately directed him to decypher the sentence, when his anger was soon roused by the multiplicity of blunders, which appeared to have been compressed within so small a compass. He said nothing, but waiting till night, brought with him a ladder and a chisel, with the determination of correcting the inaccuracies.

After he had been working at it for some time, the master of the house hearing a noise, and naturally enough suspecting that thieves were breaking in upon his premises, sent two or three of his servants, who seized upon the poor fellow, and lugged him in; he was detained till the morning, and carried before the judge, who asked him what business he had at that time of night to endeavour to enter into the house of his accuser? "My Lord," said the culprit, "I am no thief, I am a scholar, and offended with the gross blunders of an inscription over this man's porch, was trying to correct them." "Well," said the judge, smiling at the accident, "this crime, to be sure, is scarcely deserving of death, you must be disgraced, as an example to others." He then ordered him to be mounted on an ass and led through the streets, by a man who was desired to proclaim the offence. Unfortunately the man was no grammarian, and, in proclaiming the offence, did not express himself with correctness.—"Wretch," said the pedant, "you have uttered an abominable solecism." At this moment his brother came up; "Well, my dear friend," said he, "how do you find yourself now?" "By heaven, brother," returned he, "the grossness and solecism of this fellow's

language, is ten times more tormenting to me than all my punishment."

## *RIDICULOUS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS*

### IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

WHEN the warriors of Congo advance towards an enemy, if they meet in their way a hare, a crow, or any other fearful animal, they say it is the genius of the enemy come to inform them of their fear, and then they fight with intrepidity; but if they hear the crowing of a cock at any other hour than is usual, they say it is a certain presage of defeat, and therefore always resolve not to expose themselves to it. If the crowing of a cock is at the same time heard by both armies, no courage can detain them; for, being equally frighted at the fatal omen, they instantly disband themselves, and both sides retire.

When the Savage of New Orleans marches against the enemy with the most intrepidity and resolution, a dream, or the barking of a dog, is sufficient to make him return home.

The Mahometans believe that a restive camel perceived Mahomet at a distance, and came to him, and fell on his knees before the prophet, who, stroking him, ordered him to amend his life, and that Mahomet afterwards fed 30,000 men with a sheep's liver; that he afterwards cut the moon in two, made the mountains dance, and a roasted shoulder of mutton speak. The Mussulmen assert, that the performance of such amazing prodigies, so much above all human strength and cunning, was absolutely necessary to convince stubborn minds.

The inhabitants of Madagascar believe there is a good and an evil spirit; before they eat they make an offering to God, and another to the Demon; they begin with the latter, and throwing a piece on the right side, say, "That for thee my Lord Devil;" they afterwards throw a piece on the left side, saying, "That for thee, my Lord God;" they make no prayers to either.

In the city of Bantam the inhabitants offer their first fruits to the evil spirit, and nothing to the Deity, who (they say) is great and glorious, and stands in no need of their offerings.

In the kingdom of Juida, in Africa, the people give no assistance to the sick; they cure themselves as well as they can, and when they are recovered, live in the same cordiality with those who had abandoned them.

The inhabitants of Congo kill those whom they imagine past recovery, to shorten their pains and agonies.

In the Isle of Formoso, when a man is dangerously ill, they put a slip knot about his neck and strangle him, to save him from a lingering illness.

The women of Mezurado are burnt with the bodies of their husbands; they themselves demand the honour of being led to the pile, but at the same time use all their endeavours to prevent it.

The women of the Gelons are obliged by the laws to do all the works that require strength, as building of houses and cultivating the

earth; but, to reward them for their pains, the same law grants them the privilege of being intimate with every warrior they like.

When the Laplanders want to go a voyage, they apply to their sorcerers, who sell them pieces of cord with knots tied at certain distances, which are to give them a favourable wind; and they make the fools who buy them pay very dear for them.

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TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS one of the principal designs of your publication evidently appears to be the commendation and encouragement of virtue and religion, by exhibiting them in their own amiable and attractive light, and of exposing vice in all its ugliness and deformity, in order to inspire your readers with a sincere love and esteem for the one, and a hearty hatred and aversion to the other, every true lover of virtue must approve of and applaud the generous scheme; and such as have time and talents cannot surely employ their leisure hours to better purpose than in contributing what lies in their power towards such a benevolent undertaking. But not to weary you, or myself, with a tedious and impertinent preamble, I shall come to the subject for which I principally intended this epistle, without any further delay.

There is a barbarous and inhuman practice exceedingly common in this age; and however lightly it may be regarded by the sons of levity and dissipation, the infidel and abandoned debauchee, it is nevertheless, in the judgment of all the wiser and better part of mankind, an evil of the most malignant nature in itself, while at the same time it is attended with the most direful and unhappy consequences; what I mean is the seduction of young, unsuspecting and innocent girls from the path of virtue, under the pretence of honest and honourable love, and the most sincere and inviolable attachment.

With what assiduity and perseverance do these libertine wretches prosecute their wicked purpose? what art and cunning, what dissimulation and falsehood do they not practise? what promises and engagements of eternal love and constancy do they not utter? and, to crown all, what solemn oaths and imprecations do they not bind themselves with to complete their mutual bliss, and secure the continuance of it, by lawful and honourable marriage?

Thus the wretch goes on, from one villanous step to another, till he finds that he has made a sufficient impression on the tender heart of the too credulous and unsuspecting fair; and then, like an insidious robber, watches and seizes the unguarded moment, and robs her of that which every virtuous woman esteems dearer to her than life, her virtue and honour. Not long has he enjoyed his inglorious triumph, till satiety and disgust succeed his unhallowed raptures, and then all his fondness and complacency are for ever gone, all

his vows and promises vanish into empty air, and the poor unhappy woman is abandoned, forsaken, and left a prey to the most excruciating and tormenting reflections of her own mind, and the upbraidings and stings of a guilty conscience.—Like the sweet blushing rose, which, plucked by some wanton hand, after being enjoyed for a little, is thrown regardless away, and suffered to wither and die in some obscure corner, or perhaps to rot on a dunghill. What tongue can express the atrociousness of such complicated villany? what language describe the deformity of it? Whether it be considered as an impudent insult against the divine laws of heaven, or as barbarous and cruel to the betrayed fair one; whether it be regarded as the source of present misery, or as attended with an almost endless train of the most distressing consequences, from the force of truth it must be confessed, that it has so much of the malignity of hell in it, as to fill every honest mind with horror and detestation at its disingenuous author.

What title can the man pretend to have to the character of a Christian, who can wantonly and deliberately violate the laws of his religion, and trample on the authority of its blessed Author? What right can he claim to the privileges of society, who by his conduct declares himself an enemy to it, by shewing the greatest contempt for its wise laws, and impudently breaking through its prudent regulations? Is he not a stranger to every noble and generous feeling of the human heart, who can behold with a savage indifference all the misery and wretchedness which his treachery and perfidy has brought upon the woman that doats upon him, and whom of all others he pretended most to admire and love? Robbed by him of her innocence, honour, and reputation, exposed to the resentment of her justly offended parents and friends, to the ungenerous insult of her enemies and rivals, and contempt and neglect of an uncharitable world, helpless and hopeless, without money and without friends, what can she do? Alas! mad with resentment, and hurried on by despair, is it matter of surprise if the consequence should prove tragical and fatal? This woman too was perhaps the daughter of his best friend, or the near relation of his kindest and most generous benefactor; and thus he wounds, in the most tender and sensible part, the man whom in duty and gratitude he ought to have obliged, honoured and loved. Ah, cruel and unfeeling, faithless and ungrateful man! fitter to be a companion to the savages of the desarts and of the woods, than a member of a rational, polite, and civilized society. Ah, defective, or ill-administered laws of our country! shall the poor pitiful pilferer, who only purloins a small portion of his neighbour's goods, be doomed to a painful and ignominious death? and shalt thou, loaden with all thy guilt and baseness, not only escape with impunity, but come off exulting in thy unmanly victory, and boasting of thy inglorious triumph.

But remember, O fool! that thy triumphing, like that of all other successful wickedness, is but for a moment, and though at present divine justice may seem to thee to be fast asleep, the time will come when thou wilt find it terribly awake; and then no mask or disguises,

no evasive excuses will avail thee, for the Judge of all the earth will certainly do right; and thy crimes will receive a sentence proportioned to their just demerits, if a timely repentance intervene not.

But the mischief does not end with the present time. The illegitimate offspring often inherit their father's vices, which, like scrophulous diseases, descend from father to son to many generations; and, through want of proper education and due care, in the regulation of their passions, and cultivation of their youthful minds, instead of being useful members of society, they become the plagues and scourges of it.

I have, Sir, only hinted at some few of the more obvious evils resulting from this wicked practice, in hopes that, if you are so good as to allow this a place in your useful miscellany, some one or other of your more learned and judicious correspondents will take up the pen in the cause of virtue and humanity, by exposing these sons of licentiousness in a just light, and by representing to the fair the dreadful and inevitable misery that attends the placing any confidence in their oaths and engagements. For the honour of human nature, I shall conclude with the following ANECDOTE:

When Marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the Marshal. His secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the Marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty of obtaining the young lady upon his own terms: but the Marshal replied, with a magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, "Sir, if I were one-and-twenty, and of the same religion as the lady, I should think it no discredit to offer her my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think a far greater dishonour, than to be defeated and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough."

I am yours, &c.

J. S.

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REMARKS ON THE

## *DURATION OF LIFE*

IN MEN AND ANIMALS.

NATURE has nearly marked the term to which all animals are to arrive, but for this we cannot assign any sufficient reasons.—Man, who lives long, lives naturally twice longer than the ox and the horse, and many men have lived frequently to a hundred

years, and some few to 150. Birds live longer than men, and fishes live longer than birds, because they have cartilages instead of bones, and grow continually.

The total duration of life may in some respects be measured by the duration of growth. A tree, or animal, that in a short time acquires its full growth, decays and perishes much sooner than another that requires more time to grow. In animals as well as vegetables, the growth in height is that which is first completed. An oak ceases to grow tall long before it ceases to become thick. Man grows in height till sixteen, eighteen, and sometimes upwards of twenty years, and yet the entire expansion of all the parts of the body in thickness is not over till he is 30. Dogs receive in less than a year their growth in length, but do not attain their just thickness till the second year. Man, who is thirty years in growing, lives ninety or a hundred years; the dog, which grows but two or three years, lives in proportion but ten or twelve. The same may be said of most other animals. Fishes, which do not cease growing for a great number of years, live for ages. This long duration of their life must depend on the particular constitution of the cartilaginous substance of their bones, which never acquire the solidity of the bones of terrestrial animals.

Animals that produce but a small number of young, acquire the greatest part of their growth, and even their full growth, before they are in a state of engendering; whereas animals that multiply greatly, engender before even their body has assumed the half or even the quarter of its growth. Man, the horse, ox, ass, goat, ram, are not capable of engendering till they have attained the greater part of their growth. It is so with pigeons, and other birds that produce but a small number of eggs; but such as produce a great number, as poultry and fish, engender much sooner. A cock is capable of procreation at three months old, and then he has not attained more than a third of his growth; a fish, which in twenty years time may weigh thirty pounds, is in a state of procreation from its first or second year, and yet it does not then weigh perhaps half a pound. But there are particular observations which may take place in regard to the growth and duration of the life of fishes. Their age is nearly known by examining with a microscope the annual strata or layers their scales are composed of; but we know not how far this may extend. Carps have been seen, whose age might be avouched for not less than 150 years, and yet they were as nimble and as lively as other carps several years younger. We must not therefore aver with Leuwenhoek, that fishes are immortal, or at least that they cannot die of age. Every thing must perish with time; every thing that has had an origin, a birth, a beginning, must arrive at a goal, a death, an end; but it is true, that fishes, by living in an uniform element, and being sheltered from the great vicissitudes and all injuries of the air, ought to preserve themselves longer in the same state than other animals; and if these vicissitudes of the air, as the great philosopher Sir Francis Bacon pretends, are the principal causes of the destruction of animate beings, it is certain that fishes, being of all animals those which are less exposed to them, ought to

have the longest duration. But what should contribute still more to the long duration of their life is, that their bones are of a softer substance than those of other animals, and that they do not harden, nor admit of hardly any change with age. The bones of fishes grow in length and thickness, but without assuming a greater degree of solidity, at least sensibility; whereas the bones of other animals, as well as all the other solid parts of their bodies, assume constantly more hardness and solidity; and at length, when they are absolutely filled and stopped up, motion ceases, and death ensues. In fish bones, on the contrary, this augmentation of solidity, this repletion, this obstruction, the cause of natural death, is not to be found, or at least is carried on by degrees much slower and more insensibly, and it is perhaps very long before fishes arrive at old age.

Death is therefore of an indispensable necessity, according to the laws of bodies that are known to us, though the different proportion of the force of the heart to the solid parts, the digestion of aliments, the character of the blood, the heat of the external air, may more or less amove the term. In consequence of these laws, the smaller vessels ought to be compressed by the larger, the gluten ought to thicken insensibly, the aqueous parts to evaporate, and consequently the filaments of the cellular texture to make nearer and nearer approaches. As to the rest, a quiet regimen of life, undisturbed by passions of the mind and violent motions of the body, vegetable food, temperance, and external coolness, may hinder the solids from becoming so soon stiff, and suspend the dryness and acrimony of the blood.

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## ANECDOTE OF

# *JAMES THE FIRST.*

THERE was one Ferguson, an intimate of James the First's, who being about the same age, had been a play-fellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and, extending the rights of friendship too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving his sovereign. He was a man truly honest; his counsels were disinterested with a view for himself, having a decent patrimony of his own. The King was however often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, "You are perpetually censuring my conduct; I'll make you a King some time or other, and try." Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his Majesty's head to execute this project; and so, calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the Chair of State, bidding him "there play the King," while for his part "he would personate Johnny Ferguson." This farce was in the beginning very agreeable to the whole company. The mock sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less

pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke, and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers and servants of the crown; how intirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances, and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether: he was afraid it might have some effect on his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here, he levelled a particular satire at the King, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his Majesty repent of his introducing it, some foreigners of distinction being present; for it painted him in his true colour, as one that never "loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one," unless they sacrificed to his vanity: while he loaded those, who prostituted themselves to his will, with wealth and honours. For the mimic pointing directly to James (who here was to personate Ferguson), raising his voice, "There, said he, stands a man whom I would have you imitate. The honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a most cordial affection to this very moment; he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which, however, he never asked me any thing: and by Jove, though I squander thousands upon thousands on several of you, yet in the whole course of my life I never gave him a farthing." The King, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, "Augh! you pawky loun, what wad you be at? Away, off my thrane, and let's hae na' mair of your nainsense."

## *THE MAN OF GENIUS.*

A MAN of Genius, whom we shall name Tom Cygnet, arrived in town in a stage coach. I myself saw him alight in Gray's-Inn Lane. The muse of Mitylene was not more tender than his own; the song of Musæus not more soft. His friends in the country assured him that the metropolis was the soil for Genius to flourish in; that every door would fly open to him; that every person would contend for him. They generously collected money for the expences of his journey, because they thought they would be the last expences he should ever trouble them with.

Tom, who was none of your over-bustling men, reposed that night at the Queen's Head; for as he had his choice of so many good patronages in the metropolis, it would have been idle not to have made his first application to the best—and this required some consideration. He imparted the matter to a plain honest tradesmen whom he sat with in the inn, and the tradesmen told him that his neighbour

Mr Pulley, the great *Mechanicman*, who had invented so many wonderful machines, was the greatest genius in the world himself, and would certainly favour every man of genius.

The next morning the Man of Genius waited on Mr Pulley.—"I loves men of *Genus* with all my heart (says Pulley). Come hither, and give me your opinion of this leaver." Here Cygnet shook his head, and disclaimed all knowledge of the leaver. Not know the leaver! (exclaimed Pulley)—A man of *Genus* not know the leaver! D—me if ever I heard so impudent a thing in all my life.—Sir, your Sarvant. A Man of *Genus!* ha, ha, ha."

The Man of Genius returned to the inn, and there found a Yorkshire Baronet, the greatest jockey on the turf. "Hark ye me, my lad (said the latter to him), they tell me here that you're a Man of Genius. Glad of it, cross me! for if I have met with one Man of Genius since the death of Black Bob my groom, distance me! This nag here now, how d'ye like his goings?" I know nothing about horses, Sir, (answered Tom) for I never rode thrice in my life-time. "Not rode thrice in your life-time; and yet set up for a Man of Genius! Spavy me! if I had you at home, but I would couple you with Scamp the Blood-hound, for being such a cheat."

He judged it now to be time to enquire among the professed patrons of the Muses: he arrives at the Theatre Royal, and sees the Manager, who asks him if he knows any thing about Pantomimes. Yes (replied Tom), I can write concerning the ancient Pantomimes. "Ay, said the Manager, but can you invent the modern?" No.—"O then I have no business for you. I doubt not that you have learning enough, but here we have no use for learning."

He was next directed to an eminent Bookseller's. "So, Mr Genius, are you in the compilation, the translation, or the index way?" Sir (answered Tom) I would chuse my writings to be original.—"Original! (rejoined the Bookseller) I have not touched an original these ten years, and I don't desire it, for they would not sell if we had them. No, no, my lad, I have no employment for you. I keep a man already, who does more work than I can well furnish. Cut and paste—cut and paste—there's nothing stands before him, he's such a dab."

He next heard of a vacancy in one of the City Parish Schools, the master having died; and he was told that his only method of succeeding would be by applying to the Church-Warden, who was a man of great power. He went to this man, who kept a bacon-shop.—"Sarvant, Sir,"—(said the Bacon-seller, thinking he had come to be a customer.) I am come (said Tom) concerning the vacant Schoolmaster-ship. "O there again! (resumed the Church-Warden, with an air of high consequence). Why, this is the seventeenth *feller* that has been here to-day plaguing me about this here *veccansy*. How do you read, Sirrah? You'll all come to a trial, and he who minds his hits best will be the *Dominy*. Mind, I likes your loud and *sonororous* voice best—mind that—loud and *sonororous*—that's your hit. Why don't you move along, Sir, and get out of the lady's way—Sarvant, Mawm!"

Flesh and Blood could bear it no longer. Tom had a few pence still chinking in his pocket, and he went into a poor woman's house to eat one of the sausages she sold at her door. "Alack! master (said the poor woman, while he was eating his sausage), why be ye so *molancholy?*" Because my money's gone.—"Good heart! I'm very sorry for that; but I hopes you have enough to pay for my sausage. And have you no employment now, to get more money?"—I'm a Man of Genius.—"La! are you indeed? Well, I'm sure I likes all Men of *Genus* for the sake of my poor dead boy, Sammey, who was the most surprisingst *Genus* in the world. He read the Testament at fourteen, and it was said if he had lived six years longer he would have been able to write. But that wonder of the world is gone!"

And so, I fear, is poor Tom Cygnet; for I traced him to this poor woman's house, and could trace him no farther. She tells me that he left her house immediately, and since that time he has not been heard of.

Let us all pray that none of our children be *Men of Genius.*

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## *DESCRIPTION OF LONDON,*

### AS A COMMERCIAL CITY.

BY THE ABBE RAYNAL.

THE kind of monoply which some merchants exercise in the British Islands, is practised by the capital of the mother country with regard to the provinces. It is almost exclusively to London that all the produce of the colonies are sent: it is in London that most of the owners of this produce reside; it is in London that the profit arising from it is spent. The rest of the nation is but very indirectly concerned in it.

But London is the finest port in England. It is here that ships are built, and manufactures are carried on. London furnishes her seamen for navigation, and hands for commerce. It stands in a temperate, fruitful, and central country. Every thing has a free passage in and out of it. It may be truly said to be the heart of the body politic, from its local situation. Like all other capitals, it is rather too large; it is not a head of clay, that wants to domineer over a colossus of gold. That city is not filled with proud and idle men, who only encumber and oppress a laborious people. It is the resort of all the merchants; the seat of the national assembly. There the King's palace is neither vast nor empty. He reigns in it by his enlivening presence. There the senate dictates the laws, agreeably to the sense of the people it represents. It neither fears the eye of the monarch, nor the frowns of the ministry. London has not arrived to its present greatness by the influence of government, which strains and overrules all natural causes, but by the ordinary impulse of men and things, and by a kind of attraction of commerce. It is the sea, it is England, it is the world, which makes London rich and populous.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED

## *DR. STUKELEY.*

THE late Mr. Pine, the engraver and herald, who was a very sensible man, used to relate a fact which shewed Dr. Stukeley's character as an antiquary. As the Doctor and some other curious persons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Herefordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's Stile, situated on the brow of an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Covey-stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring to this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged labouring man coming up, the Doctor asked him with great confidence, "Whether that was not called Cæsar's Stile?" "Aye, master (said the old man), that it is; I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul. He lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE

## *ALDERMAN BECKFORD.*

LORD E——, who went a volunteer in the Russian service, was a relation of this true patriot and excellent man. Being one day at dinner with him, at his house in Soho-square, Lord E—— was a little more thoughtful than usual, which being observed by his kinsman, he asked him the cause of it. As the party only consisted of a few chosen friends, the other ingenuously confessed, that fitting himself out for his expedition, and discharging his tradesmen's bills, required 1000l. more than he could at that time possibly spare; "Poh, poh, my Lord (says Mr. Beckford), what signifies a thousand pounds! Apply to Lady E——, she has been perhaps a greater economist than you are aware of, and I dare say she can supply you." This reply was looked upon by Lord E—— as sufficient to put an end to the subject, and the conversation immediately took another turn. About an hour afterwards the Lord Mayor seemed to recollect some public business which demanded his instant attendance, but previously insisted his Lordship should stay and spend the evening with him, as the business would soon be over. Having engaged his promise, he instantly drove to Lord E———'s house, and putting 2000l. in Bank-notes into Lady E———'s hands, "begged her acceptance of them, as it was probable his Lordship might have occasion for some ready money previous to his departure." Without waiting for Lady E———'s reply, who was surprised at such an eccentric act of generosity, he instantly drove back, resumed his company, and enjoyed himself with that heart-felt vivacity, that is the constant attendant on generous minds."

# STRICTURES
ON
# *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

*Sept.* 2. AN Operatic Piece, in three acts, called "THREE AND THE DEUCE!" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, written by Mr. PRINCE HOARE, author of The Prize, My Grandmother, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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|---|---|
| Mr. Millford - - - - | Mr. BENSON. |
| Justice Touchit - - - | Mr. SUETT. |
| Pertinax Single - - - | Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. |
| Peregrine Single - - | Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. |
| Percival Single - - - | Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. |
| Mac Flogghan - - - | Mr. JOHNSTONE. |
| Humphrey Grizzle - - | Mr. FAWCETT. |
| Frank - - - - - - - | Mr. WATHEN. |
| Renard - - - - - - - | Mr. CAULFIELD. |
| Freeman - - - - - - | Mr. BANNISTER. |
| Waiters, Peace-Officers, Servants, &c. | |
| Emily Milford - - - | Mrs. GIBBS. |
| Phebe - - - - - - - | Miss LEAK. |
| Taffline - - - - - - | Mrs. BLAND. |

The surprises of Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, of *Amphytrion*, &c. it has been observed, have greatly failed when represented in action. The mistakes being founded on personal resemblance, the fiction of the poet has been defeated, through the want of similitude between the actors. This defeat Mr. Hoare has made the new and bold attempt to cure.—His leading characters are *trins*: the three brothers, all of distinct character, are played, as the bill announces, by the same person. He has thus preserved the *vrai-semblance*, though certainly at the expence of probability.

Of this complex plot our account must necessarily be brief. Of the three *Singles*, the *first* is amiable, intelligent, and sensitive;—the *second* is a travelled *petit-maitre*;—and the *third* a mere idiot. He introduces them at the same time to an inn at Cheltenham, where they are lodged in different apartments, without the knowledge of each other. The *eldest* is come to conclude a match with Miss Milford; the *second* has just abandoned Miss Woodbine, whose affections he had engaged;—and the *third* is under the guidance of MacFlogghan, an Irish tutor. The mistakes which ensue are beyond the reach of detail. The Elder Single, in the character of the friend of her supposed husband, tries to sound the disposition of Miss Milford. A letter, addressed to his second brother, respecting the seduction of Miss Woodbine, occasions him to be rejected:—and he incurs a farther disgrace by the *gauche* attempts of the idiot Percival on the chastity of Taffline, a Welsh chambermaid. These mistakes are, in the end, fully explained by the inquisitive conduct of Justice Touchit. Pertinax marries Miss Milford, and Peregrine is united to Miss Woodbine.

Such is the outline of a piece, the idea of which is new, and the execution for the greater part happy. In the two first acts were some repetitions which weakened the effect of the scene, and in the third, the explanation was drawn out to an unnecessary length. The author, who had surmounted so many difficulties, found none in removing these objections after the first night. With the praise of peculiar neatness of dialogue, the judicious alterations have rendered it one of the most pleasant Farces on the stage.

The Music by Storace is worthy the composer. Of the performers, we can say with truth, that Bannister Junior literally "enacted more wonders than a

man." His personification of the *three* contrasted *Singles* was happy, distinct, and forcible. Fawcett, as his servant, claimed the next degree of praise—acting more natural, or humour more prominent, we have not lately witnessed.

*Sept.* 15. The entertainments of the Haymarket Theatre closed for the season, with the following Address from Mr. J. Bannister:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"Our season expires this evening.—Its life has been a short but a merry one; we hope it has not been spent in vain.

"I am commissioned by the Manager to return you his warmest acknowledgements for the plentiful harvest which your liberality has enabled him to reap, and to assure you, that while he is so happy as to labour in the sun-shine of public approbation, he will never fail to bring New Hay to the Old Market.

"The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, are also anxious to express their deep sense of the obligations conferred on them, and to tender you their most unfeigned thanks for the distinguished and flattering favours they have received. Having said so much for ourselves, we respectfully take our leave."

14th. Covent-Garden Theatre opened with "Macbeth" and "The Farmer."

17th. Drury-Lane Theatre opened with "First Love" and "No Song No Supper."

# POETRY.

## *A FAVOURITE MASONIC SONG.*

### WRITTEN BY BROTHER J. WILLIAMSON.

ADVANCE each true brother, my song now attend,
And assist in full chorus a brother and friend,
With good humour he calls you, then socially join,
That the cieling may ring with a theme that's divine.
Chorus. Then join, brother Masons, aloft raise the song,
All the virtues in life to *true* Masons belong.

The wisest of men was a Mason we know,
From him our chief honours and dignities flow;
He founded the temple, the pillars he rais'd,
And Solomon still in our songs shall be prais'd.
Cho. Then join, &c.

With square and with compass, with level and line,
We constantly work to complete our design;
By prudence we steer, and the passions subdue,
What we learn in our youth, in our age we renew.
Cho. Then join, &c.

On freedom and friendship our order began,
To deal squarely with all, is the chief of our plan;
The sneer then of fools we esteem as a feather,
Since Virtue's the cement that joins us together.
Cho. Then join, &c.

Till the ocean be dry, and hard rocks melt away,
Till the globe shall dissolve, and no sun cheer the day;
So long shall the Masons their Order maintain,
And the arrows of slander be shot forth in vain.
Cho. Then join, &c.

# STANZAS ON MASONRY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

SHALL Envy's tongue, with slander foul,
My brothers, brand our race august,
Incessant shall the fury howl,
Licking black venom from the dust?
No, tis too much these ranc'rous taints to bear:
Rise, generous Muse! our spotless fame
To the wide world aloud proclaim,
And freely what a Mason is declare.

In virtue clear we court the light,
Rever'd the more, the more we're known;
And fain the Muse would here incite
Each worthy man the name to own.
Let the Freemason, then, to all appear:
Behold the man each prince admires,
Behold the friend each man desires,
For ever loyal, zealous, and sincere.

Fair Liberty, with Order bland,
And radiant Pleasure, lov'd so well,
With Temp'rance sage, in seemly band,
Within our walls for ever dwell.
From vulgar eyes our pleasures tho' we screen,
Yet rigorous laws our acts restrain:
Remorse or anguish ne'er can pain
The Mason's breast, nor cloud his mind serene.

The constant aim of all our plans
Is to restore Astrea's reign;
That awful Truth may guard our lands,
While hateful Guile shall prowl in vain.
Each lonely path with structures we adorn,
And all the buildings which we raise
Are temples that the Virtues grace,
Or prisons close for the foul Vices form.

While thus to man our praise I sing,
Let not the softer sex repine,
Nor angry charge against us bring,
That we their favours dare decline.
If from their steps our sanctuaries we guard,
When they the reason just shall know,
Resentment they can never show,
But rather with due praise our caution will reward.

Resplendent sex! in whom combine
Each brilliant charm, each tender grace,
With awe we bow before your shrine,
But still we fear you while we praise;
For in our earliest lesson is it said,
If Adam had but once withstood
From female charms what seem'd so good,
Nature each man, most sure, a Mason would have made.

## *ON VIEWING A SKELETON,*

### TIME'S LECTURE TO MAN,

By Mrs. STICKLAND, of Blandford.

WHY start you at that skeleton?
'Tis your own picture which you shun:
Alive it did resemble thee;
And thou, when dead, like this shalt be.
Converse with it, and you will say
You cannot better spend the day;
And very much you will admire
The language of these bones and wire.
The tongue is gone; but yet each joint
Can lectures read, and speak to th' point:
When all your moralists are read,
You'll find no tutor like the dead.
If in truth's paths these feet have trod,
It matters not if bare or shod:
If us'd to travel to the door
Of the afflicted sick or poor,
These feet now wing'd shall upward fly,
And tread the palace of the sky:
These hands, if ne'er in blood were stain'd,
Nor fill'd with wealth unjustly gain'd,
Nor greedily at honours grasp'd,
But to the poor man's wants unclasp'd;
It matters not if in the mine
They delv'd, or did with rubies shine.
There grew the lips, and in that place
Where now appears a vacant space,
Was fix'd the tongue, an organ shrill,
Employ'd extremely well or ill;
I know not if it could retort,
Or speak the language of the court;
But this I will presume t'aver,
That, if it was no flatterer,
If it traduc'd no man's repute,
*If when it could not praise 'twas mute,*
'Twas a bless'd tongue, and shall prevail
When wit and eloquence shall fail.
Prime instances of nature's skill,
The eyes did once these hollows fill.
Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear,
As those of hawks and eagles are;
Or say, did they with moisture swim,
Or were distorted, blear'd, or dim:
Yet if they were from envy free,
Nor lov'd to gaze on vanity;
If none with scorn they did behold,
Nor yet with spiteful glances roll'd,
Those eyes more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the great Creator's throne.
See, not the least remains appear
To shew where nature plac'd the ear:
Who knows if it were musical,
Or could not judge of sounds at all?
Yet if to worthy counsel bent,
To caution and reproof attent,
That ear shall with these sounds be blest,
"Well done!" and, "Enter into rest."

## *EPITAPH*

### *In St.* George's (Hanover Square) Burying Ground.

NEAR this place lies the Body of
the Rev. Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 13, 1768, aged 53 Years.

"*Ah! molliter ossa quiescant!*"

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame;
Sterne was the man, who, with gigantic stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, tho' keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
What did it boot him? Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd!
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate;
Let him despise what 'twere a sin to hate!

"This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two Brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square: they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages."

Though we cannot but admire the benevolence which erected this tribute of respect to the memory of this facetious humourist, yet truth compels us to say, we wish that the character of the writer or his performances better deserved it.

## *EPITAPH*

### *On the Tombstone of* Asa Dunbar, *Esq.* Master *of the* Rising Sun Lodge, New Hampshire, North America, *who died at the close of* 1787.

PEACE to these ashes!
May the green grass and flowers
Around this grave
Be as the memory of him beneath,
Flourishing and sweet.
Pass not the spot without heaving a sigh,
Ye men of benevolence,
For he was your Friend and your Companion,
Brethren of the Craft
Wet the *sprigs* on the turf
With your willing tears,
For he was your Master:
Imitate his life, emulate his virtues,
For doubtless now he lives
With our Grand Master in Heaven.

This worthy brother was an eminent pr actitioner in the Law, a man of great genius and literary talents, and a most excellent mason.

EPITAPH TO THE MEMORY OF

## *COLLINS THE POET.*

A MONUMENT of most exquisite workmanship has been erected by public subscription at Chichester, to the memory of the poet Collins, a native of that place. He is finely represented as just recovered from a wild fit of phrenzy, to which he was unhappily subject, and in a calm and reclining posture, seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the divine consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre, and one of the first of his poems, lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of Love and Pity entwined in each other's arms. The whole was executed by the ingenious Flaxman, lately returned from Rome; and if any thing can equal the expressive sweetness of the sculpture, it is the following most excellent Epitaph,

WRITTEN BY MR HAYLEY.

YE who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins' hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
He pass'd, in madd'ning pain, life's feverish dream;
While rays of Genius only serv'd to show
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise.
For this the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.

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## *THE ENGLISH JUSTICE.*

THE THOUGHT TAKEN FROM MONS. DE LA FONTAINE.

A Pot-belly'd Justice, who thought a good feast
The best thing this world could afford,
Commanded his cook, for that day's repast,
A Sturgeon to send to his board.
Three parts of the fish he dispatch'd with such speed
That one scarcely can credit the tale;
And had not a sickness prevented the deed,
This Jonas had eat up the whale.
The Doctor arrives—and, with countenance sad,
Assures him assistance is vain;
And to tell him the truth, "his complaint was so bad,
He would ne'er eat a sturgeon again."
"If 'tis so," quoth the Jutice, "what signifies care?
"And now I have only one wish:
"That as you're convinc'd I have no time to spare,
"You will send me the rest of my fish!"

GRACCHUS.

# MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUNDERLAND, *September* 10.

THIS day the Bridge, the splendid commencement of which is recorded in our Magazine (Vol. II. p. 404), was brought so near perfection as to have the whole of its stupendous iron arch, a span of 236 feet, laid over the river WEAR from shore to shore; and, what is worthy of notice, all the latter process of laying the iron work, was begun and accomplished in the space of TEN days.

The highest praise and gratitude are due to our public-spirited Brother, ROWLAND BURDON, Esq. member for the county, and R. W. Master of the SEA CAPTAIN'S LODGE in this town, whose wisdom has projected, and whose munificence has supported, a design of such wonderful utility and magnitude. Nor should the merit of our Brother WILSON, artist and engineer, be overlooked, by whose assiduity and exertions the business has been so rapidly brought towards its final completion.

It being Lodge-night, the above intelligence was received by the Brethren with marks of the most grateful exultation, and it was moved, and resolved unanimously, that the R. W. Master be requested to sit to some eminent artist for his portrait, and also that an elegant painting of the Bridge be procured, both to be hung up in their hall, as a testimony of respect and admiration for such a personage and such a work.

The ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL being now completed, and its young inhabitants removed into it, we cannot omit to mention that two or three Lodges, as the Shakspeare, the Rural Friendship, &c. &c. and some benevolent individuals, have kindly contributed different articles of durable utility towards the furnishing of the house. As an example highly worthy of imitation we think it is only necessary to point it out to the notice of other Lodges of Masons, and of wealthy and well-disposed Brethren, in order to make it very generally followed.

To the Readers of our Publication in particular we confidently address ourselves, in the hope that they will not only encourage, as far as in their power lies, so laudable an Institution, but that they will likewise use all the influence they may have among their sundry connections, to procure contributions, either in goods or in specie, towards enabling the Committee to extend (as is their wish) the effects of the Charity; and as they have now a building capable of accommodating so many, to increase the number of Children to AN HUNDRED.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*June* 12. A Dreadful fire broke out at the town of Montago Bay in Jamaica. One hundred and ten of the best houses in the town were destroyed. Two hundred hogsheads of sugar, one hundred puncheons of rum, besides great quantities of provisions, wine, soap, candles and other property, belonging to the merchants, were totally consumed. The loss is estimated at little less than 400,000l. The accident was occasioned by a gunsmith; while he was forging the spring of a gun, the sparks from the forge flew among the straw of a crate of earthen ware, which blazing up set fire to the house. This trival accident caused this devastation in less than three hours.

*Awful Phenomenon.*—The village situated on the lake of the four towns belonging to Lucerne, in Switzerland, named Weggis, has disappeared. The following are the circumstances attending this strange event. A brook, which had

always flowed from the mounatin of Regis to the village, suddenly changed its course; its new course was followed, and it was perceived that it flowed into a deep gulph of the mountain. At the same time it was perceived that in several places near the village the earth sunk, and that the steeple tottered. The inhabitants immediately carried away their effects. In a few hours the ground, on which the village was situated, gave way towards the lake, and at the same moment a part of the mountain fell and covered the village, not a vestige of which remains.

The island of Corsica is likely to become a prey to the violence of party. Several districts of the island have brought charges against Signor Colonna, adjutant to Gen. Elliot, and Signor Pozzodiborgo, president of the council of state. Improper administration of the public money, and neglect in other departments, are among the subjects of discontent. Some districts are in a state of insurrection. Paoli, the inveterate enemy of Colonna and Pozzodiborgo, is considered as the fomenter of the commotion.

BRUSSELS, *Aug.* 13.

The river Scheld, which has been blocked up for more than 200 years by the Dutch, in order that the trade of the Netherlands might be carried on through the ports of their Republic, is now declared by the French to be free from every obstruction to commerce.

VIENNA, *Aug.* 14.

The entire dismemberment of Poland is considered here as being finally settled. According to the agreement entered into between the dividing powers,

PRUSSIA is to have the town of Warsaw, and from thence to the confines of Sendomir; the Vistula is to become the boundary of its dominions.

AUSTRIA is to have the town and palatinate of Cracaw, to commence at Sendomir; the right and left banks of the Vistula, together with Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, as far as the conflux of that river with the Bog; the Woywodships of Lublin and Chelm, and a part of Bierc.

RUSSIA is to retain all Volhynia. Podolia, and Lithuania.

The dividing powers are to grant the King of Poland a reasonable yearly sum for his subsistence, and to contribute to it in proportion to the territory which has fallen to their share.

POTSDAM. *Sept.* 4.

A terrible fire has just reduced to ashes the church of St. Nicholas, situated in Palace-square, together with surrounding houses, towards which the wind directed the flames. The fire broke out yesterday at four in the afternoon, in the tower, which was repairing, through the negligence of a workman who was melting lead. The flames, fed by a high wind, consumed in the space of an hour this very lofty tower, the fall of which communicated the fire to the church and the adjacent houses. The atmosphere being inflamed by this immense mass of fire, it became very difficult and hazardous to make any efforts to extinguish the flames, His Majesty directed the operations in person. At eleven at night the fire was still burning, and there remained nothing of the beautiful church except the masonry and facade.

HAMBURGH, *Sept.* 11.

The French have at last effected the passage of the Rhine. The news of this important event reached us this morning by an express sent to the Imperial minister here. It appears that, in the night between the 5th and 6th instant, the French troops assembled at Cologne, crossed the Rhine near Dusseldorff, drove back the Austrians who defended the opposite banks, and pursued them for three hours. The town and citadel of Dusseldorff surrendered on the morning of the 6th. The alarm is great all along the right banks of the Rhine. Field Marshal Clairfayt, who arrived near Dusseldorff, sent couriers to Mentz for reinforcements, but we fear they will arrive too late. This event is likely to accelerate the peace.

PARIS, *Sept.* 19.

Although the final result of the votes of the Primary Assemblies be not yet declared, it is known that they have accepted the constitution almost unanimously, and by a very great majority the decrees for re-electing two-thirds of the members of the Convention. Many of them have already chosen their electors; and in the course of a few days the acceptance of the constitution will be declared, when all the Primary Assemblies that have completed their choice of electors, will be dissolved by the express provisions of the constitution. 877 Primary Assemblies have already voted in favour of the constitution, and 49 against it; 754 for, and 172 against the decree for re-election.

The following is an abstract of this Constitution:

THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

It is composed of the Council of Ancients, composed of 250 citizens, who are or have been married, and must necessarily have completed their fortieth year at the time of their election; and

The Council of Five Hundred, a number here invariable. The present members are eligible at twenty-five; until the seventh year of the Republic, this will be allowed, then it will be necessary they should be thirty.

This Commons House cannot deliberate without 200 members being present. They alone propose bills, or, as they term them, resolutions, and decide at the third reading whether they shall be sent to the Upper House.

When the Council of Ancients approves of the resolution it becomes a law. Its assent is thus expressed—*The Council of Ancients approves*: its dissent thus—*The Constitution annuls*, when the decree is informal, or contrary to the constitution. When they cannot approve the principle of the law proposed, "*The Council of Ancients cannot adopt.*" This is understood of the whole, which cannot be again offered until a year shall elapse, though it may be broken into parts and presented at any time.

The Ancients can irrevocably change the place of sitting for both Houses, which must be in one commune; they can neither of them deliberate in the place they have abandoned afterwards.

The personal freedom of the members is guaranteed by the legislature, except when seized in *flagrante delicto*, and then notice must be given, and the House decide upon the arrest. Thirty days after the expiration of their mission their persons are inviolable.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER

Is a delegation from the Legislative Body to a Directory of five Members which it names. The Council of Five Hundred forms by secret scrutiny a list of members for the Directory; and the Ancients by the same method elect the five who are to fill the office. They must be forty all of them at least.

The Directory is partially renewed by the introduction of one new member every year: for the four first years it is decided by lot which member goes out, and he is not re-eligible until an interval of five years has elapsed. Relations in the right line cannot be in power at the same time, nor succeed each other without the same interval.

In cases of death the member is replaced in ten days, and the successor completes only the term of his predecessor's power. Each member presides three months alternately. He has then the signature and the custody of the seal.

Three members of the Directory must be present to deliberate; they may do so without a secretary, and register their deliberations in a particular book.

The Directory, conformably to the laws, provides for the internal and external safety of the Republic. It disposes absolutely of the armed force without any intervention of the Legislature, or any of its members, even for two years after the expiration of its functions.

The Directory names the commanders in chief and ministers of state, and recals those powers at pleasure.

But the Legislative Body determines the number and attributes of ministers—these are *six* at least, *eight* at most.

The Directory nominates the receivers of all taxes and contributions, and the administrators of the national property: it presents a yearly account of the finances of the state. It may suggest any object to the consideration of the Five Hundred, but not in the form of laws.

The Directory must reside in the same commune as the Legislative Bodies, and the salary of each member is fixed at the value of 10,222 quintals of wheat.

Such are the leading principles which it will be necessary for those to carry in their recollection who are deterred by any tedious plan, and have neither leisure nor inclination to peruse the whole constitution, now accepted so generally as to ensure its coming into operation.

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## HOME NEWS.

### THUNDER STORM.

In the night of August 13, and in the morning of the 14th, a most violent storm of thunder and lightning took place in London, and in many of the country parts of England, the effects of which the following are some particulars:

Mr. John Dalby, surgeon of the Royal South Volunteers, as he was sitting at dinner in Horse Ferry-Road, Westminster, was killed by a flash of lightning, which left no visible mark on his body or clothes.

At Fieldalling, in Norfolk, a fire-ball fell down the chimney of one Thomas Carr, a labouring man of that parish, which split the chimney and balk of the house: the tea kettle, and the hake on which it was suspended, were both melted down. The poor woman had a looking glass on her lap, and was going to put on her cap, when she was struck blind: her husband was knocked down, and remained senseless for some time; and the looking-glass they have not been able to find, nor even the least remains of it: what is very remarkable, a child of a year old, sitting in the chair in the corner, received no hurt, but was covered all over with soot by the explosion.

A ball of fire passed through Braintree, in Essex, near midnight, which burnt three houses, together with all the furniture. It also struck the church steeple, which was shivered into an hundred pieces, melting the clock work, &c. &c.

A fire-ball (as it is termed) fell on a barn belonging to Mr. Blomfield, of Brightlingsea, in Essex, in which was about eight coombs of rye, the major part of which, with the barn, was destroyed. It is very singular, that, in the month of August, in the year 1768, a barn, standing exactly on the same spot, was destroyed in a similar manner.

Mr. Foyster, of Northwold, in Norfolk, had two barns burnt to the ground by the lightning.

At Oxford, the spire of St. Mary's church was injured by the lightning, which appears to have entered the north-west side of it, about twelve feet below the weather-cock, and to have escaped at or about the dial, on the north-side, many stones thereabout being disjoined and broken, the dial itself perforated, and the gilt figure of XII. quite discoloured In Blue Bear Lane, a ball of fire entered the tiles of Mr. Gee's house, and passing through Mr. Boswell's, fell in the Blue Boar Yard, without doing any material injury. At Iffley the end of a barn was shattered by the lightning.

A boy tending birds at Coddington, near Newark, was struck dead by a violent flash of lightning. His hat was shattered into near a score pieces, and his other cloaths much torn.

At Huntley, in Gloucestershire, a large elm was struck by the lightning, which took three directions down the body of the tree, and made grooves in the bark four inches wide; the bark torn off was carried to the distance of more than 100 yards. At Norwood Green, in the parish of Westbury, a large tree was blasted by the lightning in such a manner that it continued burning on Friday morning. A person, riding from Newnham to Claxhill, had his horse struck down, and the beast for some time lay motionless, though it afterwards recovered. Several persons saw balls of electric fire descend from the clouds.

In the parish of Worthe, in Lewes, Sussex, five sheep belonging to Mr. Brooker were killed by it; a windmill, at Copthorne, in the occupation of

Mr. Locke, was shivered to pieces; the mill at Godstone caught fire, and was burnt down; a chimney of Mr. Chatfield's house, of Crawley, was much damaged; and a house at Hanfield, occupied by Mr. Bowel, was partly destroyed.

At Cuckfield, a fire-ball fell in the middle of the street, but providentially did no mischief.

At Woolwich, a house was set on fire by one of the flashes; and the flames having communicated to an adjoining dwelling, they were both consumed to the ground, together with the whole of the furniture.

The wife of a gentleman, who has an iron foundry at Deptford, was struck by the lightning, and fell down dead immediately. The body is said to have been much disfigured by the operation of such a vast body of the elemental fluid as appears to have surrounded her at the instant of the accident.

At Dover the storm was violent; and rain poured in torrents down the hills. As a cart and four horses, belonging to Mr. Coleman, of the Priory, were carrying a load of dung, a violent clap of thunder, attended with lightning, killed the four horses and the driver, Andrew Greaves.

A seafaring man was killed by it near Lulworth.

At Reading, the storm began about 9 o'clock, and lasted till after one in the morning. The ligtning was unusualy vivid, and several of the claps of thunder awfully tremendous. Two horses, out of four, the property of farmer Appleton, that were grazing in a field at Burgfield, were struck dead by the lightning; and a fine large oak, in the park of John Blagrave, Esq. of Calcot, was split, end entirely stripped of its bark.

At Boulter's Mill, near Ledford, a horse in a pasture was so terrified that he broke his leg in attempting to leap over a fence.

Two horses belonging to the Shrewsbury mail-coach were struck down on the road, while going in full speed, and lay stupid for a quarter of an hour, when they recovered; but were so perverse that they broke the splinter-bar, and the mail could not proceed.

A tremendous tempest passed over Sheffield and its neighbourhood; and, though the storm was of short duration, considerable mischief was done. A person labouring in a field near Firley common was struck dead by the lightning, and his two children were thrown upon the ground, but neither of them were hurt.

At Beighton, Derbyshire, Mr. John Needham, a respectable farmer, was killed by lightning as he was twitching in his land there. Three other persons were also with him, and were struck down, but received no injury; they were not able to see each other, for some minutes after, from smoke and sulphur. The lightning tore and shattered the deceased's cloaths all to pieces, melted several buttons, and tore his shoes from his feet, drove out every nail in the shoes, and one of his shoe-buckles was found broken a considerable distance from him.

At Felthorpe, a horse belonging to Mr. Springall was struck dead by the lightning. A cow, and some sheep and geese, were killed on Wymondham common. A large timber-tree, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Drake of Wymondham, was also shivered. A cottage was burnt down at Wood Dalling, and a barn at Wroxham.

At Lynn, and in its neighbourhood, the tempest continued nine hours incessantly, and did considerable damage. Many houses were unroofed, and stock perished. The rain descended in cataracts, and the bursts of thunder were awful beyond description, particularly that of 6 o'clock, the most tremendous ever remembered to have been heard there.

Considerable damage has been sustained in different parts of Suffolk, amongst which the following has come to our knowledge: Two cottages were burnt down at Great-Waldingfield, and an aged woman was with great difficulty preserved from the flame. A windmill at Whepstead was much damaged. The chimney of a cottage was thrown down, and a window broken to pieces, at Cavendish.

A horse belonging to Mr. Ely, grocer, of Bury, was so much frightened that he ran his head against a wall in the paddock, and was killed on the spot.

A granary and stable of Mr. Vipon at Southery, near Newmarket, were set on fire by the lightning, and all attempts to save them were ineffectual.

A girl about eighteen years of age, who was on a visit to some relations at Moulsoe, near Newport-Pagnell, being greatly alarmed, arose from bed with the rest of the family, and, standing near the chimney-piece, was struck dead by a flash of lightning. She expired without a groan, and there was not the least mark of violence discovered about her.

In Ireland, during the same storm, a ball of fire fell on a house a little above Dundrum. It struck a man and two women senseless for a considerable time, killed a mastiff dog that was at the door, and then forced its way through the roof, taking some slates and the ridge tiling off it, broke a pane of glass, and took some stones out of the wall. The man and two women were the only people in the house; they recovered together, and none of them could tell how long they were in a state of insensibility.

17. Their Majesties, and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, set out from Windsor at a quarter before five o'clock, and arrived at Gloucester-lodge, Weymouth, at a quarter past five the same evening in perfect health.

SHEFFIELD, *August* 31.

On our last market-day flour was at the enormous price of 5s. 6d. the stone, which is much beyond what the oldest man living here remembers it to have been before; but in the space of two days it was down as low as 2s. 4d. and how do you think it was brought about?

Mr. Hartop, a farmer and miller at Attercliffe, a village about a mile from hence, brought a large quantity of flour into this town, which he sold at 2s. 4d. a stone, which obliged all the rest of the corn and flour sellers to lower the prices from 5s. 6d. to that sum; and even the committee, who had purchased corn to sell again to the poor at a more reasonable rate than the market price, were obliged to come down to 2s. 4d. So humane, so generous, so noble, an action, you may depend on it, did not escape the notice of the people; and accordingly on Thursday, the day following, a coach was hired, to which the people exultingly yoked themselves, and drew it to Attercliffe, for the purpose of bringing the worthy miller into Sheffield, and drawing him in triumph through every street in the town; but his modesty keeping equal pace with his merit, he declined the compliment, assuring them "that he had been most amply overpaid by the pleasure he had received in being the humble instrument of making so many of his fellow-creatures happy." The air was rent with the shouts of admiring thousands; but, determined that so excellent an act should not pass unnoticed, they requested that he would give his servants a holiday, and permit them to enter the coach as his representatives; which being complied with, and the servants seated in the coach, they were drawn, amidst continual acclamations of joy, to this town. As they approached the town the bells of all the churches began ringing, and the procession moved slowly and regularly up Waingate; and when the coach was arrived in the Bullstake, opposite to the Tontine inn, a person of the name of Stanley began with paying a handsome and appropriate compliment to the humane and beneficent mind of Hartop, who was the honourable cause of their being at that moment so joyfully collected together.

As soon as this oration was over the procession moved on, and went through all the principal streets. The coach was ornamented with ribbands and garlands of flowers, and the orator above-mentioned bore in his hand, by way of ensign, a bag of flour tied with ribbands. After parading through the principal streets, amidst the ringing of bells, bonfires, and firing of cannon, and bestowing thousands and millions of blessings on the name of Hartop, the patriotic miller, and the friend of the poor, the thousands assembled, like good and peaceable citizens, quietly retired to their respective homes to eat the cheap loaves with which this worthy man had furnished them.

*Sept.* 1. O'Connor and Griffin, two of the friends of the French Convention in Ireland, were found guilty of high-treason at Naas, in Ireland, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. After O'Connor had received his sentence, he addressed the court in a speech of considerable length, in which he censured the abuses of Government.

Thirteen apprentices and journeymen, of different trades, making in the whole thirty, have been apprehended in Dublin, charged with having sworn to the Defender's oath, and associating and conspiring, with several other persons of a similar description, in acts of high-treason.

DUBLIN, *Sept.* 13.

The 105th and 114th British Fencible regiments, which have lately marched into Cork, having been ordered to be drafted into other regiments, the men headed by the serjeant-major, dismissed themselves on parade, and continued in a mutinous state for some time, nevertheless asserting, they were ready to obey their officers, and proceed as a regiment to wherever they were ordered. The manner of their being subdued by General Massey, commanding the district, is thus related: "Upon the mutineers forming a hollow square, he ordered several bodies to march round to the different avenues of the parade, by which means he completely blocked them up. He then gave the signal for the cannon to advance, and the mutineers were made to ground their arms, which were taken up and sent off. General Massey then harangued them on the folly and rashness of their conduct. They were then marched prisoners to the barracks, and thus ended an affair that gave infinite uneasiness, and threatened the most serious consequences."

17. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, on the repairs of which near 10,000l. have within these few years been expended, was entirely destroyed by fire in the space of two hours.

The flames broke out in the cupola. The blaze having communicated to the timber, the whole soon exhibited a mighty and tremendous mass of fire, ascending awfully into the air to an incredible height. In about a quarter of an hour the dome, being bereft of its supporters, fell with a dreadful crash, and communicated the flames to the inside of the church, and the roof taking fire at the same time, the conflagration became general throughout the whole of the extensive and beautiful building. The scene by this time arrived to so terrific an extent, that well-founded apprehensions were universally entertained for the safety of the surrounding dwelling-houses, particularly those in King-street, the wind blowing rather fresh in a southerly direction. The attention of the firemen (whose exertions on the church were of no avail) was accordingly directed to that quarter; but, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, two of the houses took fire, which, however, by their steady perseverance, were saved from destruction, with the loss only of the window-sashes.

At length the majestic and ingeniously-constructed roof of the church fell in, and the walls, being of an immense structure, effectually confined the flames within their limits; so that the mischief happily spread no farther.

The communion plate, the register-books, and all the other portable articles were saved; but every other article pertaining to the sacred edifice, including the valuable and celebrated organ, the clock, &c. &c. was devoured by the unconquerable fury of the destructive element.

The roof of the church was allowed to be a master-piece of architecture, it being entirely unsupported by any cross beams, the credit of which was due to the celebrated INIGO JONES. The building had stood from the days of Charles the Second, had formerly been insured at the Westminster Fire-Office for 10,000l. but the insurance has been out about a year, without being renewed; the loss therefore falls on the parish.

The next day several of the workmen who had been employed in repairing the building were examined before William Kinnaird, Esq. at the Public-Office, Bow Street, respecting the cause of the fire, when, from what transpired, there is every reason to think it originated from a charcoal fire made in an iron ladle in the cupola, for the plumbers (who were doing some repairs there) to heat their metal and irons; to effect which they were obliged to use a bellows, which causing a number of sparks to fly, it is conjectured that some must have fallen among the timbers of that part of the building, as the men were positive that they brought the ladle in which the fire had been made, and the ashes in it, down with them, when they left work.

## MARRIAGES.

AT Orwell Park, near Ipswich, the seat of the Earl of Beverley, the Right Hon. Lord St. Asaph, to Lady Char. Percy, eldest daughter of the Earl of Beverley. The Most Honourable the Marquis of Titchfield, to Miss Scott, eldest daughter of the late General Scott. At Esher in Surrey, John Wright, Banker, of London, to Miss Mary Curtis. A few days ago, at Ilminster, Mr. Wyat, of Broadway, a blind gentleman, aged 82, to the blooming Miss Tucker, of Ilminster, aged 20. The Right Hon. Lord Chichester, son of the Marquis of Donegal, to Lady Harriet Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Galloway. Sir William Langham, Bart. to Miss Vane, only daughter of the Hon. Charles Vane.

## DEATHS.

At Calais, the Hon. Henry Wallop, next brother to the Earl of Portsmouth, aged 32. At Barnet, John Goddall, Esq of the South-Sea-House, aged 70. At Alder-shot, Hants, Thomas Newenham, Esq. a Post-Captain in the Royal Navy. At Gibraltar, Andrew Sutherland, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's Navy, and Commissioner in that place. Rev. John Acland, Prebend of the Cathedral of St. Peter, Exeter, and Vicar of Broadclist, Devon. In Downing Street, Mr. William Graves, many years surgeon to the British Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street, Long Acre.

## BANKRUPTS.

Michael Cutler (partner with Jonathan Bunting), of Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Middlesex, woolen-draper. William Alatt Wright, of Leicestershire, woolcombe. John Rogers, of Chilland, Hants, horse-dealer. Edmund Thompson, of Lastoff, Lincolnshire, merchant. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiviliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. David Sivwright, of Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. Thomas Sirett, of Park Lane, victualler. John Fidler, of Littleton Pannel, in the parish of West Lavington, Wilts, mealman. James Harris, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, mercer. John Ridley, of Henrietta-street Covent Garden, cordwainer. Robert Osborne, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, factor. Peter Willans, of Leicester, manufacturer of hats. Thomas Bush of Kensington, Middlesex, builder. George Gregory of Newbury, Berks, chemist. George Robertson, Commander of the ship Marianne, mariner. John Parker, of Manchester, warehouseman. Thomas Saxby and James Key, of New Bond-street, Middlesex, taylors. Robert Peacock and George Purlby, of Sittingbourn, Kent, upholsterer. James Fricker, of Bath, shoe-maker. William Meynell, of Long-lane, West Smithfield, baker. James Tucker, of Bristol, farmer. Christopher Thornhill Camm, late of the Island of Antigua, but now of London, merchant. Richard Cue, of Newent, in Gloucestershire, linen and woolen-draper. Francis Young, of Bristol, house-carpenter. John Woodhead and Andrew Lane, of Manchester, merchants. James Christopher, of Hampton Court, Middlesex, innkeeper. Warren Jane, of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, soap maker. David Simpson, of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, plaisterer. John Brook Knight, of Camomile-street, London, cordwainer. James Bower, of Bristol, ironmonger. John Taylor the elder and John Taylor the younger, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, boot and shoe-makers. Josiah Lane, of Mill Pond Bridge, Bermondsey, Surrey, currier. Robert Phillips, of Liverpool, bookseller. Mary Maddock, of Leek, Staffordshire, bookseller. John Cowley and Francis Field, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-Hall-factors. John Mortimer, of Midgley, Yorkshire, and Joshua Mortimer, of Soircoate, in the same county, butchers. James Benstead and James Green, of Bethnal-Green, horse-dealers. William Dalton of Kingston upon Hull, liquor merchant. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. Constantine Egan, of Finch-lane, London, merchant. William Thompson, of Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker. Noah Meadows, of St. Martins-le-Grand, London, boot and shoemaker. Joseph Glover, John Hall, Samuel Haynes, and Walter Haynes, of Worcestershire, porter brewers. Thomas Wright, of Queen street, Cheapside, wine merchant. James Hopping of the Borough of Southwark, hatter. Thomas Francis, of Red House, Battersea, Surrey, victualler. William Hird the younger, late chief mate of the Earl of Wycomb East Indiaman, of Argyle-street, Oxford street, Middlesex, mariner. Thomas Clayton, of Ardwick, Lancashire, ale brewer. William Algar, of Leadenhall-street, London, haberdasher.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

## GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For OCTOBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING OF THE
ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.

CONTENTS.




LONDON:
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## TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

OUR next Number will contain the ELEVATION of the BACK FRONT and PLAN of the DORMITORIES of the Cumberland School.

A Portrait of Henry Lambton, Esq. M. P. for Durham, painted by Hickell, is in hand; as is also a Portrait of Dr. Dupuis, Organist and Composer to his Majesty, and one of the Hall Committee, painted by Russell. And, by permission of the R. W. M. and Brethren of the Lodge of Nine Muses, Engravings will be made from some Original Designs, by Cipriani, of the Nine Muses, and the Jewels of the Master and Wardens, also designed by that Artist.

Theological Discussions we wish to avoid. Of the Life and Opinions alluded to by *E. W.* we should be happy to be favoured with a specimen.

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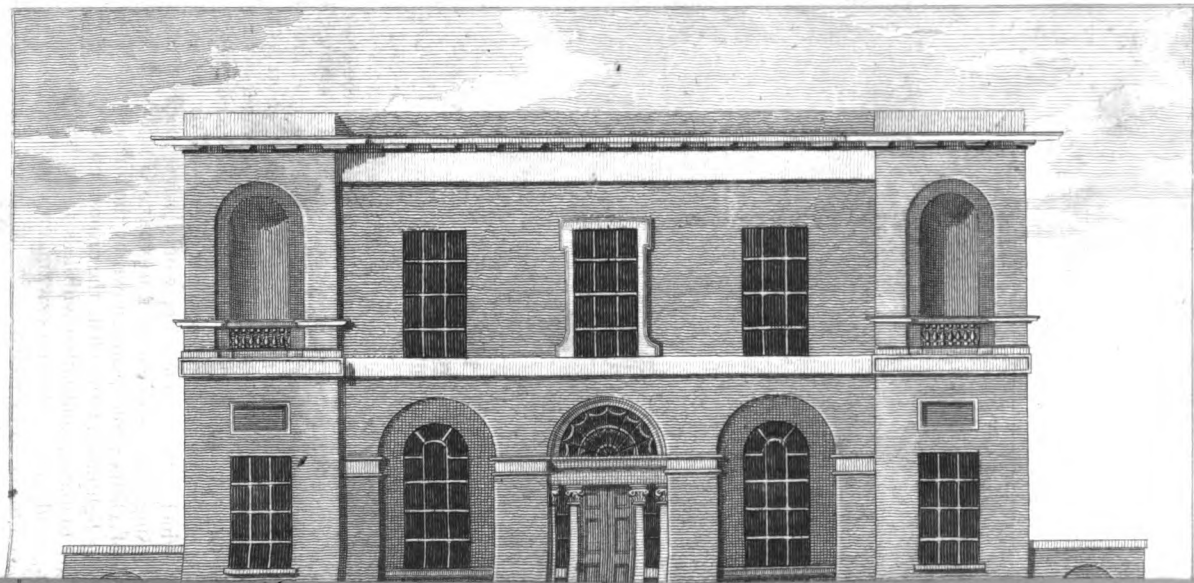

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THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

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## GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR OCTOBER 1795.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. BAKEWELL, OF DISHLEY.

ROBERT BAKEWELL, the most successful and celebrated experimental Farmer ever known in England, was born at Dishley, in Leicestershire, about the year 1725 or 6. His grandfather and father had resided on the same estate since the beginning of the present century; and his father, who died about the year 1760, had always the reputation of being one of the most ingenious and able farmers of his neighbourhood.

Mr. BAKEWELL, having conducted the Dishley Farm several years before the decease of his father, began about 40 years since that course of experiments which has procured him such extensive fame. He made excursions into different parts of England, to inspect the various breeds, and to ascertain those which were best adapted to his purposes, and the most valuable of their kinds. His next step was to select and purchase the best of all the sorts wherever they could be found; and this selection, the result of several years experience, was the original stock from which he afterwards propagated his own.

About the year 1760 Mr. BAKEWELL sold his sheep, by private contract, at not more than two or three guineas each. Some time afterwards he began to let some of his rams, and for a few seasons received only fifteen shillings and a guinea a-piece for them; but as the fame of his breed extended itself he advanced his prices, and, by the year 1770, was enabled to let some of his rams for the season for 25 guineas. Since that time the prices and credit of his stock have been progressively encreasing; and, of late years, single rams have been let for the season for the enormous prices of FOUR HUNDRED GUINEAS and upwards. It is a fact, which has no other former example, that one ram, called the *Two Pounder*, produced, in one season, the sum of 800 guineas, independent of ewes of Mr. BAKEWELL's own stock, which, at the same rate, would have made a total, the produce of a single ram—of TWELVE HUNDRED Guineas!

The race of Dishley Sheep are known by the fineness of their bone and flesh, the lightness of the offal, the disposition to quietness, and consequently to mature and fatten with less food than other sheep of equal weight and value. Mr. BAKEWELL improved his Black Horses by an attention to the form which is best adapted to their use. His Stallions have been let for the season for 100 guineas and upwards. About ten years since he exhibited his famous Black Horse to the King and many of the Nobility in the Court-yard at St. James's.

In this place it may be worth while to insert the following statement of the prices given, at an auction, for stock bred from Mr. BAKEWELL'S.

The sale to which we advert was that of Mr. FOWLER, of Rollright, in Oxfordshire. After his death, one article of his live stock, the horned cattle, sold for a value equal to that of the fee-simple of his farm! Fifteen head alone of bulls and cows sold for 2,460l. or at the rate of 164l. each!

Among Mr. BAKEWELL'S curiosities are a rump and a surloin of a cow, more than 20 years old when killed, which is wonderfully fat. It is now more than four inches thick in fat, and would, without doubt, have been considerably thicker had she been killed at an earlier age. He had also two pieces of bacon, one from a hog with very large bone, and the other from one with very small bone. The latter was eleven inches through to the bone, and the former not half so deep.

It was his opinion, that the only way to improve the breed of cattle is to keep up the price; for if the price is low, people send any kind of cows, and if the produce fails the bull is blamed; but if the price is high, they are particular, and send none but the very best, which is the only method to improve the breed. The same argument, he says, holds good with all other kinds of cattle.

To shew the difference of judgment in respect to the value of cattle, Mr. BAKEWELL observed, that some years since he used to attend Loughborough Tup-Market, where he had a ram which he let for TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS. Soon after the agreement, another farmer wanted to purchase this ram, and Mr. BAKEWELL (in joke) asked him *twenty-five shillings* for it. The farmer offered *eighteen*, and at last they parted for two shillings!—A heifer sold at Mr. PEARCE'S sale, near Northampton, for EIGHTY GUINEAS; and, a few days after, as she was driven through Leicester, a party of farmers standing together valued her at about *eight pounds*.

Mr. BAKEWELL had let a bull to a gentleman for fifty guineas for the season. The gentleman dying in the interim, and the executors not knowing any thing of this transaction, sold the bull by auction with the rest of the cattle. When the season was over, Mr. BAKEWELL sent for his bull, and, after investigating the matter, found, to his great surprize, that the bull had been sold to a butcher for about eight pounds, who had killed it, and sold it for two-pence-halfpenny per pound. Mr. BAKEWELL, in course, applied to the executors for the value, which was fifty guineas for the season (the stipulated agreement), and 200 guineas for the bull. The executors refused payment, thinking that, as the bull was sold by public auction, before a great number of farmers, and many of them thought to be men of judgment, for only eight pounds, it was an imposition. Mr. BAKEWELL was therefore obliged to bring an action for the amount; and people appearing as witnesses on the trial, who were acquainted with this breed, and making oath that Mr. B. had not overvalued his bull, a verdict was given in Mr. B.'s favour to the full amount, with costs of suit.

Mr. BAKEWELL, at the time of his death, was verging on his 70th year. In person he was tall, broad set, and, in his latter years, rather inclined to corpulency. His countenance bespoke intelligence, actu-

vity, and a high degree of benevolence. His manners were frank and pleasing, and well calculated to maintain the extensive popularity he had acquired. His domestic arrangements at Dishley were formed on a scale of hospitality to strangers, that gained him universal esteem. Of the numerous visitants, induced by curiosity to call at his house, none ever left it without having reason to extol the liberality of its owner. Many interesting anecdotes are related of his humanity towards the various orders of animals. He continually deprecated the atrocious barbarities practised by butchers and drovers; shewing, by examples on his own farm, the most pleasing instances of docility in the animals under his care.

He departed this life on Thursday, October 1, 1795, after a tedious illness, which he bore with the philosophical fortitude that ever distinguished his character.

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ON THE

## *ERRORS OF COMMON OPINION.*

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ notis habent. SENECA.

IT is a general observation, that "*What every body says must be true;*" but perhaps there is not a more erroneous rule to judge by, in the whole moral world, than this extensive precept. This is one of the set of vulgarly received opinions, and is indeed the basis of all the rest, as it gives them their claim to credit, by settling that which is the judgment of the many as an infallible doctrine; and it is a very ill omen to all the rest, that this on which they all depend is false. We are apt to reverence what the multitude advance, and there seems this shew of reason for it, that among that multitude there must needs be some equally able, at least, to judge of things with ourselves; and when each is equal, a plurality of voices has a right to carry it against a single opinion. This is a very specious shew of reason; but it is indeed no more than a shew, and is equally delusive in its claim to our assent, and mischievous in its consequences.

It is easy to see, that if this was to be eternally allowed a law to us, the world could never improve in knowledge in any one branch; since no man ever yet started even the slightest hint for making us wiser than we used to be, but he first dared to think that what every body said might perhaps not be true; that is, that the received opinion of the world might be an erroneous one; and ventured to set his single judgment on a level with that of the whole world together; nay, of what may in some sort be called many worlds, that is, many series of men, who have all lived and died in the same opinions. He who advances any thing new, whether in science or practice, combats at once the judgment of the present and past ages. Yet we see, to our great happiness, that the single champion often proves successful; and it is evident, that an implicit belief in what every body says must for ever keep the world in the same degree of knowledge, that is, in the same degree of ignorance.

In thus reverencing common opinions, we reverence we know not what. Little do we conceive how easily and upon what slight foundations the *every body says it* is obtained for any opinion, and while we fear to combat the judgments of a number of people of equal talents with ourselves, we fear an opposition that exists not; for perhaps not one of all those people, whom we look upon as the countenancers of an opinion, ever concerned themselves in it, or asked their judgment the least question about it. Mankind are naturally lazy: some busy fool advances an absurdity; he pretends he has reason and argument on his side, and the world, even the great men of the world, take his word for it, and assent without ever examining the least article of what they assent to. Thus every body says what is foolish, absurd, or false; and thus we see how cheaply this grand testimonial of right, this *every body says*, is bought. What has thus passed through one age, has the double sanction of precedent and authority for the next; and thus the falsehood stands as an unquestionable truth, till some ill natured fellow rises up in a pet, cries, all the world is a fool, and shews himself in the opinion of the vulgar a wiser man than all that went before him; but this is only another common opinion, with no foundation in truth, since the whole matter is, he has happened to think upon a subject which no body considered it worth while to think upon before.

There is no guide so false, in all the paths of life, as common opinion; nothing in which a man shews himself so little of the rational creature, as the countenancing or being influenced by it; nothing in which he is so much himself, as in despising it. Common opinion declares, in all matters of uncertainty, "Ay, ay, we shall see by the event how wise the action was." This is received as a solid test of wisdom in the projectors of any new schemes, or the adventurer in any precarious scene of action. Blind and besotted as we are! why do we not consider that in human actions, in general, it is not so much as once in a thousand times, that the event is answerable in all respects to the means. We live in a stage of being so very uncertain in itself, and surrounded with so many accidents which it is wholly impossible to foresee, that no plan of acting can be secure of bringing us to any end just as we would have it: and, if we would judge like men, instead of applauding every thing that is successful, and condemning every thing that fails, we should congratulate the fortune, not the prudence, of the successful man, and pity, not condemn, him who has missed his end. This is not a peculiar opinion among us, the *Romans* had it long before; *Exitus acta probat, The event proves the wisdom or folly of the action*, was an old *Latin* proverb; and *Ovid* has justly satyrized the cruelty and injustice of it in his character of *Dido*.

Common opinion condemns all manners, customs, and opinions, different from our own; and this not because they are worse than ours, for that it never enquires into, but because they are different.

When a man dies with us, nothing dies with him, he rots, and there is an end of his life: his son thanks heaven for taking him out of the way, and perhaps will not leave heaven the merit of it, but gives his nurse ten guineas to pull the pillow from under his head, when he has no more arms to resist, nor tongue to tell tales; while

the cruel medicine might have belied his hopes, and restored him to them all again. The savage Indians, on the other hand, when they lose their friend, lose all that he possessed while living; his axe, his gun, and kettle, the means of killing and of dressing food, are all buried with him, when he has no longer hands to shoot, or a mouth to feed with.

This has been the custom, time immemorial, with these unenlightened heathens. The late Mr. *Whitfield* once dared, in the confidence of our differing in opinion, to condemn this as absurd and criminal, before the prince of these honest people, and that at the head of his people and in his own country; but what was the event? the savage answered; and the world declared his people, and not ours, had right and justice in their customs. The priest in very scurvy terms accused the blindness of this savage herd, in supposing burial necessary to weapons made with human hands, because it was so to that body which was not only made by immortal fingers, but was also the express image of that immortal Maker; and itself entitled to immortality: Senseless and absurd, continued he, to think because a star has brightness, a mushroom must have lustre too; and because man has an immortal soul, that therefore his axe and hammer must have souls to serve him with in immortality!

An insolent contempt and elevated brow gave notice of the conclusion of his loud harangue, and gave the followers of this then new apostle their cue for shouts and acclamation. When the noise of this triumph was over, the Indian chief, who had sat with his eyes fixed upon the ground, to hear this insolent accusation, arose, and modestly beckoning to his friends for their attention, answered in this manner:

"Our customs, brothers, delivered to us from the sacred mouths of our deceased old men, as they were received by them from theirs, and still remain, and shall remain for ever unaltered with us, need no defence, no praise to you; you know their worth, and you know the reverence you are to pay to them, not as the traditions or the thoughts of others, but as opinions worthy the approbation of reasoning creatures: these Christians, always hasty to condemn, argue on false principles, and forge the crimes or follies which they afterwards condemn us for. Their own accounts of their own conquests among our kindred nations are proofs enough of this. But, brothers, though you want no instruction, this young man needs much; and I demand your consent to give it to him."

A general approbation on the one part, and as general an amazement on the other, ushered in the sequel of the speech of this generous savage, which was continued in these words: "Most rash young man, you have convinced us you have much to learn; how dare you then attempt to teach? Why urge you against us, even to our faces, things which ourselves must and which you ought to know are false: we hope you rather ignorant than dishonest, and are willing to believe you know no better than your speech declares: but let me then inform you, that our principles are these; we hold that man shall live again when dead, and so do you, in this we differ not: but, young man it is not for this that we bury him. He who will give life to the dead can as well do it to their atoms scattered upon the face of the

whole world, as to their mouldering dust when kept together. It is not for this, it is not for him that is dead, but for ourselves, who remain alive, that we bury him; to bury our remembrance of the loss of what we loved: we bury with him his utensils of life, which he then wants no more. You say, we bury these, that they may live again and serve their master as before; but you accuse us falsely: these things shall live no more, their time of perishing shall come like ours; but they shall never be renewed again. Wouldst thou know why we bury them thus with their master, it is for love and charity. An axe, a gun, and a few other necessary implements, are all we want to make life happy to us, and they are all our riches; were these to descend to the relations of the dying man, who knows but the desire of possessing things so valuable might incite the heir to parricide: he might hasten the death of one whom he long had hated for possessing what was one day to be his, and might, instead of using means to save, himself destroy him. Our fathers have taught us to guard against this cruelty and wretchedness, by thus determining the loss of all possessions with the possessor's life, that even the wicked have no temptation to hope the death of those from whom no one can be a gainer."

The preacher went away confounded and ashamed, while the modest Indian returned the congratulations of his friends, with telling them, "It is not I that am better than this man, but our customs are better than his."

To conclude the triumphs over sense and reason of this common enemy of the world, common opinion, with that unhappy error, which robs us of all solid happiness to give us a mere shadow of it, let us remember that every body says, there is more happiness in the expectation of pleasures, than in the possessing them. This is telling us, in other words, that all substantial happiness is out of our reach, and the imagination of it all we have to hope for. Precept too often hoodwinks our reason, nay and our very senses, and compels us to believe the dictates of neither: thus, in the case before us, we are dictated to till we think pleasure itself no pleasure, and the most uneasy of all sensations, *expectation*, a real blessing and true felicity.

"What are your uneasinesses," says a bosom friend; "and how shall I advise you to relieve them? Are you desirous of knowing that happiness which riches give; keep those riches in your coffers; pleasures pall upon the sense, and when purchased prove nothing; but while you have it in your power to purchase them, you may always feast on the idea of what you can command at pleasure. Do you not desire riches? there is but one other passion that can engross all your thoughts, that is love. Are you an adorer of the beauties and perfection of some female acquaintance, marry her, and the charm will cease!" Thus common opinion teaches the world to laugh at all but ideal happiness. What lessons of destruction are these to that being, whose true interest it is to know that the two great charms of life, riches and beauty, have no real value, but in the actual use and true possession. Money, in the relieving the necessities of others, or procuring pleasures for ourselves, that is, in the parting with, not in the possessing; and that the charms of a woman are only valuable, as they make the married life the happiest scene of action, and make the greatest pleasure of life as durable as life itself.

# THE HAPPY WORLD.

## A VISION.

IN a dream, I thought myself in a solitary temple; I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body; then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the ætherial plains, without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me; but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours which infinitely diversified them.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed towards a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstasy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immerged in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks: they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms:—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts,

and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world;—notwithstanding his over-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all; an extatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and prodigal hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence; the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility, spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it; every thing bore the appearance of sentiment, and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voice.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties, whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine Love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising: the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did you view such a sun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod with regret on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre, the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent; the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual, for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illumines our gloomy, terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those

fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that this planet enlightened, a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which never was eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity, by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them, and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfal.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously,—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours: but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures, soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppress the greater; the Dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

We are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects: all nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly."

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from Heaven, on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, "Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near, or, rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection."—"Why, father," said I, "are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?"—

"Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A chearful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendour; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eyes followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendour: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul. LE M—.

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TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE cannot be a more pleasing reflection than on the general diffusion of knowledge over our island; it is almost incredible what a number of well-informed persons are now to be met with in every large town; there are very few of the middling rank of people who have not read a great deal, and there are many who can write on common topics with ease and elegance: this I take to be chiefly owing to a free press, and the general circulation of monthly publications conducted by persons of learning and abilities. Perhaps even the daily journals contribute not a little to this spreading of knowledge; independent of their political information, they catch the lighter effusions of genius, and arrest for a while the fugitives ere they glide into the pool of oblivion: but, Mr. Editor, out of this general good there has lately arisen a very great evil, which I am afraid will not easily be eradicated, I mean, that inundation of nonsense with

which the world is daily pestered by a set of young men, to whom I shall give the appellation of *Scribblers*. These gentlemen have commonly learned to read, write, and cast accounts, and are intended by their parents for some reputable calling, as a grocer, mercer, or a clerk in an office; when at the age of about fifteen or sixteen, when the mind most readily receives impressions, unfortunately for their own repose, and the interest of their masters or friends, some of the works of our best poets fall in their way. I have generally remarked that Thomson's Seasons is the first book that begins to derange these youngsters; this author is perhaps of all others the most agreeable to a young mind; he has contrived to give such a romantic cast to the simple scenes of nature, without having recourse to fiction, that the youthful imagination pants to behold those Arcadian scenes which it finds described, and which it is conscious may be realized, though adorned by all the magic of poetic imagery; henceforth every beauty of nature brings to the recollection some elegant description of the poet, and thereby gives a poetical bias to the mind, very difficult to counteract and which has very dangerous effects on a weak capacity; if then to this they should add Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Pope's Essay on Man, and an odd volume of Shakspeare, they are irretrievably lost; from this time you observe a strange alteration in their behaviour, they no longer speak the language of conversation, but are for ever filling up their periods with poetical rhapsodies; they seldom can give an opinion but they add, "as Thomson says," or "as Pope says," &c. Should any person express resentment against some one, a Scribbler will tell him, "You must really think no more on it, you know Pope says,

> To err is human, to forgive divine."

If you mention the death of an acquaintance, "Ah!" replies a Scribbler, "he is gone to

> That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

Independent of the foppery of such quotations, they do a real harm to people of true poetical taste, who absolutely contract a dislike to some of the finest passages of our best authors, by hearing them so often buzzed in their ears by these Parnassian flies; it is just as if one were to hear one of the sublimest odes of Pindar or Horace repeated by an ape, which could never be read again without exciting our risible faculties at the remembrance of the performance. Yet it would be well if these gentry would only endeavour to amuse the world with their vocal performances; but, like many of our modern sons of Thespis, from being mere reciters they turn authors; adieu then to all rationality, from thenceforth their masters or friends can expect no good from them; if in a shop, they write verses in the day-book, scribble upon the waste paper, and are so entirely possessed by the poetical mania, that when asked for any article they deal in, they start from a profound reverie, and, inflated by their own vanity, bounce round the counter like a blown bladder, while the amazed customer either goes away unserved, or is in danger of having an ounce of snuff substituted for the same quantity of coffee. It is wonderful what a facility of making rhymes some of these Scribblers possess. I

know one of them who can make verses as fast as he can write them down, and who, through the medium of pocket-books, &c. has pestered the world with some thousands.

But it is not only in verse but also in prose that the Scribblers exert their talents. Among the various kinds of scribbled essays which I have seen I shall only notice one species, I mean such as pretend to imitate Sterne, whose manner of writing is exactly calculated for the meridian of their genius, if I may so prostitute the name; not being able to think clearly so as to comprehend their subject, and treat it with accuracy and precision, they find an admirable assistance in the broken and disjointed style which that whimsical author has chosen to touch some of the finest feelings of the heart: having then filled a page with a variety of affirmations, exclamations, questions, answers, notes of interrogation and admiration, blank lines, &c. &c. which may be perused either backward or forward with the same degree of pleasure and information, they prefix to the top, in large letters, "A Fragment, after the Manner of Sterne," and which bears pretty near the same resemblance to the more exquisite pages of Yorrick, as, pardon me the simile, his dead ass does to the beautiful and pensive Maria.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will have the goodness to insert this in your elegant miscellany, as it will really be doing an essential service to the public,

> "To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
> To bring them back to reason and their *shop*."

And I hope, if it should fall into the hands of any of those gentlemen it is intended for, that they will consider seriously what a difficult undertaking it is to write well, how few there are who succeed, and how many have incurred the censure and contempt of the world by their attempt at authorship, particularly in poetry.

> "I had rather be a kitten, and cry Mew,
> Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
> I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
> Or a dry wheel grate on the axle tree,
> And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
> 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."

*Sunderland, Oct.* 16, 1795. I remain, Sir, &c. R.

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DETACHED THOUGHTS

## *ON BOOKS.*

BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us—never cease to instruct—never cloy.

Many books are read, but few attended to—fewer understood.

Books are bought from fashion, more than from judgment.

Books change their fashion, almost as much as apparel.

A fashionable writer makes a fashionable book, and creates a number of fashionable readers—readers, who pay more attention to the fashion of the writer, than to the fashion of the book.

Some books are the common topics of conversation for a month, or two, or three—but are never heard of after.

Wherefore should I encumber myself with twenty thousand, when a hundred will answer all my purposes, and be full as much as I can digest?

I do not know that even a hundred are necessary—if we exclude the endless writers of idle imagination and vain disputation of all ages and countries: but admit them, even with choice and deliberation, and twenty thousand were not sufficient.

The same things are said over and over—and there remains nothing new to be said, to the point of truth—though arguments and controversy, from given and supposititious premises, will last till the end of the world.

The different styles and manners of writers will always entitle some to a deserved preference—but the matter is the same, though diversely said.

The sentiment or sentence upon which we commonly build, is short—and may be comprised in the fewest words—some two, or three, or half a dozen, or half a score—twenty, at most:—From such simple foundations, we raise amazing superstructures!—But it is all flourish and exposition—save what is spent in wrangling and downright contradiction—or falsehood in the very teeth of Truth—which generally makes the greatest part of the book.

Is it good?—you may venture to conclude it common.

To call it such-a-one's saying, is childish.—

It is like a simpleton's repetition of something trite—and making his father, or his grandmother, a present of it.

Over shoes, over boots!—'as my father says.'

It never rains, but it pours!—'as my grandmother used to say.'

All truth, all science, is reducible to axioms—many labouring at the same point, will resolve it after the same manner, and, frequently, almost in the same words:—thence sentences and topics arose; which soon became general, and were, in substance, in every one's mouth—the learned still regarding and preserving them in choice sentences—the unlearned, vulgarizing a great number of them into common proverbs.

Many common sayings with us, were no less common among the nations and people who lived two or three thousand years ago.

Can any man be so doltish, as to imagine that the wit of Solomon and the son of Sirach was all their own?

No, surely—the spirit of their writings was known several centuries before they were born:—they, indeed, had the merit of collecting and digesting the scattered truths of ages; and of putting them in a more elegant form.

They did well—and we are bound in gratitude to revere their memory, for the pains they bestowed.

The sentences of the wise and virtuous, were common to every sect of philosophy; and approved by all—

—It mattered not who spake them, nor from what school they came; so that the lesson was general, and the truth incontrovertible.

The Epicureans rejected not the apophthegms of the Stoics; nei-

ther the Stoics those of the Epicureans; but admitted them equally with their own—however they might entertain different sentiments concerning virtue and pleasure—which may be called rather a masterly distinction, than a material difference—the one accounting virtue the only pleasure; the other laying it down as a positive truth, that no pleasure could exist without virtue.

But the principal difference, which rendered them irreconcilable, was rather about the exercise, than the object of virtue—whether she should be active or passive—employed in public good, or enjoyed in listless ease:—this depends much upon temper and constitution—the good man will always find too many reasons for being an idle man.

They might follow the particular doctrine and mode of disputation of one master in preference to all others—but they followed Truth, wherever they found her, without regarding from what class she sprang.

If she condescended to appear in her own veilless and majestic simplicity—no matter to who—they knew they could not be deceived.

They were certain she came not to enlighten one sect above another, but for the sake of all mankind.

Not like the discordant squabble of modern schoolmen—Thomists and Scotists, who have cut out work for everlasting jar.

Still more unlike (if more unlike can be) the rancorous spirit of latter sectaries—who despise all sense and interpretation, together with the interpreters, which is foreign to their own—laying it down, as the choicest article of their creed, that no good can spring up but in their own body.

As soon condemn me to the mob of the world, as to the mob of books!——

Not but that libraries are useful to many good purposes—yet how few have learned the secret of making a good use of them?

The labours of the learned and ingenious of all ages should not be lost—

There is nothing from which humanity derives so much honour—

The greatest monument of men, are letters—they are not only the foundation of all, but they outlive all other.

Yet it were much to be wished, that reading was more confined, and writing less frequent—which would be the case, provided every writer had some laudable end in view.

For otherwise, it is but like wheeling rubbish to the mountain's foot, without adding to the height, and enlarging the prospect—or carrying stones to the vast pile, which only adds to the bulk, but increases not the strength and magnificence of the building.

Books to judicious compilers, are useful—to particular arts and professions, absolutely necessary—to men of real science, they are tools:—but more are tools to them.

Where one improves, a thousand corrupt—where one is sage, a thousand are impertinent—where one nourishes Virtue, a thousand endeavour to make Vice amiable.

Where one gives me peace, a thousand would rob me of it—where one directs me right, thousands mislead me.

# HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[*Continued from Page* 166.]

AFTER the erection of Solomon's, or, as some think, the second temple, the royal art was brought into GREECE, where the Craft was encouraged to the utmost, and geometry every where cultivated with uncommon industry; many noble structures were erected, which to this day shew their former magnificence and grandeur; though many of those early performances of the Greeks in architecture have been lost in the ruins of time. Indeed, we read of Dedalus, and his sons, as imitators of the Egyptians and Phœnicians; of the little labyrinth in Crete, and the larger at Lemnos; of the arts and sciences early at Athens and Sicyon, Candia, and Sicily, before the Trojan war; of the temples of Jupiter Olympius, Esculapius, &c. of the Trojan horse, and other things: but we are all in darkness, fable, and uncertainty, till the Olympiads; which began in the 34th year of Uzziah king of Judah, when some of their bright men began to travel. [A. M. 3228, before the foundation of Rome 28 years, before Christ 776.] So that their most antient famous buildings, as the citadel of Athens, the court of Areopagus, the Parthenion, or temple of Minerva, the temples of Theseus and Apollo, their porticos and forums, theatres and gymnasiums, stately public halls, curious bridges, regular fortifications, ships of war, and magnificent palaces, with their best statues and sculpture; were all of them either at first erected, or else rebuilt, after the temple of Zerubbabel. [Before Christ 547.] For Thales Milesius, their first philosopher, who originally brought geometry, with great improvements, out of Egypt into Greece, died eleven years only before the decree of Cyrus; and the same year, Pythagoras, his scholar, travelled into Egypt; while Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, began to collect the first library in Greece.

[A. M. 3480.] Pythagoras lived twenty-two years among the Egyptian priests, till sent by Cambyses to Babylon and Persia, where he acquired great knowledge among the Chaldean Magians, and Babylonish Jews; and returned to Greece in the year that Zerubbabel's temple was finished. [A. M. 3489.] He became not only the founder of a new religion, but likewise of an academy, or lodge of good geometricians; to whom he communicated as a secret *, that invaluable proposition which is the foundation of all Masonry, of whatever materials or dimensions, called by masons his *Heureka*; because they think it was his own invention.

After Pythagoras, geometry became the darling study of the Greeks; and their learned men applied its principles to mechanical purposes in general, as well as to operations in stone or brick. And, as Masonry kept pace with geometry, so many lodges appeared, especially in the Grecian republics, where liberty, trade, and learning flourished;

* Euclid, lib. i. prop. 47.

as at Sicyon, Athens, Corinth, and the cities of Ionia, till they perfected their beautiful Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

From this time we date the strict union between the *Free* and the *Accepted* Masons, which has subsisted ever since in all regular lodges.

Greece now abounded with the best architects, sculptors, statuaries, painters, and other fine designers, most of them educated at the academies of Athens and Sicyon; who instructed many artists, and fellow crafts, to be the best operators upon earth: so that the nations of Asia and Africa, who had taught the Greeks, were now taught by them. No country but Greece could now boast of such men as Mycon, Phidias, Demon, Androcides, Meton, Anaxagoras, Dipænus and Scyllis, Glycon, Alcamenes, Praxiteles, Polycletus, Lysippus, Peneus, Euphronor, Perseus, Philostratus, Zeuxis, Apollodorus, Parrhasius, Timanthes, Eupompus, Pamphilus, Apelles, Artemones, Socrates, Eudoxus, Metrodorus, who wrote of Masonry, and the excellent Theodorus Cyrenæus, who amplified geometry, and published the art analytic, the master of the divine Plato, from whose school came Zenocrates, and Aristotle the preceptor of Alexander the Great.

The Greeks rightly judging that the proportions in architecture should be taken from those of the human body, their painters and statuaries were esteemed architects: nor could they have been fine painters without being architects. Hence it is, that several of those excellent painters and philosophers are in the list of antient architects: nay, they all openly taught geometry, and many of them practised Masonry. They were generally at the head of the fraternity, highly useful to the fellow crafts, by their designs and drawings, and bred them up able artists: only, by a law in Greece, no slave was allowed to learn the seven liberal sciences, or those of the free-born; so that in Greece also they were called Free Masons, and, in their many lodges, the noble and learned were accepted as brothers.

[Before Christ 334.] Alexander, king of Macedon, having overcome Darius Codomanus at the Granicus, and in the battles of Issus and Arbela, taking Tyre and Gaza, soon overrun all Egypt; poor Darius fled into Bactria, and was murdered by Bessus, one of his own Generals. After a continuance of 207 years, in him ended the Persian, and in Alexander began the Grecian empire. In one of Alexander's drunken frolics, he burnt the rich and splendid city of Persepolis, which was truly a city of palaces in the best stile; but all its beauty and splendour could not preserve it from the licentious ravages of this insolent disturber and common enemy of the human race; who, however dignified by the epithet of *Great*, will not be allowed to rank in the list of true Masons.

[Before Christ 332.] Nevertheless his architect, the renowned Denocrates before-mentioned, prevailed with him to undertake some grand design, and to encourage the Fraternity: he proposed to him to dispose Mount Athos into the form of that prince's statue, with a city in one hand, and in the other a large lake to water that city; but this great design never took effect. The ambition of Alexander prompted him to build a new city in Egypt, in a very convenient place over-against the island of Pharos, which he called Alexandria, and which became the capital of that kingdom.

[Before Christ 323.] Denocrates was the architect of Alexandria, according to a plan drawn by himself, which Alexander commissioned him to execute, and which afforded ample employment for the Craft: but Alexander closed his mad career by dying drunk at Babylon soon after; and left his overgrown dominions to be contended for by his ambitious generals.

This city became the emporium of the world, and, by means of the Red Sea, afterwards furnished Europe, and a great part of Asia, with the rich commodities of India. It stood 40 miles west from the Nile, and 120 north-west from Cairo; and was rendered famous for the noble light-house erected on the opposite island of Pharos for the direction of mariners. Many of the materials of the old Alexandria were applied to building new Alexandria, now known by the name of Scanderoon: this by comparison is but a mean town; while the remaining ruins of the original city adjoining, still preserve an inexpressible air of majesty. Among the ruins in the neighbourhood of the present Alexandria stands a single detached column of granite, distinguished from all the rest by its size, and by the name of *Pompey's Pillar*; though Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, who examined it with great attention, declares from circumstances, and in particular from a medal of Vespasian, which he assures us he dug out from a decayed part of the base, his belief that it must have been erected in honour of that emperor. By the measurements taken by that gentleman, the pedestal is 10 feet 5 inches high, the diameter of the shaft 9 feet 1 inch; and the whole height from the ground, 92 feet. There is an inscription on the west side of the base, but so injured, not only by time but by evident marks of violence, that though some Greek characters may be imperfectly traced, no one word can be even conjectured. Had it not been for the frolic of some English captains of vessels in the port of Alexandria, in the year 1780, we should not have known that there had been originally a statue upon this pillar. These jovial sons of Neptune, not satisfied with the liquor they had been drinking on board one of their ships, formed a sudden resolution to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar; and the astonished Turks thronged out of the city on the rumour of what was going forward, to see the result of this strange freak! By flying a paper-kite over the top of the pillar, and letting it fall on the other side, they lodged the string upon the capital; and thus drew over a two-inch rope, for a sailor to ascend by: and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amidst the shouts of the multitude assembled below. They found the capital of the pillar able to contain eight persons very conveniently; and in the middle, saw the remaining stump of the leg of some statue which had probably fallen down many ages ago.

Seleucus Nicanor, one of Alexander's generals, and who, after the death of that monarch, took Babylon, proved an excellent Grand Master; he founded the great Seleucia on the Euphrates for his deputy on the east, and in the west he built his stately capital city Antioch in old Syria, with the grove of Daphne, a sacred asylum: in the middle of which he reared the temple of Apollo and Diana,

though it became afterward the temple of Venus and Bacchus; and also the lesser cities of old Syria, as Apamia, Beræa, Seleucia, Laodicea, Edessa, Pella, &c.

[Before Christ 304.] But Masonry flourished most in EGYPT, where the Grecian architecture was highly admired, and where Ptolemy Soter, another of Alexander's generals, had set up his throne. Euclid, the famous geometer of Tyre, who had in his travels collected the scattered elements of geometry, came to the court of Ptolemy Soter, and was by him encouraged to teach that noble science; especially to the children of the great lords and estates of the realm, who, by continual wars and decay of the sciences in former reigns, were reduced to the want of means to get an honourable livelihood. For this purpose, says an old record of Masonry, "Euclid having received commission, he taught such as were committed to his charge the science of geometry in practice, to work in stone all manner of worthy work that belongeth to building of altars, temples, towers, and castles, and all other manner of buildings, and gave them a charge in this form:

"First, That they should be true to their king, and to the lord they serve, and to the fellowship whereof they are admitted: and that they should be true to, and love one another: and that they should call each other his Fellow or Brother; not servant, nor knave, nor any other foul name: and that they should truly deserve their pay of their lord, or the master of the work that they serve.

"Secondly, That they should ordain the wisest of them to be the master of the work; and neither for love nor lineage, riches nor favour, to set another that hath but little cunning to be master of the lord's work; whereby the lord should be evil served, and they ashamed: and also that they should call the governor of the work Master, in the time that they work with him."

'And many other charges he gave them that are too long to relate; and to all these charges he made them swear a great oath, that men used at that time.

'And he ordained for them a reasonable pay, whereby they might live honestly; and also that they should come and assemble together every year once, to consult how they might work best to serve the lord, for his profit, and to their own credit; and to correct, within themselves, him that had trespassed against the Craft.

'And thus was the Craft grounded there; and that worthy clerk Euclid gave it the name of Geometry, which now is called Masonry.'

He accordingly digested his elements of geometry into such order, improved and demonstrated them so accurately, as to have left no room for any others to exceed him in that science; for which his memory will ever be fragrant in the lodges. According to the old constitutions, Ptolemy, Grand Master, with his Wardens, Euclid the geometrician, and Straton the philosopher, built his palace at Alexandria, and the curious Museum or college of the learned, with the library of Bruchium, near the palace, that was filled with 400,000 manuscripts, or valuable volumes, before it was burnt in the wars of Julius Cæsar.

Ptolemy Philadelphus succeeded his father in the throne, and in Solomon's chair: and in his second year he carried on the great tower of Pharos, founded by his father, the sixth of the seven wonders of art; built on an island as a light-house for the port of Alexandria (whence light-houses in the Mediterranean are called *faros*), a piece of amazing architecture, by the care of his Grand Wardens Deiphanes and his son Sostratus: the father built the Heptastadium or mole, for joining the island to the continent, while the son reared the tower.

Philadelphus founded the city Myos Hormus on the Red Sea for the East-India trade, built the temple of the Zephyrian Venus in Crete, Ptolemais in Palestine, and rebuilt the old Rabbah of the Ammonites, calling it Philadelphia. Nay, he was so accurate an architect, that for a long time all fine Masonry was called *Philadelphian*, or after the stile of Philadelphus.

[Before Christ 246.] Ptolemy, the son of Philadelphus, called Euergetes, succeeded, and was the last good old Grand Master in Egypt: his wardens were his two learned librarians, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, and Apollonius of Rhodes. The library of Bruchium being nearly full, he erected another at Seraphium, which in time contained 300,000 manuscripts; and Cleopatra afterward added 200,000 more from the library of Pergamos, given to her by Mark Anthony. But all this vast library was burnt by the ignorant, stupid, and bigoted Saracens, when they took the city of Alexandria, to the irreparable loss of the learned. It had often been rifled on the revolutions and commotions that happened in the Roman Empire; yet was as often repaired and replenished again with its full number of books, till this its final destruction; which happened as follows:

[A. D. 642.] When Alexandria was taken and plundered by the Saracens, Johannes Grammaticus, the famous Aristotelian philosopher, being then living at Alexandria, and having much ingratiated himself with Amrus Ebnol As, the general of the Saracen army, and, by reason of his great learning, made himself acceptable to him, he begged of him the royal library; to this Amrus replied, that it was not in his power, but was wholly at the disposal of the caliph, or emperor of the Saracens, to whom he would write about it. The caliph returned for answer, that if those books contained what was agreeable to the Koran, there was no need of them, for that alone was sufficient of itself for all truths; but if they contained what disagreed with the Koran, they were not to be endured: therefore he ordered, that whatsoever the contents of them were, they should all be destroyed. They were accordingly distributed among the public baths, and served as fuel for six months to heat all the baths of Alexandria; which shews how great the number of them was, and what an inestimable treasure of antient learning was devoted to destruction, for a contemptible quibble generated by barbarous zeal founded on ignorance!

When Egypt became a Roman province, the antient learning and peculiar genius of the natives sunk under the military power and manners of their conquerors; and was totally extinguished when the

furious narrow-minded followers of Mahomet overran the country: it therefore at present exhibits nothing but a depraved race of wretched inhabitants, living among the sad ruins of works too stupendous even for the ravages of time and conquerors to destroy; and which only exist to shew what the Egyptians once were, and how low human nature can degenerate! We shall therefore leave the melancholy scene, and sail over to the Hellespont, where, in the island of Cyzicus, there was once to be seen a superb temple, with threads of beaten gold in the joints of the marble stones, that cast a fine lustre on all the statues and images: and the curious echo of the seven towers at the Thracian gate of Cyzicus; with the large Boleutorion or town-house, without one pin or nail in the carpenters work; so that the beams and rafters could be taken off, and again put on, without laces or keys to bind them.

[Before Christ 300.] The Rhodians employed the famous architect Chares, of Lindus, to erect the great Colossus, at Rhodes, which employed him and his craftsmen for twelve years. It was esteemed the last of the seven wonders of art, and the greatest human statue under the sun, to which it was dedicated. It was 70 cubits high, and duly proportioned in every part and limb, striding over the mouth of the harbour which was 50 fathoms wide; and capable of receiving the largest ships under sail: in one hand it held a light-house for the direction of mariners, and the face of the Colossus was a representation of the sun. It was thrown down by an earthquake, after it had stood 66 years, and lay where it fell 894 years more; till at length, in the year of Christ 672, Moawias, the sixth caliph of the Saracens, having taken Rhodes, sold the brass to a Jew merchant, who loaded with it 900 camels: allowing therefore only 800 pounds weight to every camel's burden, the brass of this colossus, after the waste of so many years, by the corrosion of the metal, and occasional embezzlements, amounted to 720,000 pounds weight!

The Grecian islands, at present held in such a dispirited state of subjection under the haughty Turks, exhibit the most convincing evidences of antient prosperity and vigorous cultivation of the polite arts; by the multitude of magnificent ruins yet scattered about them. These remains strike the curious traveller with the most respectful ideas of the people capable of such rich and ornamental structures. The isle of Paros, in particular, one of the most considerable of those called the Cyclades, is abundant in such masonic relics; columns, statues, cornices, architraves of exquisite workmanship, are discernable in great abundance in the walls of modern buildings, where they are lavished without taste, and placed without any order or arrangement. There is an old castle in the island, built with no other materials than ruins of the most magnificent edifices. Paros was the native country of Archilochus, the Aretin of antient times; of Agoracrites, the disciple of Phidias; and of Polignotes, Arcesilas, and Nicanor, who carried the art of encaustic painting to a considerable degree of perfection. This island is also famous for having furnished the Arundel marbles, which comprehend the principal epochas of Grecian history, from Cecrops to Alexander; and which are justly

considered as one of the most noble literary ornaments of the University of Oxford.

While the Greeks were propagating the science and the art in the very best manner, founding new cities, repairing old ones, and erecting statues beyond number, the Africans imitated the Egyptians, southward in Ethiopia down to the Cape of Good Hope; and also westward to the Atlantic shore; though history fails, and no travellers have yet discovered the remains of those many powerful nations. Only we know that the Carthaginians formed a republican state long before the Romans; had built some stately cities and strong castles, and made their great capital Carthage the terror of Rome, and her rival for universal empire. They manifested their skill in geometry and Masonry of all sorts, in temples, statues, palaces, forts, and stout ships that carried on the chief trade of the known world: and therefore the emulous Romans long meditated its destruction, according to a current proverbial maxim among them—*Delenda est Carthago! Carthage must be demolished;* which, after long and strenuous efforts, they at length accomplished.

Thus Hannibal, their greatest general, who so long withstood the Roman arms, in his retreat from Carthage to Armenia shewed his great skill in drawing for King Artaxes the plan of the city Artaxata, and surveyed the palace, temples, and citadel thereof.

The learned Sicilians, descended from the Greeks, followed their instructions in architecture very early, at Agrigentum, Messina, Gela, &c. especially at Syracuse; for when that city was besieged by the Romans, as being an ally to the Carthaginians in the second Punic war, it was 22 miles round; and Marcellus could not storm it, because of the amazing devices of that skilful mechanic and engineer Archimedes *, who appeared to counteract the approaches of the assailants by supernatural powers. The relations transmitted down to us of his schemes to destroy their shipping, are almost incredible. He is said to have contrived a speculum, or reflecting mirror, of such power, and with the *focus* at such a distance, that he set the Roman gallies on fire by the rays of the sun. Against the vessels which came close under the walls, he prepared a formidable kind of lever or crow, with an iron grapple at the end, fastened to a strong chain: this being projected over the wall, and let down upon the prow of a vessel, fastened hold of it; and being then raised up by a counterpoise within the wall, lifted the vessel upright, endwise upon her poop; when letting it drop suddenly, the vessel, as if it fell from the wall, dashed down into the sea, and filled with water, to the inexpressible terror of the mariners! But though he thus defeated the efforts of the Romans by sea, they were more successful in their attacks by land; for, after a siege of three years, by seizing an ill-guarded tower, the city was taken by surprise on a festival day. Marcellus gave a strict charge to save Archimedes; but a common sol-

* He was nearly related to King Hiero, and was called by old Masons, the Noble and excellent Grand Master of Syracuse. He wrote many scientifical treatises, of which some are still in being.

dier slew him, while, not conscious of the uproar, this learned man was abstracted in mechanical speculations on schemes to repulse the Romans and preserve Syracuse. [A. M. 3792. A. R. 546. Before Christ 212.] Marcellus generously shed tears for him as a public loss to the learned, gave him an honourable burial, and granted his protection to every one who could claim affinity to him.

Many of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Sicilian Masons had travelled into the north and west of Europe, and propagated their useful skill, particularly in Italy, Spain, the Balearic islands, and the coast of Gaul; but history fails, till the Roman armies came there: nor have we certain accounts of the Chinese and other East-Indians, till the Europeans navigated thither in these latter times; only the wall of China makes a figure in the map, though we know not yet when it was built: but their great cities and splendid palaces, as described by travellers, evidently discover that those antient nations had long cultivated arts and sciences, especially geometry and Masonry.

*(To be continued.)*

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TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SHOULD it be deemed worthy the attention of the contributors of valuable information to your Masonic Repository, I would beg to know from some skilful brother among them, concerning the custom of laying the foundation stone of public and stately edifices in the *North-east Corner*: from what circumstance that situation was preferred to the South-east, or any other *particular corner*?

I hope to be excused for observing, that I am not at a loss to account for that part of the custom which extends to placing the foundation stone in a *particular corner*: and that my enquiry is only meant to extend to the circumstance which introduced the *North-east* to the particular attention of Masons upon this occasion.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

*Middle Temple.* A. B.

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## *ANECDOTE.*

A GENTLEMAN formerly well known in 'Change Alley, hearing that Foote had drawn his character in his comedy called "The Bankrupt," sent a friend to the Humourist, with a very intimidating message with respect to the disagreeable consequences that would ensue, if Mr. ——'s conduct was ridiculed. "Assure your friend (says Foote to the messenger) that I never thought of him while I was drawing the character of *my* Bankrupt; and when you see the piece, you will be convinced of what I say, by finding I have made him an *honest man!*"

# THE STAGE.

## BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from p. 185.*

NEXT POPE *, a vot'ry of the sportive maid,
From nature's source deriving potent aid,
Comes laughing forward, conscious of renown,
And sure of favour from a partial town.
For humour's sprightly province though design'd,
Her pow'rs to narrow limits are confin'd;
Unblest with requisites for polish'd scenes,
To lower life her genius chiefly leans.
Where city-pride with upstart pertness tries,
In sprightly ease, its coarseness to disguise,
All the mock elegance in POPE we meet
Of fine Cheapside, or solid Lombard-street.
Thus in *Miss Sterling*, she presents to view
A finish'd proof of what the author drew.
But when she fondly labours to appear
With the nice breeding of a higher sphere,
In HOADLEY's lively scenes aspires to please,
With all the polish'd grace of genuine ease,
*Clarinda's* manners lost, she seems no more
Than *Abigail* in what her mistress wore;
The vain attempt with pity we survey,
And grieve that pride should talents thus betray.
Here let the muse repress th' unfriendly aim,
Nor dwell on so much worth with churlish blame—
POPE copies life with truth, if not with grace,
And rears her fame on merit's solid base.

But where, alas! can gentle KEMBLE † stray,
Whose modest worth may well adorn the lay,
She who must critic spleen at once disarm,
With sweet simplicity's resistless charm?
Ah! why thus doom'd to wander from the place
That best can feel her soft and touching grace;
Why from that scene thus strangely forc'd to roam,
Where genius fondly seeks a fav'rite home?
Not form'd to wield the terrors of the stage,
To burn with proud *Alicia's* mad'ning rage,
Or with *Macbeth's* ambitious partner swell,
Invoking horrors from the pow'rs of hell;
Hers is the gentler empire o'er the mind,
The pensive, the pathetic, and the kind:

* Miss Pope. † Mrs. Stephen Kemble.

'Tis hers with softest charms the breast to move
In drooping anguish and in plaintive love;
Where sweet *Ophelia* meets with wild disdain,
Or senseless wanders for a father slain;
Where *Desdemona* meekly would assuage
The poor abus'd *Othello's* causeless rage;
Or *Juliet* fondly tempts her love to stay,
And doubts the tuneful harbinger of day.
Ask we the spell by which she wakes the sigh,
And calls the flowing sorrow to the eye?—
'Tis pow'rful nature's all-prevailing sway,
And KEMBLE acts as feeling points the way:
When, through the finer workings of the soul,
A temper'd fervour animates the whole,
We nature's strong presiding influence find,
And trace the virtues of a kindred mind;
'Tis nature prompts her looks, her tones, her tears,
And tells the heart, she is what she appears.

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## REMARKS ON
## *GENERAL INVITATIONS.*

THE first and most common of all invitations are general invitations: 'We shall be glad to see you, Mr.——, to take a dinner with us' —or—'When you pass this way, we shall be happy if you will step in, and eat a bit of mutton'—or—'Why do we never see you? We are always at home, and shall be happy if you will spend a day with us'—or—'Well! when am I to see you? Will you dine with me soon?'—or—'So! you never will come and dine with us' —or—'Before you go out of town, I positively insist, that you come and dine with us'—or—'I am engaged to-morrow, but, any other time, I shall be very happy if you will take pot-luck with us'—or— 'Now do come and dine with us, just in the family-way,' &c. With many other forms, which it were endless to mention. A man, who has but a dozen of such kinds of friends, has no occasion to keep a table of his own above once a fortnight—and yet, sir, somehow or other, I have met with various disappointments in accepting such invitations.

It was but the other day I walked four miles from my house to dine with a friend, who 'was always at home,' and who had asked me so often, that I began to be ashamed of my rudeness—but he had just dined, although I was at his house half an hour before the time which he told me he always kept. I concealed that I had not dined, and, making my bow precipitately, went to a neighbouring public house and dined on a beef-steak.

Those who 'are always at home,' I have found are very seldom in the humour of seeing company, and of those who are most 'glad to see one,' the greater part are engaged abroad. Some are 'very happy to see me,' but it happens very unfortunately, that the mistress of the

house is gone a little way out of town, and taken the keys of the cellar with her, and the master is to take a family-dinner with a friend.

After a variety of rebuffs and disappointments, I am come to this opinion, that general invitations are words of course, and rarely mean any thing. If it be said, and I will allow it, that they are not always so, yet how are we to know when this is the case? My rule, therefore, is never to accept of them; for, if my company is really wanted, it will be asked more particularly; if not, and repeated experience convinces me of it, I account all such invitations to be only 'a civil way of speaking.' Another kind of invitation I am nearly equally averse to accept—that which depends on accident. You step to a friend's house on business, near his dinner hour: he thinks that politeness obliges him to ask you, nay, perhaps he thinks that you come to be asked. The safest rule, in these cases, is to refuse the invitation, unless, which cannot always happen, the inviter be one with whom we live in habits of the closest friendship and intimacy. Of such friends, few men can boast of a very large list.

It is confessedly a great meanness to put one's self in the way of a man, on purpose to be asked to dine; but it is, in my humble opinion, a greater meanness to ask a man who is not welcome. Distress may prompt the former, but for the latter I know no excuse, unless a compliance with the hypocrisy of modern politeness be justifiable. Men of delicacy are the best of men, and cannot easily submit to be obliged by such a trifling favour as an invitation to dinner, and are consequently very much at a loss how to understand the common cant of invitations. He that complies with every verbal and general invitation, cannot fail to be often a very unwelcome guest; while he who accepts only that kind of invitation which cannot be misunderstood, a formal and written invitation, will rarely fail of being acceptable.—Politeness, or what is called politeness, may induce a man to invite any one to dinner whom he may meet with, in hopes of a refusal; but the man who sends for his friend generally wants to see him. J.

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## *AMERICAN ANECDOTES.*

GENERAL FORBES, who took possession of Fort Du Quesne, upon the French abandoning it the war before last, being informed that a large body of the enemy were preparing to attack him, ordered a Lieutenant and forty men to reconnoitre their number and situation, they being about three days march from the fort. The officer and his detachment proceeded with great chearfulness and alacrity, without the least appearance of an enemy, until about six o'clock in the morning of the third day's march, when they were suddenly fired upon from the woods by a body of Indians, who killed nine of them upon the spot; upon which the officer, well knowing that he could not attack the enemy in their then situation but at the greatest disadvantage, very judiciously drew off the remains of his little detachment to a neighbouring plain, and there formed them in order of

battle, for the reception of the savages; but after remaining in that position for several hours; and finding that they did not advance, he prosecuted his march. He had not, however, proceeded many miles, before he found himself in a narrow pass between two high mountains, and at the same time perceived a large body of Indians (upwards of three hundred) pouring down upon him. He immediately formed his men in the most advantageous situation circumstances would admit of, determining to sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible. The conflict was now begun; the consequence of which was that the English were all cut to pieces, except seven men and their officer, who was wounded. The Indians had upwards of sixty of their number killed, besides many wounded. They tied the hands of the survivors of this brave little detachment behind their backs, and most unmercifully loaded them with their baggage. In this manner they were marched six days, when they arrived at the habitations of the savages, nearly famished for want of the necessaries of life. The next morning the unhappy prisoners were led forth by the wives of those Indians that fell in the action, who first proceeded, by way of prologue to the tragical scene which was to follow, by stripping them quite naked; and then tying one of them to a stake, and lighting a small and slow fire between his feet, they began to exercise the most excruciating tortures their ingenuity could possibly invent, by tearing the miserable wretch's flesh off his bones with red-hot pincers, boring his eyes out, and otherwise tormenting him by the most barbarous and unheard-of cruelty, to the great entertainment of the more than savage brutes who were the spectators. In this horrid manner did those infernal wretches continue to exercise their most savage natures, until they had put an end to the lives of the poor unhappy soldiers. Those Squaws (for such are the females called) who displayed the greatest barbarism as tormentors, received the greatest applause and approbation from all their companions during the exhibition of this tragical scene.

It now became the Officer's turn to fall a sacrifice to the manes of those departed savages. He told the squaws (having served long in America, he had acquired the Indian language) when they came to drag him to the stake, "that if they would spare his life he would communicate a secret, the knowledge of which would enable them to render their bodies invulnerable, so that neither ball nor sword could penetrate them; that he would admit of the first experiment to be made upon himself; and that he only desired to be allowed twenty-four hours for the preparation of a composition necessary for the undertaking." The savages, after having deliberated together for some time, acquiesced in compliance to the Officer's proposition; but at the same time denounced, that the most unheard-of vengeance should await him, if he deceived them by thus procrastinating his fate. The twenty-four hours being expired, the savage women led forth their victim, who had prepared a liquid composed of water, red clay (something like ochre) and wood ashes. With this he anointed his neck until it was of a brownish colour; he then informed them, that when it was a little dry, they might make an experiment, by applying a very

sharp hatchet with great force; and that if his preparation failed of its intention, he begged they might inflict upon him the most severe death which they could possibly devise. Having thus delivered himself to his savage auditors, he laid his head upon a block, when the chief squaw took a hatchet, and applied it to his neck to so good purpose, that she chopped off his head at one blow, to the great astonishment as well as disappointment of the whole tribe, who had assemgether upon this important occasion.

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SOME time in the year 1758, several French traders sailed up the river Missisippi in their barks, in order to trade with a tribe of Indians who inhabit the banks of that river, and who were then in the French interest. The French, on their arrival, found them on the eve of going to war with a neighbouring tribe, and that they would therefore be under the necessity of applying for a large quantity of gunpowder, in order to enable them to prosecute it with vigour. The French were not mistaken in their conjecture; the Indians made application for all the powder which they could spare, and to inform them of the manner of cultivating it. In lieu thereof, the Indians undertook to load their barks with the choicest furs they were masters of. French finesse was immediately stretched to its utmost extremity; they agreed to give all the powder which could be spared for their immediate use, and likewise to instruct them in the cultivation of powder, by supplying them with a sufficient quantity of seed-powder. For this purpose they gave those deluded creatures some coarse cannon powder, with instructions for sowing it in the fields, telling them, that at the end of six weeks they would be able to reap a plentiful crop. The credulity of the poor Indians made them very careful in watching their powder for weeks, months, and even a twelvemonth, without reaping any advantage from their indefatigable assiduity; they now, though too late, discovered the duplicity of the French, and therefore vowed revenge. It was not long before they had an opportunity of gratifying that passion. A large body of French traders having arrived amongst them, and even several of those who had contributed to render them such egregious dupes, the French proposed, as usual, to barter European merchandise for furs. The Indians, instead of acquiescing with their desire, made themselves masters of their barks, at the same time seizing their persons, and putting every one of them to death, by making them suffer the most exquisite tortures which their revengeful dispositions could invent. This tribe of Indians, soon after their having thus experienced French deceit and perfidy, abandoned their interest, and joined that of the English.

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IN the year 1759, the Mikmak Indians, who inhabited the province of Nova Scotia and its neighbourhood, were excited by the Canadian Government, and principally Mons. St. Luc, the famous Indian partizan, to commit all possible barbarities upon the then recently settled colony of Chedebuctou. All the English residents whom they could lay hands on were tormented according to savage manners. Some of

the tribes, on a particular night, having defeated the militia party of Captain Pike (whom they scalped and tomahawked), assembled, with the prisoners they had made, on the Dartmouth shore, and there began their horrid rites in view of the opposite town of Halifax. The victims were successively stretched in ther frames called squares, stuck full of lighted pine splinters, and thus miserably destroyed. One of the prisoners, however, whose name was Wheeler, had already suffered greatly by their cruelty, and was nearly half scalped. Whilst he waited his own turn of death, with the progress of his fellows execution before his eyes, he desired to draw on one side, avowing a cause of urgent necessity. This being a request that the savages never refuse, an Indian was appointed to guard him. The bleeding and almost naked sufferer, having concealed a knife, desired his attendant to look up, under pretence of observing some bird or other object above them, and he immediately plunged the knife into the bowels of his enemy. The feat being performed, he made into the adjoining woods, wildly flying through such thickets as in that country to any but Indians are scarcely penetrable. His escape soon dispersed his exasperated enemies and their dogs (as their manner is) in various directions after him. Exhausted as he was with pain and fatigue, he still contrived to keep them at a distance, being aided by the darkness of the night, and had persevered several leagues, until he came to the mouth of an inlet of the sea, now known by the name of Coleharbour. Over the entrance of this inlet runs a bar, with, at all times, a dangerous surf, which at this moment was increased by the commencement of an heavy gale; and the raging of the sea was prodigious. Here his pursuers gained upon him, and the fugitive was hemmed in. He threw himself into the surf, and most miraculously landed on the opposite shore. Some of his enemies perished in attempting to follow him. He lay for a time almost dead; but, reflexion giving him strength, he still persevered, by slow degrees, through the woods towards Lawrence-town fort, commanded by Mr. H. Newton, then Lieutenant of the 46th regiment. Daylight disclosed itself when Wheeler came up to the picketing of the Block-house, and some of his hunters likewise made their appearance at the same instant, having vainly taken a circuitous rout to intercept their intended victim, who thus critically saved himself, and probably may be alive at this day.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Lately took a journey into the country to visit an old friend of my father's, who is a Grocer in a country town at some distance from London. While I was there, the Mayor gave a public entertainment, according to annual custom; to which he invited several of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Ladies, the Members of the Corporation, with their wives, sons, and daughters, and the principal inhabitants

of the town of both sexes; and as I was at my friend's house, who was one of the Corporation, the Mayor sent me an invitation also.

When the day was come, I found his wife and three daughters were dressed out in the most genteel and fashionable manner, and at a considerable expence; for as she was a woman of spirit, she was determined that none of the other shopkeepers wives and daughters should excel her and hers, either in the goodness of their clothes, or in the most fashionable taste; and to that purpose had consulted a great Milliner in Bond Street. I also learned that they had been for some hours that day under the hands of a frizeur.

When they were dressed, their finery brought on another expence, as is often the case; for though it was a fine day, and the hall was not 300 yards from the house, my friend's wife observed, that it was most prudent to go in a post chaise, lest the wind or their walking should discompose their cloaths or their hair; and accordingly a post chaise carried them at twice. I walked on before, and with my hat under my arm I handed the mother out of the chaise, and led her to the upper end of the hall, where she took her seat, as being the wife of one of the Aldermen. The young Ladies placed themselves at some distance, and I seated myself opposite to them. Soon after the Mayor and Corporation entered the hall in their formalities, and the music immediately began to play.

We had two courses, which consisted of venison, fish, and game in plenty, besides a great number of other things of all sorts, well dressed, and placed in great form and order; and afterwards a large dessert of fine fruit, jellies, syllabubs, &c. with wine and beer in abundance.—There were near a hundred persons present, and the Ladies were dressed out as fine as they could be, some with caps of various sorts and sizes, and some in their hair without any caps at all. They made a gay and splendid appearanec; and the music, victuals, and good liquor made every, one chearful, and in good humour. In the evening there was dancing, and a cold collation, set out in the most polite and genteel manner; and a room with card tables for such as chose to play.

I staid at my friend's a week after, and every day (when his wife and daughters were present) the time was spent in repeated observations on the transactions of that day, the Ladies dresses, the magnificence and profusion of the feast, &c. But one of them, Miss Jenny (who pretended to a superior knowledge in these matters), remarked, that there was not a just choice made in placing some of the dishes, particularly that a goose was placed next to some ducks, and the like; and she hinted to us, that if she should ever be Mayoress, she would suffer no such absurdities and indiscretions; that she would have a greater show of plate, the sauces should be richer, and many other things altered for the better.

In short, I found their heads so filled with dress and show, with pride and vanity, that, though I had intended at first to have proposed a marriage with one of them, I relinquished my design, being fully persuaded, that, though I had a good trade, which brought me in above 300 pounds a year, yet I could never be happy with a wife, whose

taste and desires were so much above both our fortunes, and whose heart was set upon show, high life, and pleasure, which she could not gratify without ruining herself and me.

When I returned home to London, I could not but reflect upon the consequences of public assemblies, balls, concerts, and entertainments: I do not mean with regard to the great expence of them to the Mayor, though I am sure that many of the Corporation cannot spend so much money in one day, without sensibly feeling it; but my chief design is to consider the natural effects of them on the minds of the wives and daughters of the tradesmen and shopkeepers of the town, as the greatest part of the assembly consisted of such; for daily experience shews us, that most women are struck with dress and show, are admirers and promoters of elegance, politeness, and magnificence, and have a strong taste for gaiety and pleasure.

By going to these public diversions, young women of small fortunes acquire such a relish for fine things, that a plain and neat dress, a house only decently and usefully furnished, and a plain and simple diet, will not satisfy them; but when they marry, they must have nice and polite dishes at their tables, must always drink foreign wines at their meals, their houses must be furnished with some degree of elegance and taste, and the Milliners shops must be frequently visited, that they may be acquainted with the newest fashions, and consequently alter their own dress as often as a new mode comes in. I have said nothing here of that pernicious spirit of gaming, which now prevails in every house that has the least pretension to politeness.

These extravagancies were formerly confined to Courts, and the houses of the rich and the nobles; but since trade and commerce have brought great riches into several cities, they have infected the citizens; and now they are spread into the country towns; nay, I am told, that they begin to make their appearance in some villages, where they have introduced private assemblies for cards and genteel suppers.

What must be the end of this immoderate love of pleasure, dress, and show, of this great increase of luxury, of this idleness and universal dissipation, of this spirit of continual rambling and gadding abroad in idle visits and trifling conversation, which now so generally prevail among the young women of small fortunes, who are early initiated in them, and are bred up from their childhood in these polite manners? what, I say, can they end in, but poverty and unhappiness?—This is one great cause of so many persons breaking; for the prices of even the necessaries of life are nearly doubled in many places within the space of thirty years, and what was then reckoned to be a handsome provision, is now but a scanty maintenance; and therefore temperance, moderation, and frugality, are the virtues that ought to be universally recommended to the youth of both sexes among us.

J. N.

ON THE

# LOVE OF NOVELTY.

THERE is no passion more strongly ingrafted in our nature than the love of Novelty; which, from the beginning to the end of life, is that restless principle which keeps the mind in a continual gadding, and which, when not under the government of a sound judgment, is as much delighted with the newness of a trifling fashion, as with the most useful discovery in Nature.

In every stage of life, a certain degree of this passion is highly necessary; but in no other part is it so intense or requisite as in our infancy. The fickleness in young minds; the continual shifting from one thing to another; the ardent longings after new playthings, which no sooner attained but, grown familiar, are loathed and thrown aside; is all the effect of this passion, and stores the mind with that variety of ideas it so quickly acquires in the first years of life. These ideas would come in but slowly, were the likings of children steady, and were they not hurried by their curiosity from object to object.

I have often been amused in considering, how the necessities of one stage of life are frequently the vices of another; and have been pleased to see a child fall out with its coral, and cry for a new plaything, when I have blushed to see maturer years give indications of this giddiness of desires, which, however necessary in children to store the imagination, and to prevent too strong an attachment to particular things, yet at the age of manhood is the result of an untutored disposition. The acquisition of original ideas is the business of childhood; to compound and arrange them, the work of riper years; and that eagerness after Novelty, and consequently fickleness, which at first served to enrich the fancy, now only disturbs the judgment.

Hence the passion for Novelty, although never entirely destroyed, yet naturally decays; or if in due time it does not abate, it becomes a foible in the character, and should be brought under proper discipline.

Whenever this busy principle so outlives its occasions as to remain vigorous in old age, it is generally confined to a certain set of objects; and hence arise the various tribes of Novelty-hunters, with which society swarms; such as news-mongers, shell-gatherers, butterfly-catchers; in short, most of the busy enquirers into Nature, without the abilities to arrange, or invention to investigate her laws.

When mere curiosity is the motive of a person's enquiries into the productions of Nature, however he may be dignified by the specious name of a Naturalist, he is inquisitive to no purpose; his search is merely after novelty, not after improvement; for, not distinguishing the great and useful works of Nature from the play she affects in varying the colour of a butterfly or a tulip, every discovery is of equal importance to him; and though he may be acquainted with the external appearance of all Nature, he knows no one part of her intimately, but is like a traveller who rides post through a country.

The man who in this manner heaps up knowledge, if with the least degree of propriety it can be termed knowledge, is neither better nor

wiser than he who, to an extreme old age, spent a life in purchasing furniture, which, no sooner bought than packed up into garrets, served neither for use nor ornament. Indeed the heads of these "children of a larger growth" may justly be deemed lumber-rooms, where the refuse of understanding and knowledge are indiscriminately jumbled together, and where it soon loses its value even to the possessor, as it loses its novelty.

To consider the ardour, vehemence, and toil, that men employ in their pursuits, one would suppose their enquiries to be of the greatest importance; but if we turn to the objects of these pursuits, we see them as they are, serious trifles, an insect, a muscle-shell, a weed, or a flower.

It is not long since I met with an oration which, upon looking into, I imagined had been a panegyric upon Hercules, or Theseus, or some such monster-killers of antiquity. The hero's traversing the globe from east to west, from north to south, through heats and colds, and storms, was emphatically described, and the dangers he was exposed to worked up in the highest colours; sometimes scorched on the burning plains of Africa; sometimes almost perished with the piercing cold of Lapland; sometimes impending from the brow of a steep rock, which nodded horrid over the swelling ocean, the winds, and rains, and waves bursting upon him; sometimes in the deep caverns of the earth, dismal in gloom! From all this pomp I expected to hear of the Nemean lion, the Hydra, the Erymanthean boar, and the bringing Cerberus from hell. But nothing like that occurred: upon reading a little further, I found the Hero was a Botanist, and his toils Simpling *.

This Simpler, for aught I know, might be useful enough in his particular way, and stand the foremost amongst his own vegetative tribes; yet surely his Panegyrist could not have taken a more effectual way to render both himself and his friend ridiculous. The toils and labour of a Botanist or Butterfly-catcher will hardly admit of oratory or panegyric: so necessary it is in our actions, that the end should be of importance to render the means considerable; and where newness merely is the end of our pursuits, the labour of the means only heightens the ridicule.

What is more ridiculous than to see a Florist, at four every morning, hanging over a tulip with as much anxiety as an Alchymist waits the happy moment of projection? Why all this assiduity to catch the instant of its blowing, merely to observe whether it opens with a streak more or less than he had yet seen? He who thus grows over a flower, leads a life of very little higher vegetation than the flower itself.

The contemplation of the relation each part of the universe bears to the whole; how mere vegetation through various degrees rises almost to life, and seems of kindred to the lowest sensation; the gradation, again, of sensitive beings, from the Insect to Man himself, and regarding every thing as part of an infinite scale, is undoubtedly

* On a trial at the Old Bailey in the last Session, a witness declared that he had travelled more than 50,000 miles in search of plants.

worthy of a Philosopher. A flower, a worm, a butterfly, may afford matter of inquiry to the wisest man, if, enlarging his views, he does not rest there; and if from the curious structure of a gnat he is carried to the contemplation of a Supreme Being, and an admiration of that Almighty Wisdom which, stretching itself from the smallest atom through infinite variety, actuates, impels, and orders the whole system of things. In this light he will see the uniform operations of Nature, and that the cementing power which keeps the great planets in their orbs, likewise combines the smallest particles of matter. His enquiries in this view will render him the wiser and the better man; and from considering how each class of lower animals constantly operate in their proper sphere, he will learn, that to do good to his fellow-creatures, and to direct all his toil and study to the preservation of society, is the only way of answering the great end of Creation.

MELDRUM.

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ON THE

## *DIFFERENT MODES OF REASONING*

### AMONG PERSONS WHO DIFFER IN THEIR PURSUITS.

WHAT has been often observed of the judgment of individuals, is equally true of particular societies: every society, like every individual, looks with esteem or contempt on other societies only in proportion to their agreement or disagreement with the ideas, passions, prejudices, rank and genius of the persons who compose that society.

Let a Quaker, for instance, appear in a circle of Beaux, will he not be surveyed with that kind of contemptuous pity which we generally bestow upon those who we think abandon a real for an imaginary good:—should a Conqueror enter a study of Philosophers, who can doubt that he would consider their most profound speculations as vain and frivolous; that he would view these Sages with that haughty disdain which a mind, filled with its own greatness, feels for those whom it despises, and with that exulting superiority with which power looks down upon weakness. But transport one of these Sages to the royal tent, and let the Conqueror treat him with that disrespect which he conceives him to merit:

"Proud mortal!" will the offended Philosopher reply, "who despises souls more lofty than thine own: learn, that the object of thy desires is our contempt; and that nothing appears great on earth, when surveyed by a truly elevated mind.—In an ancient forest sits a Traveller, at the foot of the cedar, which, to him, seems to touch the heavens; but above the clouds, where the eagle soars, the tallest cedars seem to creep upon the surface of the earth like the humble broom, and present to the eye of the king of birds only a verdant carpet spread over the plains."

Let a beautiful woman, young, elegant, and full of gallantry, such as history represents the celebrated Cleopatra, who by the infinity of her charms, the magic of her wit, the voluptuousness of her caresses, makes her lover daily taste all the delights that could be found in variety—in whose arms, to use the emphatic language of Dryden, "desire springs from enjoyment;" let such a woman appear in an assembly of prudes, whose chastity is secured by age and ugliness, how will her beauties and talents be despised!—Sheltered from seduction, beneath the Medusean shield of deformity, these prudes have no idea of the pleasure arising from the flattering infatuation and fond solicitations of a lover; they cannot conceive the difficulty which a beautiful woman finds in resisting the importunity of the man she loves, and the vanity of making him the confident of all her secret charms: they will therefore fall with fury upon this lovely woman, and place her weakness among crimes of the blackest dye.

But let a prude, in her turn, appear in a circle of coquettes, she will there meet with as little respect as superciliousness can shew to levity, and as much contempt as beauty can express for deformity. To be revenged on her prudery they will tell her, that the beauty who yields to love, and the ordinary woman who resists that passion, are both prompted by the same motive; the one seeks an admirer of her charms, the other to avoid the means of her disgrace; and consequently there is no difference, but what beauty makes, between the prude and the woman of gallantry.

Thus the different opinions, passions, and prejudices of mankind exult over each other. The ostentatious minister of State, who will not know merit in a mean condition, is despised in his turn by men of sense and learning,

"Foolish mortal!" cry they;—"on what dost thou pride thyself?—Art thou vain of the crowds that kneel before thee?—Know! whatever thy folly may suppose, this homage is not paid to thee, but to thy place. Thou, of thyself, art nobody: what lustre thou hast is reflected by the favour of thy Sovereign. Behold the vapours that arise from the mud of those marshes; sustained in the air, they are changed into gaudy clouds: they shine, like thee, with a splendor borrowed from the sun; but should that luminary for a moment withdraw his beams, their brightness is lost, and they sink into the mud whence they rose."

As contrary passions excite reciprocal contempt, a different turn of mind produces nearly the same effect.

Necessitated to relish only such ideas as are analogous to our own, it is impossible for us to admire a turn of mind very different. For this reason the mathematician has commonly a greater esteem for the metaphysician than the poet, while the poet has a higher opinion of the orator than of either.

Thus, with the best intentions, illustrious men of different tastes set little value on each other. To be convinced of the reality of this contempt, which is always reciprocal, let us listen to the language of men of genius.

Like several mountebanks dispersed in a market-place, each calls admirers to himself, and thinks that he alone can deserve them.

The romance-writer is persuaded, that his labours require the highest degree of invention and delicacy of mind, though he allows that the Poet has some right to dispute it with him. The Metaphysician, by a very different merit, would snatch the palm from both: he fancies that he only is the source of evidence, and the confidant of nature.

"I alone," says he, "can generalize ideas, and discover the seeds of those events which daily unfold themselves in the physical and moral world; by me alone man is enlightened."

The Poet considers the Metaphysician as a solemn fool, who is busied about words, and rates him accordingly.

"You perplex the head," says he, "with endless distinctions, and employ many words without meaning; you may sometimes hit upon truth, but you cannot bring it home to the heart. It is not in the works of Aristotle, but in those of Homer, that conviction is to be found: man is influenced by motives, not by arguments. The discoveries of your art are doubtful, the effects of mine are certain."

By speeches like these do those three men shew their contempt for each other; and, in such a dispute, should they call in the politician as an arbitrator, he would shew an equal contempt for all of them.

"You know," he would say, "that the arts and sciences are only serious trifles and vain subtilties. We may apply ourselves to them in infancy, in order to exercise the mind; but it is only the knowledge of the public good, the interest of the community to which we belong, that ought to engage the minds of men of genius, arrived at the years of discretion. Every other object is little, when compared with the vast machine of policy:"—Whence he would conclude, that he alone is worthy of universal admiration.

But let us suppose a natural philosopher to have listened to this conclusion of the politician.

"You deceive yourself," he will immediately reply: "for if greatness of mind is to be measured by the greatness of the objects about which we are conversant, it is I alone who am truly worthy of esteem. A single discovery of mine changes the interest of nations. I rub a needle upon the loadstone, and enclose it within a box: America is discovered. The settlers dig mines: a thousand vessels, loaded with gold, divide the waves of the Atlantic, pour out their treasures in Europe, and the face of the political world is changed.

"Always occupied about great objects," continues he, "if I retire to solitude and silence, it is not to study the little revolutions of empires, but those of the universe; it is not to penetrate the trifling secrets of courts, but those of nature: I discover how the sea has formed mountains, and how it has encroached upon the earth; I measure both the force that moves the stars, and the extent of the luminous circles they describe in the azure vault of Heaven; I calculate their magnitude, compare it with that of the earth, and blush at the smallness of the spot I inhabit. If I am ashamed of the hive, judge what contempt I must feel for the insects who people it!—The greatest legislator, in my eye, is no more than the king of bees."

In this manner do all classes and all societies of men endeavour to

prove that they are superior to the rest, and deal out their contempt accordingly.

We may therefore venture to lay it down as a fixed position, that it is personal interest, differently modified, which produces such an astonishing diversity of human opinions, and which is the sole dispenser of praise and blame between particular societies as well as individuals.

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## *THE CHARACTER OF WALLER,*

### AS A MAN AND A POET.

BY MR. PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

THE endowments of Waller's mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are so subject to the fascination of externals, that the effects of the most elevated genius and virtue are greatly obstructed by personal disadvantages. Worth, covered by deformity, gains upon us but by slow approaches, and must not expect to be generally well received till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with personal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye surveys, the mind wishes to esteem and to admire.

Waller's person was handsome and graceful. That delicacy of soul which produces instinctive propriety gave him an easy manner, which was improved and finished by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourse with the great. The symmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aspect; and his eye was animated with sentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verse, was musical and flowing. In the senate, indeed, it often assumed a vigorous and majestic tone, which, it must be owned, is not a leading characteristic of his numbers.

He was so happily formed for society, that his company was sought for by those who detested his principles and his conduct. He must have had very engaging qualities who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced and exasperated parties; and who had the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the persons of either sex of the times in which he lived, who were most distinguished for their rank and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorset, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he spent many of his social hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that his conversation was chastised by politeness, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his disposition, were strictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like most men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair sex: but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery; nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth prostituted to profaneness and infidelity. Irreligion and

intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they have now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had such familiar intercourse, as we can ascribe to an individual of the present age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof against its licentiousness. He rebuked the impious wit of the libertine even before a King who was destitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jest upon that sacred truth which it was his duty to defend and to maintain *.

But his virtue was more theoretic than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetic shade, and the ease of society; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his trial was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject: yet the alarming occasion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themselves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in some measure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the discipline of philosophy to practice, would rather have suffered death than purchased life with the ignominy which it cost Waller. But let us recollect that Providence is very rarely lavish of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen; because his character comprised not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That he greatly improved our language and versification, and that his works gave a new æra to English poetry, was allowed by his cotemporaries, nor has it ever been disputed by good critics. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller say, that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's translation of the Godfrey of Bulloigne. Whoever reads that translation, and compares it with our Author's poetry, will see in how rude a state English verse was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from him. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but such a writer would be as much inferior to Waller in absolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy past excellence, as it is easier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the West Indies, first atchieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are now often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuses admiration to the inventor of Fluxions, and to the discoverer of America?

Ease, gallantry, and wit, are the principal constituents of his poetry; though he is frequently plaintive with tenderness, and serious with dignity. But impartiality must acknowledge that his muse seldom reaches the sublime. She is characterised by the softer graces, not by grandeur and majesty. It is her province to draw sportive or

* On his death-bed Waller told Dr. Birch, his son-in-law, that he was once at Court when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before King Charles the Second, and that he told him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did. But I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will." STEWARD'S ANECDOTES, 2d Edit. Vol. ii. p. 94.

elegiac notes from the lyre; not to sound the trumpet, and inflame the soul.

Hitherto we have remarked our Author's beauties; we must now mention his faults. Undistinguished praise is as weak as it is unjust; it neither does credit to the encomiast, nor to the person commended. Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amusement of the gentleman was not sufficiently tempered with the care and circumspection of the Author. He sometimes prefers a point more brilliant than acute to a manly and forcible sentiment; and sometimes violates the simplicity of nature for the conceit of antithesis. In his fondness of simile he is apt to lose the merit of a good by the addition of a bad one; in which he sacrifices truth and propriety to sound and splendour. These faults, however, we must, in a great measure, impute to the rudeness of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence, or the immediate influence of example, and partly from necessity.

Waller's works will always hold a considerable rank in English poetry. His great abilities as a statesman and an orator are indisputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by those whose minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted with their own failings; who consider the violence of the times in which he lived, and who are accustomed to think before they decide.

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## *A METHOD OF ENCREASING POTATOES,*

BY MR. JOHN LOCKETT OF DONNINGTON, NEAR NEWBURY,

*As recorded in the 13th Vol. of the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and for which the Society returned him their thanks.*

SIR,

HAVING lately seen in the news-papers various methods proposed in order to increase and multiply Potatoes in the most effectual manner, I take the liberty of sending you an experiment which I have repeatedly made; also a method to procure plants in a very cheap and easy way; not after such as the present winter, but after a mild winter, when the frost has penetrated but a small distance below the urface of the ground.

First, as to the Experiment: I took three potatoes, the 17th of December 1793, and put them into a small cask, and placed the cask in a cellar; the 10th of March I took off 15 shoots from them, and planted them with a setting or dibbling stick, in the same manner as cabbage plants, about one foot square: the 16th of April, I took 21 more shoots, from the same three potatoes, and planted them as before: on the 22d of May I took 25 shoots more and planted them also, and then washed and boiled the said three potatoes, which proved very good to eat. I had, from the said 61 shoots, as many potatoes as weighed 92lbs. notwithstanding the rooks did me much damage.

My method of procuring plants, after a mild winter, is to go (about the month of May) over the fields where potatoes were planted the preceding year, and pull up from among the corn all the shoots produced by the potatoes left in the ground the preceding autumn which had escaped the digger, and plant these shoots in the same manner as above, viz. the same as cabbage plants.

I am, &c.

*Donnington, March* 1, 1795. JOHN LOCKETT.

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# *NEW SOUTH WALES.*

TO THE

## EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your Magazine for last month an extract from a letter giving some account of *Botany Bay*, I conceived the following additional particulars might not be deemed entirely uninteresting. I received the information from my brother, on his return from a voyage to the above place, where he stopped some weeks; and his account was corroborated by a very judicious acquaintance, who went, at the same time, as Mate on board one of the transports employed to carry over the convicts to the Settlement at *Port Jackson.*

*September* 1795. G.

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IN this vast tract of country there seem to be scarce any regular returns of seasons, which must be a great impediment to cultivation. There are instances, at uncertain periods, of no rain for six months together; thunder and lightning are almost continual on the coast, but seldom attended with dangerous consequences. This country, the soil of which is light, abounds with wood and a wonderful and beautiful variety of *botanical* productions.

The natives, who do not appear to be numerous, have very unhandsome features, are savage, almost in the literal sense of the word; perfidious and revengeful, and, except a few who have had some intercourse with the settlers, go entirely naked: they seem to be almost altogether ignorant of the manner of constructing a hut or any kind of habitation, living in holes in the rocks, when not employed in procuring their food, &c. Huts were erected for several of them, but were soon abandoned.

Their subsistence is principally obtained from fishing, at which they are expert, though with wretched materials: they have a method of using a kind of spear to strike the fish with, very long, with several prongs, pointed with pieces of the bones of the *Kangaroo*, fastened on with a kind of black gum and sharpened with a shell, having no iron instruments. Most of them are usually armed with a club, or rather cudgel, of a hard heavy wood, sharp at one end; and many

with a sort of spear, or dart, extremely long (generally pointed in the same manner as the fishing instrument), and a kind of wooden sling to throw them with, which they use very dexterously, throwing with precision to a very considerable distance, as several of the convicts have fatally experienced. Some of these instruments are a little carved with shells, but in a rude manner. The writer of this has in his possession specimens of the different instruments, &c. similar ones to most of which are deposited in Parkinson's Museum.

It is said, these people worship the sun, and that their marriages are solemnized by the man's striking the woman on the head with a *womrah* (cudgel), and sucking the blood from the wound *.

The most conciliatory measures have all along been adopted, in order to their civilization, but generally speaking they are shy and unsocial. They learn the English language with facility: their own (if it deserves to be called one) seems very mean and nowise comprehensive.

On Governor Phillip's return to England, two of the natives came over, who appeared to be tolerably civilized. Several of the different kinds of animals, of which there is not a great variety of species, were brought over at the same time; and likewise specimens of the plants, &c. which are preserved in one of the Royal Gardens.

The animals in this country, the Kangaroo excepted, are not particularly interesting to the naturalist. Their dogs, called by the natives *Jungoos*, resemble both the wolf and fox, but the latter most. A dog and bitch were brought to England, which had a fierce aspect, but were both very tame, though the female had been caught wild. These animals are not kept domestically by the natives, but *eaten* by them, and are said to be good food, especially if properly fattened for the purpose: but the *Kangaroo* is the animal most useful to the natives, the bones of which, as well as the flesh and skin, are to them very valuable; and that and the dog are the only quadrupeds yet discovered of which the flesh is eatable. There are Opossums, Guanoes †, a wild cat, nearly of the form and size of a weazel, and spotted like a leopard; a flying squirrel; a rat, of the size and colour of the common Norway rat, resembling the Kangaroo, the hinder being much longer than the fore legs, and snakes of a great length. On the rocky shore, at low water mark, are abundance of oysters uncommonly large and fine.

Here is a great variety of birds, of the most beautiful plumage; those resembling ours very large, comparatively. Paroquets, extremely numerous; variety of pigeons; a magpie, nearly the same as ours, but rather blacker; a tall long-legged bird, of a cream colour, very large, called an *Humoo*, somewhat like an ostrich; and (*rara avis*) a black swan, or at least a large aquatic fowl of that colour, having great resemblance to it.

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* It is remarkable that amongst the ancient Medes, who likewise paid adoration to the Sun, the man and woman, on this occasion, made incisions in each other's arms and sucked the blood. See ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

† A harmless animal of the shape of a Lizard, but nearly of the size of a man's arm, having specks on the skin of a gold colour, not peculiar to that country.

A kind of black grape grows here wild, and a plant bearing a leaf resembling that of the bay-tree, of a sweet taste, which is used by the convicts as a substitute for tea, and called by them *sweet tea*: it is likewise brewed and kept in vessels for drinking, affording a pleasant beverage; and, when used medicinally, is found to be very salutary.

The noted *Barrington* was appointed Constable of a small fertile island belonging to the Settlement, called *Norfolk Island* (as was represented in the public papers), conducting himself with much propriety in, as he termed it, the *New Arcadia*.

A great number of convicts died at this expensive Settlement at one period, apparently, it is said, more from a scarcity of provisions than any other cause; but the colony is now in a more flourishing state, and it is hoped will continue to improve.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN a book which lately fell into my hands, called "NATURE DISPLAYED," I met with the following speculations on the EARLY HISTORY of MASONRY; which, as they do not seem at all to interfere with the more regularly-arranged History of which you give us a portion in each Number, you may perhaps oblige others by inserting, as well as your occasional Correspondent,

S. J.

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THE Society of Masons was first formed in Egypt, the mother and nurse of arts and sciences, where they all originated.

This seems no more than natural, for the probability is very great that Egypt was the first land which emerged from the ocean, and is consequently the oldest country in the world. Moses, who was by no means friendly to the Egyptians, yet ingenuously acknowledges that they were the wisest people on the earth.

From the earliest ages, the ascent to which it is impossible to reach, as men discovered any art, or improved any science (in a state of society), they felt the necessity of communicating them for their own sakes, that they might be supported and assisted. To promote their lucrative views, it was also necessary that such communications should be confined to as few in number as possible.

It was unavoidably requisite, that every member of the society should be laid under the most solemn obligation to preserve the various deposits intrusted to him from all those who were not entitled to similar emoluments.

As architecture was of the highest consequence to mankind, with respect to utility, convenience, and magnificence, the Masons were the only persons to be applied to on this account. No other persons were capable of planning or erecting edifices adapted to usefulness or splendour.

It is remarkable, that these philosophers, in every age and every nation, distinguished themselves by the appellation which in all ages signifies a *Mason*. It is true that every Fellow-craft, before he obtained the dignity of a Master-mason, must have made great proficiency in grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

The Masons had long confined all the sciences within the limits of their own fraternity, till they admitted amongst them those travelling Greek philosophers who visited Egypt in search of knowledge.—They indeed were not very scrupulous in pursuing the means of obtaining science by any sacrifice, nor less nice or conscientious in divulging those secrets which were under the strongest obligation imparted to them.

Euclid first made public all he had learned of geometry; the higher part of the mathematics he had not acquired. The application of this science to the measurement of land, building, and various other arts, was so obvious, that many ingenious Greeks availed themselves of it, to the no small detriment of the Masons.

This, as it was the first, was the severest blow our society ever felt. Some of them to this day assert, and seriously too, that the extraordinary death of this apostate was a judgment on him for the breach of his obligation; an eagle, mistaking his bald head for a stone, having dropped a tortoise on it to crush the shell.

Pythagoras resided more years in Egypt than any other Grecian philosopher. On his return he enjoined a three years inviolable silence on all his pupils. He revealed to his countrymen several of the secrets of Masons, viz. the seven different tints of the colorific principle; the seven tones in music, and the true system of astronomy, which placed the sun in the centre; the eight revolving planets with their attendants; the advent of comets, from one system to another, of which each star is a central sun.

Not being furnished with instruments capable of discovering the two most distant planets beyond the orbit of Saturn, his astronomy was turned into ridicule, by a people whose natural frivolity gave them a disgust to strong thinking, and whose vanity precluded close and severe examination of imported erudition. His school fell into disrepute, and he himself into neglect, though one of the best informed, and perhaps the wisest, of all their philosophers.

Aristotle studied grammar, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, metaphysics, and some other sciences among the Egyptian Masons. He conveyed a fund of knowledge to mankind which he had no right to communicate. Much indeed of what he learned he has misplaced and disfigured in his writings. He has misrepresented some of their finest sentiments, not so much for want of judgment as taste; partly perhaps to amuse his readers, and partly from vanity.

Of all the Grecian philosophers who visited Egypt, and had the honour of being admited among the Masons (which by the way they carefully concealed), the most disingenuous was Plato. The sciences of theology, ethics, and metaphysics, were his peculiar favourites.

Whether from some regard to the sacredness of his obligation, or whether it was to adapt his doctrines to the taste of a volatile people, he has so hashed and frittered those things which he learned, so disguised, mangled, and involved them, that it would almost puzzle a Mason to separate the grain from the chaff, in the confused mass of his various treatises. A few Masonic jewels sparkle among them.

The Masons did not suffer only from treacherous brethren; they felt the cruellest strokes from the iron hand of power, which ought to have been exerted for their protection and security. Cambyses, the Persian monarch, made a complete conquest of Egypt.

He sternly demanded an account of *their* masonic doctrines; but on refusal, without his submission to the usual ceremonies of obligation, this haughty prince, with his wonted temerity, resolved on the total extermination of the Masons.

Fierce and implacable, he destroyed all those that were assembled, burned their lodges, and sacrificed every individual of them that could be met with. A considerable number of our brethren had sufficient courage and conduct (what might not such men perform!) to emigrate to an oasis, about three hundred leagues distant from hence.

An oasis, of which there are several in Africa, is a sort of island in the midst of burning sands.

*This* is about fourscore leagues, or two hundred and forty miles in length, and sixty in breadth; abounding with every necessary and convenience of life; the rivers lose themselves in the sands, while every vegetable and animal is to be met with that can be found on the rest of the globe.

It was inhabited by a few innocent and simple people, who received the Masons, with open arms. The arts and sciences are there still cultivated to the highest perfection. *There*, and there only, remains all the knowledge and learning of the ancient world of Masons.

Cambyses sent an army of seventy thousand men to pursue and destroy them. This army were all buried in a whirlwind of sand.

He sent a second more numerous, which shared the same fate.

It is said, that some Masons, disguised, were employed as guides, who knew when and where those violent gusts arise, and voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the preservation of their brethren.

Cambyses raised a third army for the same purpose, determined to lead it himself; his death defeated the project.

These facts are all well known and attested by Asiatic historians.—From that day to this no one has ever visited this oasis, except Alexander the Macedonian, and a few of his followers.

Alexander lost the greatest part of his people, and suffered incredible hardships himself before he reached this oasis. What was an Alexander not equal to? He was highly pleased with his entertainment *there*, and they taught their royal visitor to return in safety.—Though it is next to impossible to arrive there, it is seldom more than thirty or forty years that a few do not venture to visit Egypt, yet no one attempts (though he longs in vain) to return.

Of the scattered remains of the Masons, some emigrated to the East, and settled in China. Some wandered into Europe, particularly the northern parts, who assumed the name of Druids. These still retained their unalterable attachment to masonry and secrecy, and never committed any of their knowledge to writing. They have indeed left many astonishing instances of it behind them in the erection of their Stone Calendar *. The æra of *their* fabrication may be easily ascertained by calculating the precision of the equinoxes; their skill in perspective is displayed in them.

These are falsely and foolishly termed by Europeans, Druidical Temples; for nothing was more repugnant to their religious principles than to worship the Deity in any cheiropoitic image.

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REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE

## *LIFE OF THE DUKE OF GUISE.*

[*From* "SEWARD'S ANECDOTES."]

THE Duke was married to a Princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty, and from living in a very gallant court, that of Catharine de Medicis, was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which a handsome young man of the name of St. Maigrin entertained for her. Catharine de Medicis having on some particular day invited the principal ladies at the court to a ball and supper, at which each of them was to be served by the young noblemen of the court, who were to be dressed in the liveries of their mistresses, the Duke very anxiously intreated the Duchess not to be present, telling her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but that as the Public had talked pretty freely about her and St. Maigrin, it was much better that she should not go, and afford fresh matter for scandal. The Duchess pleaded in excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Duchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed. She had, however, scarcely lain herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise enter the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door, and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her in a firm and determined tone of voice: "Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this bason of broth." The Duchess, suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her Confessor before she drank it. The Duke told her again that she must drink it; and the Duchess, finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon

* Stonehenge, Staunton Drew, &c.

as she had done this, he went out of the room, having locked the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and, with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madám, I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear too that I have been the cause of this: judge then, Madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this. Take comfort, however; you have, I assure you, nothing to fear. I am willing to believe, in my turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of. But however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with one another."

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SINGULAR INSTANCE OF

## *FACILITY IN LITERARY COMPOSITION.*

[*From the Same.*]

IT is said in the History of the Life of LOPE DE VEGA (a Spanish writer), that no less than 1800 comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales* (a kind of sacred drama) exceed 400; besides which there is a Collection of his Poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

There was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, or child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a Prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no Saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish; no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as Secretary or President. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lope took the first act and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan, seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

## *A SWEDISH ANECDOTE.*

*Of an* HERB *possessing the Power of taking away Speech, and of another by the Use of which it may be restored.*

IN the year 1772, a Finlandman brought a ship-load of wood to sell in Stockholm. The soldiers who were upon guard at the time this ship arrived formed a plan amongst themselves to cheat the poor man of part of his small wood; and, to carry it effectually into execution, it was agreed that one of them should pick a quarrel with this harmless Finlandman, and from words should, as quick as possible, fall to blows with him. The plan thus concerted, one of the soldiers began to load the Finlandman with much abuse; but he, pretending not to understand the Swedish language, took no notice of the abuse, but, in his own country dialect, told the soldier to be silent, otherwise he would soon make him so. This answer of the Finlandman, though delivered in an unknown tongue, was accompanied with such expressive gesticulations, that the soldier was not at a loss to guess the meaning of it, which exasperated him the more, and accordingly he began afresh to curse and d—n the Finlandman with the bitterest execrations. The latter then pretended to be very sorry for having given the soldier any occasion to put himself into so terrible a passion, and with fair speech, and humble voice, soothed and coaxed the soldier till he got him within his reach; when slyly taking an herb out of his pouch, he rubbed it in a violent manner all over the jaws and mouth of the soldier, who, to the great astonishment and terror of his comrades, was instantly stricken dumb.—This event alarmed the whole garrison, and the head officer then on duty put the Finlandman and soldier both under an arrest. The affair came before a civil court of judicature, and the Finlandman declared, that, in his own defence, he had done nothing more than make use of an herb, which, on briskly chafing the lips of any man with it, has the power of depriving the persons so chaffed of the use of speech. The Court deeming this violent, though *natural*, mode of doing one's self justice not strictly justifiable, were going to pass sentence upon him; but the Finlandman begged he might be heard a few words. This request being granted, the honest Finlandman replied, that had he totally deprived the Soldier of his use of speech he would not pretend to justify his own conduct; but as the herb which he had made use of occasioned only a temporary deprivation of speech, and the power of that herb might be counteracted in half a minute's time, by the application of another herb which he had then in his pocket, he hoped the Judges would release him, on condition of his restoring the Soldier to the use of his speech. This request being also granted, the Finlandman applied the antidotal herb to the Soldier's mouth, and the dumb man instantly recovered his speech. The Society of Arts and Sciences established at Stockholm, when they heard of the surprizing power of these two herbs, sent for the Finlandman, and offered him a reward of 250 dollars for the discovery of them; but the offer was not accepted.

# *ACCOUNT OF THOMAS TOPHAM,*

## THE STRONG MAN.

*From* "HUTTON'S HISTORY OF DERBY."

WE learnt from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength; as breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c.—But, however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of diputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he would clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were, rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arms length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head.—The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation.—He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight—lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth.—He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand—his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another. Four people, fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure—he struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ (then the only one in Derby) at St. Werburgh's church, but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human.

Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insult of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow from him would for ever have silenced those heroes of the fist, Johnson and Mendoza.

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## *SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,*

### ON MONOPOLIES.

*The following celebrated Speech was delivered by Queen Elizabeth, in answer to a* Remonstrance *made by the House of Commons, on the Subject of Monopolies; and it is not unseasonably introduced now, as Monopolies were never more complained of than at present.*

GENTLEMEN, I owe you hearty thanks and commendations for your good-will towards me, not only in your hearts and thoughts, but which you have openly expressed and declared, whereby you have recalled me from an error, proceeding from my ignorance, not my will. I hear things had undeservedly turned to my disgrace (to whom nothing is more dear than the safety and love of my people), had not such harpies and horse-leeches as these been made known and discovered to me by you. I had rather my heart or hand should perish, than that either my heart or hand should allow such privilege to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal Majesty hath not so blinded my eyes, that licentious power should prevail more with me than justice. The glory of the name of a King may deceive Princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient: but I am none of those Princes; for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment seat. I think myself most happy, that by God's assistance I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth in all respects, and that I have such subjects as for their good I would willingly leave both kingdom and life also. I beseech you, that whatever misdemeanors or miscarriages others are guilty of by their false suggestions, may not be imputed to me. Let the testimony of a clear conscience entirely in all respects excuse me.—You are not ignorant that Princes servants are oftentimes too much set upon their own private advantage, that the truth is frequently concealed from Princes, and they cannot themselves look narrowly into all things; upon whose shoulders lieth continually the heavy weight of the greatest and most important affairs.

## DIRECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
# *RELATIVE TO FOOD.*

THE following Directions and Observations were drawn up a few years ago for the use of a person in an extremely weak state of health. A strict regard to them was followed by very salutary consequences to that person; it is therefore apprehended, that an attention to them will be beneficial to others.

A person of a moist habit ought, for the most part, to eat things of a dry nature.

A person of a dry habit ought, for the most part, to eat things of a moist nature.

A person of a disposition to grow fat ought, for the most part, to eat things of a lean nature.

A person of a disposition to grow lean ought, for the most part, to eat things of a fat nature.

A person of a cold habit ought to eat and drink things of a warmer nature, than would be proper for a person of warm habit.

Every thing which is eaten ought to be well chewed; because it is thereby reduced into smaller parts, and a greater quantity of saliva is mixed therewith; and consequently the first concoction is rendered more easy.

If one thing of a fat nature and another of a lean nature are to be eaten at the same meal, the former ought to be first eaten: because the fumes, which frequently arise in the concoction thereof, are not so likely to arise, when that is deposited at the bottom of the stomach, and the thing of a lean nature upon it; as if the latter had been deposited at the bottom of the stomach, and the thing of a fat nature thereupon.

It is wholesome to drink often at meals, and but little at a time; because that which is eaten is thereby more intimately mixed with that which is drunk, and consequently the first concoction is rendered more easy.

It is not wholesome to drink any strong liquor before the eating part of a meal is finished: in as much as nothing does so much conduce to the perfection of the first concoction, as that what is eaten should to a certain degree be mixed with small liquor, before any strong liquor is drunk.

Strong liquor ought to be drunk with some freedom by persons in years; after the eating part of a meal is finished; because, as the natural heat is in them become faint, the warmth thereof is necessary to the perfection of the first concoction: but the drinking of too much strong liquor, even by old men, is unwholesome; for, by stimulating the stomach too sharply, it does frequently occasion a discharge of the meal before it is perfectly concocted.

Young persons, to whom the warmth of strong liquor is not necessary to the perfection of the first concoction, the natural heat being

in them strong, ought to drink very little thereof after the eating part of a meal is finished.

The strong liquor, which is drunk after the eating part of a meal is finished, ought to be drunk soon after, that the first concoction may not be disturbed by a continuance of drinking.

It is not wholesome to make a meal before the desire of eating and drinking comes on; for the stomach is never discharged of the last meal until this does come on; and if the stomach be not discharged of the last meal, it is not ready for the concoction of a new meal. On the other hand, it is not proper to delay the making of a meal any considerable time after the desire of eating and drinking comes on, lest the stomach, whilst in a state of craving, should draw to itself noxious humours from the neighbouring parts.

If what has been said, namely, that it is the business of the first concoction to reduce all that has been eaten and drunk at a meal into one uniform mass, be true, it is evident that this business must be better and more speedily done, when only a few things than when a great variety have been eaten and drunk of at the same meal.

It is unwholesome to eat and drink too little at a meal; for if that which is eaten and drunk at a meal do not bear a due proportion to the size of the stomach, the stomach cannot be so contracted as that its concoctive power may be exerted with proper force: but it is vastly more unwholesome to eat and drink too much at a meal; for, besides that when the stomach is too much distended its concoctive power cannot be exerted with proper force, the tone of the stomach is in danger of being hurt by the too great distention. Another inconvenience frequently arises from eating and drinking too much at a meal; namely, that the fumes produced by the first concoction of a very large meal fly up to the head and bring on sleep, which is prejudicial.

The meal made at supper ought to be a moderate one; for as the time of sleeping, which usually commences soon after supper, is the proper time for the second concoction, if the concoctive faculty be diverted during sleep from the business of the second concoction, in order to do the business of the first concoction of a large meal, the second concoction cannot be so well performed.

A person in years ought to make more meals in a day than one who is younger; but he ought not to eat much at a meal: because as the natural heat, which is necessary to the perfection of the first concoction, is in him become faint, there would be danger from eating much at a meal of extinguishing it entirely; in the same manner as the faint flame of a lamp is sometimes extinguished by the putting of too much oil at one time into the lamp.

Such persons as labour much or use much exercise ought to eat more at a meal, and of things of a more nutritious nature, than persons who lead a sedentary life.

It is unwholesome to eat between two meals; for if this be done before the concoction of the former meal is finished, it obstructs this; and if it be done after, it lessens the appetite for the next meal.

A lesser quantity ought to be eaten, and a greater quantity ought to be drunk at a meal in the summer than in the winter.

That which is eaten in the summer ought to be easier of concoction than that which is eaten in the winter.

The flesh which is eaten in the summer ought in the general to be boiled; and that which is eaten in the winter ought in the general to be roasted: but it never ought to be over-boiled or over-roasted; because it would thereby be in some measure deprived of its more nutritious juices.

The liquor, which is drunk after the eating part of a meal is finished, ought not to be so strong in summer as in the winter.

In the spring and autumn a middle way, both as to the quantity and quality of what is eaten or drank, between that which ought to be done in summer and that which ought to be done in winter, should be pursued.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THAT eminent philanthropist Mr. Jonas Hanway has not exchanged this world for a better long enough to be as yet out of the remembrance of those that knew and revered his virtues. To such as loved and esteemed him as highly as your present correspondent, nothing which serves as an additional illustration of his character will be looked upon with an eye of indifference. And from this persuasion I am induced to send you the following inscription, found, on the removal of his effects from his dwelling-house in Red-lion-square, on a large copper-plate, three feet eight inches by two feet seven inches, in a gilt frame. It was secreted behind a chest of drawers; and on a strip of paper was written,

"To be delivered to . . . . . one of my executors, if he thinks it worth his acceptance."

His executor not only thought it worthy of his acceptance, but of a place in the room in which he generally lives; and very few days pass over his head wherein he does not look at it with a particular application of his mind to the character of his friend, who has caused himself to be represented under the three following descriptions: 1. An Infant weeping: 2. A Youth shipwrecked: 3. An old Man dead on his Pillow. Each of these pictures has a surrounding inscription.

The first:

"Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards."

The second:

"On my fleeting hours depends eternity."

On this youth is an hour-glass, and, at his feet, a scroll, on which is inscribed the family-motto, "Never despair."

The third inscription is,

"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

The figure round which this last sentiment is inscribed is so exact a representation of the original when the soul had taken its flight from the body, that it is impossible to behold it without being sensibly affected at the sight.

The following monumental inscription is included in a space bounded on each side by a burning taper nearly extinguished. It is not presented to you, Mr. Editor, or to your readers, as a specimen of superior merit respecting its composition, but as the genuine effusion of that heart, out of the abundance of which not only his mouth spake, but which also gave energy to a life most honourable to himself, most consolatory to the afflicted, and most beneficial to his country:

" I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that I also
shall rise again from the grave.
JONAS HANWAY, Esq.
who, trusting in that good Providence
which so visibly governs the world,
passed through variety of fortunes in patience.
Living the greatest part of his days in foreign lands,
ruled by arbitrary power,
he received the deeper impression of the happy
Constitution
of his own country;
whilst the persuasive laws contained
in the New Testament,
and the consciousness of his own depravity,
softened his heart to a sense of the various wants
of his fellow-creatures.
Reader,
enquire no farther.
The Lord have mercy on his soul and thine!
Apprehensive of the too partial regard of his nearest
friends,
and esteeming plain truths above the proudest
trophies
of monumental flattery,
at the age of 51 he caused
this plate and inscription to be made."

Having had occasion to mention Mr. Hanway's motto, " Never despair," I am tempted to trouble you with a circumstance which happened to fall within my own knowledge.

A young adventurer, who came to London, like many others, to seek for advancement in life by the exertion of those abilities for which sufficient scope was not found in a distant part of the kingdom, had been some time labouring against the stream; and, though possessed of very considerable abilities, met not with that encouragement which he had reason to hope for.

He was reduced to his last guinea, and had determined to employ it in conveying him back to his own native country; when, passing

by the Royal Exchange, he saw this good man's carriage standing there, on which he read "Never despair." He considered the admonition as addressed to himself; he laid aside his purpose for the moment; his affairs took a sudden favourable turn; he by degrees got himself established in a lucrative employment, and is since dead, possessed of an ample fortune, the acquisition of which he always imputed, under the divine blessing, to this incidental circumstance.

AMICUS.

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FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

## *THE WORM AND BUTTERFLY.*

### A FABLE.

A Gay Butterfly, in the month of May, as he was fluttering upon the top of a honeysuckle, spied a Worm crawling up a small twig: Alas! said the Butterfly, poor reptile, thou hast had a sore toil to get up thus high, and art now more exposed to danger than when thou keptst thyself snug under a cabbage-leaf. That I feel to my sad experience, replied the Worm, for much toil and danger have I had in getting hither, almost run through the body by the prickles of the sweet brier, and nearly lashed to death by twigs when beat about by the wind; and now I feel myself exposed to be picked up by every bird that flies over my head: but under the cabbage-leaf I lived in obscurity; and though, to own the truth, the cabbage was a sweeter food than any I have tasted since I left it, yet I was ambitious to climb up higher, that I might see more of this world I have got into. And what have you seen, said the Butterfly, to compensate all this trouble? Nothing, said the Worm, but that, whether I am high or low, I am a reptile still; and I cannot conceive for what purpose such creatures as we are should be here, to drag out so uneasy and painful a life, and yet be so anxious to preserve it; had I wings like you, to fly about, to bask in the sun, to fly from one flower to another, and sip the early dew, and chuse what place I please to retire to when darkness comes, a life such as that would be worth preserving. Your complaints are just, replied the Butterfly; I have experienced your distress; for last year I was such as you, and made the same moan. At the approach of winter, I wrapt myself in a beech-leaf, spun myself a clothing of wool, and prepared to pass the cold weather in the best manner I could: the leaf, my habitation, dropt from the tree it grew upon: the snow fell, and frost bound me to the ground: in this dark and lonesome habitation I lay till a few days ago, that I found I had power to cut through my prison, and to my great surprise found myself changed from what you are, to what I am now.—I wish, said the Worm, that I could believe you. I am afraid you only tell me this to flatter me, and to make me contented

with my condition, and that you are a creature of another species, and never was such a thing as I am; for how can one pass from one body to another? I did not pass from one body to another, replied the Butterfly. This is the body I formerly inhabited, but it underwent a change in my torpid state, and a happy change: I have now no anxiety to procure my food, my body requires none. A sip of dew, which I can subsist without, is all I take, more for the pleasure of the coolness it affords than any thing else. I will believe you, said the Worm, because it has opened to me a hope my most ardent wishes could not have inspired me with, and sure I am I never could have conceived such a thing posible, had I not been told it by one who had experienced it. I shall never be enough grateful to you for this information, as I find already it has made my present condition light, and in place of deploring myself as I have done, shall rejoice that I have ever been a reptile, as without it I could never be a Butterfly.

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## *PROCESS to deprive TREACLE of its disagreeable TASTE, and to render it capable of being employed for many Purposes, instead of SUGAR.*

THE price of refined sugar deprives a great number of persons of a wholesome aliment, to which they have been accustomed; among the methods which have been proposed to compensate the loss of sugar, the use of purified treacle is one of the least expensive.—The following is a process given by M. Cadet (Devaux) in the *Feuille de Cultivateur*, founded upon experiments made by Mr. Lowitz, of Petersburgh.

| | |
|---|---|
| Take of treacle, | 24 pounds. |
| —— of water, | 24 pounds. |
| —— of charcoal, thoroughly burnt, | 6 pounds. |

Bruise the charcoal grossly, mix the three substances in a caldron, and let the mixture boil gently upon a clear wood-fire: after it has boiled for half an hour, pour the liquor through a straining bag, and then replace it upon the fire, that the superfluous water may be evaporated, and that the treacle may be brought to its original consistence.

There is little or no loss by this operation, as twenty-four pounds of treacle give nearly the same quantity of syrup.

This process has been repeated in the large way, and has succeeded; the treacle is sensibly ameliorated, so that it may be used for many dishes: nevertheless those with milk, and the fine or aromatic *liqueurs*, are not near so good as with sugar.

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## *ANECDOTE.*

THE late Earl of Chesterfield, a few days before his death, being congratulated by a Gentleman, who met his carriage driving pompously slow in Hyde Park, upon his Lordship's being able to enjoy the benefit of the air—answered, "Enjoy the air! No, Sir; I am only rehearsing my funeral."

## THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THISTLE.

### A FABLE.

A THISTLE happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner: "Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink, as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance; nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenged." "Our tempers and qualities," replied the other, "are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends, on the whole, to preserve my tranquillity. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper and revengeful disposition will, probably, one time or other be the cause of your destruction." While they were thus arguing the point, the Gardener came with his little spaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant; but, perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

## FRENCH ARROGANCE PROPERLY REBUKED.

THE Abbe Nollet, whose admirable philosophical writings have rendered him eminent throughout Europe, waited on the then Dauphin of France with his works, which, it seems, that Prince had desired to see; on coming into his presence, Nollet was treated with a haughtiness which his spirit could by no means brook; the Dauphin carelessly looked at the book, which was entitled *Leçons de Physique*, and with singular coldness and indelicacy returned it to the Author, saying conceitedly, he "never read those sort of books;" on which Nollet bowed, held out the book in his hand, and looking his Highness full in the face, boldly said, *Voulez vous me permettre que je les laisse dans votre anti-chambre? il s'y trouvera, peut-etre, des gens d'esprit qui les liront avec plaisir:* "Will you permit me, Sir, to leave it in your antichamber? perhaps some persons of taste or genius may accidentally find it there, and read it with pleasure."

## A CAUTION TO THE AVARICIOUS.

WHEN Soladin, the great Emperor of the Turks, was dying, he commanded that no solemnity should be used at his funeral; but that his shirt, in the manner of an ensign, made fast to the point of a launce, should be carried before his dead body, a plain Priest going before and crying thus aloud to the people: "Soladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in this life, carrieth with him after his death nothing more than his shirt to the grave."

## *A WELL-TIMED REBUKE.*

### FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

PHILINDA in the bloom of youth and beauty soon became conscious of her charms. Like other comely maids, she arrayed herself in gaudy apparel, and constantly consulted her mirrour. Her brother, a grave and formal philosopher, celebrated for his genius and erudition, declaimed against the vanity of the sex. "Have a care," said Philinda with a smile, "lest the charge be retorted. Hourly I take counsel with my mirrour, and hourly you recite your own compositions."

## *NAVAL ANECDOTE.*

DURING the blowing weather which the English squadron experienced on their passage to Quiberon Bay, two of Admiral Sir Edward Pellew's men fell overboard, on which the Admiral jumped overboard after them, and with great difficulty and danger saved them both.—Unfortunately, however, when Sir Edward was getting out of the water, one of the sailors threw a hook to assist them, which caught him in the face, and hurt him very much.

## TO THE EDITOR.

*St. Luke, chap. 14. ver. 13. "But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, "the lame and blind."*

*St. Matthew, chap. 13. ver. 36. "And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave "thanks, and brake them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude."*

WATER wherein fish are boiled contains their best juices, and is generally thrown away, together with the boilings of most meat, in gentlemen's and in eating houses. It is hoped, however, that the masters of families will give orders to their servants to make the same into broth, with broken bread, thickened with some oatmeal, and the refuse part of vegetables used in their kitchens, and given to the poor. By this method each family may subsist five or six poor persons for a year at the light expence of so many shillings, which will be very acceptable in the ensuing cold weather.

TO MAKE A GOOD AND CHEAP POTTAGE.—Take three pounds of the Stickings of Beef, or part of the Shin, or any of the coarse or cheap parts, put this into eleven quarts of water, after boiling two hours add one pound of Scotch Barley, and let it boil four hours more, during this time six pounds of Potatoes are to be added, half a pound of Onions or Leeks, Parsley, Thyme, or Savory, a due proportion. Season the whole with pepper and salt.

In London, or large towns, bones may be procured from the Butchers, which will answer the purpose as well, and come much cheaper.

N. B. In summer, Turnips and Carrots may supply the place of Barley, but it must be made thick. Meat of the above description costs 3d. per pound. Your pot must boil over a slow fire.

# POETRY.

## *PROLOGUE,*

SPOKEN BY BROTHER JOHN JACKSON, ESQ.*
*Afterwards* PATENTEE *of the Theatre-Royal,* EDINBURGH,
BEFORE THE PLAY OF
*THE RECRUITING OFFICER,*
BY DESIRE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST WORSHIPFUL
EARL OF ELGIN,
GRAND MASTER *of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of* FREE *and* ACCEPTED MASONS, *April* 17, 1762, *A. L.* 5762.

WHEN THE GRAND MASTER, AND GREAT LORD OF ALL,
Call'd up from *Chaos* this terrestrial ball,
HE gave THE WORD, and swift o'er eldest *Night*
Beam'd *the first* dawning of celestial *Light.*
CONFUSION heard HIS voice, and murm'ring fled,
Whilst ORDER rul'd, and triumph'd in its stead;
Discordant atoms rang'd from pole to pole,
Forgot to jar, and PEACE possess'd the whole:
The fiercest foes in mutual *concord* strove,
And all (at once) was HARMONY and LOVE.

BY this example taught, FREEMASONS join,
And full in sight pursue THE HEAVENLY SIGN.
With LOVE'S firm bands connected, hand in hand,
*On* FRIENDSHIP'S *solid base* secure we stand,
While *Confidence* and *Trust,* by turns imprest,
Beam *Heavenly Influence* on each conscious breast.
No party feuds, no fierce intestine jars,
No senseless tumults, no pernicious wars,
Disturb our calm repose, where PEACE alone,
In decent *Order,* fills *the friendly Throne.*

Can WISDOM'S self a nobler method find
To charm the soul, and harmonize mankind,
Than jests like ours, who labour still to prove
*Unblemish'd* TRUTH, *firm* FAITH *and mutual* LOVE?
And Ye (*unconscious of* THE HEAVENLY RAY)
Who smile, perhaps, at what these numbers say,
Confine the rash reproach, and, warn'd, forbear
To spurn our Laws, because *some* Brothers err.
In NATURE'S fairest products faults arise,
But *shall we thence all Harmony despise?*
Or think creation's beauteous scheme *undone,*
*Because some specks appear upon the Sun?*

## *IMPROMPTU,*

*On its being said of a Person that he started at his own Shadow.*
BY DR. PERFECT.

THAT guilty villain starts with conscious fear,
As Satan started at Ithuriel's spear.

* In the character of a Master Mason.

## *THE SUNDERLAND VOLUNTEERS.*

BY J. F. S.

Tune, "*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

WHEN the dark clouds of war rise and threaten to pour
From their full stores of woe the big deluge around,
When hostile swords point to the temperate shore,
And the clangour of arms makes the vallies resound——
As the foe sweeps the main, see the herdsman and swain,
Change the scythe for the falchion and rush to the plain
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

Batavia's false fleet and the legions of France,
Exultingly vain, menace Britain's domain:
They vauntingly boast, o'er the liquid expanse
To direct their fierce way, and our country profane;
But her sons hear the sound, their patriot hearts bound,
And from commerce and tillage they rush to the ground
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

Let the wan slaves of tyrants, or anarchy's band,
Be reluctantly yok'd to Bellona's grim car;
Or torn from their shades by Democracy's hand,
Let crowds urge, unwilling, the desperate war;
Be, Britons, *your* boast, to meet the proud host,
And, as Freemen, advance to the dignified post
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

When the sons of creation first planted our isle,
In the crystalline waters, and bade it be free,
A mild constitution was fixed in the soil,
Freed from Anarchy's maze, or the Despot's decree.
As the structure arose—British heroes inclose,
In impregnable bands, to defend from all foes;
And the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

This fabric thus plann'd in the councils of Heaven,
Uprear'd and improv'd by the labours of Time,
To guard from invaders to us it is given——
Our fathers have bled in a cause so sublime.
Rouse, Britons, once more—'midst the cannon's wide roar—
Your Genius precedes you, and points to the shore
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

## *IMPROMPTU,*

*On hearing a Song from a Gentleman remarkably thin.*

BY DR. PERFECT.

WHO says you sing, or ill or well,
Must say you tune a *Vocal Shell.*

AGAIN.

'TIS true he tunes a *vocal shell,*
The thought is good indeed,
But might it not be quite as well,
To say a *Vocal Reed.*

# *MONSIEUR TONSON.*

## A TALE.

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd TOM KING,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite *the thing*.

To many a jovial Club this KING was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice Spirit, grave Freemason, Buck, and Blood,
Would crowd his Stories and *Bon Mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown:
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game 'till he had run it down.

One night our Hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight;—
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, Foreign Artizans,
Known at that time by name of Refugees—
The rod of Persecution from their home
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of Bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our Hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
"I'll ask," says KING, "if THOMPSON lodges here"—
"THOMPSON," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," KING replies, "but want to see
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rush-light's trembling flame,
The other held the thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our Wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
"I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
"Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd KING, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
"But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear—
"I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
"If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrug'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
"No, Sare; no Monsieur TONSON loges here."

Our Wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But KING resolv'd not thus to drop the jest;
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd,—but waited longer than before,
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound—
KING, with the knocker, thunder'd then again
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last, KING hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep:
The Wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprize,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
"No Monsieur TONSON in de varld I know,
"No Monsieur TONSON here—I toll you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur TONSON here."

Some more excuses tender'd, off KING goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his odd career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here!"

Our sportive Wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling Maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire;
He said, "'Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He should not stir till he had seen her Master."

The Damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumber to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
KING told her, she must fetch her Master down,
A chaise was ready—he was leaving Town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When KING attack'd him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
" Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?—
" Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
" Cot tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here."

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his Wife,
Which should descend to chase the fiend away:
At length to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our Hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The *name* of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With—" Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our Hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King, expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our Wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime;
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot:
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
" Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said:
" My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
" Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's Wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonish'd hears:

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
" Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

## SONNET.

HAPLY the swain that o'er yon mountain's brow
With merry minstrelsy awakes the morn,
When SPRING with beauty decks the vale below,
Or WINTER reigns in gloomy pomp forlorn!
He, happy youth, to kinder fortune born,
Ne'er knew the piercing pangs that I have prov'd,
From *Friendship* dear and sweet retirement torn,
From all who lov'd me—and from all I lov'd!
Life's fairest blessings destin'd to forego,
For years of pain, anxiety, and care,
To droop beneath the weight of mental woe;
Ills which this heart but little knows to bear.
This easy heart which bleeds when others groan,
And mourns their sorrows, while it weeps its own!

## STRICTURES ON *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

*Sept.* 21. MR. TOMS, from the Norwich Theatre, appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, in the character of *Romeo;* but the attempt was so unsuccessful, that we trust Mr. T.'s own good sense will point out to him the propriety of submitting to act in a more subordinate cast of characters till by longer acquaintance with the stage, and indefatigable assiduity, he shall have attained that rank which can only be justly considered as the reward of industry; a rank to which not one candidate in a thousand can successfully aspire at once by the mere force of genius.

25. Mr. and Mrs. KNIGHT, from Bath, appeared for the first time at the same Theatre, in the characters of *Jacob* and *Bridget* in Miss LEE's agreeable comedy the *Chapter of Accidents*, and were both received with considerable applause very justly bestowed.

*Oct.* 5. At Covent Garden, a Mrs. SERRES, sister in-law of Mr. Cramer, the celebrated musician, appeared for the first time in the character of *Rosetta* in *Love in a Village*, and with such power and sweetness of voice as to render it most probable that she will in a short time become a leading favourite with the town. A more deliberate pronunciation, and less flutter in her action, seems all that is necessary to make her so.

8. At the same theatre a Miss MANSELL made her *debut* as *Sophia* in the *Road to Ruin*, and with such extraordinary proofs of ability as we have seldom witnessed at a first appearance. Miss M. must certainly be considered as a valuable acquisition to the Stage.

21. A Comedy called "THE DEPENDENT," written by Mr. CUMBERLAND, was performed for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre; but with very strong marks of disapprobation. It had neither plot, incident, originality of character, nor force of language to recommend it.

The business of the piece chiefly rests on the story of a Gentleman reduced by adversity to the situation of *Dependent* upon a Nobleman who is his rival in love. This is all that we shall say; our inclination is not to dwell on faults, particularly where they appear as specks upon the sun. Mr. Cumberland we consider as beyond comparison the best play-wright of the present day, Mr. Sheridan excepted; and his failure in this instance we consider with the same indulgence as we grant to Dryden's exploded pieces, attributing them to an injudicious engagement which it is reported he is under, to produce a certain number of plays within a limited time.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE French have made a considerable and almost unobstructed progress in Germany. Since our last, Manheim and other places of less consequence have surrendered to their arms.

The leaders in the Dutch republic have adjudged the Stadtholder to be guilty of High Treason for giving orders to the Governor of Surinam in South America to surrender that place to the British troops.

Some serious disturbances have taken place in Corsica; but by the intrepid measures of Sir Gilbert Elliot, seconded by the influence of Paoli, they have for the greater part subsided.

The French Convention have decreed the incorporation of Belgium and other conquered countries with the French Republic, thereby realizing the projects of the *Brissotin* Ministry, in extending their boundary to the banks of the *Rhine*. The effect which this immense acquisition of territory, and consequent augmentation of power, will have upon the present system of European politics, a short time must demonstrate.

### PARIS.

The Public have been long prepared to hear of some violent explosion bursting forth in Paris, resulting from the odium in which the Convention is held, not only in the capital, but through many of the departments, in consequence of the decrees passed for re-electing two-thirds of its own body, and for dissolving the Primary Assemblies by force.

Beside these two decrees, the Sections had become extremely irritated against the Convention for having convened so large a military force around Paris, and armed a number of persons disgorged from the prisons where they were confined for their atrocious murders, in order to act against the Sections. The latter were now determined to be no longer inactive, and accordingly, in the night of the 4th October, and early on the 5th instant, several of the Sections shewed themselves in open insurrection. The Section of *Lepelletier* took the lead, and flew to arms. Some other Sections followed the example. The Convention, on hearing of this revolt, sent an armed force to subdue it; but in consequence of a parley between the Commander MENOU and the Chiefs of the Sections, the military retired.

The Section however appears to have taken advantage of this interval in fortifying itself more strongly against the troops of the Convention; which, finding that the Section continued to be extremely disorderly, ordered the troops to march a second time against it; and here a very violent affray ensued, in which many were killed on both sides. The firing continued through the whole of that day, and the conflict did not cease till the 7th, when tranquillity was restored.

The destruction of two thousand of the National Guards evidently shews that the resistance made by the Sections, though short, was desperate. The Convention have begun to exercise the power which they obtained by this victory, for the consolidation of their own authority. They have established Military Commissions, and many of their adversaries have been already tried, and some executed.

### HAMBURGH, *Oct. 6.*

The Regency of his Majesty's German territories has at length acceded to the treaty of Basle, and these countries will henceforward be considered as neutral, and defended as such by Prussia. On this account the Hanoverian army will be put upon the peace establishment. But it has been found expedient to send all the emigrant legions, and their mercenary troops, out of the Electoral dominions of Hanover. Nothing but the very critical situation of the Electorate has dictated the adoption of such a measure, which may be considered as merely prudential and time-serving.

## HOME NEWS,

*Extract of a Letter from* NORWAY, *Sept. 7.*

YOU think, no doubt, the Norwegians are a tame, half frozen, passive kind of beings. If you knew them as well as I, you would be of a contrary opinion. Mr. ———, one of the *Ampmen* (something like your Lords Lieutenant of counties) lately evinced a disposition that did not please the people. A number of them assembled, marched to his house in a very peaceable manner, bearing a coffin, with this inscription on the plate:—"Here lies the body of ———, who was buried alive for his injustice to the inhabitants of ———." He was shewn the inscription, and as he did not wish at the time to accept of the favour, he promised to redress what he had done amiss; which he did. This affair having come to the ears of the Crown Prince, his Highness enquired into it, found the people had just cause of complaint, and, in order to take away the *effect*, immediately removed the *cause*.

SEPT. 26. About four o'clock in the afternoon the new Iron Bridge over the river Team, at Stamford, in Worcestershire, suddenly gave way, completely across the centre of the arch, and the whole of this elegant structure was instantly immersed in the flood. In the fall, the bars were all disjointed, and some of them, which struck againt the abutments, were shivered into many pieces. At the moment of the crash, which was instantaneous, a man and boy were upon the bridge; the former with great presence of mind leaped into the river, and swam safe to shore; and it is a circumstance truly surprising, that, though the boy went down with the fragments, he was also extricated unhurt. The bridge had been made passable, and only wanted the finishing of the side-rails towards its completion; but no carriages had yet passed over it. The people employed had not left their work above an hour, and were at an adjoining public-house, receiving their wages, when the alarm was given. The span of this bridge was about ninety feet; and the misfortune is generally imputed to the slightness of the iron work, which was several tons lighter than the celebrated bridge at Colebrook Dale. The mason-work remains uninjured.

OCT. 2. As Marquis Townsend was shooting at Packsfield, near Rainham, attended by his gamekeeper, Charles White, the Marquis having got over a hedge, White was delivering the gun to him through the hedge, when unfortunately it went off, and the contents lodged in White's thigh, who died on Sunday afternoon, though every possible assistance was administered. The Marquis has made a very liberal provision for the family of the gamekeeper.

### DISCOVERY OF A GOLD MINE.

*Dublin, Oct.* 11. I sit down with pleasure, and under the influence of a good deal of agreeable surprise, to give you some information upon which you may positively rely, touching a subject which has here excited much conversation, and which, near as we are to the source of the fact (38 miles), has been very generally treated as a fable, or an imposture. I was, myself, one of the most obdurate of the unbelievers; but convinced by sight and touch, supported by an authority I cannot in the most distant sense doubt, it would be ridiculous to persevere in my infidelity.

You have no doubt read in some of our newspapers, an account of a Gold Mine discovered in the Wicklow mountains, and of considerable quantities of gold found there being sold in Dublin by the country people. The news writers, in dearth of intelligence, are sometimes, you know, obliged to delve a little in the mines of fancy, and create a few wonders, to stay the insatiable appetite of public curiosity. But this, I assure you, is not the case with the gold mine in question; for it is a positive fact; and the account I give you is not from vague report, but from the lips of a very particular friend of mine, a goldsmith and jeweller of this city, who has been the whole of the last week at the mine, from whence he returned late last night, and from which he has brought a sample of this precious metal, six ounces weight, and for which he positively paid, in the state it came from the earth, without smelting or refining, 4l. sterling per ounce; such is the extraordinary purity and fineness of the gold, and so well are the country people who find it acquainted with its value. This specimen lies,

at the moment I write, before me: it is in lumps from an ounce and a half to half an ounce and a pennyweight: it is in the state which nature formed it, amongst the sand and pebbles, which are washed from it: it is totally free from quartz or any other mixture.

The description my friend gives of the place is briefly this: the stream, from the banks and bed of which the gold is got, is about two feet wide, and runs in a sharp valley between two steep mountains, the one called Bally-an-vally, and the other Bally-na-sullogue, about four miles from Arklow, on the Wicklow side: this stream, gushing from the side of a hill, runs a course of about three miles between those two mountains, which ascend steeply on each side from its brink, and terminates in a little bog or moor, where its waters mix with those of the swamp; and in this bog, and along the bed of this streamlet, the search for gold has for some weeks past been directed with astonishing success. The miners, who seek it, are but very ill skilled in the science of mineralogy; they are the simple peasantry of the neighbourhood, and either pursue their search by scrambling in the sand and mud, or by digging holes at random from the sides of the stream into the base of the mountains, of various depths, from two to five feet, where they find the metal in its rude state in the fissures of the broken rock, or attached to lumps of quartz or petrified water. While the men pursue this laborious part of the work, the women carefully wash the bog-mud, sand, and exfoliated clay, in large wooden platters, and find the gold in small flat grains like battered shot, but quite pure. In this wild manner only has the search hitherto gone forward; and my friend assures me, that a quantity worth twelve or fourteen thousand pounds has thus been procured within a very few weeks. Before he went to the country, a country fellow came into his shop, and offered him for sale a quantity of about ten pounds weight, in grains and lumps, and demanded for it 4l. per ounce; but he did not then think fit to purchase it. A vast quantity has, however, been sold in town in various weights.

In the last three weeks there has been an irregular encampment of the *mountain tartars* at the place, to the number of about four thousand, interspered with plenty of ale and whisky tents. The gold-finders work day and night, and such is the avidity, that the labourers have quitted their harvest and consigned it to rot on the surface of the earth in order to seek a golden harvest in its bowels; even the servant maids of all the surrounding farmers, and even of Arklow town, have quitted their places, and betaken themselves to the adventurous researches of this *New Peru*.

My friend saw in the hands of a Mr. Atkinson, agent to Lord Carysfort, on whose estate part of this mine is situated, a lump of quartz, with an incrustation of pure gold attached to it, for which he offered him 80 guineas, but the sum was refused. A weaver in the neighbourhood has had in use, for the last ten years, a lump of rich gold ore, which he used as a two pound weight; and since which he had broken several pieces with an hammer, in order to adjust it to this weight, believing it to be nothing better than a lump of rich copper ore, with which the mountains in the neighbourhood abound. The famous mine of Ballymurtagh, working at present by Carnack and Co. being but seven miles from the place. The two pound weight, however, has been consigned to the crucible, and turned out a treasure.

The discovery of this gold mine there is not new, though it has been a secret in the family of the Rosils, thereabouts, upwards of thirteen years, who found and sold considerable quantities of it from time to time; but a junior branch of the family, in company with an older friend, when he found a large lump of gold, claimed half, but was refused: and on threatening to disclose the family secret, received a desperate beating, which prompted him to fulfil his threats, and thus the matter got wind.

The bowels of the adjacent mountains may be, as they are conjectured to be, full of gold, from those unusually rich specimens that have been so abundantly found. The owners of the soil, and to whom the royalties belong, are Lord Carysfort, the Earl of Arran, and the Earl of Ormond.

I feel, that while I relate to you these circumstances, you will still feel some qualms of incredulity; but you may safely rest satisfied of the facts I state, which can be attested by a thousand affidavits, if necessary.

HEREFORD, *Oct.* 14.

On Monday last was committed to our county gaol, by William Barrow, Esq. George Crosseley, charged, on the oath of Jacob Isgar, with forging a will, jointly with Sir John Brigges, and others, purporting to be the last will and testament of Henry Lewis, late of Hyggs, in the county of Monmouth, clerk, with intent to defraud the heir at law. Suspicion first arose of Crosseley's being concerned in the above forgery, in consequence of a letter found in searching the house of Richard Holland, of the Graig, in the county of Monmouth (not yet taken), who also stands charged with being a confederate with Isgar and Austin, now in custody, and Sir J. Brigges. Isgar has been admitted King's evidence, and a warrant for the apprehension of Crosseley was last week sent up to Bow-street, where it was backed by one of the sitting Magistrates, and he was in consequence taken on Wednesday last by the officer belonging to that office; his person being identified, he was sent under an escort to this city, and underwent an examination on Monday last, when he was committed to take his trial at our next assizes. Crosseley has six children, and was apprehended at his house in the Adelphi, London, whilst shaving himself.

EARL OF RADNOR'S LETTER.

The Earl of Radnor's letter to the Mayor of Salisbury, on the Corporation of that City taking possession of the New Council-House, which was built at his Lordship's sole expence.

SIR, *Camp near Folkstone, Sept.* 14, 1795.

The time is at last arrived when I can announce to you, and I do it with real pleasure, that my engagement, entered on your minutes July 9, 1787, is performed. The New Council-House is ready for your acceptance; I trust you will find it to your perfect satisfaction.

Honoured as my family has been by you upon various occasions, and especially by the delegation of different individuals of it, during a period of more than half a century, without a single interruption, to represent your city in Parliament, a circumstance seldom parallelled in the annals of this kingdom, I am proud to deliver to you a monument of my respect, gratitude and attachment.

If the genuine principles of loyalty, if the love of legal freedom, if the habitual observance of municipal decorum, if a manly sense of individual independence, shall migrate with you to your new Council-House, and continue the characteristics of the members of this body, I shall (zealous as I am for your welfare, and sharing in your credit) have reason to be proud indeed. It is an anxious wish of my heart, that it may not in after times ever be suggested, that with the remains of our old, homely, but venerable building, disappeared the simplicity of manners, the disinterestedness of conduct, the consistency of character, of the citizens of Salisbury. I have the honour, Sir, to be, with much respect and esteem, your faithful and very obedient and humble servant,

*To the Worshipful the Mayor of Salisbury.* RADNOR.

HAIR POWDER.

The approach of winter, to reason from the past, boding the approach of much dissipation, and consequently of dress, we cannot resist the powerful impulse which impels us to exhort, that powder may not constitute a part of that dress.—The reason for exhorting to this forbearance, if such it can be called, are of the utmost importance. We believe, though there are those who controvert such an idea, that the apprehensions of scarcity have been justly founded, and that the stock of old corn in the kingdom was nearly exhausted. The harvest has been, it is true, in some places abundant, but in others it has not exceeded a moderate crop.—Under these circumstances, therefore, the utmost circumspection is necessary to avert the return of a danger with which we have been threatened. We mean that of famine.

The method we propose of alleviating this danger is easy, and in the power of every one, viz. the forbearing to wear powder. Various objections have been urged against this, but all of them too futile to have any weight with a reflecting mind. Gray hairs, a bald head, hair apt to come off, looking undressed, catch-

ing cold, being a badge of party, are the principal of them. Let any one consider for a moment, and then say whether there is any thing like reason in any one of them. Are gray hairs or a bald head a disgrace? Are they not in the course of time as natural to us as the full flowing and perfect coloured hair once was? Why then strive to conceal them by artificial means, and consume, unnecessarily, an article of the most essential importance to the support of life, and of which, if it does not create a scarcity, it enhances the price to the half-starved poor. As to its benefiting the hair when it is apt to come off, we shall, without entering into the physical truth or falsehood of the idea, only ask if it is not better to lose every hair of the head, than to hazard robbing the hungry child of its scanty morsel. The looking undressed, if it could really be so, is a contemptible plea, and any body who will think for a moment, must see it to be the effect of custom only. Let powder be universally laid aside, and the eye, then accustomed to the hair as nature gives it to us, will consider it just as much dressed, and perhaps somewhat neater, than when loaded with grease and dust. They will then, perhaps, find out also that nature gives a better shade to the face than art. The catching cold may be an inconvenience of a few days, but there it will end; and even this may probably be avoided, by forbearing for a day or two to put fresh powder in, before it is quite taken out. To such as cannot comply with a plan of general utility, because they were preceded in it by those of different political opinions from themselves, and to whom they fear to be thought converts, we can suggest an easy method of obviating this difficulty. Let the leaving off powder be universal, and it cannot then be a badge of any thing but the philanthropic wish, to alleviate the miseries of a large and useful portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, by rendering more plentiful, and of course cheaper, the prime support of existence.

To those who are considerate enough to attend to this suggestion, it can hardly be requisite to mention the unnecessary consumption of flour, in cakes, and various other luxuries, which they will of course lay aside.

To a country calling itself Christian, and necessarily therefore believing in a day of future retribution, we think it is not an improper question to ask, whether it can be supposed, when called to an account "for brethren an hungred and not fed," that it will be received as an excuse, that fashion had made it necessary for us to use so much of what should have been bread for our hair, and the other luxuries of life, that the starving of the poor was unavoidable.

*Generosity.*—A short time since, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Lancashire Regiment, doing duty at Dover Castle, opened a subscription, and collected 17l. 17s. 6d. which they applied to the noble purpose of liberating a poor old man confined in the prison there for debt.

Two strange gentlemen passing through Haverfordwest, called at the Castle, where was an old man in gaol for about 8l. which they immediately discharged, and gave him half-a-crown to defray his expences home.

*A Singular Pair.*—There are two well dressed men upon the town, and genteely connected, that procure a tolerable income by the following practices: the one of them lives by *summoning* and *fining* Hackney Coachmen; the other by going to clubs and public dinners, and *changing of hats!*

*Criminals.*—In Scotland, at the late assizes for Inverness, one Jane Macdonald was sentenced to be banished for seven years "*beyond seas,*" for *child-stealing!* and one Essie Fraser only banished to England for *child-murder!*

The Dutchess of York, one of the most amiable women in this country, amongst other exertions for the benefit of the poor near Oatlands, has erected a Stocking Manufactory.—The making of *legs* she leaves to other branches of the family.

The Princess of Wales's *accouchement* is expected very early in January.

A plan has been laid before Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, by an Irish gentleman of the name of Fenar, for clothing and educating the children of the Irish peasants.

*Gallic Humour.*—The French, even amidst their horrors, still contrive to mix a share of their national pleasantry. They lately put on board some barges near

Coblentz a number of stuffed figures, clothed in the National uniform. As these new warriors floated down the stream, they were saluted by a tremendous fire from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and all the redoubts in its environs.

The boats, however, still floated down the stream, and the *troops* on board faced the storm of bombs and balls with *intrepid calmness*. The alarm of the Austrians increased, and their troops were drawn up in battle array, until, with equal surprize and shame, they discerned the *quality* of their *stoical opponents!*

This joke cost the people of Coblentz rather dear; the Austrians, in the first impulse of their indignation, having destroyed several of their houses by a shower of bombs.

A curious circumstance occurred lately at Brighton. Sir John Lade, for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley *on his back*, from opposite the Pavilion twice round the Steine. Several ladies attended to be spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying a giant. When his Lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to *strip*. "Strip!" exclaimed the other; "Why surely you promised to carry me in my clothes!"—"By no means," replied the Baronet; "I engaged to carry *you*, but not an inch of clothes. So therefore, my Lord, make ready, and let us not *disappoint* the ladies." After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager, the Peer declining to exhibit *in puris naturalibus*.

A Gazette of this month announced a commission of bankruptcy issued against a person in the *Land* of *Promise!*—If dockets were to be struck against all persons in that extensive *district*, the sheets of the Gazette would soon swell to the size of the *Statutes at Large*.

Anecdote.—A lady of some rank in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the British Convention, having a large company at her house, and the conversation turning upon the said Assembly—*Parliamentary Reform, Equality, Rights of the People*, &c.—sagaciously observed, that the vulgar, *now-a days*, meddled with things which did not belong to them—that mankind were naturally divided into two classes—that, for her part, she could not help comparing the higher classes to *China Ware*, and the lower sort to *common Crockery*. Being in her own house, however, no person ventured to dissent from her in opinion; but soon afterwards, her young family being mentioned, the company present expressed a desire of seeing her son, an infant then in the nurse's arms; on which she ordered the footman to tell the nursery-maid to bring him down. The man, who had listened with more attention than satisfaction to the distinction just before drawn by his lady, in obedience to her commands left the room—but leaving the door open, he called out with a loud voice, at the foot of the stairs, "*Crockery*, bring down *young China*." The company laughed incontinently—the lady reddened like a turkey-cock—and the facetious footman was immediately discharged.

College Anecdote.—The late Dutchess Dowager of Bedford meeting once a *Cambridge* Student, asked him how her Noble Relation did? "Truly, Madam, (says he) he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catharine Hall*," (the name of a College there). "I vow (said her Grace) I feared as much—for he had always a hankering after the *wenches!*"

Anecdote.—The Marquis del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador, now about to leave this kingdom, has always enjoyed here a greater portion of the Royal favour than was ever bestowed on any Member of the Diplomatic Corps. It originated in the following circumstance, which is not generally known:—At the time when the phrenzy of Margaret Nicholson prompted her to attack the life of our Sovereign, the Marquis, with that readiness of apprehension which marks the man fitted for great occasions, immediately took a post-chaise and set off for Windsor.—He entered into conversation with her Majesty, and prevented her, as was his object, from being disturbed by any idle rumours, until his Majesty arrived; bringing himself the news of the traitorous attempt, and the full assurance of its failure!

Agriculture.—If *Dibbling*, instead of *Broadcast*, was wholly practised, it would produce a saving in wheat annually of 320,000 quarters, besides giving employment to a great number of children.

## PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Joseph Jowett, L. L. D. to the Vicarage of Weathersfield in Essex. The Rev. William Walford, M. A. to the rectory of Long Stratton in Norfolk. The Rev. Manning Holden, L. L. B. to the consolidated rectories of Weeting All Saint's and St. Mary's in Norfolk. The Rev. John Gutch, M. A. to the rectory of St. Clement's, Oxford. William Cobbold, A. B. fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, appointed head master of Magdalen school. The Rev. Edward Ellerton, A. M. of University College, appointed second master of the same school, in the room of the Rev. Mr. Salter, resigned. Rev. John Salter, A. M. second master of Magdalen College school, Oxford, appointed head master of New College school, in the room of the Rev. Henry Bright, A. M. resigned. Rev. Theophilus Hastings, M. A. Vicar of Belton in Leicestershire, to the rectory of East and West Leke in Nottinghamshire. Rev. Mr. Freer, to the livings of Thurnby and Stoughton in Leicestershire. Rev. Arnold Carter, one of the Minor Canons of Rochester, to the vicarage of St. Margaret's next that city. Rev. Thomas Bowman, curate of Hesle to the rectory of Whitecombe in Somersetshire. Rev. Mr. Backhouse, to the rectory of Upper Deal. Rev. James Hodgson, appointed Chaplain to the Royal Church of the Savoy, London. Rev. Mr. Markham, and the Rev. Mr. Watkins, elected joint Evening Lecturers, at St. Dunstan's Church, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Romaine. Rev. Matthew Booker, of Alcester, to the vicarage of Hitchenden, in the county of Bucks. Rev. John Grey, B. A. to the Hospital and Prebendary of Heitsbury. Rev. S. T. Wylde, M. A. to the living of Burrington. Rev. Mr. Goode, curate to the late Mr. Romaine, appointed by the Lord Chancellor, in consequence of a petition from the parish of St. Anne's Blackfriars, to succeed that gentleman in the living. Dr. Ainslie, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, elected Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. Rev. N. Jones, to the valuable living of Lewisham, in Kent. Mr. Cuthbert, from the Admiralty, appointed to succeed Mr. Margetson as Secretary to the Navy Board.

### PROMOTIONS IN THE IRISH PEERAGE.

To Robert Viscount Leitrim, and heirs, the dignity of Earl of Leitrim. To Charles Lord Lucan, and heirs, the dignity of Earl of Lucan. To Luke Lord Mountjoy, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Mountjoy. To Robert Lord Londonderry, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Castlereagh. To Laurence Harman, Lord Oxmantown, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Oxmantown. To John Lord O'Neil, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount O'Neil. To Francis Lord Bandon, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Bandon. To Mrs. Ann Wolfe, wife of the Right Honourable Arthur Wolfe, the dignity of a Baroness, by the title of Lady Kilwarden, Baroness of Kilteel in the county of Kildare, and to the heirs male of her body by the said Arthur Wolfe, the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Lord Kilwarden, Baron of Kilteel aforesaid. To the Right Honourable Richard Longfield, and heirs, the dignity of Baron Longueville. To Sir Ralph Payne, Baronet, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and heirs, the dignity of Baron Lavington. To Thomas Boothby Parkyns, Esq. and heirs, the dignity of Baron Rancliffe.

## MARRIAGES.

Honoratus Leigh Thomas, Esq. of Pall-Mall, to Miss Cruikshank of Leicester Square. Thomas Beevor, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. to Miss Hare, only daughter of Hugh Hare, Esq. at his house in Hargham, Norfolk. Wm Markham, Esq. of Becca Lodge, Yorkshire, eldest son of the Archbishop of York, to Miss Elizabeth Bowles, fifth daughter of Oldfield Bowles, Esq. At Witham, John Luard, Esq. Captain of the Harriet Packet, to Miss Charlotte Kynaston, of Witham Grove, Essex. At Stapleford Abbott, in Essex, the Rev. W. Gould, D. D. rector of that place, to Miss Gordon, of Bromley, Middlesex. In Ireland, the Hon. Robert Leeson, to Miss Grace Head, of Derry. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Capt. William Rutherford, of the Navy, to Miss Richardson, of Queen-street. At Littleham, Devonshire, George Stevens, Esq. Commander of the Ceres East-Indiaman, to Miss Hamilton, of Bristol. At Burnham, Essex, Mr. Hawkins, merchant of that place, to Mrs. Eve, widow of the late Mr. Elias Eve. On this occasion 50l. was distributed to the poor in bread, &c. At Sidmouth, Arnold Langley, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. to Miss Ormsby, eldest daughter of the late Edward Ormsby, of Henley, in the county of Oxford, Esq.

## DEATHS.

At his house in Park Street, Francis Russell, Esq. F. R. S. and F. S. A. Solicitor to the Board of Controul, and Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall. Aged 71, the Rev. Mr. Naish, Rector of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate-street. At his house at Muswell-Hill, the Rev. and learned Samuel Stennett, D. D. At Mill-Hill, Middlesex, Michael Collinson, Esq. aged 67, long an eminent Member of the Royal Society, by which he was distinguished for his knowledge in Natural History, and the attention he gave to Botanical subjects in particular. At Lymington, Dr. Adair Crawford, one of the Physicians to St. Thomas's Hospital, and Professor of Chemistry at Woolwich. At Stowe in the Would, Henry Hippesley Coxe, Esq. Member for the county of Somerset. Mr. W. Goldsmith, Bookseller, of Warwick Court, Newgate-street. On the 12th of June, at St. Pierre's in the Island of Martinico, Captain Peter Judd, of the 34th Regiment. On board the Houghton, on the 10th of February last, on his passage from Bengal, John Craigie, M. D. in the Service of the Hon. East-India Company. At his seat at Clonbrock, in Galway, Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock. In the West Indies, Capt. George James Riddell, of the 61st regiment of foot. At Oxford, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, M. A. Head-Master of Magdalen School, one of the City Lecturers, and Rector of Lillington Lovell, in Buckinghamshire. Admiral Elliot, of Copford, in Essex. At Cape Nichola Mole, St. Domingo, Major Glyn, the only son of Sir George Glyn, Bart. of Ewell, Surrey. *That justly celebrated and eminently useful character, Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley.* [See page 219.] *The Rev. and learned Dr. Andrew Kippis. The Right Hon. Lord Macdonald.*

## BANKRUPTS.

John Eves, of Leather Lane, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Burgiss, of Shacklewell, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Parry, of Size-lane, Bucklersbury, warehouseman. John Mellier, of Crooked-lane, London, school-master. Robert Bradley, of Storrs, in Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, paper-maker. William Froggat of Friday-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. Abraham Small, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, stationer. Jacob Palmer, of North Walsham, Norfolk, miller. Samuel Cooke, of Manchester, breeches maker. Samuel Blower, of St. John's street, Middlesex, tallow-melter. John Atkin, of Dudley, Worcestershire, corn and flour factor. Matthew Holmes, of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, carpenter. James Morley of Nottingham, hosier. William Beach, of Birmingham, brass-founder. Jacob Thomas Spiedell, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-hall-factor. William Small, of Dean-street, Soho, toyman. Jonathan Burnup, of Bedfordbury, Covent-Garden, taylor. James Smith Barr, of Bridges-street, Covent-Garden, printer. Peter Wallace, of Edgware Road, St. Mary-le-bone, carpenter. Thomas Goodeve, of Greek-street, Soho, carpenter. William Dickie, of the Strand, stationer. Edward Single and Joseph Single, of Chard, Somersetshire, carriers. Thomas Tyler, of Minchin-Hampton, Gloucestershire, victualler. John Coates the younger, of Coventry, tallow-chandler. James Farlo, of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, stationer. William Westerman, partner with John Westerman, of Bermondsey-street, Southwark, Surrey, plumber. John Boudsher, of Corsham, Wiltshire, butcher. Joseph Taylor, of Manchester, machine-maker. Richard Bland, of Stockport, Chester, cotton-manufacturer. Thomas Scot, of Shakespear's Walk, Shadwell, broker. Richard Jeston Case, of Northumberland Street, Strand, wine and spirit merchant. Henry Webb, of Little College-street, Westminster, carpenter. Joseph Mullet, of Cerne Abbas, Dorsetshire, dealer. Edward Haigh, of Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. Joseph Biddle, of Esher, Surrey, mealman. John Pomier, of Berner's-street, Middlesex, Jeweller. Thomas Bodman, of East-lane, Rotherhithe, Surrey, boat-builder. Matthew Knight, of Gun-Dock, Wapping, sail-maker. Mark Hesp, of St. Maurice in the Suburbs, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. Robert Hill and Christopher Goodman, of Old Change, London, linen-drapers and copartners. Arnall Cooper Fayerman, of Loddon, in Norfolk, tanner. Isaac Postlethwaite, of Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, currier. Welby King the younger, and Samuel Cooper the younger, both of the borough of Leicester, victuallers. Wiliam Cave, of Nottingham, perfumer. Samuel Shepherd, of Penrith, Cumberland, mercer and draper. James Everard, of the Land of Promise, Hoxton, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas O'Reilly, of Portsmouth Point, Hants, woollen-draper. William Butlin, of Bishopsgate-street, London, grocer. William Heyes, of Gainsburgh, Lincolnshire, mercer.

SUPERSEDED. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

## For NOVEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH A SECOND ENGRAVING OF THE

ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.

CONTENTS.




*LONDON:*

Printed for the PROPRIETOR;

Sold by J. PARSONS, No. 21. PATERNOSTER-ROW; and may be had of all the Booksellers and Newscarriers in Town and Country.

## TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

With the Magazine for December, which will be published on the First of January 1796, will be given, over and above the usual Quantity of Letter-press, No. II. of the MASONIC DIRECTORY, of which the First Number was published with the Magazine for June 1795. Such Brethren as are desirous of having their Names inserted are requested to send, before the 20th of December, their *Christian and Surnames, Places of Abode, Trade or Profession*, the *Number of the Lodge to which they belong*, and the *Office* (if any) *which they hold therein*, to the Proprietor at the British Letter Foundry, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, where Names are registered at 6d. each.—Particulars of the Plan and Design of this DIRECTORY will be found in our Magazine for February 1795, p. 127, and at the end of Vol. IV.

The Proprietor hopes in the course of next Month to be favoured with some Particulars of the NEW SCHOOL HOUSE *in St. George's Fields*, to accompany and illustrate the accurate ENGRAVINGS given of that Building in our last and present Numbers.

At the desire of several of our Subscribers and Correspondents, we have determined on discontinuing in this Work The PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. It is obvious that as our Work embraces two Objects, the Elucidation of the Subject of Freemasonry, and General Instruction and Entertainment, it is incompatible with our wish of furnishing the necessary Variety on those Topics, to allot any Portion of the Magazine to Senatorial Reports; and when it is considered how *very brief and unsatisfactory* we must necessarily have been on that head, and how *late* in the Information contained, we hope to meet with the Approbation of our Readers in omitting it altogether in future. A Registry of all Bills that receive the Royal Assent from time to time shall be regularly given in our *Chronicle of Intelligence;* which Article, as well as the Strictures on Public Amusements, will by the above omission be considerably augmented.

Any of the PORTRAITS contained in this Work may be had in Frames, handsomely gilt and glazed, at 3s. 6d. each, by applying at the BRITISH LETTER-FOUNDRY, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY-LANE, where Communications for the PROPRIETOR will be thankfully received.

SUBSCRIBERS may have their Volumes bound by sending them as above.

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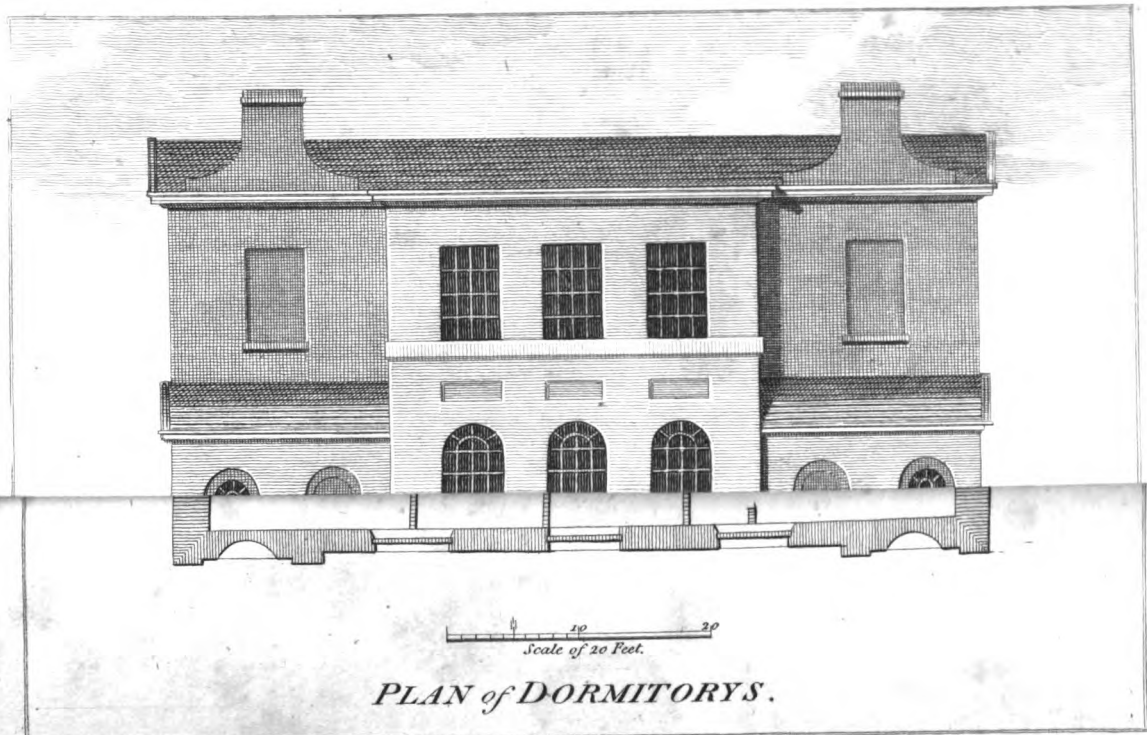


PLAN of DORMITORYS.

London, Published for S. Stephenson by I. Parsons, Pater Noster Row, Decr. 1st. 1795.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

## GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR NOVEMBER 1795.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

## THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

Ætas parentum pejor avis hilit,
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem. HOR.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I take a view of the juvenile part of the polite world, and consider how eagerly they are destroying their constitutions and their fortunes, it is a matter of astonishment that the rising generation of our nobility should have the least hopes of possessing any share of health or property.

The refinements of dissipation have arisen to such a pitch, that what was luxury to our forefathers does not now even comprize the necessaries of life. Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for shortening their lives, and anticipating old age. Every foreigner who has the art of killing in taste, is sure of being rewarded with an eastern fortune. Every quack in cookery or physic, with an exotic name, is considered as a prodigy, while merit and science are derided. The mountebank rolls in his gilded chariot, while the scholar in the gentleman trudges the streets with scarcely shoes to his feet.

If this folly and extravagance were confined to "golden fools" alone, the evil would be less dangerous; but it runs through almost every station of life, and reaches even the lowest mechanic. The trader who some years since thought it a piece of unwarrantable ex-

travagance to go once a twelvemonth with his wife, and devour beef at a shilling an ounce at Vauxhall, now thinks it inconsistent with his dignity, not to repair to one of the polite watering-places for three weeks or a month, to wash away the plebeian scent of Thames-street. Margate, Brighton, or Southampton, levies a tax of 30 or 40 pounds upon his pocket in August, without including the article of gaming; and probably in December, he appears a *Whereas* in the Gazette. If the nobility in winter subscribe for masquerades to display their taste in fancy dresses and intrigue, the tradesmen and their *Ladies* are sure to request a masqued ball at Brighton or Margate in autumn, to shew that they are not behind-hand with their superiors in fashion and pleasure; and though the ladies in the western part of the metropolis seem for some time to have ingrossed the sole region of intrigue and adultery, let it not be imagined, that the same cause will not produce the like effect; and the city husbands may flatter themselves with rising to their superiors, even in antlers, from the hot beds of Margate and Southampton.

But though the chastity of our wives and daughters is an object highly deserving our most serious attention, and though it must be acknowledged by all persons of impartiality, that their virtue is greatly exposed by the temptations that invariably attend these republics of gaiety; yet a more certain destruction awaits the fortune of a tradesman, who incessantly pursues the follies of the great, in order to be thought superior to himself.

> "In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies,
> All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies."

A man of taste at a watering-place must necessarily join in all the amusements that attend it, and play is a constant concomitant.—Gaming is a science which must be studied with as much attention as any other, in order to attain any degree of skill: and therefore the professed gamester, supposing he plays upon the square, which is sedlom the case, must have considerable advantage over an *Ignoramus*, as it is well known by calculation, that if one party has only a shilling in a guinea the superiority, he must in the long-run ruin his antagonist.

I am led into this reflection from the fate of a once worthy man, who was a wealthy citizen, and who, from a strong propensity to gaiety and play, is now perishing in a prison. He constantly attended the watering-places, and never failed being at New-market at the respective meetings. His business was neglected at home, and while his servants were cheating him in his shop, professed sharpers were defrauding him at the gaming-table. An extensive trade, with a considerable capital, were not sufficient to supply these resources; he failed, and his creditors had but a very trifling composition. The world frowned upon him for his misfortunes, which they too justly ascribed to his folly, and he was incapable of obtaining sufficient credit to restore him to business. Necessity now compelled him to pursue the plan which had been his destruction; and having served out his noviciate, he was initiated into those mysteries to which he owed his ruin. He for some time shared the spoils in common with his

associates; but dupes not being sufficiently plenty of late, he was compelled to create some trifling debts, which being unable to pay when demanded, he was arrested, and may now be seen in the King's Bench, with scarcely a covering to his nakedness.

Many similar instances might be produced of the fatal effects of gaming. The ladies have still more to fear, for a run of ill luck may not only rob them of their fortunes but their honour. Margate and Brighton have frequently borne witness of female debts of honour not being literally paid in coin.

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## THOUGHTS

### SUGGESTED BY READING A TREATISE ON THE

## "*ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.*"

I HAVE with pleasure perused this most ingenious work, and am sorry I am obliged to differ from so learned an author in some particulars. One of which is, that I give greater credit to the Jewish Historian Moses, than to those travellers, either ancient or modern, whom he mentions. Whatever length of time men may have been without speech, I shall not say:—we are told by historians, that silence was imposed by the ancient philosophers upon their disciples, and it appears by their obedience that they were capable of it; and, therefore, the author of this work might have added to the mixed character he gives of man, that of his being either a speaking or a dumb animal.

But there is an originality in the female tongue, and an incapability of silence, upon which I found my hypothesis, that Moses's Eve, or the first female, was taught to speak by the Devil, in the shape of a serpent:—could she have spoken before, or had she found that no animal excepting herself and her husband could speak, she would have been surprized at the Serpent's speaking, which we do not find that she was.

The Devil had lived much longer than either Eve or her husband. The Author very properly observes that political life was the first thing that made language necessary, and that political life cannot be carried on without. Now, the Devil had been engaged in political life, even in our modern ideas of politics, that of "forming parties;" and he must not only have had the common use of speech, but have carried it the length of eloquence; for, from his time to this day, eloquence has been applied to the forming of parties, principally, if not only. If he then had the art, in Heaven, to impose upon Angels, no wonder so great a master had power to persuade Eve—perhaps in the first month of her life, that the eating of that fruit had endowed him with the power of speech, of which her husband was incapable—her nature

was new, her faculties not clouded as ours are—she could quickly make such progress as to believe that the fruit she had ate had the wonderful effect to make her know good and evil. And wherein does the good and evil of a woman consist so much, as in the proper use of her tongue.

What else could have made the fair sex, in all ages, so remarkable for the power and force of their tongues? The facetious Mr. Fielding says, in describing one of his battles—"Our landlady then entered, and made an attack with a weapon many men have fled from, who could face a battery of cannon."—So ambitious was the first and most perfect of her sex to speak, that she willingly renounced immortality to obtain that faculty. And no doubt but this mark has been set upon her daughters to keep in perpetual remembrance, that women first learned to speak from the Devil:—do not we say such a woman has the Devil of a tongue? Is not a scold called a Dragon, a Brimstone? &c. It may, perhaps, be said, that since I found my hypothesis upon the history of Moses, and reject the authority of travellers ancient and modern, and even of the wild Girl, 30 years after she was caught, that Moses, had this been true, would have mentioned it in his history.

To this I answer, that Moses has been very short in that part of his history, and that he has said nothing to contradict it.

By the time Moses came to write his history, women had gained a great ascendant in the world by the superiority of their eloquence. His own preservation shewed how far the daughter of Pharaoh could counteract her King and father's positive command, that every male of that people should be put to death as soon as born. In contradiction to this command, she not only preserved his life, but educated him in her father's court, and had all his wise men to instruct him: add to this, his *politesse*, his court education, and the obligations he lay under to that Princess, it would have been a conduct, Sir, quite the reverse of every thing we can suppose, that Moses should have handed it down to all posrerity that the Fair Sex had received so valuable an endowment from the Devil. Moses himself tells us, he was so much under the influence of his own wife, that he forbore compliance to the most positive law given to his people, that of circumcision, and that no less authority than that of an angel from heaven could prevail upon her to perform that rite; and after she had performed it, "A bloody husband hast thou been," said she. Had Moses given us the contents of a speech to which this was the preamble, considering he was a man of a meek temper, and slow of speech, I believe, Sir, you would join with me in pardoning Moses for his silence upon any subject that could in the least reflect upon the Fair Sex; more especially as, by his silence, he has not contradicted the truth.

I could say a great deal more in support of my hypothesis, did I not intend to write the History of Womankind, where this subject shall be more fully discussed, if I live to finish it. I shall here only add, that on the person who can believe that women were for thousands of

years silent, I shall by my assumed power of criticism bestow a title vacant since the dissolution of the Caliphs of Bagdad, who were stiled Chief of the Believers; but as I am an admirer of every thing new and imaginary, and of course beneficial to society, I am, Sir,

Your Admirer and humble Servant,

T.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

RELAXATION from an habit of thinking is as necessary for the mind as rest from severe labour is to the body. Sedentary people seek for this relief in books of amusement, and they have this advantage over the thoughtless and dissipated, that when they want company, they may chuse their companion of that turn and complexion which may best suit with their present mood. In one of these situations, I took up a little old book, printed 1559, entitled, Good Thoughts in bad Times, together with Good Thoughts in worse Times, by Thomas Fuller, B. D. Having some previous acquaintance with this gentleman's facetious temper, it was not chance, but design, which made me take him in hand. I looked for a smile and I found a laugh. Two chapters or sections I will transcribe for your Magazine, from the benevolent design of communicating the same pleasure to others, which I received from them myself. I am, Sir, yours,

*Oct. 30.* *A Thumber of Old Books.*

### Chap. VI. of the 2d Part.

Marvellous is God's goodness in preserving the young *ostridges.*—For the old one *leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, forgetting that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.* But divine Providence so disposeth it, that the barnest hatcheth the eggs, and the warmth of the sandy ground discloseth them.

Many parents (which otherwise would have been loving *pelicans*) are by these unnatural wars, forced to be *ostridges to their own children*, leaving them to the narrow mercy of the wide world. I am confident that these *orphans* (so may I call them, whilst their parents are alive) shall be comfortably provided for. When worthy Master Samuel Hern, famous for his living, preaching, and writing, lay on his death-bed (rich only in *goodness* and *children*) his wife made much womanish lamentation, what should hereafter become of her little ones. *Peace, sweetheart*, said he, *that God who feedeth the Ravens, will not starve the Herns.* A speech censured as lightly by some, observed by others as prophetical, as indeed it came to pass that they were well disposed of. Despair not therefore, O thou parent, of God's blessing for having many of his blessings, a numerous offspring.—But depend on his providence for their maintenance; find thou *but faith to believe it*, he will find *means to effect it.*

Chap. XI. of the same Part.

The use of the Alphabet.

There was not long since a devout but ignorant *Papist* dwelling in Spain. He perceived a necessity of his own private prayers to God, besides the *Pater-noster*, *Ave Maries*, &c. used of course in the Romish Church. But so simple was he, that how to pray he knew not, only every morning humbly bending his knees, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he would deliberately repeat the Alphabet.—*And now*, saith he, *O good God, put these letters together to spell syllables, to spell words, to make such sense, as may be most to thy glory, and my good.*

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## *ON SEDUCTION.*

AMONG the various crimes, the product of a licentious age, there is scarce any that carries with it such complicated guilt, as the debauching of innocent young women. The parents, of what the seducer veils under the specious name of a fashionable gallantry, are deceit, perjury, lust; and infamy, ruin, murder, are its tragical offspring.

Should any man by artful insinuations deceive another, in an affair of great importance; should he, to attain his end, make use of repeated oaths, and solemn imprecations; and should he at that very time know, that this abused person was his real friend: what pursuit, what interest, would be a sufficient excuse for such villany? Such, and more criminal, is the most innocent part, the beginning of an intrigue; more criminal, as far as love and tenderness surpasses friendship. I might almost venture to submit to the determination of our debauchee, if that momentary satisfaction he thus impiously courts, is, even in his opinion, an equivalent for the wickedness essential to its attainment.

But let him turn the perspective, and behold it in its terrible consequences. The loss of reputation immediately follows the forfeiture of innocence, accompanied with the neglect of all the virtuous, all the desirable part of the world. Abandoned thus to the mercy of the libertine, he in a few months sated with iniquity (of such short duration are vicious pleasures) withdraws himself and leaves her. Who can describe the anger, grief, shame, horror, despair, the legion of fiends, that distract the mind of the wretch thus seduced, thus forsaken; reduced to a dire dilemma, either of continuing a miserable existence by means the most shocking to a rational creature, or of ending it by a sin that can never be repented of? The effects of the choice of the last terrible expedient are seldom capable of being concealed; but it is unknown, and, I fear, hardly credible, what numbers of innocents are sacrificed on account of this odious crime. How great must that guilt be, that can thus silence the strong voice of maternal affection!—There is yet another aggravation of this abominable practice, which is, that it is an injury of such a nature, as admits of no adequate reparation. Marriage indeed, though wide of a full recompence, yet approaches the nearest to it, and, in my opinion, is the least that can be done by a man who has any remains of virtue, honour, or good-nature.

# MASONIC EXTRACT

FROM

# *A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.*

BY J. LETTICE, B. D.

*Elgin, Sept.* 15. 1792.

SINCE we sat down to breakfast a paper has been brought us, stating the project and plan of a Freemasons' Lodge about to be executed at Fores; accompanied by a request of our contribution to the undertaking. Not having had the honour of initiation in the mysteries of that ancient Fraternity, and no connection with Fores beyond the moment, we have left the success of the scheme to the sympathy of the brotherhood.

There was nothing, however, we hope, in our refusal, of that ill-humour which some persons would have expressed upon this application, who seem piqued that their curiosity should never have been gratified with *the Secret* for so many ages. I have heard an old lady or two, in my life-time, particularly virulent against that pertinacity with which the Society have ever kept to themselves *the Mysteries of their Institution.* It has appeared like avarice of a valuable possession; the generous communication of which these ladies thought due, if not to the world, *at least* to themselves, so passionately fond of secrets.

The Society is very numerous in North Britain, and has a great many respectable members there; as indeed it has in most parts of Europe. That the different disgusted brethren, who have *pretended to discover the grand Arcana of Freemasonry* in accounts they have published, have never really possessed them, there is reason to conclude from *their inconsistency* with one another. It has been commonly understood, that the Arcana of the Society, like those of the Jesuits, are imparted gradually to its members, according to their merits and improvements. As these, in any given time, will have been exhibited in various degrees, according to the characters and abilities of the several novices, it may be supposed that some of them, even after long labour and some pretension, having never attained the due measure of excellence in the profession of Masonry, have grown impatient to be admitted into secrets to which they were not entitled, and becoming disgusted with a tedious novitiate, but just within the Mount of the Temple, have retreated in wrath, and pretended to reveal the divine Secrets of the sanctuary itself. Some of the disgusted brethren may, perhaps, have passed the soreg or balustrade, or possibly the first and second courts; but, that they should have ascended the twelve steps beyond, into the very Temple itself, and still farther have lifted the veil of the sanctuary, and then, void of all grace and reverence, have brought themselves to divulge *the grand Mystery of Mysteries,* must appear incredible to all sober

men; almost as incredible as that they should have no secret to divulge.

You, who are not a Freemason, should be informed, that, in the foregoing allusions, no existing ceremonies of the order are meant to be shadowed forth, nothing more is intended than to express, allegorically, the progress of the brethren, from one degree of perfection to another, till they become worthy of *the ultimate Arcana of the Institution:* and no subject seemed to furnish terms so profoundly respectful to the order, as the probationary progress of the Levites in the Temple of Solomon, the Fraternity's great object of veneration.

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TO THE

## PROPRIETOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

THE following little piece (if I am not mistaken) is the production of a bookseller in Newberne, one who seems to be an eminent brother, and makes Masonry a part of his study, as every good and faithful brother ought to do. I beg leave to recommend it to your readers, as well worthy their attention.

With the warmest wishes for the success and extensive circulation of the Freemasons' Magazine, which promises to be so very useful to the Craft, I am, Sir,

Your grateful Brother and sincere well-wisher,

JAMES SOMERVILLE, S.CCXII.

*Edinburgh, Oct.* 17, 5795.

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## *FUNERAL ORATION*

ON THE MOST WORSHIPFUL AND HONOURABLE

## MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD CASWELL,

GRAND MASTER *of the* MASONS *of* NORTH CAROLINA.

BY FRANCIS XAVIER MARTIN.

"*And all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah.*" CHRON. b. 2. v. 24.

WORSHIPFUL SIRS AND WORTHY BRETHREN,

BEREFT of him who conducted our works, we are met to discharge the tribute of a tear due to his memory. How deeply the rest of the community sympathises with us, on this melancholy occasion, the attendance of a respectable number of our fellow-citizens fully testifies.

Shall our griefs terminate in sterile tears? Shall this discourse, sacred to the memory of *the Most Worshipful and Honourable Major-General* RICHARD CASWELL, *Grand-Master of the Masons of North-Carolina,* be, like the song of the untutored savage, the mere rehear-

sal of a warrior's atchievements? No. In admiring the virtues that have rendered his death, like Josiah's, lamented in *Judea and Jerusalem*, let us, *as Christians and Masons*, be stimulated, not to offer idle adulation to his manes, but to imitate, in the practice of every virtue, so bright a pattern.

Nothing excites more powerfully to virtuous deeds, than the examples of those whom they have rendered conspicuous. Man generally desires what he finds applauded in others. And, either because virtue appears more noble when he hears it praised, or less difficult when he sees it practised, he is stimulated thereto—as the labour is not without reward, and remissness would be without excuse.

The examples of the dead are no less powerful than those of the living. We look upon the virtues of the former with a greater degree of veneration, as we view those of the latter with a greater degree of envy; perhaps, because, death having crowned them, we are willing to believe that *posterity praises without flattery*, as it praises without interest—or rather (for why should the real reason be concealed in this temple of truth?) because our pride will not suffer us to acknowledge them.

To convene the people when some illustrious popular character has terminated his career, and to improve the opportunity of exciting them to patriotic virtues, is an ancient custom, frequent instances of which occur in sacred and profane history. The heart of man, however obdurate, when operated upon by grief, or the idea of a future state, is prepared to receive such favourable impressions; as the stiff and close-grained stone becomes pliant and ductile when heated by the fire of the furnace.

Thus we read that the corpse of Cæsar, having been brought into the *forum* of the then metropolis of the world, Anthony, holding up that Dictator's garment, addressed the Roman people:—"You well know," said he, "this mantle. I remember the first time Cæsar put it on. It was on the day he overcame the *Nervii*. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

With as much propriety, can I rise to-day, and addressing you, say:—

You well know these *Badges*. They are the *Insignia* of MASONRY—of a society, which, for its antiquity and utility acknowledges no equal among the institutions of the sons of man. Behold the white apron that was girded on him, the loss of whom we bemoan, on the day he became A MASON! he has left it to you unsullied. He has left it to you, decorated with those marks of dignity to which merit alone gives title.

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

He is no more. No longer shall he, *like the eastern sun*, illuminate our Lodges; no longer shall he plan or direct our works.

You well know, fellow-citizens, that Sword, emblematical of Supreme Executive Authority. I remember the first time it was delivered to him. It was on the day we shook off the British domination and became a People.

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

He is no more. No longer shall he wield the sword of justice attempered by mercy. No longer shall he preside in your councils, or lead you to the hostile field.

To enter here into a minute detail of the services he rendered you, would be to premise that they may be obliterated from your memory —you remember them. Brethren and fellow-citizens, they cannot have been forgotten.

It was he who headed you on the day you broke down the superior phalanx of Scotch troops, at Moor's Creek; and thereby preserved the cause of freedom from the deadly blow this reinforcement would have enabled our enemies to strike.

It was he who presided in the assembly of Patriots, who framed that instrument, which defined your rights and the authority of your rulers, and has secured your liberties to this day.

It was he whom your united voices twice called to the supreme magistracy of this state—and it was he who, but a few days ago, still filled the chair of your Senate.

If his public character affords a vast field to the panegyrist's fancy, his private one deserves no less attention and praise. In it we shall always find an example worthy of imitation.

Public virtue may procure a more shining reputation, but domestic virtue gives a more solid merit. The former, when unsupported by the latter, is, in the warrior, a thirst of glory—in the civil ruler, a thirst of power.

A single instance of momentary intrepidity may make a name to the chieftain; but a continued spirit of moderation alone characterises the virtuous individual.

Valour is a noble passion, which evinces a greatness of soul. But too oft it is a vain generosity excited by ambition, and which has for its aim the mere gratification of a selfish pride; an inconsiderate boldness justified by success; a blind ferocity which stifles the voice of humanity, and by the tears it causes to flow, and the blood of its victims, tarnishes the laurels of the vanquisher.

Domestic virtue, on the contrary, is so perfect, that it is laudable even in its excesses. It is peaceable and constant, and springs from a meekness and tenderness which regulate desire; and giving the virtuous individual the command of his own, causes him to reign over the hearts of others. The one excites astonishment and fear; the other commands reverence and love.

The Swede *boasts* of the name of Charles XII. but *blesses* that of Gustavus Vasa.

In him, of whom the hand of death has bereft us, public and domestic virtues were ever united. Not satisfied in watching with unremitted attention over the welfare of the community, he anxiously endeavoured to promote the felicity of its members. Blest with a complacency of disposition and equanimity of temper which peculiarly endeared him to his friends, he commanded respect even from his enemies. The tender sensibility of his heart was such, that he needed but to see distress, to feel it and contribute to its relief.—Deaf to the voice of interest, even in the line of his profession, when-

ever oppressed indigence called for his assistance, he appeared at the bar without even the hope of any other reward, than the consciousness of having so far promoted the happiness of a fellow man.

Such is, worshipful Sirs and worthy Brethren, the character of one whose lessons shall no longer instruct us, but the remembrance of whose virtues will long continue to edify us.

Such is, fellow-citizens, the character of one who bore so great a share in the revolution by which you became a nation; who, during his life, was ever honoured with some marks of your approbation, and whose memory will, I doubt not, be embalmed in your affections.

Shades of WARREN, MONTGOMERY and MERCER! and ye Shades of those other Columbian Chiefs who bore away the palm of political martyrdom! attend, receive, and welcome, into *the happy mansions of the just*, a soul congenial with those of your departed heroes, and meriting alike our esteem, our gratitude, and our tears *.

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# *ANECDOTE*

SERVING TO SHEW THE STRICT DISCIPLINE EXACTED FROM

*THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,*

AFTERWARDS

THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES, AND NOW THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

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AMONG the many venomous creatures that infested Rhodes, there was a monstrous large one of an amphibious nature, which harboured in a subterraneous cavern, at the end of a large morass, and had made dreadful havock among the small and large cattle, and even among the neighbouring inhabitants. They gave it the name of *dragon*, but it was more probably a crocodile, or a sea-horse of the first magnitude; and several Rhodian Knights had lost their lives, at different times, in endeavouring to destroy it, fire-arms not being then in use, and its skin being proof against any other weapon: upon which account the Grand Master had expressly forbidden making any further attempts against it, under severe penalties. They all readily obeyed, except a Provencal Knight, named *Dieu-donné de Gozon*, who, less regardful of the prohibition than of the horrid depredations of the monster, resolved, at all hazards, to rid the island of it.

That he might atchieve it the more safely, he went out several times to take a distant view of it, till the want of scales, which he observed under his belly, furnished him with an effectual plan for destroying it.

He first retired to his native castle of Gozon, in Languedoc, that he might pursue his project with greater secrecy; and there got an effigy of the monstrous creature made as exact, as to colour, shape, and size,

* Our readers will find another piece of Brother Martin's Production, in Vol. II. Page 2, of our Magazine.

as he could, in wood and pasteboard; after which he set about instructing two young mastiffs how to attack him at that tender part, whilst he did the same on horseback, with his lance and his armour. This exercise he continued several months; after which he sailed back to Rhodes with them and two of his domestics; and, without shewing himself to any one, went directly to the place, and attacked the furious beast (1342), ordering his two servants to stand on the neighbouring hill, and, in case they saw him fall, to return home; but, if victorious, or unluckily wounded, to come to his assistance. Upon the first onset, he ran with full force against it; but found his lance recoil back, without making the least impression on its skin; and while he was preparing to repeat his blow, his horse, affrighted at its hissing and stench, started so suddenly back, that he would have thrown him down, had he not as dexterously dismounted; when, drawing his sword, he gave the monster a desperate wound in the softest part of the belly, from whence quickly flowed a plentiful stream of blood. His faithful dogs no soooner saw it than they seized on the place, and held it so fast, that he could not shake them off; upon which he gave the Knight such a violent blow with his tail, as threw him flat on the ground, and laid his whole body upon him; so that he must have been inevitably stifled with his weight and stench, had not his two domestics come immediately to his assistance, and disengaged him from his load. They found him so spent and breathless, that they began to think him dead, but upon throwing some water in his face, he opened his eyes; and glad was he, when the first object that saluted him was the monster dead before him, which had destroyed so many of his order.

The news of this exploit was no sooner known than he saw himself surrounded with vast crouds of inhabitants, and met by a great number of Knights, who conducted him in a kind of triumph to the palace of the Grand Master. But great was his mortification here, when, instead of applause and commendations, he received a severe reprimand, and was sent to prison by him, without being permitted to speak for himself, or any one to intercede for him. A council was quickly called, in which that severe governor highly aggravated his crime, and, with his usual austerity and sternness, insisted upon his being punished with the utmost severity, for his breach of obedience and discipline, which he maintained was of more dangerous consequence than all the mischief which that, and many more such monsters, could do. At length, with much intreaty, he was prevailed upon to content himself with degrading him: and Gozon was accordingly stripped of his cross and habit; an indignity which he esteemed more rigorous than death. He continued some time under this disgrace; after which Villeneuve, the twenty-fifth Grand Master, who was of a generous temper, and an admirer of valour, having asserted his authority by that severe example, readily yielded to have him received again, and likewise bestowed many signal favours on him; whilst the people, less sparing of their praises than he, paid him the greatest honours every where. The head of the monster was fastened on one of the gates of the city, as a trophy of Gozon's

victory, which was still to be seen there in Mr. Thevenot's time.—' EDITION OF HIS TRAVELS, printed in 1637.

The head of this animal was much larger than that of a horse, its mouth reaching from ear to ear, great teeth, large eyes, the holes of the nostrils round, and the skin of a whitish grey, occasioned, perhaps, by the dust which it gathered in course of time.

A strange tale this, and not less strangely told: nevertheless, fabulous as it appears, there are not wanting some historical circumstances that would seem to give it a degree of countenance. Upon the death of Villeneuve (1346), a chapter was held for the election of a successor to that high office. Upon this occasion our valorous cavalier gave another instance of his extraordinary genius. The chapter being much divided about the choice of a new Master—when it came to his (Gozon's) turn to give his vote, he expressed himself in the following terms: "Upon my entering into this assembly, I took a solemn oath not to propose any Knight but such as I thought the most worthy of filling up that important post, and the most affectionate to the general good of the order; and after having seriously considered the present state of Christendom, and the continual wars which we are bound to carry on against the infidels, the steadiness and vigour required to prevent the least remissness in our discipline, I do declare, that I do not find any person better qualified for the well governing our order than myself."——He then began to enumerate his former exploits, particularly that of his destroying the dragon; but insisted more especially on his behaviour ever since the late Grand Master had made him his lieutenant-general; and concluded with addressing himself to the electors in these words: "You have already had a proof of my government, and cannot but know what you may expect from it. I am therefore persuaded that you cannot, without doing me an injustice, refuse me your votes."

He was accordingly chosen by a considerable majority, and did not in the least disappoint the expectation of his electors. His behaviour proved him equal to, and worthy of, the trust reposed in him. He died in the seventh year of his government; was buried with remarkable pomp and solemnity; and his epitaph was only these two words, *Extinctor Draconis*, or The Vanquisher of the Dragon. Dec. 1353. [See the Article in the next Page.]

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I SEND you, as a curiosity, the following whimsical dedication of an old Sermon upon Industry; and am, Sir, yours, &c. S. J.

*To the Inhabitants of the Parish of Shiplake,*

Who neglect the service of the church, and spend the Sabbath in the worst kind of idleness, this plain sermon, which they never heard, and probably will never read, is inscribed by their sincere well-wisher and faithful minister, JAMES GRANGER.

A

# CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE GRAND MASTERS

OF THE

## *KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS*

OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,

STYLED AFTERWARDS

## THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES,

AND AT PRESENT

## *THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.*

DOWN TO 1722.

1099, GERRARD, Rector of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, born in the island of Martigues in Provence, in France.

1118, Raymond Dupuy, first Grand Master, a gentleman of the province of Dauphiny.

1160, Anger de Balben, of the province of Dauphiny, second G. M. of a great age, and reverenced in the Order for his piety and prudence.

1163, Arnaud de Comps, of an illustrious family in Dauphiny, third G. M. and not younger than his predecessor.

1167, Gilbert d'Assalit, or de Sailly, fourth G. M. a man of great valour, bold and enterprizing.

1169, Gastus, fifth G. M.; of his country there is no account.

1169, Joubort de Sirie, sixth G. M.; he well deserved the office.

1179, Roger Desmoulins, seventh G. M. who, by his conduct and valour, justified the choice of the Order.

1187, Garnier of Syria, eighth G. M. Grand Prior of England, and Tincopelier of the Order.

1187, Ermengard Daps, ninth G. M.; of his country we have no account.

1191, This year the Order of Teutonic Knights, of the House of St. Mary of Jerusalem, had its rise.

1192, Godfrey de Duisson, tenth G. M.

1194, Alphonsus of Portugal, eleventh G. M. son of king Alphonsus I.

1195, Geoffrey le Rat, twelfth G. M. of the language of France.

1206, Guerin de Montague, thirteenth G. M. of the language of Auvergne.

1230, Bertrand de Texis, fourteenth G. M.

1240, Guerin or Guarin, fifteenth G. M. whose sirname we are ignorant of.

1243, Bertrand de Comps, sixteenth G. M.

1248, Peter de Villebride, seventeenth G. M.

1251, William de Chateauneuf, eighteenth G. M. a Frenchman.
1260, Hugh de Revel, nineteenth G. M. a Frenchman.
1268, Nicholas de Lorgue, twentieth G. M.
1289, John de Villiers, twenty-first G. M. a Frenchman.
1294, Odo de Pins, twenty-second G. M. a Frenchman.
1296, William de Villaret, twenty-third G. M. a Frenchman.
1308, Fulk de Villaret, twenty-fourth G. M. his brother.

KNIGHTS OF RHODES.

1322, Helion de Villeneuve, twenty-fifth G. M.
1346, Dieu-Donné de Gozon, twenty-sixth G. M. [*See p.* 301.]
1353, Peter de Cornillan, or Cormelian, twenty-seventh G. M.
1353, Roger de Pins, twenty-eighth G. M.
1365, Raymond Berenger, twenty-ninth G. M.
1373, Robert de Julliac, thirtieth G. M. and grand Prior of France.
1376, John Ferdinand, d'Heredia, thirty-first G. M. Grand Prior of Arragon, St. Giles's, and Castile.
1383, Richard Caracciola, thirty-second G. M. Prior of Capua.
1396, Philebert de Naillac, thirty-third G. M. Grand Prior of Aquitain.
1421, Anthony Fluvian, or de la Riviere, thirty-fourth G. M. standard-bearer of the Order, and Grand Prior of Cyprus.
1437, John de Lastic, thirty-fifth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
1454, James de Milly, thirty-sixth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
1461, Peter Raymond Zacosta, thirty-seventh G. M. Castellan of Emposta.
1467, John Baptista Ursini, thirty-eighth G. M. and Prior of Rome.
1476, Peter d'Aubusson, thirty-ninth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
1500, The English Book of Constitutions says, that Henry VII. king of England, was Grand Master of this Order this year.
1503, Emeri d'Amboise, fortieth G. M.
1512, Guy de Blanchefort, forty-first G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
1513, Fabricio Caretto, forty-second G. M.
1521, Philip de Villiers, de L'Isle-Adam, forty-third G. M. Hospitaller and Grand Prior of France. In his time they were forced out of Rhodes, where they had maintained themselves with much glory for near 220 years, on the first day of January 1523.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

1530, Philip de Villiers, de L'Isle Adam.
1534, Peter du Pont, second G. M. of Malta.
1536, Didier de St. Jaille, third. G. M.
1536, John d'Omedes, fourth G. M.
1553, Claude de la Sangle, fifth G. M.
1557, John de Valette, sixth G. M.
1558, Peter de Monte, seventh G. M.

1572, John L'Evesque de la Cassiere, eighth G. M.
1582, Hugh de Loubenx de Verdalle, ninth G. M. About this time Sir James Sandilands, Knight of Malta, was Grand Master of Scotland.
1596, Martin Gazez, tenth G. M.
1601, Alof de Vignacourt, eleventh G. M.
1622, Luys Mendez de Vasconcellos, twelfth G. M.
1623, Anthony de Paule, thirteenth G. M.
1636, Paul Lascaris Castelard, fourteenth G. M.
1657, Martin de Redin, fifteenth G. M.
1660, Annet de Clermont de Chattes Gesson, sixteenth G. M.
1660, Raphael Cotoner, seventeenth G. M.
1663, Nicholas Cotoner, eighteenth G. M.
1680, Gregory Caraffa, nineteenth G. M.
1690, Adrian de Vignacourt, twentieth G. M.
1697, Raymond Perelles de Roccaful, twenty-first G. M.
1720, Mark Antonio Zondodari, twenty-second G. M.
1722, D'Anthony Emanuel de Vilhena, twenty-third G. M.

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## *UNCOMMON SENTENCE:*

### A SPECIMEN OF THE BARBARITY OF THE TIMES.

SOME years ago a brass collar was dragged out of the Forth, by a net, in the parish of Logie, with this inscription on it: "ALEXANDER STEUART, *found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a* perpetual *servant to Sir* JOHN ARESKEN *of* ALVA." This collar is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, with the following copy of the Justiciar's gift *of another* PERPETUAL *servant*, which is taken from the original in the Duke of Athol's charter-house:

"At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south districts, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald M'Donald, prisoners within the tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this Court, and, by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the commissioners have changed their punishment of death to *perpetual* servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: therefore, the said commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald M'Donald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullibardine; recommending to his Lordship to cause provide an collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck with this inscription, "*Donald M'Donald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December* 5, 1701, *and gifted, as a* perpetual *servant to John Earl of Tullibardine:*" and recommending also to his Lordship, to transport him from the said prison once the next week. And the said commissioners have

ordained, and hereby ordain, the magistrates of Perth, and keeper of their tolbooth, to deliver the said Donald M'Donald to the said Earl of Tullibardine, having the said collar and inscription, conform to the sentence and doom aforesaid. Extracted from the books of adjournal of the said district by me, James Taylor, writer to his Majesty's signet, clerk of court. *Sic subscribitur James Taylor, Clk.*"

P. S. Can any correspondent give information respecting the other pannels or their sentence?

## *OLD LAWS.*

*The following Extracts from the Laws and Constitutions of Burghs, made by King David I. of Scotland, commonly called St. David, may perhaps afford amusement to some of our readers.*

IT is not lesome to the Provost, nor to the Bailies, nor to the Serjeants, to baik bread, or to brew aill, to be sald in his or their awin house.

Na sowter, litster, nor flesher, may be brether of the Merchant Gilde, except they swear that they sall not use their offices with their awin hand, but only by servants under them.

Gif ony man railes or speeks evill to the Provost and Bailies in pleine court, he, in presence of his friendes, sall expresslie and loodlie say, that he did lie, and aske mercy with ane pledge *(that he sall not do the like againe)*, and upon the halie Evangell sall sweare *that he knowes no evill of him.*

Forth of ilk house inhabit, ane man sould come to watch, for feare of perrell, wha sall passe fra dure to dure, with *ane* staff in his hand, and sall be of ane man's age. And quhan curfure is rung in, he sall come forth with *twa* weapons, and sall watch cairfulie and discretlie, vntil the morning. An gif he failzies therein, he sall pay ane vnlaw of *foure pennies.*

Gif ony man unjustly slaies ane ither mans house dogge, or hund, he sall keip and walke his *myddin*, be the space of ane zier and ane day, and restore all the skaith quhilk sall happin in the mean time.

Na man suld play at the golfe, nor at the fute ball under the paine of fiftie shillings. Because they are esteemed unprofitable sports for the common gude of the realme and defence thereof.

## *ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL MOUNT EDGECUMBE.*

WHEN the general change of ministers took place in 1782, his Lordship, who was then Captain of the band of Gentleman Pensioners, of course accompanied the ex-ministers in the turn out. The ex-ministers assembled at the Cocoa-tree, Pall-mall; the day was remarkably dirty, and it rained incessantly. His Lordship, on his alighting from his carriage, hurried into the Cocoa, and was received with a general cry of—"What! my Lord, are you turned out also?"—"Yes," says his Lordship, drily, "they have turned me out in such a day as no Christian would turn out a dog."

# DETACHED SENTIMENTS.

## No. III.

PLUS ULTRA.

## MASONRY.

BY Generosity, the Freemason should understand the most exalted feelings of the soul at the distress of another, and a benevolent readiness to relieve, without breaking in upon his own circumstances so much as to hurt the interest of his family, or deprive him of the power to confer an obligation upon any body else.

The virtue of a Freemason, amidst every distressing storm and adverse gale, preserves its votaries to the end, and reigns triumphant over all. Infidelity may shoot its poisoned arrow, or immorality display its magnetic and attractive powers, yet even evils must gravitate to the centre, and solid virtue preponderate the whole.

The real Freemason is eminently distinguished from the rest of mankind, by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct. Other men are honest in fear of the punishments which the law might inflict: they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil, in the next world. A Freemason would be just, if there were no written laws, human or divine, except those that are written on his heart by the finger of his Creator. In every climate, under every system of religion, he is the same. He kneels before the universal throne of God, in gratitude for the blessings he has received, and in humble solicitation for his future protection. He venerates the piety of good men of all religions. He disturbs not the religion of his country, because, the agitation of speculative opinions produces greater evils than the errors it is intended to remove.—He restrains his passions, because they cannot be indulged without injuring his neighbour or himself.—He gives no offence, because he does not chuse to be offended.—He contracts no debts which he is not certain that he can discharge, because he is honest upon principle.—He nevers utters a falsehood, because it is cowardly, and infinitely beneath the dignity of a real Free and Accepted Mason, which is the noblest and the highest character on earth.

The Freemason is the enemy of hypotheses and systems,—but the friend of observation, experience, and sound reasoning.

Let not the unfeeling and unenlightened Stoic deride the pleasures of the Freemason, and despise a happiness which his gloomy soul is incapable of tasting; it presents many enjoyments, which the age of reason will always behold with approbation.

Whatever disposition tends to soften without weakening the mind of a Mason, ought to be cherished; and it must be allowed, that *delicacy of sentiment*, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of every Mason, by diffusing an universal benevolence.

The *real* Freemason will vindicate his friend in his absence, and tell his failings to his face. *Vol.* IV. *p.* 161.

# ANECDOTES

## OF THE VERY ANCIENT

# *LODGE OF KILWINNING.*

BY THE REV. MR. THOMAS POLLOCK, MINISTER OF THE PARISH.

*Extracted from Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland."*

IT is the remark of an historian, that from about the beginning to the middle of the 12th century the worship of God, in Scotland, was, in a great measure, laid aside, or could with the greatest difficulty be performed, on account of the noise of the hammers and trowels which were employed in erecting monasteries and other religious houses. It was during this period that a number of masons came from the continent to build this monastery, and with them an architect or master mason, to superintend and carry on the work. This architect resided at Kilwinning; and being *a gude and true* mason, intimately acquainted with all the parts of masonry known on the continent, was chosen master of the meetings of the brethren all over Scotland. He gave rules for the conduct of the brethren at these meetings, and decided finally in appeals from all the other meetings or lodges in Scotland. From this time down to the 15th century, very little of masonry can be known, with any degree of certainty; only it is said, that at Kilwinning the head meeting of the brethren was held.

King James I. of Scotland, eminently distinguished for his knowledge and taste in polite literature, and in the fine arts, not long after his return from England, patronized the mother lodge of Kilwinning and presided as Grand Master, till he settled an annual salary, to be paid by every Master Mason of Scotland to a Grand Master, chosen by the brethren, and approved by the crown. This Grand Master was to be nobly born, or a clergyman of high rank and character. He had his deputies in the different counties and towns of Scotland. Every new brother paid him a fee at entrance. As Grand Master, he was empowered to regulate and determine every matter in dispute, between the founders and builders of churches and monasteries, and which it would have been improper to have decided by a court of law. King James II. conferred the office of Grand Master on William St. Clare, Earl of Orkney and Baron of Roslin. [*See Vol.* III. *p.* 172.] By another deed of the same king, this office was made hereditary in this very ancient and illustrious family. Earl William, and his successors, barons of Roslin, held their head courts, or, in the style of masonry, assembled their Grand Lodges at Kilwinning, as being the mother lodge, or the place where regular and stated lodges had first been held in Scotland.

The sobriety and decency of the brethren in all their meetings, the very peculiar and distinguishing union and harmony in which they lived together, and their humanity and liberality to the sick and indigent, made the mother lodge highly respected in the 16th century. An uncommon spirit for masonry then discovered itself. Laws, founded on the original acts and constitutions of the mother lodge, were renewe !, and are still invariably adhered to. This is evident from her records still extant.

These records contain a succession of grand masters, charters of erection to other lodges, as daughters of the mother lodge, &c.

The Earls of Eglintoun have successively patronized this lodge. Some years ago, the present Earl made a donation to the fraternity of a piece of ground, for building a new and very elegant lodge; and, with many other gentlemen, anxious to preserve the rights of the very ancient and venerable mother lodge, liberally contributed to its erection.

There is a common seal, expressive of the antiquity of the mother lodge, and of the emblems of the ancient art of masonry, and by which charters, and all other public deeds of the society, are ratified.

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## *INSCRIPTIONS*

### IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF DUNFERMLINE.

HERE a handsome monument has been erected to the memory of the late EARL of ELGIN, who had the honour, for a time, to fill the chair of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and a nobleman whose memory is dear to those who had the happiness of being known to him. Seldom has a person in any rank of life been more generally beloved, seldom has high rank been distinguished for so many virtues, such amiable and condescending manners. Respected and beloved in life, his death was the cause of sincere and general sorrow and regret.

Sacred to the memory of
CHARLES EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE,
who died the 14th of May 1771, aged 39 years.
By the goodness of his heart, and the virtues of his life,
He adorned the high rank which he possessed;
In his manners amiable and gentle,
In his affections warm and glowing;
In his temper, modest, candid and chearful,
In his conduct, manly, and truly honourable,
In his character of husband, father, friend, and master,
As far as human imperfection admits,
Unblemished.
Pious without superstition,
Charitable without ostentation.
While he lived,
The blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him.

Now
Their tears embalm his memory.
Reader,
Beholding here laid in dust
The remains
Which once so much virtue animated,
Think of the vanity of life,
Look forward to its end,
And prepare as he did for eternity.

And in the porch of the church is a neat monument, erected to the memory of Mr. Rolland, late of Gask, father of Adam Rolland, Esq. Advocate, with the following excellent character of him, written in elegant Latin;

M. S.
Adami Rolland de Gask,
Viri non uno nomine celebrandi,
Utpote non paucis virtutibus ornati,
Ob pietatem erga Deum,
Amorem in patriam,
Benevolentiam in genus humanum,
Amabilis;
Ob vitæ integritatem,
Morum comitatem,
Affectuum temperantiam,
Spectabilis;
Quisvos paterno, probos quosvis fraterno
Omnes benigno animo amplexus;
In publicis, privatisque officiis
Prudens, fidus, diligens;
Mente et manu munificus,
Futurorum providus,
Fortunæ semper securus:
Ita volente
D. O. M.
XII. Calend. August M.DCC.XLIII.
Ætat. LVII.
Animam Creatori, exuvias terræ,
Reddidit;
Triste sui desiderium, amicis relinquens.

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PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE

## *SLAVE COUNTRIES.*

### DAHOMY.

Of the history of this country we know little previous to the reign of Guadja Trudo, who died in 1727, leaving behind him a great reputation for courage, generosity, and magnanimity; and his memory is not only revered by the Dahomans at present, but they even

swear by his name as the most solemn of all asseverations: but, notwithstanding his shining qualities, he appears to have entailed, by his ambition, lasting miseries on his country. During the long reign of his successor Bossa Ahadee, a cruel and ferocious tyrant, the country was harrassed and wasted by wars, foreign and domestic, in which multitudes were slain: but nothing fills the mind of the reader with so much horror, as the sacrifices of human victims at the annual customs for the purpose of watering (according to the country expression), the graves of the deceased royal family. That man should convert his wants and infirmities into subjects of pride, ostentation, and vanity, can excite no surprise in those who have considered his nature: but that a cool and deliberate slaughter of our fellow-creatures should not only occasion a momentary joy and exultation, but be the source of delight on reflection, appears altogether [illegible] incredible; yet, without supposing that the Dahoman monarchs receive some pleasure from the contemplation of the monuments of their wrath, vengeance, and wanton cruelty, it is difficult to account for their passion for decorating the walls of their houses and their apartments with the skulls and bones of the unhappy wretches who have perished by their hands. In the reign of Adahoonzou, the successor of Bossa Ahadee, after the slaughter of the prisoners whom he had taken in war, their skulls were ordered to be applied to the decoration of the royal walls.

The person, to whom the management of this business had been committed, having neglected to make a proper calculation of his materials, had proceeded far in the work when he found that there would not be a sufficient number of skulls to adorn the whole palace: he therefore requested permission to begin the work anew, that he might, by placing them apart, complete the design in a regular manner: but the king would by no means give his consent to this proposal, observing "that he should soon find a sufficient quantity of Badagree heads to render the plan perfectly uniform."

The operators therefore proceeded with the work till the skulls were all expended, when the defective part of the walls was measured, and a calculation made, by which it appeared that *one hundred and twenty-seven* was the number wanted to finish this extraordinary embellishment. The prisons, in which the wretched captives had been confined, were accordingly thrown open, and the requisite number of devoted victims dragged forth to be slaughtered in cold blood, for this hellish purpose. Previously to their execution, they were informed that the heads brought home by the Agaow had not been found sufficient to garnish the palace, and that theirs were required to supply the deficiency. This act of barbarity was greatly applauded by all present.

To those persons who fancy that the wars between the African princes are carried on for the sole purpose of supplying the European ships with slaves, it may be proper to remark that, at this time, there were six slave-ships in the road of Whydah, that there was a great scarcity of trade, and that the price of a prime slave was little short of thirty pounds sterling.

The government of the Dahomans is so unhappily constituted, that although they are subjected to the most cruel despotism, yet at particular times they are exposed to all the disorders of the most licentious anarchy; for on the death of the king, till the appointment of his successor, the government is in fact dissolved. A horrid scene commences in the palace immediately after the king expires. The wives of the deceased begin with breaking and destroying the furniture of the house, the gold and silver ornaments and utensils, the coral, and, in short, every thing of value that belonged either to themselves or to the late king, and then murder one another. Similar outrages are committed in every part of the kingdom; which continue till the Tamegan and Mayhou have announced the successor, and he has taken possession of the palace.

In the kingdom of Eyeo, situated north-east from Dahomy, a custom prevails which is too extraordinary to be passed over in silence.—When the people have conceived an opinion of the ill government of their king, which is sometimes insidiously infused into them by the artifice of his discontented ministers, they send a deputation to him, with a present of parrot's eggs, as a mark of its authenticity, to represent to him that the burden of government must have so far fatigued him, that they consider it full time for him to repose from his cares, and indulge himself with a little sleep; he thanks his subjects for their attention to his ease, retires to his apartment as if to sleep, and there gives directions to his women to strangle him. This is immediately executed; and his son quietly ascends the throne, on the usual terms of holding the reins of government no longer than while he merits the approbation of the people. It is said that there never was an instance of a king of Eyeo refusing to comply with the wishes of his subjects, expressed in this singular manner, till the year 1774, when the reigning monarch had sense and fortitude enough to resist such a ridiculous custom. He peremptorily refused the parrot's eggs, which had been offered for his acceptance; telling his ministers that as yet he had no inclination to take a nap, but was resolved to watch for the benefit of his people.

REMARKABLE SPEECH OF ADAHOONZOU TO MR. ABSON, AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, ON BEING INFORMED OF WHAT HAD PASSED IN ENGLAND ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

"I admire the reasoning of the white men; but, with all their sense, it does not appear that they have thoroughly studied the nature of the blacks, whose disposition differs as much from that of the whites, as their colour. The same great Being formed both; and since it hath seemed convenient for him to distinguish mankind by opposite complections, it is a fair conclusion to presume that there may be as great a disagreement in the qualities of their minds; there is likewise a remarkable difference between the countries which we inhabit. You, Englishmen, for instance, as I have been informed, are surrounded by the ocean, and by this situation seem intended to hold communication with the whole world, which you do by means of your ships; whilst we Dahomans, being placed on a large continent, and hemmed in amidst a variety of other people, of the same com-

plection, but speaking different languages, are obliged, by the sharpness of our swords, to defend ourselves from their incursions, and punish the depredations they make on us. Such conduct in them is productive of incessant wars. Your countrymen, therefore, who allege that we go to war for the purpose of supplying your ships with slaves, are grossly mistaken.

"You think you can work a reformation, as you call it, in the manners of the blacks; but you ought to consider the disproportion between the magnitude of the two countries; and then you will soon be convinced of the difficulties that must be surmounted to change the system of such a vast country as this. We know you are a brave people, and that you might bring over a great many of the blacks to your opinions by the points of your bayonets; but to effect this a great many must be put to death, and numerous cruelties must be committed, which we do not find to have been the practice of the whites: besides, that this would militate against the very principle which is professed by those who wish to bring about a reformation.

"In the name of my ancestors and myself I aver, that no Dahoman ever embarked in war merely for the sake of procuring wherewithal to purchase your commodities. I, who have not been long master of this country, have, without thinking of the market, killed many thousands, and I shall kill many thousands more. When policy or justice requires that men be put to death, neither silk, nor coral, nor brandy, nor cowries, can be accepted as substitutes for the blood that ought to be spilt for example's sake; besides, if white men chuse to remain at home, and no longer visit this country for the same purpose that has usually brought them hither, will black men cease to make war? I answer, by no means; and if there be no ships to receive their captives, what will become of them? I answer for you, they will be put to death. Perhaps you may ask, how will the blacks be furnished with guns and powder? I reply by another question, had we not clubs, and bows, and arrows, before we knew white men? Did not you see me make *custom* [annual ceremony] for Weebaigah the third king of Dahomy? and did you not observe, on the day such ceremony was performing, that I carried a bow in my hand, and a quiver filled with arrows on my back? these were the emblems of the times, when, with such weapons, that brave ancestor fought and conquered all his neighbours. God made war for all the world; and every kingdom, large or small, has practised it more or less, though perhaps in a manner unlike, and upon different principles. Did Weebaigah sell slaves? No; his prisoners were all killed to a man. What else could he have done with them? Was he to let them remain in his country, to cut the throats of his subjects? This would have been wretched policy indeed, which had it been adopted, the Dahoman name would have long ago been extinguished, instead of becoming, as it is at this day, the terror of surrounding nations.—What hurts me most is, that some of your people have maliciously represented us in books, which never die, alleging that we sell our wives and children for the sake of procuring a few kegs of brandy. No; we are shamefully belied, and I hope you will contradict, from my mouth, the scandalous stories that have been propagated; and

tell posterity that we have been abused. We do, indeed, sell to the white men a part of our prisoners, and we have a right so to do. Are not all prisoners at the disposal of their captors? and are we to blame, if we send delinquents to a far country? I have been told you do the same. If you want no more slaves from us, why cannot you be ingenuous, and tell the plain truth; saying, that the slaves you have already purchased are sufficient for the country for which you bought them; or that the artists, who used to make fine things, are all dead, without having taught any body to make more; but for a parcel of men with long heads to sit down in England, and frame laws for us, and pretend to dictate how we are to live, of whom they know nothing, never having been in a black man's country during the whole course of their lives, is to me somewhat extraordinary. No doubt they must have been biassed by the report of some one who has had to do with us; who, for want of a due knowledge of the treatment of slaves, found that they died on his hands, and that his money was lost; and seeing others thrive by the traffic, he, envious of their good luck, has vilified both black and white traders.

"You have seen me kill many men at the customs; and you have often observed delinquents at Grigwhee, and others of my provinces, tied, and sent up to me. I kill them, but do I ever insist on being paid for them? some heads I order to be placed at my door, others to be strewed about the market place, that people may stumble upon them when they little expect such a sight. This gives a grandeur to my customs, far beyond the display of fine things which I buy; this makes my enemies fear me, and gives me such a name in the *Bush**. Besides, if I should neglect this indispensable duty, would my ancestors suffer me to live? would they not trouble me day and night, and say, that I sent nobody to serve them; that I was only solicitous about my own name, and forgetful of my ancestors? White men are not acquainted with these circumstances; but I now tell you, that you may hear, and know, and inform your countrymen, why customs are made, and will be made, as long as black men continue to possess their own country: the few that can be spared from this necessary celebration, we sell to the white men; and happy, no doubt, are such, when they find themselves on the path for Grigwhee, to be disposed of to the Europeans: *We shall still drink water* †, say they to themselves; *white men will not kill us; and we may even avoid punishment by serving our new masters with fidelity.*"

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## *A CURE FOR A SORE THROAT.*

*Recommended by a Person who has had Thirty Years Experience of it upon himself and others, and found it always to succeed.*

TAKE a small piece of allum in your mouth, and let it dissolve, spitting out your spittle till it is all dissolved, a little before going to bed, without rinsing your mouth. There is some quality in the alum that draws the humour from the throat, that the Patient will find himself much better the next day.

* The country expressions for the woods.

† Meaning, we shall still live.

## CEREMONY OF A
# *GENTOO WOMAN*
### DEVOTING HERSELF ON THE
## FUNERAL PILE OF HER DEAD HUSBAND.

*From* "CAMPBELL'S *Journey over Land to* INDIA," *just Published.*

THE place fixed upon for this tragic scene was a small islet on the bank of one of the branches of the river Cavery, about a mile to the northward of the fort of Tanjore.

When I came to the spot, I found the victim, who appeared to be not above sixteen, sitting on the ground, dressed in the Gentoo manner, with a white cloth wrapped round her, some white flowers like jessamins hanging round her neck, and some of them hanging from her hair. There were about twenty women sitting on their hams round her, holding a white handkerchief, extended horizontally over her head, to shade her from the sun, which was excessively hot, it being then about noon.

At about twenty yards from where she was sitting, and facing her, there were several Bramins busy in constructing a pile with billets of fire wood: the pile was about eight feet long and four broad. They first began by driving some upright stakes into the ground, and then built up the middle to about the height of three feet and a half with billets of wood.

The dead husband, who, from his appearance, seemed to be about sixty years of age, was lying close by, stretched out on a bier made of bamboo canes. Four Bramins walked in procession three times round the dead body, first in a direction contrary to the sun, and afterwards other three times in a direction with the sun, all the while muttering incantations; and at each round or circuit they made, they untwisted, and immediately again twisted up the small long lock of hair which is left unshaven at the back of their heads.

Some other Bramins were in the mean time employed in sprinkling water out of a green leaf, rolled up like a cup. upon a small heap of cakes of dry cow dung, with which the pile was afterwards to be set on fire.

An old Bramin sat at the north-east corner of the pile upon his hams, with a pair of spectacles on, reading, I suppose, the Shaster, or their scriptures, from a book composed of Cajan leaves.

Having been present now nearly an hour, I inquired when they meant to set the pile on fire: they answered in about two hours. As this spectacle was most melancholy, and naturally struck me with horror, and as I had only gone there to assure myself of the *truth of such sacrifices being made*, I went away towards the fort. After I was gone about five hundred yards, they sent some one to tell me they would burn immediately; on which I returned, and found the woman had been moved from where she was sitting to the river, where the

Bramins were bathing her. On taking her out of the water they put some money in her hand, which she dipped in the river, and divided among the Bramins: she had then a yellow cloth rolled partially round her. They put some red colour, about the size of a sixpence, on the centre of her forehead, and rubbed something that appeared to me to be clay. She was then led to the pile, round which she walked three times as the sun goes: she then mounted it at the north-east corner, without any assistance; and sat herself down on the right side of her husband, who had been previously laid upon the pile. She then unscrewed the pins which fastened the jewels or silver rings on her arms: after she had taken them off, she shut them, and screwed in the pins again, and gave one to each of two women who were standing: she unscrewed her ear-rings and other toys with great composure, and divided them among the women who were with her. There seemed to be some little squabble about the distribution of her jewels, which she settled with great precision; and then, falling gently backwards, pulled a fold of yellow cloth over her face, turned her breast towards her husband's side, and laid her right arm over his breast; and in this posture she remained without moving.

Just before she lay down the Bramins put some rice in her lap, and also some into the mouth and on the long grey beard of her husband: they then sprinkled some water on the head, breast and feet of both, and tied them gently together round the middle with a slender bit of rope: they then raised as it were a little wall of wood lengthways on two sides of the pile, so as to raise it above the level of the bodies; and then put cross pieces so as to prevent the billets of wood from pressing on them: they then poured on the pile, above where the woman lay, a potful of something that appeared to me to be oil; after this they heaped on more wood, to the height of about four feet above where the bodies were built in; so that all I now saw was a stack of fire wood.

One of the Bramins, I observed, stood at the end of the pile next the woman's head—was calling to her through the interstices of the wood, and laughed several times during the conversation. Lastly, they overspread the pile with wet straw, and tied it on with ropes.

A Bramin then took a handful of straw, which he set on fire at the little heap of burning cakes of cow dung; and, standing to windward of the pile, he let the wind drive the flame from the straw till it catched the pile. Fortunately, at this instant, the wind rose much higher than it had been any part of the day, and in an instant the flames pervaded the whole pile, and it burnt with great fury. I listened a few seconds, but could not distinguish any shrieks, which might perhaps be owing to my being then to windward. In a very few minutes the pile became a heap of ashes.

During the whole time of this process, which lasted from first to last above two hours before we lost sight of the woman by her being built up in the middle of the pile, I kept my eyes almost constantly upon her; and I declare to God that I could not perceive, either in her countenance or limbs, the least trace of either horror, fear, or even hesitation: her countenance was perfectly composed and placid;

and she was not, I am positive, either intoxicated or stupified.—From several circumstances, I thought the Bramins exulted in this hellish sacrifice, and did not seem at all displeased that Europeans should be witnesses of it.

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## DISSERTATIONS ON THE *POLITE ARTS.*

### No. V.

*Continued from p. 171.*

### POETRY.

POETRY is a mixture of Painting, Music, and Eloquence. As *Eloquence*, it speaks, it proves, it relates. As *Music*, it has a regulated course, tones and cadences, whose combination form a kind of concert. As *Painting*, it draws out objects, and lays on colours, it expresses every beauty in nature; in a word, it makes use both of the colours and the pencil. It employs concords and harmony, it shews truth, and knows how to make truth lovely.

Poetry takes in all kinds of subjects: it records every shining action in history: it enters into the regions of philosophy: it flies into the skies, to admire the courses of the heavenly bodies: it darts into the sea, and into the entrails of the earth, there to examine the secrets of nature: it penetrates even into the mansions of the dead, to see the rewards of the good, and the tortures of the bad: in short, it takes in the whole universe. If this world be not sufficient, it creates new ones, which it embellishes with enchanted dwellings, and peoples with a thousand different sorts of inhabitants. There it creates beings after its own fancy: it produces nothing but what is perfect: it improves every production of nature: it is a kind of magic: it flings illusion into the eyes, into the imagination, into the mind itself, and makes us enjoy real pleasures by inventions merely chimerical.

#### THE USEFUL SHOULD BE JOINED TO THE AGREEABLE IN POETRY.

IF in nature, and in arts, those things touch us most which carry with them the greatest benefit to ourselves, it follows, that such works as have the double advantage of producing both pleasure and profit, will be much more affecting than such as only produce one of the two. This is the sentiment of *Horace:*

> Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem *delectando* pariterque monendo.

The design of Poetry is to please: and to please, in stirring the passions. But, to give us a perfect and substantial pleasure, it ought not to stir any but those which it is of consequence to keep in

motion, and never such as are contrary to wisdom and virtue. Detestation of wickedness, which is attended by shame, fear, and repentance: compassion for the unhappy, which has almost as extended an utility as humanity itself: admiration of great examples, which leave in the heart a spur to virtue: these are the passions of which Poetry ought to treat; Poetry was never designed to stir up ill in bad hearts, but to furnish the most exquisite delight to virtuous souls. Virtue placed in certain points of view will always be an affecting object. At the bottom of the most corrupted hearts there is always a voice that speaks for virtue, and which good men hearken to with the more pleasure, as by it they discover a proof of their own perfection.

The tragic and comic Poetry of the antients were examples of the terrible vengeance of the gods, or of the just correction of men. They made the spectators understand by these means, that, to avoid both the one and the other, it was necessary not only to *seem* good, but absolutely to *be* so.

The works of *Homer* and *Virgil* are not vain romances, where the mind is led away at the will of an empty imagination. On the contrary, they ought to be looked upon as great bodies of doctrine, as those books of a nation which contain the History of the State, the Spirit of the Government, the fundamental Principles of Morality, the Dogmas of Religion, the Duties of Society; and all this clothed in a grandeur and sublimity of expression that could only be conceived by geniuses little less than divine.

The *Iliad* and *Æneid* are as much the pictures of the *Greek* and *Roman* nations, as the *Miser of Molière* is that of *Avarice*. And as the fable of this comedy is only the canvas prepared to receive a number of true strokes taken from society; so also the anger of *Achilles*, and the establishment of *Æneas* in *Italy*, ought to be considered only as the cloth of a great and magnificent piece of Painting, on which they have had the art to paint manners, customs, laws, counsels, &c. disguised sometimes in allegories, sometimes in predictions, and sometimes openly exposed: changing however some of the circumstances, as the time, the place, the actor, to render the thing more lively, and to give the reader the pleasure of studying, and consequently of believing that his instruction is owing to his own care and reflection.

*Anacreon*, who was deeply studied in the art of pleasing, and who seems never to have had any other aim, was not ignorant how important it is to mix the useful with the agreeable. Other Poets fling roses on their precepts to conceal their harshness. He, by a refinement of delicacy, scattered instructions in the midst of roses. He knew that the most delightful images, when they teach us nothing, have a certain insipidity, which, like beauty without sense, leaves disgust behind it: that there must be something substantial, to give them that force, that energy that penetrates; and, in short, that if wisdom has occasion to be enlivened by a little folly; folly, in its turn, ought to be invigorated by a little wisdom. Read *Cupid stung by a Bee, Mars wounded by the Arrow of Love, Cupid enchained by the Muses*, and we shall easily perceive that the Poet has not made

these images to instruct: but he has put instruction in them to please. *Virgil* is certainly a greater Poet than *Horace*. His paintings are more rich and beautiful. His versification is admirable. *Horace* however is much more read. The principal reason is, that he has at this time the merit of being more instructive to us than *Virgil*, who perhaps was more so to the *Romans*.

We do not say that Poetry should never give itself up to an agreeable mirth. The Muses are cheerful, and were always friends to the Graces. But little Poems are rather sports and relaxations to them, than works. They owe other services to mankind, whose life ought not to be one perpetual amusement; and the example of nature, which they propose for a model, teaches them to do nothing considerable without a wise design, and which may tend to the perfection of those for whom they labour.

### THE STYLE OF POETRY.

THE style of Poetry contains four parts: *viz. Thoughts, Words, Turns,* and *Harmony*. All these are found in Prose itself; but as in the Polite Arts it is necessary not only to paint nature, but to paint it with all its agreeableness and beauty; Poetry, to arrive at that end, has a right to add a degree of perfection to those charms which may exalt them above their natural condition.

It is for this reason that the thoughts, words, and turns in Poetry, have a boldness, liberty and richness which would appear excessive in common language. Hence, *well-sustained similes, glittering metaphors, lively repetitions, surprizing apostrophes.* Thus

——Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Again:

——now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

Or:

How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks
Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar.——

Now:

—Hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night.

We shall say no more of these three parts, *viz.* the thoughts, words, and turns of Poetry; because we may form a very just idea of them by the bare reading of good Poets: but it is not so of the *fourth*, which is harmony.

Non quivis videt immodulato poemata judex.

There are three sorts of Harmony in Poetry: the first is that of the Style, which ought always to agree with the subject treated of. The Polite Arts form a kind of commonwealth, where every one makes

a figure according to his situation. What a difference between the voice of the Epic, and that of a Tragedy. Go through all the other kinds, Comedy, Pastoral, Lyric Poetry, &c. and you will always find that difference.

If this harmony be ever found wanting, the Poem becomes a burlesque. And if tragedy sometimes lowers itself, or comedy rises, it is only to level themselves to their matter, which varies at times.

Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit;
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

This harmony is essential. Almost every one understands it, but unhappily a great many authors have it not sufficiently. In the same work are found tragic, comic, and lyric verses, which are in no manner authorized by the thoughts they contain. Why then will you pretend to paint, since you do not understand colours?

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

A delicate ear knows simply by the sound of the verse, what kind of work it is taken from. Shew us any lines of *Shakespear*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Swift*, or *Pope*, and we shall never be mistaken in this respect. A verse of *Ovid* is known amongst a thousand of *Virgil*. There is not the least occasion to name the authors; we know them by their style, as the heroes in *Homer* are known by their actions.

The second sort of harmony consists in the agreement of the sounds and words with the object of the thought. Even writers in prose ought to make this a rule; and poets ought with much more care to observe it. We should not then see them express a soft thing in rough words; nor in soft ones, what is harsh and disagreeable:

Carmine non levi dicenda est scabra crepido.

The third kind of harmony in Poetry may be called artificial, in opposition to the two others which are proper to discourse, and which belong equally to Poetry and to Prose. This consists in a certain art, which, besides the choice of sounds and expressions that echo to the sense, ranges them in such a manner that all the syllables of a verse, taken together, produce by their sound, their number, their quantity, another sort of expression, a sort of compound expression, which still adds to the natural signification of the words.

Every thing in the universe has its particular motion; there are some that are grave and majestic: others lively and rapid, and others again are simple and sweet. In like manner Poetry has different kinds of motions, to imitate those of nature, and by a sort of melody to paint to the ears what it has painted to the mind by words. This harmony belongs to Poetry alone, and it is the exquisite point of versification.

We may very well call it the exquisite point of versification; for it is the want of this that has made so many Poems perish. The art of being

eloquent in verse is of all arts the most difficult and uncommon. We shall see a thousand geniuses that are able to lay out a work, and to versify it in a middling manner, but to treat it like a true Poet is a talent bestowed hardly on any besides *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Pope*.

Look into *Homer* or *Virgil*, and you will almost every where find a musical expression of most objects. *Virgil* never misses it: we see it strongly in him, even when we cannot easily tell in what it consists. Sometimes it is so sensible as to strike the least attentive ears:

Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta, ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor: aut resonantia longè
Littora misceri, & nemorum increbescere murmur.

And in the Æneid, speaking of the feeble dart flung by old *Priam*:

Sic fatus senior; telumque imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protinus ære repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.

I cannot omit this example taken from *Horace*:

Quà pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis; & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

There are some people to whom nature has refused the pleasure of nice ears: it is not for such that these remarks are made. One might quote to them the authority of those Greeks and Latins, who have entered into the greatest discussions with regard to the harmony of language; I shall content myself with producing only those of *Vida* and *Pope*; and the rather, because they have at the same time given the precept with the example:

Haud satis est illis (*poetis*) utrumque claudere versum,
Et res verborum propriâ vi reddere claras.
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant;
Atque sono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apta
Verborum facie, & quæsito carminis ore.
Nam diversa opus est veluti dare versibus ora
Diversosque habitus: ne qualis primus & alter,
Talis & inde alter vultuque incedit eodem.
Hic melior motuque pedum & pernicibus alis,
Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Ille autem membris ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo molimine susidendo.
Ecce aliquis subit egregio pulcherrimus ore,
Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus afflat honorem;
Contra alius rudis informes ostendit & artus,
Hirsutumque supercilium, ac caudam sinuosam,
Ingratus visu sonitu illætabilis ipso:
Nec vero hæ sine lege datæ, sine mente figuræ
Sed facies sua pro meritis, habitusque sonusque;
Cunctis cuique suus vocum discrimine certo.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.
*Soft* is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers* flows;

*But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,*
The *hoarse rough verse* should like the *torrent* roar.
*When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,*
The line too *labours*, and the words move *slow;*
Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

*(To be continued.)*

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# *THE STAGE.*

## BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from p. 242.*

IF sprightly MATTOCKS was not form'd to trace
The finish'd elegance of comic grace,
What humour means she ably can express,
And put on manners as she puts on dress.
With skill she shews the vulgar city wife,
Whose test of spirit is incessant strife;
Or sportive females of a higher race,
Whose boist'rous airs their rank and sex disgrace;
Or where the widow with a mournful eye,
Her recent loss would prudently supply,
And, while she whimpers for her *poor dead dear*,
The smile of hope illumes the labour'd tear.
Sometimes, perchance, too stately and too prim,
When she should seem all merriment and whim;
Sometimes, too anxious to express with force,
Her col'ring, we allow, is hard and coarse;
But all her characters are well design'd,
Form'd on the certain ground-work of the mind.
Beneath the veil of manners she can pry,
And trace the passions with a thinking eye;
She takes her portraits from the passing throng,
With judgment solid, and with humour strong.

JORDAN advances with so proud a name,
That censure sinks beneath th' o'erwhelming fame.
To truth and reason we shall always bow,
But fashion's edicts dare to disallow,
And though we own her merit, still decline
With boundless homage to approach her shrine.
Nor shall we rashly join a partial crowd,
Who in their worship arrogantly loud,
And, caught by novelty's bewild'ring blaze,
Abandon those who well deserve their praise.
But here with candour shall we briefly try
To hold her portrait to the public eye;

And JORDAN, sure, with nobler pride would feel
Appropriate praise, than shouts of blund'ring zeal.
Possessing tones mellifluous and clear,
That sooth the passions as they please the ear,
In *Viola* she sweetly "*told her love,*"
And with the charm of tenderness could move;
Yet then perversely the insensate crowd
Her genuine merit sparingly allow'd.
Had JORDAN still retain'd the plaintive part,
The ready muse would fondly hail her art,
Nor court less eagerly the pensive hour
Than all her happiest wiles of comic pow'r.
The wanton *boyden*, and intriguing wife,
She copies with a faithful eye to life;
The *abigail*, familiar, pert and sly,
A quick contrivance in her roguish eye;
The lively damsel, taking male attire,
A harmless waggery her chief desire;
And in a lower walk—as *Jobson's* dame—
In all on solid grounds she rear'd her fame;
In all a sterling excellence displays,
And gladly we accord with gen'ral praise.
Her talents thus, in fairest light appear,
And JORDAN stands without a rival here.
But though for comedy so well design'd,
Not aptly train'd for gaiety refin'd;
And hence in *Rosalind* she fail'd to trace,
The intellectual mirth and courtly grace.
True, she is arch, but in her archness coarse,
Too oft 'tis blended with a vulgar force;
And for simplicity's ingenuous heart,
Too free her aspect, and too rough her art.
Thus thinks the muse, and what she thinks she tells,
Her bosom with no hostile passion swells;
With pleasure she attends at merit's call,
And her fond wish is to be just to all.

*(To be continued.)*

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## *A LEAP YEAR LOST.*

WE think it proper thus early to announce to our Female Readers the approach of Leap Year, a period generally agreeable to them from the licence it affords of suing to those who either want courage or inclination to prefer their suit. This early intimation is particularly necessary, as 1796 is the only leap-year that will occur for the ensuing eight years, the intercalary day being left out in 1800 by the stat. 24 Geo. II. c. 23. Every hundredth year is distinguished in this manner, except every four hundredth from the year 2000, which is to be counted bissextile.

## FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

### *AN ADDRESS TO THE AMIABLE MISS J——,*

BY E. WILSON, SUNDERLAND:

*On being asked, What was the Reason that Philosophers and Mathematicians are less polite than other Men?*

MADAM,

THE cause is obvious. You must blame the business, not the men. Why is a courtier so affable, so polite, so sweetly engaging? It is his occupation. His good fortune depends upon his good manners. The rustic is not so—and why? He finds bluntness suits him best. A soft engaging deportment will not enable him to sell his *Tinker* or buy a *Bonnyface* one jot the better. Why are tradesmen so generally conversant, and full of acquiescence? They associate with many and have to adapt themselves to every disposition. View the Doctor; what an elevated air! what a dignified look! his shanks truly do their duty, and he is erect to a mathematical exactness. A nod from the great is sufficient. Only observe his pompous strut! What is the cause? It is evident. Every one asks his advice and submits to his superior judgment. Self-confidence and a majestic carriage is the consequence, and let them not be laughed at. It is the business you see, not the man. A sailor looks undaunted: he has seen danger, and neither fears nor cares for any man. Butchers, for the most part, appear hard-hearted and ferocious men: slaughter and cruelty is their trade. Footmen, and ladies maids, are very complaisant, and yet show no good breeding or dignified appearance. They retail in the kitchen what they borrow from the parlour; and thus, my dear lady, do not you see what a striking conjunction there is between persons and their occupations in life? It is on just the same principle that we must account for the uncouth address of your philosophic suitors. Convince them that an easy free behaviour is absolutely requisite, and doubtless they will learn it: till then we may expect to see them downright aukward gallants. Really, Miss, I pity poor *Matthew M'Titian*. Do encourage him, else it is two to one against him. I fear *Philip Sopher*, like myself, is a counterfeit. Philosophy, Madam, is "common sense improved by observation and experience," for our better conduct in life: not the vending a few abstruse odd opinions on dark ethical subjects. Such a one is so much delighted with the discoveries and apparent mysteries of nature, that he quite overlooks that ease and freedom which so distinguishes the character of a gentleman; and he who can dwell with such infinite pleasure on the properties of curves and tangents, will seldom have that vivacity, or even attempt to acquire that peculiar fashionable kind of conversation, so universally

pleasing to the fair sex. Such a one will not go up gracefully to a bewitching young lady, chuck her under the chin, and, with a languishing look and significant hum,

> "How happy will the young man be
> Who calls this nymph his own,
> O may her choice be fix'd on———*(bowing)* Fal de ral," &c.

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## AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF

# *RELIEVING THE POOR.*

MANY plans are laid, and schemes proposed, to keep our poor from perishing for want of bread; but, alas! that is the lowest link in the chain of charity: indeed, I doubt whether *it* be *any charity*, except to ourselves—to prevent their rising and knocking us on the head. It is commonly said, charity begins at home—I am sure *such* charity ends at home.

True charity to the poor honest labourer is, to enable him to *become* rich; I mean comparatively rich. Let us suppose a labourer with seven children to earn nine shillings a-week, and my charity leads me to add to it half a crown; it will enable him to purchase a little piece of bacon. Suppose I give it every week; at the year's end I shall have given the poor man seven guineas wanting one shilling, and he will be in just the same state *at the year's end*, still a poor, starving cottager in a little hole in a village with two or three alehouses, the *bane* of the labourer and his family. Now, suppose the poor man in a cottage with a little orchard, on or *near* a common, no vile alehouse near, and of these seven guineas I lay out five in buying him a little Welsh cow; one guinea in buying him a young open sow; the remainder of the seven guineas in two geese and a gander, a few hens and a cock; all of which, if the English had as much acuteness as the Irish and Scotch, would be supported on the common the whole summer and great part of the winter; the cow, God sending good luck, will produce a calf, which, if managed as by the excellent farmers and labourers in Kent, will suck the *whole* of the cow's milk *only* the *last* fortnight before it goes off to the butcher; when gone, butter will be made; the skimmed milk will more than half keep the family; the butter-milk will help to keep the sow; the poor woman will be able to raise six shillings to buy a bushel of malt, which, as was lately shewn in the St. James's Chronicle, by some benevolent person, will make *twenty-two* gallons of beer for the poor man, without going to an alehouse; the grains will benefit the sow. Every one that has lived in the country knows that geese always keep themselves through the whole year, except the hen-geese whilst sitting. I once knew a poor old widow, who, living in a single room up one pair of stairs, supported herself comfortably by keeping geese on an adjacent common, the amiable minister of the parish allowing her to coop the old goose in the church-yard about five days after the young

ones were hatched, before they were turned out to provide for themselves on the common. The English feed their hens, and, by so doing, spoil their eggs. The Scotch make them (like the wild hen, the pheasant) feed themselves on grass, &c.; or a fine little chicken, fit for the spit, ten or twelve weeks old, could never be sold for twopence halfpenny; at which price I have generally bought them when in the country in Scotland. In Edinburgh things are dearer.

The cottager thus placed, thus assisted, will, in a few years, be able to rent a little bargain, as it is called, of about 12l. or 15l. a-year; grow a little wheat, barley, &c. and, by degrees, rise to a smart farm of 60 or 70l. a-year. I myself knew two instances, where, beginning originally with only the sow and a few geese, and the man working (shamefull to tell!) for only *six* shillings a-week, hay-time and harvest excepted, each rose to good farms; one to a 60l. farm, the other died, about five years ago, in one of 120l. a-year.

I have the pleasure of knowing that two poor families are rendered comfortable, in different parts of the country, by my letting two good tidy houses, with one a large orchard and garden at 4l. 10s. a year, where the cow, &c. is supporting a widow, and bringing up eight fatherless children; the other, with two fields, at 6l. a year, supporting a very aged man, his insane daughter, and a person to take care of them; who, should they be dismissed from their little bargain, as it is termed, must immediately be supported at great expence by the parish to which they belong. It is absurd to read the plans in the different news-papers of turning commons into corn-fields, that the poor may reap and thrash the corn, and so remain wretchedly poor. No, let them build, or allow poor labourers, and young farmers servants, when they marry, to run up an hut on the common, and inclose as much as they can cultivate. This is the only way to diffuse happiness among the poor.

A FRIEND TO THE POOR.

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ESSAY ON THE

## *CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.*

AN Essay on the title of ESQUIRE, in the First Volume of the Freemasons' Magazine, gave rise to the following observations. Of all titles of Honour, the highest in my estimation is that of GENTLEMAN. I think it no easy matter to give a definition of the word Gentleman which critics might not cavil at, but I will give my idea of the character in the following description.

To be a Gentlemen, a man must be courteous in his address, and polite in his behaviour; he must be liberal in his sentiments, and just in all his actions; he must be sincere, generous, and benevolent.—Whenever we see a man rude in his manners, and illiberal in his notions, void of honour, and void of generosity, do we not say of such a man, however high he may rank in the world, that he has nothing of the Gentleman in him? Is not this the general sense of mankind, the

voice of *the many*, as well as of the more liberal-minded and enlightened *few*?

It is not a large estate, or an ample fortune, that makes a Gentleman. If a man be a Prodigal, or a Miser, if he squander his substance in vice and dissipation, or live only to accumulate wealth, he may be a 'Squire or a Lord, but he is not a Gentleman. *Generosus*, the Latin word for a Gentleman, in strictness of derivation, signifies what we call a man of *birth* or family; but till it appears that every man of birth is a Gentleman, I would understand by the word *Generosus* a man of Generosity, as I look upon Generosity to be the peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, and think that every man has so much of the Gentleman as he has of Generosity in him. Easiness of access and elegance of manners, affability of behaviour and attention to please, though confessedly very genteel and agreeable accomplishments, are but the exterior parts of a Gentleman; the Complete Gentleman is one who, besides being possessed of all these accomplishments, delights in good offices, and discovers on all proper occasions a spirit of Generosity adequate to his fortune. He is not generous by fits and starts only, nor is his goodness partial and confined, but he is a general friend to indigence and merit, and is never happier than when he can by acts of Generosity promote the happiness of others. If we try the generality of those who call themselves Gentlemen by this test, I fear it will be found that a real Gentleman is a much rarer character than is commonly imagined; for, how many nominal Gentlemen do we every where meet with, and how very few men of Generosity? Generosity then I lay down as essential to the character of a Gentleman; and a Gentleman I consider as the noblest of all characters and titles of true honour. In common acceptation, I know there are many superior titles. Nobility gives a superior rank and distinction in life; but does it confer superior honour? No; this depends not on descent or a patent, but on the personal character of the Nobleman. A man may be Right Honourable by creation or birth, and at the same time a very dishonourable man. But a Gentleman must be a man of honour. The title here and the character are inseparable, for the character confers the title. Kings may create Lords, but they cannot create a Gentleman. A Gentleman is self-created:

> Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
> That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings:

But, as the Poet soon after adds,

> What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

A Gentleman, I have said, is self-ennobled. He shines by his own light, and borrows no splendour from others. The character of a Gentleman, contrasted with that of Lords, is nowhere, I think, so finely exemplified as in Mr. POPE's description of the Man of Ross. Read that character, and you will then see the justness and beauty of that noble apostrophe of the poet:

> Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
> Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

Nothing I have said derogates in the least from the dignity of true Nobility. Where the Nobleman and the Gentleman are united, it

forms the most respectable and honourable character, and merits the highest esteem and veneration. But * a degenerate or worthless Nobleman is entitled to no honour; he is self-degraded, and ranks only with the Great Vulgar, altogether undeserving the title of a Gentleman:

——Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis. JUV.

It is an old observation, that "Virtue alone constitutes true Nobility;" and the sum of all I have said, and would wish to establish as a maxim, is, that *Generosity makes the Gentleman.* Z.

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## FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

## *WHAT THE N?*

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to *myself*, I am convinced that, if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to *others*.

When I was seventeen years of age my father died, and left my mother with me and six other children in great distress. My aunt, who kept a large Inn on the high London road, offered to take me *as a Chambermaid.* As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer, who had always been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advising me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and *(however hurried)* by constantly using the Lord's Prayer, and imploring the *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communication of the Spirit, as expressed in St. Paul's benediction. —He added likewise, that he had prepared a *faithful* MONITOR to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be *preserved* from the danger so much dreaded. He then gave me, written in large capitals on a Card, these two very important words, WHAT THEN? enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me, that whenever waiters, soldiers, officers, and other gentlemen, or their servants, flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called, I should steadily reply WHAT THEN? and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat WHAT THEN?

I assured him I should endeavour to follow his advice, and accordingly I went to my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied WHAT THEN? It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers, and so preserved my character unsullied.

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*——Perit omnis in illo
Nobilitas, cujus laus est in origine sola.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly sensible young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the married state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often professed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage. I had therefore continual recourse to my *faithful* MONITOR, and so repeatedly, that I found him alarmed by it; for at length, in answer to my question, WHAT THEN? he replied, "I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my MONITOR.

This inestimable PRESERVATIVE I would recommend to *all* young women, especially to those in the *lower* ranks of life, to secure them against the various arts of seduction so frequently practised to the ruin of the *unguarded*. Consider *well* these two important words WHAT THEN? Pause a while—Beware—Resist the Temptation.—What must be the consequence of listening to these Seducers?——Ah! WHAT THEN?

SARAH P———N.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SANS-SOUCI is a name given to a favourite retreat of the late King of Prussia at some little distance from Berlin. Conversing on this a few weeks since in company with what I then thought a jolly party, it was agreed to make a Sans-souci tour for four days about the environs of the metropolis. The company consisted of four ladies and as many gentlemen, who completely filled two coaches. As it was resolved that no impediment should prevent the design being carried into execution, a very rainy morning, the day fixed on, did not seem to cast the least damp upon the spirits of any one. The ladies were ready to a moment, and they seated themselves with all possible glee with two men in each coach. We had not got to Kensington before one of the ladies observed it was very bad weather. This observation brought on a yawn, which did not in the least promote the mirth of the company, and scarce another word was said, except by one gentleman, till we got to Turnham-green: but even Altamont,

> That child of mirth, and soul of whim,

could not rarify the condensed ideas of the party. Dinner was served up punctually to the time appointed; but the fowls were boiled to rags, and the veal was raw. Mrs. S——, who has an utter aversion to melted butter, could not taste a bit, as Miss P—— had inadvertently poured it into the dish; Major W——— found the port pricked, and Sir W. D——— objected to claret. The dinner was served, begun, and ended, in a state of contest; and we resumed our places in the coaches, without having had any thing like a comfortable meal. Altamont reminded Sir W——, that this was a Sans-

souci party, and he almost immediately fell a snoring. We reached Colnbrooke by tea-time, but the water was smokey, and Lady B—— could not drink tea without cream.

Once more we resumed our places in the coaches, and set off for Windsor; the rain increased, and a thunder storm so terrified Miss P— that having by some accident neither hartshorn nor salts among us, there was great danger of her swooning: when she recovered a little, it was proposed to let the window down for air; but this Mrs. S—— very strenuously opposed, as it rained in, and she did not chuse to expose herself to a cold, especially at this time of the year, as they generally lasted all the winter. Half suffocated we reached Windsor, and I was glad to walk near a mile in the rain, in order to breathe a little wholesome air, of which we had been so long deprived. We played a pool at quadrille; but Mrs. S——, being unsuccessful, was uncommonly peevish the whole night, and even threw out some hints that Lady B——— was very dextrous at disposing of the fishes. The supper was cold and spoilt by waiting for the Major, who was gone upon a short visit to Eton. Every one at last was quite out of temper, and we all retired to bed fully displeased with each other. I rose early the next morning, and finding a return post-chaise ready for Hounslow, I took a French leave in these words: "This Sans-souci party has proved the very reverse of my expectations, I am therefore disqualified from being any longer a member." Adieu.

*Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 1.* A FRIEND.

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CHARACTER OF A

## *REAL PHILOSOPHER,*

AND THE GREAT END WHICH HE OUGHT TO HAVE IN VIEW.

THERE is no prejudice more common than that of confounding singularity and the love of distinction with philosophy. Nor is this at all surprising, The vulgar, who never carry their thoughts beyond appearances, are always struck with a man who deviates from the common path, who pursues a system of conduct directly opposite to that of the generality of mankind, who despises what others covet, who renounces riches, grandeur, and all the sweets and allurements of life. The whimsical singularity of his conduct, after dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, sometimes creates a prejudice in favour of his opinions; nay it happens, not unfrequently, that from being an object of pity, or of ridicule, he obtains applause and admiration.

But let us distinguish philosophy from what has only the appearance of it; let us consider the man who professes it without prejudice; and let us not prostitute the name of wisdom to pride or peevishness. Under the Cynic's mantle, or that of the Stoic; under the appearance of disinterestedness, and a contempt of honours, fame, and pleasure, it is no uncommon thing to find persons absolutely enslaved by envy, spleen, and ambition.

If philosophy be the search after truth, sincerity must be the first and the most essential quality of a Philosopher. Great talents, and the art of thinking, are not exclusive privileges granted to persons of cool, dispassionate, and virtuous dispositions. The man who thinks, is not always a Philosopher; he may have a wretched temper, be tormented with spleen, and a slave to passion; he may be envious, haughty, deceitful, dissatisfied with others and with himself. When this is the case, he is incapable of making just observations: his reasonings become suspicious; he can scarce see himself in his genuine, native colours; or if he does, he strives to conceal from himself the obliquity and irregularity of his temper and disposition: his philosophy, or rather the motley systems of his brain, are full of confusion: there is no connection in his principles; all is sophistry, and contradiction; insincerity, pride, envy, caprice, misanthropy, appear throughout; and if the vulgar, dazzled with his talents and the novelty of his principles, look upon him as a profound and sublime Philosopher, persons of nicer discernment see nothing but spleen, discontented vanity, and sometimes malignity, under the guise of virtue.

The Philosopher has no right to esteem or value himself, but when he contributes to the welfare of his fellow-creatures; the applauses of his conscience are then only lawful and necessary when he knows he deserves them. In a world blinded by prejudice, and so often ungrateful, this ideal recompence is, alas! almost the only one that is left to virtue. Let the Philosopher, therefore, esteem himself when he has done good; let him congratulate himself upon being free from those vain desires, those vices, those shameful passions, those imaginary wants, with which others are tormented; but let him not compare himself with his fellow-creatures in such a manner as to shock their self-love. If he thinks himself happier than they, let him not insult their wretchedness; above all, let him not plunge them in despair. The friend of wisdom ought to be the friend of men; he ought never to despise them; he ought to sympathize with them in their afflictions; he ought to comfort and encourage them. A love of mankind, an enthusiasm for public good, sensibility, humanity,—these are the motives which ought to animate the man of virtue; these are the motives which he may acknowledge without a blush. Without this, Philosophy is only an idle and useless declamation against the human species, which proves nothing but the pride or peevishness of the declaimer, and convinces nobody.

What title, indeed, has the Philosopher to despise or insult his fellow-creatures? Is it because he imagines he has superior knowledge? But his knowledge is useless, if society derives no advantage from it. Why should he hate his species? or what glory can arise from misanthropy? true and solid glory can only be founded upon humanity, the love of mankind, sensibility, and gentleness of manners.—Are men ignorant and full of prejudices? Alas! education, example, habit, and authority, oblige them to be so. Are they slaves to vice, passion, and frivolous desires? those who regulate their destiny, the impostors who seduce them, the models which they have before their eyes, produce in their hearts all the vices that torment

them. To hate or despise men for their errors and follies, is to insult those whom we ought to pity, and to reproach them with necessary and unavoidable infirmities.

Let us comfort man, therefore, but let us never insult or despise him; on the contrary, let us inspire him with confidence; let us teach him to set a just value upon himself, and to feel his own dignity and importance; let us exalt his views, and give him, if possible, that vigour and force, which so many causes combine to break and destroy. True wisdom is bold and manly; it never assumes the haughty and imperious air of superstition, which seems to have nothing else in view but to debase and annihilate the human mind. If the Philosopher has warmth and energy in his soul, if he is susceptible of a deep and strong indignation, let him rouse and exert himself against those falsehoods and impostures of which his species has been so long the victim; let him boldly attack those prejudices which are the real sources of all human calamities; let him destroy, in the opinion of his brethren, the empire of those priests and tyrants who abuse their ignorance and their credulity; let him wage eternal warfare with superstition, which has so often deluged the earth with blood; let him vow irreconcilable enmity to that horrid despotism, which, for so many ages, has fixed its throne in the midst of wretched nations. If he thinks himself possessed of superior knowledge, let him communicate it to others; if he is more intrepid, let him lend them an helping hand; if he is free, let him point out to others the means of asserting their freedom; let him endeavour to cure them of their servile and debasing prejudices, and the shackles which opinion has forged will soon fall from off their hands. To insult the wretched is the height of barbarity; to refuse to lead the blind is the height of cruelty; to reproach them bitterly for having fallen into the ditch, is both folly and inhumanity.

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## *A CHINESE TALE.*

### ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

THE ancient Takupi had long been Prime Minister to the Queen of Yawaqua, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China; during his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, seemed to bless the people, nor were the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the State forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torments from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their immediate enjoyments by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, cast about to find out grievances; and, after some search, they actually began to fancy themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form, and the Queen, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed

a day in which his accusers should be heard, and the Minister should stand upon his defence. The day being arrived, and the Minister brought before the tribunal, three accusers of principal note appeared from among the number: the first was a carrier who supplied the city with fish; he deposed, that it was a custom time immemorial for carriers to bring their fish upon a hamper, which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone of equal weight on the other, the load was thus conveyed with ease and safety; but that the prisoner, moved either by a malicious spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the company of hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to take down the stone, and in its place to put up another hamper on the opposite side, entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Yawaqua in particular. The carrier finished, and the whole court began to shake their heads at the innovating Minister, when the second witness appeared: he was Inspector of the buildings of the city, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which happened only to obstruct the passage through a principal street of the city. He observed, that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity, and contributed finely to shew how little their ancestors understood architecture, and for that reason they should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay. The third and last witness now appeared; this was a widow, who had laudably attempted to burn herself upon her husband's funeral pile: she had only attempted, for the innovating Minister had prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to all her tears, protestations, and intreaties. The Queen could have pardoned his two former offences, but this was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. "What!" cries the Queen, "not suffer a woman to burn herself when she has a mind! A very pretty minister truly; a poor woman cannot go peaceably and throw herself into the fire but he must intermeddle; very fine indeed! the sex are to be very prettily tutored no doubt, they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a roasted acquaintance! I sentence the criminal at the bar, for his injurious treatment of the sex, to be banished my presence for ever."

Takupi had been hitherto silent, and began to speak only to shew the sincerity of his resignation; "I acknowledge," cried he, "my crime; and since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or desolate village in the country I have governed." His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with, and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment answering the minister's description. After some months search, however, the inquiry proved fruitless; neither a desolate village, nor a ruined town was found in the whole kingdom. "Alas!" said Takupi to the Queen, "how can that country be ill governed, which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?" The Queen perceived the justice of his remark, and received the minister into more than former favour.

J.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, *London, Nov. 1, 1795.*

AS I find in the *Freemasons' Magazine* of *September last*, a copy of Verses, entitled, "*On Viewing a Skeleton, Time's Lecture to Man,*" *by Mrs. Stickland of Blandford;* I beg leave to refer you to the *Lady's Magazine for December* 1774, *page* 662, where you will find a Copy of Verses, *entitled,* "*Upon the Sight of a Skeleton,*" *signed, Exoniensis,* from whence I presume this Lady's copy to have been taken, and which are alike, except as to the *alteration of language,* and *various omissions,* which at present I incline to think were intended as a disguise; but as it is impossible for me to know in what manner they were presented, I shall forbear any observations, other than, that, as a Friend and Brother, I consider the Freemasons' Magazine too respectable a publication to derive any benefit from *old materials,* at least such as are not introduced to the public with the usual references.—I beg the Lady and you to believe, I am impelled by no other motive than what arises from a sincere wish to promote and encourage literature in general, the Freemasons' Magazine in particular, and from an apprehension that frequent discoveries of this sort would be injurious to a publication which is daily increasing in good report, and which I have esteemed from the beginning, and shall continue to use my best endeavours to support, as long as I am induced to belive it deserves it.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c. T. L.

[To this kind Correspondent we return our thanks for his notice. That we should *sometimes* be imposed on by plagiarists is not to be wondered at; but our Readers can have no idea of the number of instances in which we detect and suppress them without farther notice. Most writers create to themselves an enjoyment in the publication of their labours; but we are at a loss to conceive what gratification can result to the person who deliberately sits down to copy the productions of other pens, and present them to the world under their own names or signatures. The present being not the first attempt of the kind from Mrs. S. we think ourselves justifiable in saying, that we suppressed a former poetic contribution from her, in the middle of which we detected a string of couplets from Rowe's Jane Shore, unmarked by any of the usual signs of Quotation, and very evidently intended to pass as originals. Mrs. S. however, is not the only person (as before observed) who takes this unprofitable trouble. *Qui capit ille facit.*]

## *AN EASY METHOD OF DESTROYING BUGS.*

TAKE two large bunches of the strongest wormwood, put them on the teaster of the bed, and the like under each pillow. This will entirely destroy them.

## FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

IT is an opinion generally received, that the addition of the dagger to the arms of the City of London had this original: In the fifth year of the reign of Richard the second, there was a rebellion in the county of Kent, of which one Wat Tyler, a poor labourer, who had adopted that name from his trade, was leader. This man's infatuation was so much, that he even ventured to enter the metropolis; where he was met by the King, accompanied by William Walworth, the gallant Lord Mayor, who not being able to bear the traitor's insolence, arrested him by a violent blow on the head, and then stabbed him with his dagger, which was added to the arms of the City, to commemorate the bravery of that action. That this tradition is entirely false the following will make evident: being lately at Staines, in Middlesex, I observed, at a distance, on the banks of the Thames, a little below the famous Runny-Mead, a stone which bore the appearance of antiquity: I found it the boundary of the City's liberty. The stone was about four feet high, and in the middle was the Mayor's name, with the date thus, 1254; the third figure, which seems to have been 5, is much effaced; but that set aside, the dagger could not have been derived from the above anecdote; for a little below the date are the arms as they now stand. Now the year 1254 was long before Richard the second, who came not to the throne till 1377. A. T.

## INSTANCE OF *DELICACY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.*

SOME few years ago, in Rome, a very genteel company, consisting of above a hundred persons, was assembled at Cardinal Alberetti's: at one of the card-tables a Gentleman lost a Snuff-box, most curiously set with diamonds; he asked the Gentlemen at the same table if they had seen it, but was answered in the negative; he therefore applied to the Cardinal, who ordered the doors of the assembly-room to be shut, and told the company none must be offended, but that no one should depart till the snuff-box was found; on which another Cardinal, who was present, said, perhaps the person who has taken the box did it in a frolic, and being taxed so seriously is ashamed to restore it; let therefore the candles be all extinguished, let the company keep standing, and let the person who has taken the box replace it on one of the tables. This was agreed to: when the light was brought in, the box was found, and the harmony of the company restored.

## *RECEIPT for Marking Linen so as not to Wash out again.*

TAKE vermillion, as much as will lie on a half-crown piece; of the best salt of steel, a piece about the size of a small nutmeg; grind, or levigate well together with linseed oil: you may make it thick or thin to your discretion.

N. B. This is equal, if not superior, to any of the numerous compositions so long puffed on the town at exorbitant prices.

# MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE intimated, p. 140. of the present volume, that the Grand Lodge of Scotland had, upon the application of the Freemasons in the 2d Battalion of the Argyleshire Fencibles, granted a Charter for a Lodge to be held in that Regiment under the title of THE MILITARY ST. JOHN. They were on Tuesday, August 26th, instituted in their Charter at Ayr. Upon that occasion, four Lodges met in the Town Hall; Provost Campbell, Master of the Senior Lodge, took the chair, when, after a few proper questions put, and advices given, to the Office-bearers of the New Military Lodge, the Chaplain of the senior Lodge closed the ceremony with a suitable prayer.

The Magistrates, and many Gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, to the amount of about *two hundred* (all-brethren), countenanced by their presence this affecting, solemn, and most pleasing scene.

The Master of the New Lodge then took the chair, and the Evening was spent with that conviviality, decorum, and social glee, for which the Meetings of the CRAFT have ever been remarkable. S.

DIED,

At Portsmouth, THO. DUNCKERLY, Esq. of Hampton Court, Provincial Grand Master of Masons for Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Somerset, Southampton, Bristol, and the Isle of Wight.

[*See his* PORTRAIT *and* MEMOIRS *of him in our* FIRST VOLUME.]

At Edinburgh, Sept. 26th, William Mason, Esq. writer there, many years Grand Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He lived esteemed and died justly regretted. See Vol. I. p. 607, 608. III. p. 257, 435.

On Wednesday, Nov. 11, one of those Brotherly Greetings which would do honour to the Craft in proportion to their frequency, took place at Freemason's Tavern. It was a *Visit in due form* paid by the JERUSALEM LODGE to the FOUNDATION LODGE. On this occasion a very numerous Company of Visiting Brethren attended also in an individual capacity to add splendour to the ceremony. The whole company consisted, we believe, of 150 persons. The Rites of the Order were most ably performed by the two Lodges in union; and at the earnest and unanimous intreaty of the Brethren assembled, Brother WILLIAM PRESTON, who was discovered among the Visitors on this occasion, delivered a long and impressive discourse on the True Nature and important Duties of the Masonic Character, which he addressed with peculiar force and a happy application to two newly-initiated Brethren. The profound attention with which the respectable instructor was heard gives us reason to think that the influence of his discourse will by no means be confined to those to whom it was more peculiarly addressed. A very elegant supper (and well served, the largeness of the company considered) concluded the evening's festivity, and the Brethren parted in true harmony one with the other. Particuar praise was due to the two R. W. M.'s for their effectual exertions to preserve the order and to promote the laudable purposes of the Meeting. With one circumstance we were particularly pleased. During the Ceremony of Initiation, the R. W. M. of the FOUNDATION LODGE took an opportunity to recommend in very strong terms to the protection and support of the newly-made Brethren in particular, and of the company in general, The Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School; and, on enquiry, we found it to be his invariable custom so to do on like occasions; a custom which with all our hearts we recommend for general practice.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF MOIRA has accepted the Office of a Trustee of the CUMBERLAND SCHOOL.

On the 12th of November two children were admitted into the above Charity in augmentation of the former number.

# STRICTURES
ON
# *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

*Nov.* 7. A NEW Comedy was brought forward at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the Title of *Speculation:*

THE CHARACTERS OF WHICH WERE AS FOLLOW:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tom Tanjore, | Mr. LEWIS, |
| Mr. Project, | Mr. MUNDEN, |
| Alderman Arable, | Mr. QUICK, |
| Captain Arable, | Mr. MIDDLETON, |
| Jack Arable, | Mr. FAWCETT, |
| Sir Frederic Faintly, | Mr. CLAREMONT. |
| Emmeline, | Miss WALLIS, |
| Cecilia, | Miss MANSELL, |
| Lady Catharine Project, | Mrs. DAVENPORT. |

*Scene,* London and its Vicinity.

FABLE.

Mr. *Project* is the Character who gives the name to this Comedy. He is a vile, worthless wretch, who is ever upon the watch to avail himself of some *Speculation,* and, in the pursuit of his schemes, has no regard to friendship and feeling, but would rise upon the ruin of his nearest connections. His wife, *Lady Catharine,* is unprincipled enough to enter into all his schemes; but being a woman of intrigue, has some separate machinations in view. *Project,* by his hypocrisy, had worked himself into the favour of the deceased Sir *Charles Stanmore,* who left his daughter *Emmeline* under the guardianship of the insiduous Speculator. *Emmeline* had conceived an attachment for *Captain Arable,* the son of her uncle, *Alderman Arable,* an attachment that was fully returned by the Captain. The Alderman, however, on account of a family pique, refuses his consent to a marriage between the lovers, and the disappointment fills *Emmeline* with such anxiety, that for some time her reason is impaired. *Project,* her Guardian, takes advantage of this temporary derangement in the mind of *Emmeline,* to confine her under pretence that her understanding is not sufficiently restored for her to be capable of managing her own fortune, which it appears that he has entirely dissipated in pursuit of various speculations, all of which have proved abortive.—*Cecilia,* a very amiable girl, who is another ward of *Project,* and who lives in his house, entertains the warmest partiality for the unhappy *Emmeline,* soothes her in her involuntary retirement, and is anxious to extricate her from the power of their abandoned Guardian. *Tom Tanjore,* the brother of *Cecilia,* after being tricked out of a fortune by the artifices of *Project,* is sent to the East Indies, through the interest of Sir *Charles Stanmore,* the deceased father of *Emmeline. Tom Tanjore,* who is a generous, spirited fellow, amidst all his dissipated habits, indulges his extravagant propensities in India, and was confined for debt in *Calcutta;* but by the assistance of an English Captain, obtains his liberty, and is generously conveyed to this country. It seems that, at *Calcutta,* there was another Mr. *Tanjore,* a man of vast property, and as *Project* has heard of this Gentleman, he confounds him with poor *Tom Tanjore,* who returns without a farthing, and, imagining that he shall find a fine *Asiatic* pigeon to pluck, invites the latter on his arrival to make use of his house, and sends him his carriage and some splendid clothes, for him to appear in a proper *Nabobic* state. *Tom Tanjore,* having no other resource, profits by this interested *speculation* of *Project,* takes up his residence at the house of the latter, and gives such directions for the mode of domestic expence, as is suitable to the extravagant notions which *Project* has formed of his wealth, pro-

mising to indemnify his artful host when the East-India Fleet arrives, and desires the latter to pray, in the mean time, for "a westerly wind." *Alderman Arable* is one of the dupes of *Project*, of whom he rents a farm, which *Project* suffers him to improve as much as he pleases, determining to let the place as soon as the *Alderman*, who affects to be an adept in Agriculture, has rendered the estate complete. The *Alderman*, though a weak man, possesses a good heart, and while he consents that *Emmeline* shall remain under the care of *Project*, considers him as a tender and faithful Guardian. He is also disposed to think *Project* his friend, as the latter promises to bring about a match between his ward *Cecilia*, whom he represents as possessing five thousand a-year, and *Jack Arable* the favourite Son of the *Alderman*. By the assistance of *Cecilia*, the pensive *Emmeline* is released from her confinement in the house of *Project*, and though she falls into the hands of *Jack Arable*, who is watching to entrap *Cecilia*, according to the plan laid between *Project* and the *Alderman*, *Jack* finding *Emmeline* is likely to get possession of her fortune, agrees to convey her to the lodgings of *Cecilia*, who does not solely reside in the house of her Guardian. *Emmeline*, however, goes to her uncle, expecting an asylum in his house, but the *Alderman* has so infatuated a confidence in *Project*, that he locks her up, and sends for her guardian to take her back. At this period *Tom Tanjore*, who had agreed to the proposal of *Project*, that a marriage should take place between *Tom* and *Emmeline* (whose fortune being embezzled, *Project* wishes to marry her to a man who will not be very scrupulous in the examination of his account), enters the house of the *Alderman*, not for the purpose of deluding *Emmeline* into a marriage, but to obtain a safe protection for her as the daughter of his deceased friend and patron. *Tom Tanjore talks* the *Alderman* into a profound nap, by a *long story*, in order to get the key and release *Emmeline*; but just as he is going to open the door of the chamber, *Project* arrives, and *Tom* is obliged to raise a large round table to conceal the sleeping *Alderman*, and prevent an explanation between him and the wicked Guardian. *Project*, conceiving that no person but *Tom Tanjore* hears him, on this occasion opens all his schemes, and *Tom*, raising his voice, awakes the *Alderman*, and thereby gives the latter an opportunity of discovering the rascality of *Project*, and the confiscation of *Emmeline's* property. Soon after, the *Alderman* has *Project* arrested, and thrown into the King's Bench Prison, where poor *Tom Tanjore*, who is arrested by his taylor, soon follows him. In this situation an *equivoque* takes place, each imagining that the other came to procure a discharge. In the end *Tom Tanjore* is released by the *Alderman*. During these events, *Captain Arable*, the admirer of *Emmeline*, who was supposed to be abroad, returns, and the lovers obtain an interview; but though matters are cleared up respecting the conduct of *Project*, yet the *Alderman* will not consent that the injured *Emmeline* shall marry his son the Captain, because this said *Alderman* has a kind of partiality towards *Lady Catharine Project*, who induces him to promise that *Emmeline* shall be united to *Sir Frederick Faintly*, the latter having promised to make her a pecuniary requital.

*Tom Tanjore* generously offers all the money he had won at a gaming table, amounting to a very large sum, to *Lady Catharine*, provided she will employ her influence over the *Alderman* in behalf of *Captain Arable* and *Emmeline*: but, doubtful of her concurrence, pretends to faint away in the dressing-room of *Lady Catharine*, where she is expecting the *Alderman*, who enters the moment when *Lady Catharine* is supporting *Tom Tanjore* in her arms. The resentment and jealousy of the *Alderman* produces the desired catastrophe; he consents that a union shall take place between *Captain Arable* and *Emmeline*; it is found that the rich *Mr. Tanjore* has arrived, that he has offered his hand to *Cecilia*, with a third of his fortune to his namesake, her brother; and the Piece ends with poetical justice; the vile *Project* being likely to end his days in jail; and all the virtuous characters being rendered happy.

When we have informed our Readers that this Comedy is a production of Mr. Reynolds, it is probable that they will rather prepare themselves to enjoy a *laugh* at *the Theatre* than to expect that we should enter into any critical analysis of its merits in this place. We have given an account of the fable, but it appears to us that the Author seems to have been more studious to heighten particular scenes than to connect them with each other, and rather to have endeavoured to produce a pleasing diversity than a regular whole.

The chief attempt at novelty of character is *Sir Frederick Faintly*, which is indeed, *so novel*, that we believe, and hope, it is not to be found in human nature. We learn, from the declaration of this character, that if a man calls him *rascal*, he is so *good-natured* as not to be affronted, and if he proceeds to *kick him*, he is too *polite* to quarrel with him. That there may be men in real life so destitute of spirit, so basely pusillanimous, we can conceive; but that there ever existed a man of this description who would *talk* of a defect, which every man who feels it must, we should think, be anxious to conceal, we cannot imagine. But how is the inconsistency heightened, how is the impropriety aggravated, by placing a *cockade* in the hat of such a character? If such a man really existed, he certainly would not chuse the profession of a *Soldier*.

Alderman Arable (a citizen and farmer) is a well-conceived character; it is a satire on those persons who quit pursuits adapted to their capacities and education, for others with which they are totally unacquainted. Mr. Alderman, being ignorant of the business of a farmer, is every way imposed upon.

His son, Jack Arable, is a student of law, to which he pays very little attention. His keen touches at the profession afford much pleasantry, and the manner in which he expressed his disinclination to frequent Wesminster Hall, which he describes as a market full of *black cattle*, attended by very few *buyers*, almost convulsed the audience with laughter.

The character of Emmeline, Project, and Tanjore, are sketched in our account of the fable. The latter is a gay and elegant portrait.

Mr. Reynolds, with talents and humour that might enable him to "wing a flight higher" than he has hitherto attempted, appears to us as an Author who writes rather for *emolument* than *fame*, or to speak with more propriety, who aims rather to please the present age, than to instruct posterity. We mean not by this observation to discredit his talents in the slightest degree; for in the serious part of his play, there is much good sense and much good writing, that convince us of his ability to succeed in compositions of a higher class. If the town will have *whim* and *merriment*, no one can supply them with a better stock than the Author of *Speculation*; and it would perhaps be deemed as unreasonable to suppose that a Dramatic Writer ought not to study the taste of an audience, as it would be to say that a tradesman ought not to consult the taste of his customers. The piece before us is not a Comedy that will undergo the ordeal of criticism. It abounds in farcical incidents, which rapidly succeed one another with very little attention to consistency or nature: but if reason wanders ungratified, risibility meets with ample indulgence; and in most of our popular modern comedies the currency of the latter is accepted in lieu of the sterling value of the former.

The strokes of satire on *gaming*, and on the efficacy of *dress* to procure hospitality when Genius and Virtue are treated with contempt, are perhaps too just. On the whole, *Speculation* will be found more *substantial* in entertainment than *speculations* usually are; and if *mirth* be *profit*, the most *œconomical* auditor will think his money well laid out in purchasing admission to the dramatic table of our friend Reynolds.

The performance was on the whole well. The Prologue, which was written by Reynolds, and spoken by Harley, evinced a respectable *gravity* of *versification*: but it somewhat strangely ridiculed *sentimental scenes*, as the piece itself contained much of the sentimental cast; it was a sort of Law Case,

Light Satire *versus* Lumpish Sentiment.

The Epilogue was indeed a treat from the pen of Miles Peter Andrews—it had point, pun, and humour in abundance, but wanted what his *poemata minora* always want—connection; it was given, however, with such provoking spirits by Mr. Lewis, that we forgot it wanted any thing.

It bore a most humorous allusion to the straw female head-dress ornaments, which it resembles to a stubble-field:

Of threaten'd *famine* who shall now complain;
When ev'ry female forehead teems with grain?
————When men of active lives,
To fill their gran'ries need but *thresh* their wives.
Nor were the matrons alone prolific:
Old maids and young! all, all are in the straw.

The Piece has been several times repeated with approbation.

# POETRY.

## FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

## *INVOCATION TO MASONRY.*

BY MR. THOMAS DERMODY.

THOU fairest Type of Excellence divine,
Whose social links the race of man combine,
Whose awful mandates coward vice control,
And breathe through nature one enlighten'd soul;
From thy mild sway benignant virtues rise,
Pour on the heart, and emulate the skies;
From thy sage voice sublime *Instruction* springs,
While *Knowledge* waves her many-colour'd wings,
And star-ey'd *Truth*, and *Conscience*, holy zest,
Enthrone TRUE FEELING in the glowing breast.
Then deign the labour of thy sons to guide,
O'er each full line in nervous sense preside,
Adorn each verse, each manly thought inflame,
And what we gain from GENIUS give to FAME!

## *MASONIC ODE.*

BY MR. WILLIAM WALKER.

STRIKE to melodious notes the golden lyre!
Spread wide to all around the ardent flame,
Till each rapt bosom catch the sacred fire,
And join the glorious theme!
'Tis Masonry,
The Art sublimely free,
Where Majesty has bow'd, and own'd a Brother's name!

Thro' ample domes wide let the chorus roll,
Responsive to the ardour of the soul.
Hail! inspiring Masonry!
To thy shrine do myriads bend;
Yet more glorious shalt thou be,
Till o'er the world thy pow'r extend.
Still to the Sons of Earth thy Light dispense,
And all shall own thy sacred influence.

Tho' Genius fires, yet faint his rays appear,
Till thy mysterious lore the soul refine;
'Tis thou to noblest heights his thoughts must rear,
And make them doubly shine,
O Masonry!
Thou Art sublimely free!
'Tis thou exalt'st the man, and mak'st him half divine.
Ye Masons, favour'd men, your voices raise!
You speak your glory while you sing its praise.
Hail! inspiring Masonry, &c.

Blest be the man, and blest he is, who bears
With virtuous pride a Mason's sacred name;
And may each Brother, who the blessing shares,
Enrich the list of Fame.
Blest Masonry!
Thou Art sublimely free!
Heav'n bids thy happy sons, and they thy worth proclaim
With loud assent! their cheerful voices raise,
Their great, immortal Masonry to praise.
Hail! inspiring Masonry, &c.

The tow'r sky-pointing, and the dome sublime,
Rais'd by thy mystic rules and forming pow'r,
Shall long withstand the iron tooth of Time,
Yet still their fall is sure:
But Masonry,
The Art sublimely free,
Founded by God himself, thro' time shall firm endure.
Still shall its sons their grateful voices raise,
And joyful sound their Great Grand Master's praise.
At thy shrine, O Masonry!
Shall admiring nations bend.
In future times thy sons shall see
Thy fame from pole to pole extend.
To worlds unknown thy heav'n-born Light dispense,
And Systems own thy sacred influence.

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ON THE

## *EPICUREAN, STOIC, AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

THREE diff'rent schemes Philosophers assign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine:
Which to embrace of these three sev'ral views,
Methinks, it is not difficult to chuse.

For first; what wisdom, or what sense to cry
Things happen as they do—we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
When things once are—that they must needs be so?

To see such order, and yet own no laws;
Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause;
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reasons, who believes a God. B.

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## *ATHEISM*

THE ONLY GROUND OF DISCONTENT.

IF reason does each private person bind,
To seek the public welfare of mankind;
If this be justice, and the sacred law,
That guards the good, and keeps the bad in awe;
If this great law but op'rates to fulfil
One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;
And if he only, as we all maintain,
Does all things rule, and all events ordain;
Then reason binds each private man t'assent,
That none but Atheists can be discontent. B.

## IRREGULAR ODE TO EVENING.

MILDEST of hours that mark the passing day,
To thee, soft Eve, I pour my simple lay;
Tir'd with the busy croud's tumultuous noise,
With thee I hope to find serener joys.

I joy to roam beneath thy gentle reign,
Pensive to wander o'er the lengthen'd plain,
And listen to the warbling linnet's note;
Or if a higher aim my thoughts engage,
I love to trace the philosophic page,
Whilst o'er my head thy softest shadows float.

Is there a breast that feels great nature's charms?
I ween that breast will court thy friendly shade.
Is there a soul whom mad ambition warms?
I ween he loves not thee, meek placid maid.

*This* shall rejoice beneath the fervid beam,
When Phœbus darts his fierce meridian ray,
Shall court with joy each violent extreme,
And love to bustle 'mid the gawdy day.

*That* shall with rapture mark the silent hour,
When shadowy forms begin to fill the vale;
When modest twilight sheds her gentle pow'r,
And droops her beauteous head the primrose pale.

Then, when the west a blushing tint displays,
And the rude mountain's top reflects the blaze,
Give me to wander in the conscious grove,
Which oft has listen'd to the tender tale,
While many a warbler heard along the vale,
Has sung responsive to the voice of love.

With thee, AMANDA, in youth's early dawn,
Now only to be thought on with a tear,
How oft at Eve, from busy life withdrawn,
My only bliss has been to meet thee here:

Where, heedless of the world's insidious scorn,
Saunt'ring we courted many a long delay;
The devious path, the tangled brake, the thorn,
And many a joyful hind'rance cross'd our way.

Ah! blessed days, that now, for ever flown,
Can only sharpen mem'ry's anxious pain,
Why are ye, happy hours, so quickly gone?
Ah, will ye never, never come again?

*Sunderland.* I. T. R.

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## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

*Occasioned by the Death of* MISS E——R W——E, *of* N——N, *in the County of* D——R, *in the twenty-second Year of her Age.*

CEASE, cease fond heart, indulge not grief so vain,
Nor thus lament what ne'er can be restor'd;
A fruitless sorrow wherefore still retain,
Which but augments the ill so much deplor'd.
Then cease to mourn, the vain complaint give o'er,
Censure not fate, severe tho' her decree;
Since that lamented maid exists no more,
Admir'd, belov'd, by all the world and me.

E'en as a meteor shines with splendour bright,
Illumes the world and darkness turns to day,
Resplendent shines, then sinks in shades of night,
So swift this beauteous vision past away.
Would the sad sound had never reach'd mine ear,
Had the dire tale as yet remain'd untold,
Which urges oft the sympathetic tear,
Oft bids me mourn, and oft my grief unfold.

And wherefore cease—was she not all that's gay,
All young and blooming as the roseate morn?
How soon her morn of life to fleet away,
How soon to pass, ah, never to return!
Ye young, ye old, ye serious, and ye gay,
Whom wealth, or rank, or sense, or beauty grace,
Whoe'er attentive shall peruse my lay,
Lament the shortness of this earthly race:

Your course, like hers, may, ah! too soon be o'er,
You each, alas! may find an early grave;
Then join with me her exit to deplore,
Whom each perfection vainly strove to save:
Ye who to her in ties of kindred bound,
Now inconsolable her loss bemoan,
Whose grief, alas! too doleful must resound,
Since this bright source of ev'ry pleasure's flown.

With you sincere I'd join her loss to mourn,
In sorrowing grief to pass the joyless hours,
My tears to mingle o'er her silent urn,
Or strew her virgin grave with spotless flow'rs.
And thou, dear sainted maid, if souls like thine,
To boundless realms of endless bliss consign'd,
E'er look compassionate with eye benign,
On the frail deeds and sufferings of mankind:

May thy departed shade with pleasure view,
As here thou wast belov'd, admir'd by all,
Thy earthly friends, the once proud theme renew,
And mourn sincerely thy lamented fall.

M. Y.

## *SONNET TO DELIA.*

BY DR. PERFECT.

HOW climbs the bright hop on the pole!
In the garden how sweetly appears!
Ah, why does my Delia condole?
Review the exotic with tears!

Must its flow'ry festoons soon decay,
The prey of a boisterous band!
Sink, wither, and vanish away,
Beneath Depredation's foul hand.

Suspend your concern, my dear maid,
Those silver-like blossoms shall die,
Shall perish and presently fade,
No longer enamour the eye;

But thy blossoms of virtue no hand can annoy,
No season depreciate, and death not destroy.

## PETER PINDAR TO DR. SAYERS,

AUTHOR OF THE DRAMATIC SKETCHES OF ANCIENT NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

---

I THANK thee, Doctor, for thy Sketches;
Not that a presentation copy
(Gifts at which many a needy Author catches)
Climb'd the Parnassus of my garret-lobby,
Serving at noon my feasted soul to please,
At night to purchase bread and cheese.
Alas! I was not quite so cheaply treated.
Yet tho' a half crown and a splendid shilling
Crept from my flaccid purse unwilling,
And all my savoury hopes of dinner
For lean to-morrow have defeated,
I thank thee, I repeat it;
For by the bargain, faith! I am a winner.

I'm sick of Venus and the Graces,
They seem to have bespoken places
In every sonnet, ode, and song;
And with their tedious grimaces
Have play'd us off too long.
Must every storm from Neptune come?
All thunder from Jove's kettle-drum?
And Poets ever with plump Bacchus drink
In their ideal world divine,
Unknown to real wine?
If that's to be the case, I think
Apollo and the Nine
Had better rot, like duck-weed, on the brink
Of Helicon, where they so oft recline.
There's not a Poetaster now-a-days
But knows the Greek mythology by rote,
And with unbashful finger dares to raise
Even Pallas' under petticoat.

I'm sick of Milton and his Angels,
Since Dr. Watts's, and such fancies,
On the same track have been to range Hell's
Broad brimstone walks, and lime expanses:
And, borne on the balloon of love seraphic,
Or rather on the greasy wing of traffic,
Have seen, how plac'd in order serviceable,
In velvet caps of amaranth made,
Round the blue cloth of Heaven's high council-table
A club of Angels sit, like Lords of trade,
Striving a more than Gordian knot t' untie,
The dark arithmetic of trinal unity:
While on wet clouds, like dish-clouts hung around,
The duck-wing'd cherubs mightily abound,
And the nice ears of higher powers to tickle—
Their pennons panting exultation,
Their childish foreheads sweating inspiration,
Bright image of an earthly conventicle!)
With glowing cheeks, and hair bestuck with palm,
Upturn the suet eye, and chaunt th' eternal psalm.

I'm better pleas'd with Odin's daily dinners,
His wild-boar hams, and frothing mead.
Doctor, I'll be a votary of thy sect,
I like Valhalla where th' elect
Come of a jolly toping breed.
By Heav'n, the blue-ey'd wenches there, sweet sinners,
Are very pretty articles of creed,
And could Iduna's youth-bestowing apples
Appear at the dessert of earthly tables,
They'd make of any land a paradise indeed.

Henceforth thy Gods be mine!
Whene'er I wander thro' the Strand,
May Frea take me by the hand,
And lend the golden tear divine,
Which wins her wandering train of misses,
To lisp so lovingly their venal kisses.
And when at home in lonely luxury
I lounge in elbow chair,
Heimdal, as butler, shall be by,
And in my ale reflect his amber hair.
If dullness then my drowsy forehead shrouds,
Surtur shall light my pipe, Thor curl its smoky clouds.

Or when the brighter hour is nigh,
That on the twinkling feet of rhime
Comes dancing to my phrenzied eye,
To goad my pen, and prompt the cunning chime—
If merry be the thoughts I think,
Kevaser's blood shall be my ink;
But if such loftier themes intrude
As hover o'er thy solitude,
I'll call thy Braga from his golden grove,
Where Mimer's sparkling waters rove,
Such as beside thy couch he stood,
With swimming eye and soul of fire,
And to his gold-hair'd lyre
Pour'd on thy thrilling soul the full poetic flood.

Soon shall the imitative crew,
Like sheep by some bell-wether led,
The path thy genius taught pursue,
And pace again thy every fiery tread:
Till in due time e'en birth-day odes
Shall strut resplendent with thy Gods.
Thy Niord and his mermaid train
Bid old Britannia rule the main;
Thy Hermod on our George dispense
The gift of rapid eloquence;
Thy Frea flutter from above
To crown our Queen the Queen of Love;
While Hertha to her womb shall tie
The chain of long fertility.
Then if the Laureate, strangely bright,
O'erclimb his usual mole-hill height,
And with a simile of storms
Some bolder rugged line deforms—
With howl of blasts he shall arouse thy Thor
O'er the dark clouds to steer the thunder's fiery car.

## ON FORTITUDE.

BY MR. EDWARD WILLIAMS, THE WELSH BARD.

I LOVE the man, whose giant soul
Spurns at Opinion's tyrant sway,
To no vile despot yields his heart;
Disdaining *Fashion's* proud control,
He turns from Folly's glitt'ring way,
Dares nobly trample on the pride of Art.

War's bloody fiends, with wrathful ire,
Bid o'er the fields their legions fly,
Far o'er the main bid rage extend;
He that can hate their martial fire,
Can scan their souls with Reason's eye,
Is to Britannia's Bards a bosom friend.

Stern Winter triumphs in the sky,
Sad Nature's woful face deforms,
Fell Horror spreads her sable wing;
He can the giant Fear defy,
When sweep around the raging storms
And with undaunted soul can laugh and sing.

He dreads no thunders of the night,
When roaming o'er the pathless waste,
When toiling on the mountain'd wave;
And he can smile at gnashing Spite,
Whilst Envy speeds with hellish haste,
To bid her talon'd fiends around him rave.

He nor vile Wealth's bewitching glare,
Nor titles high that Pride bestows,
Beholds with eyes of keen desire:
How fails the venom'd look of Care,
To shake his bosom's calm repose,
When all the gleams of soothing Hope expire!

When, felt in flames of sore disease,
Death's dagger'd throngs invade his heart,
He still unconquer'd meets the shock;
Firm as a mountain, still at ease,
He smiles unmov'd, nor feels the dart,
But stands a champion bold on Heav'n's eternal rock.

## SONG.

PASTORA, by some matchless art,
First made me feel a Lover's pain;
But soon my disappointed heart,
Like Noah's Dove, return'd again.

Another resting-place it sought,
Intic'd by Phœbe's sprightly mien;
And, like that wand'ring bird, it brought
A certain token where t had been.

But soon as Emma bless'd my sight,
With all the charms of Virtue's store;
Like that same bird it took its flight,
And, finding rest, return'd no more.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE French Legislature has, amongst more serious subjects, not neglected to employ itself in regulating the *dresses* of the different functionaries, all of which they have decreed shall be of the growth and manufacture of the Republic.

The COUNCIL OF 500.—A long white robe and blue girdle, with a scarlet cloak, all of woollen. The cap of blue velvet.

The COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS.—The same form of dress. The robe a violet blue, the girdle scarlet, the cloak white, and all woollen. The cap of velvet, the same colour as the robe.

The EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY—Has two kinds of dress: one for its ordinary functions, and the other for assisting in the National festivals.

The ordinary suit.—A cloak dress, back and sleeves of a bright orange colour, lined with white, and richly embroidered with gold on the front and back.

A long white kersey waistcoat embroidered with gold. A white silk scarf fringed with gold, and black silk breeches.

A black round hat, turned up on one side, and ornamented with a bunch of tri-coloured feathers.

The sword worn in a shoulder-belt on the waistcoat. The colour of the belt bright orange.

The grand suit. A cloak dress of blue, and a cloak of scarlet over it.

Besides these there are appropriate dresses for all the Ministers, Judges, &c. and insignia of office for all the public functionaries of whatever description.

The daughter of Louis XVI. in the Temple spends the greatest part of the day in the garden, and there she embroiders, knits or reads. She rather runs than walks, and has a very majestic face. Since she has been made acquainted with the tragic end of her parents and brother, she weeps very often. The people in the neighbourhood, since the last decree in her favour, treat her every day with concerts in the surrounding houses, and open the windows that she may hear the music when in the garden.

An important victory has been gained over the French under General Jourdan by the Austrians, which ended in the French being driven across the Rhine, great numbers, who escaped the sword, being drowned in that river.

A treaty of matrimonial union is about to take place between the young King of Sweden, and the Princess Louisa Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Schwerin.

An insurrection of the Maroon Indians, in the island of Jamaica, has been attended with very serious consequences to the Government of the island, and to many individuals therein. The insurgents have however been driven back to the mountains with considerable loss.

This affair happened in September last. Colonel Fitch, of the 83d regiment, and several of his men lost their lives in a skirmish with the Maroons.—Twenty officers, and nine privates of a Provincial regiment (Westmoreland militia), were likewise killed in a previous conflict.

The Maroon Indians in Jamaica are the remains of the Spanish slaves, who contended for their liberties when we took that island. As they preferred death to a return to bondage, after many bloody contests, it was at length prudently determined to come to pacific terms with them. A treaty was accordingly agreed on about sixty years ago, betwixt the British Government and the Heads of those Indians, which has been most scrupulously observed on both sides up to the above events.

## HOME NEWS,

*Oct.* 9. In the evening, as J. B. Norton, Esq. Collector of the Customs, at Shoreham was returning home from Southwick, he was robbed and murdered by two fellows, one of them a private, and the other a drummer in the Westminster Regiment of Militia.—Mr. Norton was found in a dry ditch the next morning

about five o'clock, with some signs of life remaining, but he expired soon after without uttering a syllable.—From a handkerchief and a knife belonging to Mr. Norton, being exposed to sale the next day at Brighton Camp, and some words that fell from the drummer, he was taken into custody, and confessed the fact.—The private was apprehended at Arundel, whither he was pursued, having previously marched from Camp with the first division of his regiment.—The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the two prisoners, who, on the Coroner's warrant, were committed to Horsham gaol. They are both under the age of twenty, and appear to feel no remorse for what they have done.—Mr. Norton has left a widow pregnant and eight children to lament his loss.

26. A vast number of people assembled in a field on the north side of Copenhagen house, in the center of which they erected, at equal distances, three tribunes. At one o'clock their attention was summoned by a Mr. Jones, who proposed, in a short speech, a Mr. Binns, as a proper person to be called to the chair. The question was put and carried unanimously. Mr. Binns ascended the tribune, and read to them, for their approbation, the intended Address to the Nation, Remonstrance to the King, and certain Resolutions, which had been passed at a late meeting; and that these might be generally heard, they were repeated by two of the members in the other tribunes. About two o'clock Mr. Thelwall harangued the multitude, which had much increased, in which he proposed an amendment to the address, which was also agreed to, and the whole containing "an Address to the Nation on the dearness of the necessaries of life," and also the Remonstrance to the King, not having obtained his Majesty's attention on a former occasion, presented through the Duke of Portland, and several resolutions for a Parliamentary Reform, by universal suffrage, and annual Parliaments, were unanimously carried. A subscription was proposed, and eleven of the members appointed in various parts of the town to receive contributions, for defraying the expence of delivering, gratis, the printed proceedings of the day. When the evening approached, the whole peaceably dispersed.

29. A tier of boats laden with coals passed for the first time on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal to Selly Oak, attended by two bands of music, and accompanied by the Committee and others of the Proprietors. An ox roasted whole, with strong beer, &c. were, as usual, given to the workmen.

The tide in the Severn rose to that extraordinary height, that it overflowed the sea walls, and laid the country near Arlingham, Saul, and Slimbridge, under water.—Great have been the losses sustained in the number of sheep and cattle that were at pasture on the low grounds. It is supposed that upwards of 1000 sheep were drowned.

PROCESSION TO THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

His Majesty, soon after two o'clock, went in State from St. James's to the House of Peers, and there delivered the following most gracious Speech:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"It is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that notwithstanding the many events unfavourable to the common cause, the prospect resulting from the general situation of affairs has, in many important respects, been materially improved in the course of the present year.

"In Italy, the threatened invasion of the French has been prevented; and they have been driven back from a considerable part of the line of coast which they had occupied. There is also reason to hope, that the recent operations of the Austrian army have checked the progress which they had made on the side of Germany, and frustrated the offensive projects which they were pursuing in that quarter.

"The successes which have attended their military operations in other parts of the campaign, and the advantages which they have derived from the conclusion of separate treaties with some of the powers who were engaged in the war, are far from compensating the evils which they experience from its continuance. The destruction of their commerce, the diminution of their maritime power, and the unparalleled embarrassment and distress of their internal situation, have

produced the impression which was naturally to be expected; and a general sense appears to prevail throughout France, that the only relief from the increasing pressure of these difficulties must arise from the restoration of peace, and the establishment of some settled system of government.

"The distraction and anarchy which have so long prevailed in that country, have led to a crisis, of which it is as yet impossible to foresee the issue; but which must, in all human probability, produce consequences highly important to the interests of Europe. Should this crisis terminate in any order of things compatible with the tranquillity of other countries, and affording a reasonable expectation of security and permanence in any treaty which might be concluded, the appearance of a disposition to negociate for general peace on just and suitable terms will not fail to be met, on my part, with an earnest desire to give it the fullest and speediest effect. But I am persuaded you will agree with me, that nothing is so likely to ensure and accelerate this desirable end, as to shew that we are prepared for either alternative, and are determined to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and vigour, until we have the means of concluding, in conjunction with our allies, such a peace as the justice of our cause and the situation of the enemy may entitle us to expect.

"With this view I am continuing to make the greatest exertions for maintaining and improving our naval superiority, and for carrying on active and vigorous operations in the West Indies, in order to secure and extend the advantages which we have gained in that quarter, and which are so nearly connected with our commercial resources and maritime strength.

"I rely with full confidence on the continuance of your firm and zealous support, on the uniform bravery of my fleets and armies, and on the fortitude, perseverance, and public spirit of all ranks of my people.

"The acts of hostility committed by the United Provinces, under the influence and controul of France, have obliged me to treat them as in a state of war with this country.

"The fleet which I have employed in the North Seas has received the most cordial and active assistance from the naval force furnished by the Empress of Russia, and has been enabled effectually to check the operations of the enemy in that quarter.

"I have concluded engagements of defensive alliance with the two Imperial Courts; and the ratifications of the treaty of commerce with the United States of America, which I announced to you last year, have now been exchanged. I have directed copies of these treaties to be laid before you.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"It is matter of deep concern to me, that the exigencies of the public service will require further additions to the heavy burthens which have been unavoidably imposed on my people. I trust that their pressure will, in some degree, be alleviated by the flourishing state of our commerce and manufactures, and that our expences, though necessarily great in their amount, will, under the actual circumstances of the war, admit of considerable diminution in comparison with those of the present year.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I have observed for some time past with the greatest anxiety the very high price of grain, and that anxiety is encreased by the apprehension that the produce of the wheat harvest in the present year may not have been such as effectually to relieve my people from the difficulties with which they have had to contend. The spirit of order and submission to the laws, which, with very few exceptions, has manifested itself under this severe pressure, will, I am sure, be felt by you as an additional incentive to apply yourselves with the utmost diligence to the consideration of such measures as may tend to alleviate the present distress, and to prevent, as far as possible, the renewal of similar embarrassments in future. Nothing has been omitted on my part that appeared likely to contribute to this end; and you may be assured of my hearty concurrence in whatever regulations the wisdom of Parliament may adopt, on a subject so peculiarly interesting to my people, whose welfare will ever be the object nearest my heart."

As his Majesty proceeded from the Palace to the House of Peers, an immense crowd, consisting, as far as we could judge by the sight, of 150,000 persons, men, women, and children, was collected in St. James's Park and the adjacent streets. Among these was a desperate mob, consisting of the very dregs of the people, who evinced a most riotous and mischievous disposition. As his Majesty went through the park, it was with great difficulty that the Guards could keep the way clear for the carriage to pass. Somewhere between the Horse Guards and Palace Yard, a bullet is said to have been fired from an air-gun, which perforated the glass of the carriage, but, MOST HAPPILY FOR THE NATION, failed to accomplish the *diabolical* purpose which it was evidently intended to effect. In Palace-Yard a stone was thrown, which shattered one of the side windows.

On his Majesty's return to St. James's, the same gang of ruffians followed his coach, and, just as it turned under the gateway of the Palace, a stone was thrown, and also an oyster-shell, which went through the glasses of the coach.

After the King had left the Palace, and was returning to Buckingham House to dinner, in his private coach, attended only by two footmen, the mob again rushed upon the carriage, and one miscreant in a green coat endeavoured to open the door. A soldier who happened to be in the crowd at the time immediately ran after the Horse Guards and brought them back; but before their arrival the coachman, by whipping his horses, had got clear of the mob, though the wheels of the carriage had been seized by upwards of 30 villains, and drove in a gallop to Buckingham House.

A melancholy accident happened to one of the leaders of the eight horses; an old man, named *Sam. Dorrington*, many years in the Mews, was thrown down by the mob, and the fore and the hind wheels of the coach going over one of his thighs, it was broken in a terrible manner.

On the return of the State Coach from the Palace to the Mews, it was attacked and all the glasses were broken; just as it was turning into the Mews-gate, a stout fellow, with a bludgeon, completed the demolition of the only glass of which a single particle remained, and was proceeding to destroy the carved work, &c. when one of the King's footmen, with more spirit than prudence, interposed, and had nearly been massacred by the cowardly ruffians who followed him into the Mews, whence they were only expelled by the arrival of a party of the Guards.

*Oct.* 30. In the evening their Majesties with the three Princesses went to Covent Garden Theatre; the performances were the Rivals, and Hartford Bridge. In consequence of the brutal and disloyal violence offered to the sacred person of his Majesty on Thursday, a strong guard attended the Royal Family to and from the Theatre; the audience evinced the most zealous regard for the Royal party. On their entering the house a few wretches hissed in the galleries, but the applause of nearly the whole house put them to shame. God save the King, Rule Britannia, &c. were sung repeatedly.

An odd accident happened as his Majesty went to the Theatre: one of the Horse soldiers pistols, in the holster, went off, and shot the next horse in the shoulder. This gave rise to a report, that his Majesty had been fired at.

The Prince of Wales signed warrants for the payment of every thing contracted in the last quarter, and the several tradesmen immediately received notice from the office at Carlton-house to call for the money.

### HURRICANE.

*Nov.* 6. The memory of man does not recollect so violent a hurricane as that which happened this morning. Its continuance was happily short. It began about half past one, and had totally subsided before four o'clock. The squall came from the north-west, and was not accompanied by rain or hail. Its ravages were dreadful beyond description; trees were torn up by the roots, stacks of chimnies blown down in every corner of the metropolis, houses totally uncovered, and numbers of buildings entirely demolished.

The following are a few of the particulars:

A house in Mead's row, Lambeth, was blown down, and a Lady, who slept in the first floor (and who was to have been married that day) buried in the ruins;

two of the servants were very much hurt. A child, in the same row, was also killed, by the falling of a stack of chimnies.

A house in another part of Lambeth was unroofed, by which an old woman lost her life. In St. George's Fields, a young woman was killed, and another dreadfully maimed, by the falling of a house. A house in New Road, Fitzroy-square, and another in Conduit-street, were completely destroyed. A brew-house belonging to Mr. Hinkisson, in the New Cut, leading to Wesminster Bridge, another in St. John's Square, and the Orchestra in the Apollo Gardens, were entire heaps of ruins.

The house of Sir John Sinclair, at Whitehall, was very much injured; the upper part fell into the street. The dwelling of a poor man at Sommers town, by trade a bow and arrow maker, was swept away, and all his little property destroyed.

The brick wall at the south end of the Opera-house was nearly blown down, and falling in the adjoining court, did considerable damage to the houses. At Lime-house Bridge, a heap of deal boards were thrown down, and some carried by the force of the wind to the distance of a hundred yards.

Eighteen large trees in St. James's and Hyde Parks were blown down, and great numbers torn up by the roots in other places.

At Twickenham, fourteen trees which stood before the house of Lord Dysart were blown away to a considerable distance; and a watch-box, at the same place, with a person in it, was carried a great way, but the man happily received no material injury.

In Greenwich Park several trees also fell a sacrifice. In the River several tiers of ships started from their moorings, and received much injury.

An immense torrent of rain preceded the storm.

Several of our colliers and other vessels were driven from their anchors in the Downs, on the coast of France, where two or three of them went on shore; two or three others were so fortunate as to reach Calais harbour, by which their crews escaped perishing.

A brick wall and handsome paling, with which the Bedford fields had been lately intersected, and the upper part of one of the new houses building on the same scite, were totally demolished. The paling seems to have been blown about the fields in sheets.

The King and Queen, who were at Buckingham-house, arose from their beds, as did many hundreds of families; for the stream of wind was of that continuance, weight and pressure, that scarcely any fabric seemed to be capable of bearing its force.

Many of the largest and most beautiful trees in the walks of King's, St. John's and Queen's Colleges, Cambridge, were torn up by the roots. St. John's Bridge has also been considerably damaged.

At Brompton, Chatham, and Rochester, the effects of the storm were severely felt. The church of St. Margaret's at the latter place, was much injured. The vestry-room chimney was blown down, and much of the tiling blown off.

At Norwich, one of the largest trees in Chapel field was actually snapt in twain, during the tremendous storm, and five others very much damaged.—The demolition of chimnies, and the unroofing of houses, were very general throughout that city.

The mail coach, previous to its arrival at Ipswich, was several times actually blown out of the road, and the guard obliged to dismount to lead the horses.

A windmill on Bishop's hill, belonging to Mr. Dowsing, was totally demolished, and many pieces of timber carried to a considerable distance.—Much damage done to other mills, houses, &c. in the county of Suffolk.

In Reading, many houses were unroofed, and in the neighbourhood many trees were torn up by the roots.

At St. Alban's and its vicinity great damage has been done. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, also Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, at the Bell inn, near the Market-place, were in a dreadful situation for some time; the chimnies giving way, the roof of the house and ceiling fell upon the beds wherein they slept: these unfortunate

persons were extricated from their dreadful situation with their lives, though they are much bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were buried in the ruins for several hours, before they could be got out. The roads and by-lanes are strewed with timber trees which have been blown up by the roots. Great damage has been done to the buildings and walls of the Dowager Lady Spencer, by the fall of the trees that have been blown up; a great number of trees were also torn up by the roots in and about Lord Grimston's park.

At Spithead, two transports bound to the West Indies were drove on shore, and both sunk at Monckton fort.

Considerable damage was done in the neighbourhood of Wooburn, Bedfordshire. A scite of new buildings, erected by the Duke of Bedford, in his Park, near the entrance from Wooburn, consisting of every building necessary for farming, two mills, and workshops for every branch of building, all contiguous to each other, were nearly razed to the ground. Upwards of 100 large trees in the Park were blown down, and more than 300 fir-trees, in Apsly Wood and Long Slade, were levelled, besides other considerable damage in the neighbourhood in general.

The Rev. Dr. Waller, Archdeacon of Essex, lost his life at his house at Broomfield, in that county, by a stack of chimnies falling through the cieling of his bed-chamber, and covering the greater part of the bed in which he slept with the ruins. The bruises which the Doctor received brought on his death, which happened on the Tuesday following. Mrs. Waller had providentially just before the horrid crash jumped out of bed and left the room, to alarm the family.

The coachman of T. Sumner, Esq. of South-church, in riding into the pond to wash his horses legs, was blown off, and unfortunately drowned.

The houses of the Rev. Mr. Gretton of Springfield, and Mr. Speakman of Writtle, are nearly down.

At Woodford considerable damage was done among the chimneys. Mr. Eggars, at that place, had 150 feet of wall laid level. Mr. Totten's wall, a part of which had stood for a century, is entirely down. Mr. Samuel Bailey's wall, of considerable length, totally demolished; five trees in the avenue of Mr. Jervoise Clarke torn up by the roots, and damaged the wall where they fell, and few houses in the village but suffered more or less. Mr. Harman's seat at Higham Hill house had a great number of plate glass windows broke.

The brig John and Elizabeth, of Sunderland, John Henderson, master, laden with coal, was forced from her anchorage off Newhaven harbour, and driven on shore opposite the town of Seaford. The vessel was dashed to pieces, but the crew was saved.

Considerable damage was done at the Seat of Paul Benfield, Esq. at Wood-Hall Park, in Hertfordshire. Between two and three hundred trees were blown down in the Park; the roofs of the green and hot-houses were blown off, and considerable damage done to the dwelling-house; upwards of 200 squares of glass were broken.

The greatest devastation that the tempest made amongst timber, is in Lord Essex's park of Cashioberry, in Herts, where no less than 250 of the finest venerable Oaks have been either torn up, or shivered to pieces!

Upwards of 100 vessels have been lost by the late storms, and ten times that number damaged.

*Oct.* 11. Erick Hanson Falck, for forgery, and John Lewis, for a riot at Charing-cross, were executed before the debtors' door of Newgate. When Lewis was just upon the brink of being turned off, he saw his father amongst an immense concourse of people who had assembled upon the occasion, and with an undaunted voice called to him to withdraw from his sight.

A man being apprehended on a charge of forgery, in Hanway-yard, the officers went with him to his lodgings in the neighbourhood, when he opened a closet, and while his back was towards them, took a razor out of the closet, with which he cut his throat, and died almost instantaneously.

The following ships, under the command of Vice Admiral Cornwallis, with the outward-bound Mediterranean convoy, sailed from St. Helen's with a strong gale at E. N. E.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Royal Sovereign, - - | 100 | Vice-Admiral Cornwallis, Captain Whitby. |
| Barfleur, - - - - | 98 | Rear-Admiral Waldegrave. Captain Dacres. |
| Impregnable, - - - - | 98 | ——— Thomas. |
| London, - - - - | 98 | ——— Griffiths. |
| Cæsar, - - - - - | 80 | ——— Nugent. |
| Pompey - - - - | 74 | ——— Vashon. |
| Powerful, - - - - | 74 | ——— Drury. |

There are 21,000 men on board the transports belonging to this squadron.

12. Dick England, a well-known character, who has been some months in this country since his escape from France, was taken into custody at an hotel in Leicester-fields, by virtue of a warrant from Lord Kenyon, in which he stands charged with having been guilty of the wilful murder of Mr. William Peter Legh Rowlls, of Kingston, Surrey, in the year 1784. He also stands outlawed for the said felony and murder.

Mr. Thomas Weale, sheep-salesman in Smithfield-market, was stopped as he was returning from market on Hounslow Heath, by two highwaymen genteelly dressed, and robbed of property to the amount of 2000l.

15. In consequence of a public meeting in the fields behind Copenhagen House having been called by the London Corresponding Society, an immense concourse of persons assembled there about twelve o'clock. Five tribunes being raised in different parts of the fields, a Mr. Ashley, the secretary, informed the multitude, that at each a member of the society would offer to their consideration three petitions, viz. to the King, to the House of Lords, and to the House of Commons; which he intreated them to hear and to receive with a decorum that should refute the misrepresentations of their enemies. At two o'clock the tribunes were filled, and a vast number of persons were surrounding them. When they had collected the sentiments of the company on the propriety of the measure, which was accomplished by the holding up of a handkerchief, which was to be considered as an affirmative, and a hat as a negative, the resolutions were all approved, and the assembly dispersed.

17. A lady of some consequence, grieved, as she said, with a cruel husband, threw herself from the frame of the center arch of Putney Bridge into the Thames, on Saturday night. She was taken out alive, and afterwards conveyed home, in her own coach, perfectly recovered. This is the second attempt she has made on her life from the same cause.

J. Aitkin, a bookseller, for publishing an obscene libel, called Harris's List of the Covent Garden Ladies, is sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to pay a fine to the King of 200l. and to give security for his good behaviour for three years, himself in 500l. and his bail in 100l. each.

Edward Collins, the master of an eating-house at Rotherhithe, who stands charged with throwing a stone at the King's carriage on the 29th ult. as it was returning to St. James's Palace with his Majesty in it, is fully committed to take his trial for high treason.

Kidd Wake, a journeyman printer, charged with hissing, hooting, and crying, "No war!" and otherwise insulting his Majesty in going to and from the Parliament House, is likewise to take his trial for a high misdemeanor.

The Lord Chancellor has directed half the income of Richard Brothers, the lunatic, to be appropriated towards the maintenance of his wife and child, both of whom he deserted some years since, leaving them in great distress, and to parish charity for relief.

The magistrates in Queen-square had before them one Francis Ward, a peruke-maker, for putting up a board before his house, with the words on it, "Citizen Ward, Shaver to the Swinish Multitude." On a second examination, Ward told the magistrates that he had taken counsel's opinion; Mr. Serjeant

Kirby urged him to declare what that opinion was; Ward reluctantly said, the counsel's opinion was, that he (Ward) was "a blockhead for putting the board up, and the M———s of Queen-square were blockheads for interfering to pull it down."

An extraordinary malady is found among our soldiers in Canada; they lose their eyesight at sun-set, and recover it in the morning. This periodical blindness continues with some of them for many months. The late Dr. Guthrie describes a similar malady in Russia. It is called by the peasants there the Hen Blindness, probably because it attacks the patient when the fowls go to roost.

Mr. Brown, one of the superintendants of the gardens of the Lady Heathcote, at North-End, near Hammersmith, amusing himself with flying an electrical kite near a thunder cloud, by some unfortunate mismanagement of the apparatus, had neglected the proper precautions requisite for conveying electrical fluid to the earth, when on a sudden the cloud burst with a most tremendous shock, and Mr. Brown, with the horse he rode on, were struck with instant death. Mr. Brown has left a wife and five children to lament his untimely loss. The jury have already sat on the body of Mr. Brown, and brought in a verdict of Accidental Death.

The Prince of Orange has applied to his Majesty's ministers for protection from the consequence of the militia laws; his Serene Highness and his suite having all been ballotted for to serve in the Middlesex Militia, in common with all other men in the county, agreeably to the statute.

The Agricultural Societies have the following improvements under consideration:

A grand plan of effectual drainage, to prevent swampy lands, and the rot of sheep.

A plan to maintain the roads with half the materials, without a rut, in any public or cross roads throughout the kingdom.

A plan of carriage improvements, to execute the same work with one half the horses.

A plan to reform all the rivers, rivulets, and rills in the kingdom, to prevent the possibility of an inundation.

*Mendoza vanquished by a washer-woman.*—We have had frequent occasions to chronicle the honourable exploits of this gentleman of the fist, in which he always (except at the battle of Odiham) came off victorious; but fortune, fickle goddess, has laid his honours low, and given the palm of victory to a washer-woman.—Our heroine had a demand on this gentleman of 1s. 6d. for washing and mending, which her wants compelled her to solicit too importunately either for his pocket or his feelings, and he took the liberty which great folks will sometimes take with their inferiors, of kicking the woman of *suds* down stairs; this insult brought on a challenge, and the affair was decided in Guildhall, before as learned and brilliant an assemblage of warriors in words as ever met on any similar occasion.—The set-to was, as usual, scientifically correct, and the parryings and shiftings displayed great skill and ingenuity; notwithstanding the Jew was obliged to *give it in*, after a most severe dressing, which the judges have pronounced will *confine him* to his room for the space of *three months*.

An Important Decision.—In the course of the late Stafford Assizes a cause was tried, in which the *general* right of a master to give corporeal punishment to his servant was so fully explained by the Lord Chief Justice, that, by the desire of a particular correspondent, we lay the report before our readers.—The plaintiff was father of an infant about thirteen years old, whom he had engaged in the service of the defendant, on condition that the defendant should find him in clothes and victuals, but not as an apprentice. The boy was proved to be obstinate, and in the habit of running away from his master's service whenever he was rebuked or punished for his misbehaviour. It was also proved that, upon the occasion in consequence of which the action was brought, the master sent other of his servants to bring the boy home by force; and the defendant admitted that he then punished him with a stick somewhat severely. On the *degree* of

severity the evidence on one side (as is often the case in this sort of action) was in direct contradiction to that on the other. The learned Judge, in summing up, said, that "the degree of severity was the *point at issue*, for, concerning the *general* right of correction, there was not a doubt." Then, addressing himself in a very solemn and earnest manner to the Jury, he desired them to bear in mind, that, in determining on this matter they would decide, not merely between the plaintiff and defendant, but between every master and servant in the land. That it was clearly the right of a parent to punish his child. That on this point they had higher information than his; "*He that spareth the rod* (says Solomon) *hateth his Child.*" That every master of a family is, in some sort, the father of it; and therefore, how much soever he is bound to be compassionate and humane to those who serve him, yet (said his Lordship) I must add, and require your attention to it, that if he have a servant who is habitually obstinate and *will not* be persuaded (as appears to have been the case of this boy), he not only has a right to correct him, but it is his bounden duty to do so, and severely too." *The verdict was for the Defendant.*

Munificence.—A new bridge is building over the Sunderland river, with dependent roads and other fine improvements. For these public works one gentleman alone has subscribed 20,000l. sterling!—It is Mr. Burdon!

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the latter days of his life, sat generally in the Orchestra, finding his *ear-trumpet* rather useless in the more distant parts of the house. A visitor from the Provinces, enquiring the uses of the various instruments used in the band, asked with much *naivete*, "and what is that *instrument* which the elderly looking gentleman *plays* from his *ear?*

Military Execution.—Serjeant Bull, one of the mutineers of the 113th regiment, was hanged at Spike Island, near Cork, on Thursday se'nnight; one of the party, sentenced to receive five hundred lashes, was pardoned, on condition of executing the unfortunate Serjeant.—At the moment he had the fatal cord tied round his neck, a tremendous clap of thunder and lightning took place, and at the same time so violent a gust of wind, that blew the ladder from under him, and twirled him into eternity.

Naval Execution.—A mutiny broke out on board the Terrible, Capt. Campbell, one of the ships in Admiral Hotham's fleet, on the 22d of September: the mutineers were tried by a Cours-Martial, and five of the principal ringleaders were sentenced to be hung; which sentence was put into execution on board the Terrible the 3d ult.

Genuine Liberality.—Mr. Whitbread, sen. lately ordered his steward to sell wheat to the poor at Hartford Market, at 6s. per bushel, and has promised to sell all his wheat at the same price, and barley at 3s. per bushel.

Cambridge University.—Mr. Seaton's prize was this year adjudged to the Rev. Arthur William Trollope, M. A. of Pembroke college for his poem on the *Fall of Babylon.*

The prize annually given to one of the junior Bachelors of Trinity college, Cambridge, for the best Dissertation on the character of William the Third and the Revolution, was last week adjudged to Mr. H. S. J. Bullen.

Good Fortune.—A few days ago, on the examination of some old title deeds, which were put into the hands of Mr. Pember, attorney, of Bristol, for his perusal, it was discovered, that a poor shepherd of the name of Matthews, near Marlborough, is entitled to an estate in that neighbourhood of upwards of 200l. a year.

Sporting.—The celebrated English gelding *True Blue*, bred by the Right Honourable Thomas Harley, was carried out to Bengal in the spring of 1794, and is said to be the first English racer that ever appeared in India. He has frequently run against the most established Arabian horses, but has never yet been beaten.

Mr. Newman's fox hounds, in Essex, were a few days since so generally bitten by a mad dog, that the whole of this fine pack have been obliged to be destroyed.

Mr. Lloyd, of Peterborough, shot an Eagle last week, whose wings, expanded, measured seven feet.

General Paoli has left Corsica, and is coming to England to spend the remainder of his days.

Near 40,000 persons in the City of London alone have lately received relief from the subscriptions entered into by the citizens.

The present fashionable dress of the ladies is surely the most simple imaginable. It is nothing more than the petticoat pinned to the tucker, with the arms put through the pocket holes.

*Female Recruit.*—A party of recruits being brought from Oswestry, a surgeon and apothecary in Shrewsbury was applied to by the serjeant to examine them, agreeable to custom; on one of the recruits, apparently a very smart lad, fashionably cropt, and pretty decently dressed, being stripped, all but the shirt and small clothes, the lower part of the neck appearing too prominent through the linen, the medical gentleman closely interrogated *Miss* respecting her motives for imposing upon the party. She replied, "That having been turned out of doors by her father, she had no other way to get a livelihood." The gentleman then leaving the room for the girl to put on her clothes, on his return in a few minutes found the *bird flown*. She had jumped out through a back window, made off, and has not been heard of since. It seems a drummer had slept with her one or two nights without discovering her sex.

*Remarkable Leap.*—A horse belonging to a farmer in Deeping Fen, hunting lately with Dr. Willis's hounds, made a spring of seven yards in length, over a three bar gate.

M. Sartery, an Austrian engineer, has lately discovered a mode of depriving wood of its inflammability; an experiment of which has been made at Vienna, in presence of the commissaries of government, and the Archduke Joseph. A wooden house, the roof of which was framed of timbers prepared by M. Sartery, was set on fire. The house was consumed, but the timbers remained uninjured.

*Composition of a Water which will destroy Caterpillars, Ants, and other Insects; invented by* C. TATIN, *Seedsman and Florist, at Paris* *.

FROM THE "ANNALES DE CHIMIE."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Take of black soap of the best quality, | | 1lb. and three quarters. |
| flowers of sulphur, | - | ditto. |
| mushrooms of any kind, | | 2lb. |
| river or rain-water, | - | 12 gallons. |

Divide the water into two equal parts; pour one part, that is to say, seven gallons and a half, into a barrel of any convenient size, which should be used only for this purpose; let the black soap be stirred in it till it is dissolved, and then add to it the mushrooms after they have been slightly bruised.

Let the remainder half of the water be made to boil in a kettle; put the whole quantity of sulphur into a coarse open cloth, tie it up with a packthread in form of a parcel, and fasten it to a stone or other weight, of some pounds, in order to make it sink to the bottom. If the kettle is too small for the seven gallons and a half of water to be boiled in it at once, the sulphur must also be divided. During twenty minutes (being the time the boiling should continue) stir it well with a stick, and let the packet of sulphur be squeezed, so as to make it yield to the water all its power and colour. The effect of the water is not rendered more powerful by increasing the quantity of ingredients.

The water, when taken off the fire, is to be poured into the barrel, where it is to be stirred for a short time with a stick; this stirring must be repeated every day until the mixture becomes fœtid in the highest degree. Experience shews, that the older and the more fœtid the composition is, the more quick is

* The *Bureau de Consultation* of Paris gave a reward to the author of this composition for his discovery, which they desired might be made as public as possible.

its action. It is necessary to take care to stop the barrel well every time the mixture is stirred.

When we wish to make use of this water, we need only sprinkle or pour it upon the plants, or plunge their branches into it; but the best manner of using it is to inject it upon them with a common syringe, to which is adapted a pipe of the usual construction, except that its extremity should terminate in a head of an inch and a half diameter, pierced in the flat part with small holes like pin-holes for tender plants; but for trees a head pierced with larger holes may be made use of.

Caterpillars, beetles, bed-bugs, *aphides*, and many other insects, are killed by a single injection of this water. Insects which live under ground, those which have a hard shell, hornets, wasps, ants, &c. require to be gently and continually injected, till the water has penetrated to the bottom of their abode. Ant-hills, particularly, require two, four, six, or eight quarts of water, according to the size and extent of the ant-hill, which should not be disturbed till 24 hours after the operation. If the ants which happen to be absent should assemble and form another hill, it must be treated in the way before-mentioned. In this manner we shall at last destroy them, but they must not be too much disturbed with a stick; on the contrary, the injection should be continued till, by their not appearing upon the surface of the earth, they are supposed to be all destroyed.

We may advantageously add to the mixture two ounces of *nux vomica*, which should be boiled with the sulphur; the water, by this means, will acquire more power, particularly if used for destroying ants.

When all the water has been made use of, the sediment should be thrown into a hole dug in the ground, lest the poultry or other domestic animals should eat it.

The following receipt for making a very good Soup, belonged to a family which always supplied the neighbouring poor with it during the winter.—Take one pound of lean beef cut into small pieces; half a pint of split peas; two ounces of rice, or of Scotch barley; four middling-sized potatoes sliced; two large onions cut in quarters; pepper and salt according to the taste; the pepper corns should be tied in a bag. Put these into *one* gallon and *one* pint of water, and it must be baked for three hours and a half. When baked, it does not waste more than one pint; but rather more in boiling.

*A cheap and comfortable meal for six persons.*—Take a gallon of water, half a pint of split pease, a pound of lean beef cut in pieces, six potatoes, two onions, two ounces of rice, with some pepper and salt. Put the whole into a pot and bake it well in an oven.

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## PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Philip Douglas, D. D. master of Bene't College, has been chosen Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the year ensuing. The Rev. Henry Gould, Rector of Burleigh, to the Prebend of Coombe, the fourth in the Cathedral Church of Wells, void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Pearce. The Rev. William Bond, clerk, M. A. to the rectory of Backton in Suffolk. The Rev. R. Carey, M. A. Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Exeter, to the rectory of Barrowden in Rutlandshire. The Rev. Geo. Owen, M. A. and rector of Elmtoum Emmith in the Isle of Ely, collated to a Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Ely. Thomas Poole, Esq. elected Mayor of Maidstone. The Rev. G. A. Drummond, M. A. to the Rectory of Tankerfley, worth near 400l. per annum. The Rev. George Naylor, B. A. to the vicarage of Bramford, in Suffolk. The Rev. Edward Bayley, A. M. and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Spencer, to hold (by dispensation) the rectory of Courteenhall, together with the rectory of Quinton, both in the county of Leicester. The Rev. F. Creswell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, to be one of his Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall.

## MARRIAGES.

Rev. Richard Nets, of Hanwell, Oxfordshire, to Miss Eliza Derby, 2d daughter of the Rev. John Derby, of Whitehall, Ringwood, Hants. John Berry, Esq of New-York, to Miss Smear, eldest daughter of the Rev. Christopher Smear, of Frostenden, Suffolk. Captain Samuel Maitland, of the East-India Company's service, to Miss Isabella Anderson, of Blackheath. Mr. Ports, of Smithfield Bars, to Miss Stracey, daughter of John Stracey, Esq. of Tooting. Captain Hudson, of the East York militia, to Lady Ann Townshend, daughter of the most noble Marquis Townshend. At Bisham, Berks, Captain Knox, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, to Miss Emma Williams, youngest daughter of Thomas Williams, Esq. of Temple-House, Member of Parliament for Great Marlow. Charles Pole, Esq. second son of Sir Charles Pole, of Wolverton, Bart. to Miss F. M. Buller, second daughter of Richard Buller, Esq. of Crosby-square. At Gretna-Green, Mr. Daniel Boyter, of the Close, Sarum, to Miss Fraser, an American young lady, possessing a fortune of 4000l. Robert Dalrymple, Esq. son of Admiral Dalrymple, to Miss Howard of Knightsbridge. William Hall, Esq. of Marpool-Hall, in the county of Devon, to Miss Nowlan, only daughter of the late James Nowlan, Esq. Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart. to Miss Ann Francis Mateby, daughter of Thomas Mateby, of Great St. Marybone-street. Robert Burnett, Esq. of Vauxhall, eldest son of Sir Robert Burnett, of Morden Hall, Surrey, to Miss Ann Isherwood, of Aldersgate-street.

## DEATHS.

At his pen, at Pleasant Prospect, Liguanea, near Kingston, Jamaica, the Hon. Charles Hall, Esq. At Frognall, the seat of Lord Sydney, the Hon. Mrs. Townshend, wife of the Hon. John Thomas Townshend, and sister to Lord de Clifford. The Rev. Richard Oswin, rector of Tyrid, St. Giles's, in the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire. At St. Helena, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Thomas Chaloner, of Guisborough, Esq. a Lieutenant in the Navy, eldest surviving son of the late William Chaloner, Esq. Charles Philips, Esq. of Langford, in Essex: he lost his life by being washed overboard from a pleasure boat on the Essex coast. Dr. Waller, Archdeacon of Essex.—(See account of his death in page 353)—Besides the Archdeaconry, the Vicarage of Kensington has lapsed by the unfortunate death of this gentleman; the former is about 500l. and the latter 1000l per annum. At Great Bardfield Lodge, Essex, Miss Sharpe. At Bath, the Right Rev. Sir John Hotham, Bart. Bishop of Clogher, in Ireland. At Stenhouse, Sir Michael Bruce, Bart. nearly 87 years of age. At Baythorn Park, Essex, the Rev. William Paxton, rector of Taplow, Buckinghamshire, in the 74th year of his age. At Market-Harborough, the Rev. Charles Allen, M. A. rector of Sutton St. Ann's, in Nottinghamshire, and Vicar of Tugby, in Leicestershire. At Penryn, in Cornwall, Charles Wynch, Esq. of West Malling, Captain of the Worcestershire Militia, and fourth son of Alexander Wynch, Esq. late Governor of Bengal. The Rev. Henry Waring, Minister of St. Luke's, Old-street, and one of the Prebends of St. Paul's Cathedral. Captain Forbes, of his Majesty's ship Dryad. He threw himself overboard in a fit of insanity in the North Seas.

## BANKRUPTS.

Michael Cutler (partner with Jonathan Bunting), of Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Middlesex, woollen-draper. William Alatt Wright, of Leicestershire, woolcomber. John Rogers, of Chilland, Hants, horse-dealer. Edmund Thompson, of Eastoff, Lincolnshire, merchant. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. David Sivewright, of Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. Thomas Sirett, of Park Lane, victualler. John Fidler, of Littleton Pannel, in the parish of West Lavington, Wilts, mealman. James Harris, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, mercer. John Ridley, of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, cordwainer. Robert Osborne, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, factor. Peter Willans, of Leicester, manufacturer of hats. Thomas Bush, of Kensington, Middlesex, builder. George Gregory, of Newbury, Berks, chemist. George Robertson, Commander of the ship Marianne, mariner. John Parker, of Manchester, warehouseman. James Tucker, of Bristol, farrier. Chris-

topher Thornhill Camm, late of the Island of Antigua, but now of London, merchant. Richard Cue, of Newent, in Gloucestershire, linen and woollen-draper. Francis Young, of Bristol, house-carpenter. John Woodhead and Andrew Lane, of Manchester, merchants. James Christopher, of Hampton Court, Middlesex, innkeeper. Warren Jane, of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, soap-maker. David Simpson, of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, plaisterer. John Brook Knight, of Camomile-street, London, cordwainer. James Bower, of Bristol, ironmonger. John Taylor the elder and John Taylor the younger, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, boot and shoe-makers. Josiah Lane, of Mill Pond Bridge, Bermondsey, Surrey, currier. Robert Phillips, of Liverpool, bookseller. Mary Maddock, of Leek, Staffordshire, bookseller. John Cowley and Francis Field, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-Hall-factors. John Mortimer, of Midgley, Yorkshire, and Joshua Mortimer, of Soircoate, in the same county, butchers. James Benstead and James Green, of Bethnal-Green, horse-dealers. William Dalton of Kingston upon Hull, liquor merchant. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. Constantine Egan, of Finch-lane, London, merchant. William Thompson, of Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker. Noah Meadows, of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, boot and shoemaker. Joseph Glover, John Hall, Samuel Haynes, and Walter Haynes, of Worcestershire, porter brewers. Thomas Wright, of Queen street, Cheapside, wine merchant. James Hopping of the Borough of Southwark, hatter. Thomas Francis, of the Red House, Battersea, Surrey, victualler. William Hird the younger, late chief mate of the Earl of Wycomb East Indiaman, of Argyle-street, Oxford street, Middlesex, mariner. George Hann, of Tintenhall, in Somersethire, innholder. James Benstead, of Morehall, Hertfordshire, horse-dealer. Alexander Richards, of Brewer-street, Golden-square, carpenter. George Bibby, of Pool, Montgomeryshire, grocer. Edward Halsey Bockett, of Bucklersbury, London, linen-draper. William Stevens the elder, of Bristol, glassmaker. Thomas Froggatt, of Cheapside, London, man's mercer. Andrew Gallant, of East Smithfield, victualler. John Kinson, of Sydenham, Kent, innholder. John Couche, of Exeter, merchant. William Jolley, of Fleet-street, haberdasher. William Robinson the younger, of Kirby Moor-side, Yorkshire, spirit merchant. Nathaniel Taylor, of Hythe, Hants, shop-keeper. John Foulis, of Great Surry-street, Blackfriars Road, cheesemonger. John Parker, of Chancery Lane, London, dealer in spirits. John Jackson, of Somers Town, Middlesex, builder. William Shevill, of St. John, Southwark, Surrey, cooper. John Scott, of Shoreditch, Middlesex, oilman. Lucius Phillips, of Paddington-Green, schoolmistress. William Page, of Bath, perfumer. Robert Tate, of Hemmings Row, St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, jeweller. William Lacey Moore, of Woodstreet, Spitalfields, baker. John Hall of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, buckle-chape-maker. James Lamb, of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer. Charles Jenks, of Newport, in Salop, grocer. John Ram, of Colchester, Essex, coal-merchant. James Watts, of Aldgate High-street, London, tin plate-worker. Henry Vine, of Islington, builder. William Underwood, of Oxford-street, victualler. John Thornton, of Birmingham, victualler. Henry Franks, of Upton, St. Leonard's, Gloucestershire, dealer. William Lammas, of Bishopsgate-street, London, victualler. Ephraim Perham, of London-House-yard, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, taylor. Francis Richards, of Birmingham, bleacher of wick-yarn. Samuel Bennet Simmons, of Bristol, money-scrivener. Samuel Potter, of Aylesbury, in Bucks, grocer. Thomas Mackrell, of Godalming, Surrey, draper. William Sly, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, pawnbroker. James Nutt, of Leicester, wine and brandy merchant, John Frederick Peters, of Prospect place, St. George in the East, victualler. Edward Martin, of Mile End Old Town, apothecary. Donald Stewart, of Wapping, taylor. Joseph Perkins, of Cambridge, linen-draper. Michael Satterthwaite of Crake Cotton Mills, Olverstone, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. John Goodson, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, hatter. John Kay, of Tildeley, Lancashire, dealer. John Mascall the younger, of Ashford, Kent, Brewer. Julius Samuel Rich, and John Heapy, of Aldermanbury, London, Blackwell-hall factors. William Mason, the sign of the city of Canterbury, Bishopsgate-street without, victualler. James Hine, of Exeter, money-scrivener.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

## FOR DECEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF

HIS GRACE THE LATE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

CONTENTS.




*LONDON:*

Printed for the PROPRIETOR;

Sold by J. PARSONS, No. 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW; and may be had of all the Booksellers and Newscarriers in Town and Country.

## TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE Information respecting the New Structure in St. George's Fields for the CUMBERLAND SCHOOL, which we hoped to have given in our present Number, is still withheld from us by those to whom alone we can with propriety apply for it. It will not, it is presumed, have escaped notice, how zealously we have stood forward on all occasions to promote the Interests of that benevolent Institution. How far we are entitled to the common civilities of social intercourse, in return for our well-meant endeavours, is for the Fraternity to decide. It rests with us only to say, that having been at a very considerable Expence in Engraving Two VIEWS OF THE NEW BUILDING, we have repeatedly applied to what we considered as the only direct source, for a Professional Description of it to accompany the Plates; but hitherto in vain. We cannot see how such tenacity is calculated to benefit an Institution that can only derive effective support from its Publicity. We shall not point more strongly at the Quarter where we think the blame is imputable; nor shall any Personal Incivility operate to depress in the slightest degree our Exertions to increase the Funds of A MOST PRAISE-WORTHY CHARITY.

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*Stanzas to Winter* in our next.

*E. W.* is received.

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To the Grand Lodge of England, this Portrait of
His Grace G. Montagu,
Duke of Manchester, formerly Most Worshipful
G. M. of Masons, is respectfully dedicated.


Published for J. Stephenson, by I. Parsons, N.o 21, Pater Noster Row, Jan.y 1.st 1796.

THE

# FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

## *GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.*

FOR DECEMBER 1795.

THE MOST NOBLE

## *GEORGE MONTAGU,*

## LATE DUKE AND EARL OF MANCHESTER,

VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE, BARON MONTAGU, of KIMBOLTON, KNIGHT of the GARTER, LORD LIEUTENANT, CUSTOS ROTULORUM, and COLONEL of the MILITIA of HUNTINGDONSHIRE, HIGH STEWARD of GODMANCHESTER, COLLECTOR of the CUSTOMS OUTWARDS in the PORT of LONDON, PRESIDENT of the LOCK HOSPITAL, and LL.D.

AND

*GRAND MASTER of MASONS from* 1777 *to* 1782.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THIS highly venerated nobleman was the eldest son of Robert third Duke of Manchester, by Harriet his wife, daughter and co-heir of Edmund Dunch, Esq. and was born April 6, 1737. On the 23d October 1762, he married Elizabeth eldest daughter of Sir James Dashwood, of Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters.

His Grace was the fourth Duke and eighth Earl of Manchester; he was elected one of the knights for the county of Huntingdon, in 1761, succeeded his father as Duke May 10, 1762, and was ambassador at the court of France during the negotiation of the late peace.

In political life, the Duke of Manchester was one of those characters whose conduct should operate as an example to all men who interfere in public concerns. He was firm, but temperate; and though his opinions were rather favourable to the side of opposition, he never was a party zealot, or made an indiscriminate hostility to ministers the motive of his parliamentary exertions. This manly and reasonable

deportment, while it secured him the esteem of the people, did not deprive him of his Sovereign's respect; and he was considered as a man who was guided by virtuous principles, and a disinterested wish to promote the honour and happiness of his country.

His Grace was chosen to succeed Lord Petre as Grand Master of Masons on the 18th April 1777, and installed on the 1st of May following. This high office he continued to hold with distinguished honour to himself, and universal satisfaction to the Fraternity, till May 1, 1782, when he resigned the Chair to His late Royal Highness Henry Frederic Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke of Manchester died September 2, 1788.

During the administration of his friend the Duke of Portland, it had been requested that he might have a new patent, containing a grant of his place of collector of the customs outwards during the joint lives of himself and his two sons. This was not objected to; but the Minister thought it would not be improper to settle a part of the revenue upon the Duchess during her life. While this was under consideration, the face of affairs changed, and all that administration lost their power. The business then lay neglected, till the unexpected death of the Duke; after which Mr. Pitt, in a very handsome manner, gave a fresh grant to the family, and settled the income of the place exactly in the manner the Duke of Portland had intended,

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## *COVETOUSNESS;*

### A VISION.

---

I THOUGHT myself, in an obscure wood, not knowing which way to bend my steps. The moon, obstructed by the leaves of the trees, shot a pale glimmering light, which made the darkness of the night still more terrific.---I was as weak as a child forsaken in a desert. Every thing affrighted me; every shadow appeared a phantom; the least noise made my hair stand on end, and I stumbled at every root of a tree.

Aerial spirits, that I could neither see nor feel, were my unsolicited guides. They related a thousand ridiculous stories to me, to which they would have had me give credit; they led me into brambles and thorns; then, insulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not satisfied with this, they caused deceitful sparks of light to pass before my eyes, to stun or drive me to madness. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could see at the end of an immense walk. I quickened my pace; but at the end of this long avenue, which I thought the termination of the forest, found a little void space, barricaded with impenetrable woods still darker. What tears did I not shed this long night! Yet courage and hope reanimated me, and

time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the dismal forest, where every thing terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing astonished me.

I perceived vast plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no prospect so charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry; the trees were loaded with the finest fruits, and the vines rising under their branches encircled them with grapes, which hung in festoons. I sprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirst, returning thanks from the bottom of my soul to God, the author of these blessings, when a man, very oddly drest, opposed my passage with an iron arm. "Simpleton," said he, "I plainly see thou art still a child; and art a stranger to the customs of the world; read on that stone portico; its laws are engraved there; thou must submit to them or die."

I read with inexpressible astonishment, that all this vast fine country was either hired or sold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repose my head, without the express leave of the master: that he was the exclusive possessor of all those fruits my empty stomach so much longed for: and that I had not a single spot of shelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was usurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quicksilver, very apt to be lost on account of their subtilty, which this hard-hearted man demanded in exchange for the nourishing fruits the earth produced. I said to myself, "He has no better right than I have to this ground; he is certainly a tyrant: but as I am the weaker I must submit."

I learned, that in order to get some of those gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain round his body, at the end of which there was still to depend a leaden bullet, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive, and; indeed, I observed the man who had stopped me was according to order. He saw my distress, and told me in a tone charitably haughty, "If thou wantest to eat, come hither; I am good natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little used to it."---As I was dying with hunger, I did not hesitate to comply.

As he offered me something to eat, he accompanied his gift with a severe fillip on the nose.

I murmured a good deal, and ate a good deal. I was still muttering between my teeth, when I was surprised to see another man, more heavily laden than the first, give him a box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kissing the hand that struck him; however he received at the same time a great many of those little balls of quicksilver which he seemed to idolize.

Then forgetting my resentment, I could not avoid saying to him to whom I was fastened, "How can you bear such an affront? Why had that man the insolence to insult you?" He looked at me, and said with a sneer, "My friend, thou art still a novice; but thou

must know it is the custom of the country: every man who gives, always indulges instantly his pride, or his inhumanity, at the expence of him that receives; but it is only, as they say, a thing lent returned. Although I am enraged at the blow, I do not seem to take notice of it, because he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect one day to bestow them at pleasure: but as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there some fillips on the nose.—What! you seem surprised at this!—Poor lad! your time for astonishment is not yet come. You will see things that will surprise you much more. Come, and follow me."

I followed him.—"Do you see," said he "those steep mountains at a distance? One of their tops almost reaches the clouds. Observe, there resides the perpetual object of all men's desires. From between the rocks there springs a copious fountain of this subtile silver, of which, alas! I have but a small quantity.—Come along with me; let us surmount all difficulties; let us engage.—Do you support half the chain I am going to take up—the heavier it is, the sooner we shall make our fortune. If ever I succeed according to my wishes at this happy fountain, I swear I will give you a share."

Curiosity, still more than the fatal necessity I was under, drew me after him. Oh, Heavens, what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affronts and distresses did I experience!—I concealed my blushes under the weight of my chains.—My leader affected a smiling countenance; but sometimes I surprised him biting his lips till the blood issued, and quite disappointed, muttering in a low tone, whilst he called on me *aloud*, crying, "*Chear up, my lad, all is well!*"—Eagerness gave him supernatural strength, and, as my chain was fastened to his, he dragged me along.—We arrived at the foot of the mountains: but there the crowd was infinitely greater. The vallies were full of a multitude of men, all rattling their chains, who snatched from each other with all the civility imaginable some drops of the quicksilver which flowed from the fountain.

I thought it almost impossible to get through this impenetrable crowd, when my conductor, with the most daring effrontery, began to break the rules of decency. He knocked down all on the right and left with the greatest violence—he inhumanly trod under foot those he overset. I felt for this behaviour, and shuddered as I walked—I trod upon the trembling bodies of those unhappy people, whilst I wished to go back, but could not; I was dragged forward in spite of me—we were covered with blood—the horror of their plaintive cries rent my heart. In this manner we having gained a little hill, my companion looked on me with a complacent air. "We go on well," said he; "the first difficulty is got over, the rest must not deter us. Did you observe how we made them roll one over another? Here it is not so. We are near the fountain; but must not proceed so fast any longer. We must know how to elbow at a proper time with artifice and dexterity; but always without giving

quarter; we nevertheless bring down our man: but scandal must be avoided with the greatest care. Such is the art of a courtier."

My heart was too full to utter a single word in reply. I was stupified to consider I was still fastened to him. I dreaded every minute he would take it into his head to prove upon *me* that he was right in acting thus; for he had a great many examples that seemed favourable to him. What a spectacle! What a tumult! What scenes, all variously frightful! All manner of passions came to bargain with all manner of crimes. Those who had virtues came to dispose of them, and without this traffic they were looked on as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the mask of Justice, and filled her scales with mercenary weights. There were men, also, who were still covered with the mud from whence they sprang, who were honoured, and who insulted public misery.

Others rubbed their bodies with those balls of quicksilver, and strutted with lofty heads, pride in their looks, and debauchery in their hearts. They fancied themselves superior to others, and despised those who were not whitened like themselves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to those they met, yet their gestures were offensive, and even their smiles insulting: but this quicksilver often wore off; in which case those haughty, hardhearted men became mean, submissive, and groveling. Then the contempt of which they were so lavish was retaliated on them with usury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they stopped at no criminality to regain their former situation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quicksilver had got into their heads, so that they were deprived of reason. I saw one who was descending from the summit of the hill, oppressed with his weight, and motionless, and, as if in ecstacy, he admired his silver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wished to assist him. He thought I intended to rob him. He opposed me with all his might to guard his quicksilver, at the same time that he held out his hands in a supplicating manner, with a piteous look, begging I would help him to another small ball, and he would die contented.

A little higher, forty insatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogsheads.

It was not drawn from the fountain head; it had been wrenched from the feeble grasp of women, children, old men, husbandmen, and the poor; it was tinctured with their blood, and sprinkled with their tears. Those extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the indigent habitations. I observed those who possessed large quantities of this matter were never satiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened and the more untractable they appeared.

Yet my conductor only found in all these things still stronger motives for emulation. "Come, come," said he, "I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixt and observant eye; let us go on. Dost thou observe what an enchanting sight through those rocks? Dost thou see that dazzling spring, with what strength it flows? How it falls in

cascades? Let us run! I am afraid it will dry up. What crowds vie with each other! but at the same time let us take care of ourselves, we are not at it yet; the last steps are the most dangerous---how many, for want of prudence, have fallen from the summit into the abyss!---In throwing others down, let us guard against a fall so terrible. We must skilfully improve by the misfortunes of others. Come on; I have discovered a road that will lead us in more safety to the wished-for spot."

So speaking, he led me through a by-path, where few people would dare to follow; it was a sort of narrow, crooked gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward some time; but our passage was obstructed by three figures of the finest white marble. Nothing but their astonishing whiteness could efface the idea of their being alive, so strongly were truth and gracefulness expressed in them. These figures, whose arms were interwoven and united, seemed to stop the passage to imprudent mortals. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written, "*These things are "the master-piece of human understanding; the originals are in Hea-"ven. O mortals! reverence those images; let them be sacred to you; "for they are made to stop you in the perfidious road which leads to "the abyss. Woe be to him who will not be affected, and cursed for "ever be the sacrilegious hand who dares to spoil them!*"

At this sight I was filled with a respectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he seemed for a moment much disturbed and irresolute: but having heard some shouts on a fresh irruption of the fountain, his countenance was flushed with a gloomy redness---he seized a stone, which he loosened from the rock---I endeavoured in vain to stop him---he broke this sacred monument with furious impiety, and passed over its ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in opposition to his, and at length broke the odious chain that linked me to this monster. "Go," said I, full of indignation, "go, unbridled man---fly---satisfy thy inordinate passion; the thunder of Divine Justice is ready. He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it.---Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was dashed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for some moments stained its former splendor.

Struck with fear, I, trembling, contemplated those adorable ruins scattered on the ground, not daring to move, lest I should tread upon them. Afflicting tears trickled down my cheeks. I looked to Heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppressed with sorrow, when a Divine Power suddenly collected the relics, as beautiful, as majetic as before. I prostrated myself before those sacred images. Glorious! eternal! they never can be destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of impious mortals.

LE M---.

# HISTORY OF MASONRY.

(Continued from p. 240.)

HITHERTO we find that Masons, above all other artists, have distinguished themselves in the most conspicuous manner; and been the favourites of the eminent, who wisely joined the lodges for the better conducting of their various undertakings in architecture. From Sicily we pass into Italy, to trace the improvements of the Romans, who, originally, little better than a nest of robbers, for many ages affected nothing but war; till by degrees they learned the science and art from their neighbours. But, in the mean time, the Hetrurians, or Tuscans, originally invented and used their own Tuscan order *, before they learned the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders from the Greeks; and the royal art became conspicuous under their king Porsenna, who built a stately labyrinth, not inferior to that of Lemnos, and the highest mausoleum on record.

The Romans were as yet only engaged in extending their small territory by subduing their neighbours in Italy; and their taste was very low in every thing but arms; until Turrenus, the last king of the Tuscans, bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans, in the sixth year of Philadelphus, while Pyrrhus distressed Italy. [A. M. 3721. A. R. 475.] The Tuscans had built many fine strong places; and now their disciples were invited to Rome, and taught the Romans the royal art; though their improvements were not considerable, till Marcellus triumphed in the spoils of Syracuse, upon the death of Archimedes. Becoming then a patron of arts and sciences, he employed his fellow-crafts to build at Rome his famous theatre, with a temple to Virtue, and another to Honour.

It was not until the Romans were enabled to carry their arms into the more polished nations in the east, that they brought home a taste for sciences and elegant arts. [A. M. 3814. A. R. 559. Before Christ 190.] Thus, when Scipio Asiaticus led them against Antiochus Magnus king of Syria, and took from him all the country west of Mount Taurus, they beheld with astonishment the beauties of the Grecian and Asiatic architecture, standing in full splendor, which they resolved to imitate; and continued improving, till Scipio Africanus, who had always a set of the learned attending him as

* Order in architecture, implies a system of proportions and ornaments which are discoverable in the column with its base and capital; surmounted by an entablature, consisting of architrave, frieze, and cornice; and sustained by a pedestal. All these members have their peculiar characteristics in each order, which cannot mix or interfere, without producing confusion and deformity. Of these orders, three appear by their names to be of Grecian origin: the Tuscan, as already observed, was formed in Tuscany in Italy; and the fifth order was afterwards composed by the Romans out of the other four, and hence is called the Composite order.

their patron, took the great rival of Rome, Carthage, which he demolished, against his own inclination, by command of the senate; while their consul Mummius the same year sacked Corinth, the wealthy queen of Greece. [A. M. 3858. A. R. 603. Before Christ 146.]

Nothing can better illustrate the crude conceptions the Romans as yet entertained of polite arts, than the ignorant stipulation their victorious consul Mummius made with the masters of the transports, by whom he sent to Rome, among his spoils, some exquisite paintings, statues, and other masterpieces of Grecian workmanship—"that whatever was lost, broke, or damaged, they should supply "their places with others *equally good!*" Both these generals displayed rich collections of portable works of art, which they acquired by their swords; but the Romans at length grew wise enough to furnish themselves in a more laudable manner, by inviting home the most able professors both of sciences and mechanical arts. After which, stately edifices began to rise at Rome, in the finest Grecian stile; as the famous palace of Paulus Emilius of the best Phrygian marble: the triumphal arch of Marius at Orange in Gaul, the three surprising theatres of Scaurus at Rome, &c. the one held 80,000 people at shews or plays. It had three scenes or lofts, one above another, with 360 columns; the first of marble, each 38 feet high; the second row was of crystal, and the third of gilded wood; between the columns were 3000 statues of brass. The other two theatres were of wood, sustained on great axles, whereon they could be turned round, and joined in one great amphitheatre.

Sylla brought the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olyimpus from Greece, to adorn the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome; after the old one, built by Tarquinius Superbus, was burnt; in whose time Jupiter was only of clay, but was now of pure gold. Lucullus, the learned and brave, erected a fine library, and a splendid house with gardens, in the Asiatic stile. Pompey the Great built a theatre that held 40,000 people at the shews, near his palace, and his temple of History.

These, and the other great men, during the Roman republic, much encouraged architects and masons as their patrons; and in their absence, the consul resident, or the high-priest of Rome, or the arch-flamin, or some other great man on the spot, thought it his honour to be the patron of arts and sciences (what we now call grand master), attended duly by the most ingenious of the fraternity, till the republic was near its exit by the competition of Pompey and Cæsar for pre-eminence in tyranny over their country. But Pompey being routed at Pharsalia, and murdered by the Egyptians in his flight, the republic expired under the feet of Julius Cæsar.

Cæsar, now perpetual dictator and imperator, was a learned geometrician, architect, engineer, and astronomer. Being high-priest, he called in the assistance of the best mathematicians and philosophers of his time, to settle the Roman calendar, which was then very irregular; not having been regulated since the time of Numa, and then

according to very imperfect ideas of astronomical correctness. The Julian calendar continued in use till it was again reformed by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582; which reform, after being received by a great part of Europe, was at length adopted in Britain in 1752; and thus put an end to the almost continual occasion of adverting to the distinction betwixt the old stile and new stile, in public and private transactions with foreign countries.

Julius Cæsar and his legions had built much in Gaul: and at Rome he raised his great circus, three furlongs in length, and one in breadth, that held 260,000 people at the shews; with his stately palace, and temple of Venus: he also ordered Carthage and Corinth to be rebuilt, about 100 years after they had been demolished. He had attained that supremacy over the republic to which he so strenuously aspired; but we cannot know certainly the use he intended to make of the plenitude of power he possessed, because he was prematurely cut off by assasination in the senate-house; at a time when this act of treacherous violence, so far from restoring liberty to a worn-out republic, only left the place Cæsar occupied, to be contended for again by a renewal of all the horrors of unprincipled ambition and civil discord. [A. M. 3960. Before Christ 44.] But when, after a copious evacuation of the best and most illustrious blood in the state, supreme power once more centred in the hand of Octavius, afterward so famous under the name of Augustus, this proud mistress of the world became as truly the unrivalled seat of arts as of empire.

The death of Julias Cæsar was soon followed by the conquest of Egypt, the death of Cleopatra, the end of the Grecian monarchy; and the commencement of the Roman empire, by the victory Augustus gained over Pompey the younger at Actium.

This illustrious patron of architecture, with his minister Agrippa, erected the great portico of the Pantheon, which has the following inscription on the frieze: [Before Christ 29.]

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT.

This inscription has given rise to a general opinion that the whole of this beautiful temple was of his erection; yet several antiquarians and artists have concluded that the Pantheon existed from the time of the commonwealth. Dion Cassius, in treating of the magnificence of Agrippa, says, 'And he also finished or perfected the Pantheon!' and Michael Angelo was persuaded that the body of the temple, and the portico leading into it, were the work of three several architects; because the roof, and the order which supports it, do not correspond with each other, and want much of that elegance and symmetry so striking in the portico. The body of this temple, which was consecrated to all the Gods, is round, or cylindrical, crowned with a dome; it is 144 feet diamater within, and of the same height from the pavement up to the large aperture at the summit, from which the building receives its light. It is of the Corinthian order; and the inner circumference is divided into seven grand niches, wrought in the thickness of the wall; six of which are flat at the top, but the

seventh opposite the entrance is arched. Before each nich are two columns of antique yellow marble, fluted; each of one entire block, the finest in Rome. This grand temple, which is richly decorated, and is still in being, under the name of the Rotunda, suffered much in the destruction of Rome, by the northern invaders; and still more by injudicious alterations and repairs, incongruous with its orginal stile, when it was converted into a Christian church.

It was during the reign of Augustus that the learned Vitruvius became the father of true architecture by his admirable writings. [Before Christ 29.] This imperial patron first employed his fellow-crafts in repairing or rebuilding all the public edifices, much neglected, if not injured, during the civil wars. He also built the bridge of Arminium; and at Rome, the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo, the great and sumptuous Forum, the palace of Augustus, with some lesser palaces; the fine mausoleum, the accurate statue in the Capitol, the curious library, the Portico, and public walks for the people. The temples of Rome were filled with the most costly statues; and that of Cleopatra, of massy gold, brought from Egypt, was, with some satirical humour, placed in the temple of Venus.

In those golden days of Augustus, the patricians following his example, built above an hundred marble palaces at Rome, fit for princes; and every substantial citizen rebuilt their houses in marble; all uniting in the same disposition of adorning Rome; whereby many Lodges arose and flourished of the Free and Accepted Masons; so that Augustus, when dying, justly said, 'I found Rome built of *brick*, but 'I leave it built of *marble!*' Hence it is, that in the remains of antient Rome, those of his time, and of some following Emperors, are the best patterns of true Masonry extant, the epitome of old Grecian architecture, now commonly expressed by the *Augustan stile*; in which are united wisdom, strength, and beauty. But before the death of Augustus, we must return into Judea; where the high-priests of Jerusalem had been provincial grand masters under the kings of Egypt, at that time sovereigns of the Jews, till Seleucus Philopater, king of Syria, seized Judea. [A. M. 3824. Before Christ 180.]

Antiochus Epiphanes, his son, cruelly persecuted the Jews till they were rescued by the valiant Asmonean priest Judas Maccabæus: for long after Zerubbabel and Jeshua the high-priest, an ordinary priest, called Asmonæus, appeared, not of the house of Jeshua, but only of the course of Joarib, the great-grandfather of Mattathias, the brave priest of Moden and father of Maccabæus.

For the lineal successor of Jeshua was Onias IV. (son of Onias III. the last good high-priest) who, being deprived of his right by the Syrian kings, went to Egypt, where he got leave to build a temple at Heliopolis, like that of Jerusalem, for the Jews in Egypt and Cyrene, who were then more numerous and opulent than even those in Judea*. [A. M. 3855. Before Christ 149.] But the Asmonæans, or

* This temple stood 222 years, until A. D. 73, when it was destroyed by the emperor Vespasian.

Maccabees, fought their way to pre-eminence against the Syrian kings, and also obtained it as high-priests and princes of the Jews, during about 130 years, till Mark Anthony and Octavius got the senate of Rome to create Herod the Edomite, or Idumean Jew, King of Judea in the Capitol; and, by the help of the Romans, Herod conquered Antigonus, and mounted the throne at Jerusalem. [A. M. 3967. Before Christ 37.]

He got rid of all the Asmonæans, made the Sanhedrim useless, and set up high-priests at his pleasure. But with all his great faults, Herod became the greatest builder of his day, the Patron or Grand Master of many Lodges, and sent for the most expert fellow-crafts of Greece to assist his own Jews; for, after the battle of Actium, Herod, being reconciled to Augustus, began to shew his skill in masonry, by erecting a splendid Grecian theatre at Jerusalem; and next built the stately city Sebaste, (so called from Sebastos or Augustus) formerly Samaria, with a curious little temple in it like that of Jerusalem. He made the city Cæsarea the best harbour in Palestine, and built a temple of white marble at Paneas; the cities Antipatris, Phasaelis and Cypron; and the tower of Phasael at Jerusalem, not inferior to the Pharos of Alexandria, &c.: but his most amazing work was his rebuilding of the temple of Zerubbabel.

Herod, being in full enjoyment of peace and plenty, formed a design of new building the temple at Jerusalem, whereby he thought he should not only reconcile to himself the affections of the Jews, but also erect a monument of lasting honour to his own name. The temple built after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, though an admirable building, 500 years being elapsed since its erection, was greatly decayed, both by the length of time, and also by the violence of enemies. Herod proposed to build the whole temple a-new; but when, in a general assembly of the people, he found them startled at the proposal, he, to deliver them from their fears, assured them that he would not take down the old temple, till he had all the materials ready for erecting a new one in its place. [Before Christ 19.] Accordingly, he forthwith made all manner of preparations for it; employing therein 1000 waggons for carrying of the stone and timber; 10,000 masons, beside labourers, to fit all things for the building; and marshalled them into lodges under 1000 priests and Levites, skilful in all parts of architecture, to supervise and direct them in the work. Himself acted as Grand Master, with his Wardens, Hillel and Shammai, two learned rabbins of great reputation; and, in two years time, he had got all things ready for the building; when, and not before, he pulled down the old temple to the very foundation.

The foot-stone of the new temple was levelled just forty-six years before the first passover of Christ's personal ministry; at which time the Jews told him, John ii. 20, *Forty and six years hath this temple been in building*: for, although then forty-six years had passed from the time it was begun, yet that part which was most properly the temple, that is, that which contained the holy place, the holy of holies

in the east, and the porch in the west, through which was the passage leading to both, were finished at an amazing cost, in the short space of one year and six months, and the rest designed by Herod, in eight years more; when the fraternity celebrated the cape-stone with great joy, and in due form; and the king solemnized its dedication with extraordinary pomp: for the day appointed for it, falling in with the anniversary of his accession to the Jewish crown, augmented the solemnity. [Before Christ 7.]

A great number of masons were continued at work for the carrying on the out-buildings, all the time of our Saviour's being here on earth, and for some years after, till the coming of Gefius Florus to be governor of Judea; who caused 18,000 masons to be discharged at one time, which gave great offence to the Jews. This was, perhaps, one cause of those mutinies and seditions which at last drew on the destruction of Jerusalem, and the temple with it; for it seems unjust to charge the masons with being the fomenters of those disturbances, for want of employment, when all the Jews looked upon this behaviour of the Roman governor as levelled not only against their temple, but their worship also.

Josephus* describes the temple of Herod, as a most magnificent fabric of marble, set off with the greatest profusion of costly decorations, and the finest building upon earth, since the days of Solomon; being much larger than the temple of Zerubbabel, beside the advantage of the Grecian stile, and the Corinthian order of architecture with all its later improvements. It was not compleatly finished, in all its apartments, till about six years before it was destroyed. [A. D. 64.]

It was in the 26th year of the reign of Augustus, when, after the conquest of Egypt, the temple of Janus was shut, as an intimation that all the Roman empire was in peace, the Word was made flesh, or the Lord Jesus Christ *Immanuel* was born, the Great Architect or Grand Master of the Christian church.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| After Solomon's death | 971 | In the year of the Julian period | 4710 |
| In the year of Rome | 745 | In the year of Masonry | 4000 |
| In the year of Herod | 34 | Before the Christian æra † | 4 |

King Herod died a few months after the birth of Christ, and, notwithstanding his vast expence in masonry, he died rich.

During the long reign of Augustus, the craft was well cultivated: worthy craftsmen were every where employed and encouraged, as well in Europe as in Asia, till his death, which happened at Nola, in Campania, after a glorious reign of forty-four years.

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* Book xv. chap. 14. † See note, Vol. IV. p. 363.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS the frequent adulteries which have been so generally of late perpetrated have been inserted in all the newspapers, it may not be improper to make known the punishments which were made use of for that crime in the time of our Saxon ancestors, before Christianity had entered our island, and before any Court of Arches or Doctors Commons was established, which were as follow: "The woman offending, having first her hair cut off, was turned stark-naked out of her husband's house, and that in presence of her own kindred: thence she was scourged with whips thorough the town, without regard of birth, beauty, age, or wealth, and never after could find another husband. Those that were unnaturally lewd of their bodies, their manner was to drown them in filthy mud, and cover them with hurdles. And farther, in the ancient country of the Saxons (where there was no knowledge of God), if either a maiden in her father's house, or one having a husband, became a whore, she should be strangled with her own hands closed to her mouth, and the corrupter should be hanged upon the pit wherein she was buried. If she were not so used, then her garments being cut away down from the girdle-steed, that chaste matrons did scourge and whip her, and did prick her with knives; and so was she sent from town to town, whether other fresh and new scourges did meet and torment her unto death."—This account you will find in Speed's Chron. pag. 203. chap. 4.

If you are so obliging as to publish it, it may have a good effect on the fair in our times, when they see how much the sin of adultery was abhorred even by pagans.

CHASTITY.

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*The following is a genuine Copy of a* LETTER *sent some Years ago to the* DIRECTORS *of the* EAST-INDIA COMPANY:

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a clergyman of Ely, in the county of Cambridge; I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the church: with this view I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge, where he has resided the usual time, and last Christmas took his degree with some reputation to himself; but I must at the same time add, that he is more likely to kick a church down than to support one. He is of a very eccentric genius—he had no notion of restraint to chapel gates, lectures, &c. and when rebuked by his master, tutor, &c. for want of obedience to their rules, he treated them in the contemptible light of not being Gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he should call them to an account as an affair of honour, &c. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him,

and on talking with him the other day, and asking him, what road his honour would chuse to pursue in future life, he told me that his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated whether he had any reasonable expectation of a provision from that quarter? he looked small, and said, No. Now, Gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me, and therefore 'tis not unlikely but that you will look upon me as chimerical a man as my son, in making this application to you; but you will remember that he is my son, and that reflection I hope will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, and not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you publicly as a body. If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout, and very active, and is as bold and intrepid as a lion: he is of a Welch extraction for many generations; and I think, as my first born, he is not degenerated. If you like to look at him, you shall see him, and judge for yourselves. You may leave word with your clerk; I shall call again shortly to hear what you say. And remain in the mean time, Gentlemen, your's, &c. (in haste)

THOMAS JONES.

*Black Bull Inn, Bishopsgate-street, March 3.*

P. S. If you like him, I will equip him.

The above letter was read, and an appointment ordered for him as a Cadet.

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FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

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## *ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC,*

### IN COMPLAINTS OF THE BREAST.

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A PERSON, who is interested in every thing that can be useful to humanity, is desirous of giving to the public a remedy that chance has discovered.

An officer, who had a consumptive complaint on his breast, was dissolving over a chaffing-dish of fire, in a very close room, an equal quantity of white pitch and yellow bees-wax, with an intention of soldering some bottles; and, after having breathed-in for some time the vapour arising from it, he found the complaint in his breast greatly relieved. This observation (extremely interesting to himself) determined him to continue for some days the same fumigation. He soon perceived a very considerable amendment, and at length was entirely cured.

This remedy has been experienced with equal efficacy upon different people who were attacked with complaints on the breast; and very many, when even the lungs were ulcerated, and who were entirely given over, have been cured by this single remedy.

It must be observed, that the room in which the fumigation is to be performed ought to be very closely shut up, and that the person should walk about to suck in the vapour by degrees.

# ACCOUNT OF THE SYBARITES.

FROM ATHENÆUS.

BY WILLIAM BELOE, F.S.A.

WHY should we speak of the Sybarites, who first introduced the custom of chaining those slaves at the baths, whose office it was to pour the water and anoint with oil, to prevent their going away abruptly, and lest in their haste they might burn those who bathed. The Sybarites also were the first who refused to admit into their city those who laboured at noisy occupations; such as blacksmiths and the like, that their sleep might be free from all interruption; neither would they suffer any cocks to be kept in their city.

Once at Crotona, a wrestler was sweeping away the dust from the palæstra; one of some Sybarites, who were near, enquired, whether in so great a city there were not slaves to perform so vile an office.

Another Sybarite being at Lacedæmon, and invited to the pheidition *, was seated upon wood: after supper he observed that he had formerly been astonished at hearing of the Lacedæmonian bravery, but seeing what he now did, he thought them in no respect different from other people, for the most pusillanimous of men would rather choose to die, than lead a life of such intolerable hardship.

The Sybarites frequently give public entertainments, and they who are most luxurious on this occasion are honoured with crowns of gold: they proclaim the names of such aloud at their sacrifices and public games, not from any attachment to the individuals whom they thus distinguish, but on account of the luxurious feasts they have given. On such occasions also, they bestow crowns on the cooks who have discovered the greatest skill in their profession.

Their city being placed in a low situation, it happens that their morning and evening is intolerably cold, whilst at mid-day the heat is excessive; from which circumstances a proverb has arisen among them, that whoever would avoid an untimely death, must never see the sun either rise or set. These people finally were become so excessively luxurious, that they had even instructed their horses to dance at their public festivals to the sound of musical instruments.

# COTYS.

FROM THE SAME.

THEOPOMPUS, in his first Book of Philippics, writes thus:—On the third day he came to Onocarsis, a place in Thrace, remarkable for a grove of great beauty, and exceedingly pleasant, particularly in

* A public entertainment instituted at Sparta, to promote frugality, and preserve good neighbourhood.

the summer season. It was one of these in which Cotys took unusual delight, who of all the princes that had ever reigned in Thrace was most eminent for luxury and voluptuousness.---In his progress through the country, wherever he met with a place well shaded with trees and agreeably watered, he never failed to select it as a scene of festival. Here he passed his time, offering up sacrifices to the Gods, and living familiarly with his officers; till he, at lengh, was induced to be guilty of impiety towards Minerva, and to offer her the grossest insults.

The same writer relates, that Cotys prepared a banquet as if he was about to be married to Minerva, and, intoxicated with wine, made ready a bridal chamber, as if in expectation of the presence of the Goddess.---When no one appeared, he sent one of his guards to see whether Minerva was yet come.---The man came back, and said, no one was in the apartment; in a fit of anger, the king immediately put him to death. He then sent a second messenger, whom, in the like manner, when he returned, he put to death. A third was dispatched, who, knowing what had happened, came back, and said, that the Goddess expected him in the apartment.---On this the king, being seized with emotions of jealousy with respect to his supposed wife, mangled the man in a very barbarous manner.

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## ALCIBIADES.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS is what Satyrus says, speaking of the charming Alcibiades. When in Ionia, he was more luxurious than all the Ionians; at Thebes, he excelled all the Thebans in the bodily exercises and games.---In Thessaly he was more skilful in the management of the steed than the Aleuadæ themselves. At Sparta he was superior to the Spartans in bodily vigor and in abstinence. In drinking he mastered even the Thracians.---Wishing to attempt the chastity of Timæa, the wife of Agis, he sent her a present of a thousand pieces of gold coin, as to a common courtezan. He was of a most elegant figure, and for the greater part of his youth suffered his hair to grow. He wore sandals of a particular form, which were called after his own name. He exhibited public games, at which he appeared on the theatre dressed in purple, exciting on such an occasion the admiration not only of the men, but of the women also. Antisthenes, the Socratic, who had seen Alcibiades, represents him as vigorous and of great strength, of manly appearance, and in his youth of the most captivating beauty. When about to go on any expedition, he engaged four different cities in a manner as his attendants.

Ephesus supplied his tents, which resembled those of Persia. Chios sent the provender for his horses. The victims which he used in sacrifice came from Cyzicum. His wine and the articles of his daily

consumption were from Lesbos. When he returned from Olympia to Athens, he consecrated two pictures, painted by Aglaophon. In the one, he was represented as crowned at the Olympian and Pythian games. In the other, he was drawn sitting upon the knees of Nemea, and was exhibited as more beautiful even than a female. When at the head of his army, it was his ambition to appear beautiful. His shield was of ivory and gold, on which, as a crest, was Cupid embracing the thunder. He once went to an entertainment at the house of Anytus, an opulent man, by whom he was beloved, and took with him Thrasyllus, one of his intimate friends, but a person of mean fortune. After drinking to Thrasyllus he ordered the attendants to take half the plate on the side-board to the house of his friend, and then courteously taking leave of Anytus, he departed. Some, who were present, remarked, that Alcibiades was very insolent, and had surely forgotten himself. Not so, indeed, replied Anytus, since having the power to take the whole, he has left me half.

Lysias, the Rhetorician, speaking of his luxury, says thus:---Alcibiades and Axiochus went in a vessel, freighted at their common expence, to the Hellespont. Here they took as a wife betwixt them, Xynocippe, who being delivered of a daughter, neither of them would own himself the father. When the young woman grew up, they debauched her. Alcibiades, when she was in his company, called her the daughter of Axiochus. Axiochus, when he was with her, called her the daughter of Alcibiades.

When at Lacedæmon, he seduced Timæa, the wife of Agis; being reproached for this, he replied, that he was induced to the action by no motive of appetite or passion, but that the monarch of Sparta might proceed from his loins, and that henceforth the Spartan kings should not take their name from Hercules, but from Alcibiades.

When he commanded the army, he took with him two courtezans, namely, Timandra, the mother of Lais of Carinth, and Theodora.

After he had been in exile, he made the Athenians masters of the Hellespont, and sent more than five thousand Peloponnesians captives to Athens. On his return to his country, he crowned the prows of the Athenian galleys with branches of olive, and with flowery garlands. He burned more than two hundred of the enemy's vessels, and brought the remainder home, laden with spoils and with Lacedæmonian arms. His own vessel advancing to the very Piræus, carrying sails of purple, as soon as it entered the harbour, the sailors took to their oars, whilst Chrysogenes, in a tragic robe, beat time to their motion. At the same time, Callipides, the tragedian, encouraged them with his voice. On this occasion some one happily remarked, that Sparta could not bear two Lysanders, nor Athens two like Alcibiades.

Alcibiades, like Pausanias, affected the manners of the Medes, and whilst at the court of Pharnabazus, he wore the Persian dress, and learned the Persian language.

FROM THE SAME.

PYTHON the orator of Byzantium, as Léon his fellow-citizen relates, was remarkably corpulent. When a tumult had once arisen among the people, in an oration in which he endeavoured to persuade them to peace and reconciliation, he expressed himself thus:---" You see, my fellow-citizens, of what a size I am, but my wife is still larger than myself. Yet when we are on good terms the commonest bed will hold us. When we disagree, the whole house is not large enough to contain us."

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## ON THE ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.

### FROM ÆLIAN's VARIOUS HISTORY.

BY THE SAME.

AFTER their victories over the Persians, the Athenians made a law, that on one day in every year, there should be a public exhibition of a cock-fight.---I shall explain from what circumstances this custom arose.---When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against the Barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting. The spectacle was not lost upon him. He made his army halt, and thus addressed them: " These cocks, said he, are not fighting for their country, for their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty, or for their offspring. The only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other."

These words animated the Athenians, and what was then an incentive to their valour, was preserved as a monument which might lead to the perpetration of similar exploits.

Note.---I do not know whether the information will be of any importance to modern cock-fighters, but we have the authority of Xenophon for asserting, that the Athenians fed their cocks with grains of pepper to make them more irascible.

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FROM THE SAME.

SOCRATES being very old, and afflicted with indisposition, was asked by some one, how he did. "Well, he replied, either way. If I recover, said he, I shall be envied by many. If I die, I shall be praised by many."

FROM THE SAME.

IT is said of the younger Antigonus, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed colour nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

Note.---Might not this suggest to Addison, the circumstance of Cato's receiving the dead body of his son with this exclamation:

"Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty."

There are, however, several such traits in antiquity: the mother of Brasidas only asked whether her son had died bravely.

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FROM THE SAME.

A YOUNG man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him, what he had learned. The other replied, that would hereafter appear. On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, he had learned this,---To endure a parent's anger.

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FROM THE SAME.

DIOGENES, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes magnificently arrayed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "this is pride." Afterwards, meeting with some Lacedæmonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "and this also is pride."

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FROM THE SAME.

EURYDAMAS of Cyrene obtained the victory in boxing. His adversary had knocked out his teeth, but them he swallowed, that the accident might not be seen by the opponent.

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FROM THE SAME.

A SUITOR once came from the Hellespont to Gnathæna, the famous courtezan of Athens, allured by her celebrity. He prated so much over his cups as to be very troublesome; Gnathæna, interrupting him, said, "What, Sir, said she, is it true, that you came from the Hellespont?" "It is," replied her lover. "How happens it," returned the lady, "that you are not acquainted with its principal city?" "Which is that?" he returned; "Sigeum," said Gnathæna. By this ingenious play upon the word, she silenced him.

Note.---Sige, or Σιγη, in Greek, means silence.

FROM THE SAME.

PHOCION, son of Phocus, who had often been the general of his countrymen, was condemned to death, and being in prison was about to drink the hemlock. When the executioner held out to him the cup, his relations asked, if he had any commands for his son. "I order him, said Phocion, to bear no animosity, nor revenge against the Athenians on account of this poison, which I now drink." They who do not admire and praise this action, cannot, in my opinion, have any conception of what is great and noble.

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## A BILL OF FARE FOR FIFTY PEOPLE

OF THE

## *COMPANY OF SALTERS*, A.D. 1506.

COPIED FROM THE RECORDS OF THAT WORSHIPFUL COMPANY.

| | L. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thirty-six chickens - | 0 | 4 | 5 |
| One swan and four geese - | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Nine rabbets - - | 0 | 1 | 4 |
| Two rumps of beef tails - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Six quails - - | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Two oz. pepper - - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Two oz. cloves and mace - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| One ounce and half saffron - | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Three pounds sugar - - | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Two pounds raisins - - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| One pound dates - - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| One pound and half comfits - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Half hundred eggs - | 0 | 0 | 2½ |
| Four gallons of curds - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| One ditto gooseberries - | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bread - - | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| One kilderkin of ale - | 0 | 2 | 3 |
| Herbs - - - | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Carried forward | 1 | 1 | 5½ |

| | L. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brought forward | 1 | 1 | 5½ |
| Two dishes of butter - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Four breasts of veal - | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| Bacon - - | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Quarter load of coals - | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Faggots - - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Three gallons and half Gascoyne wine - - | 0 | 2 | 4 |
| One bottle Muscovadine - | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Cherries and tarts - | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Salt - - - | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Verjuice and vinegar - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Paid the cook - - | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| Perfume - - | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| One bushel and half of meal | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Waiter - - | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| Garnishing the vessels - | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| | 1 | 13 | 2½ |

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## *APOPLEXY.*

IT is said, that the filling with salt the mouth of a person falling with the above disorder has often contributed to a recovery.

# THE STAGE.

## BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

*Continued from p. 324.*

IN WALLIS we the vivid bloom espy
Of worth that long shall charm the public eye
And soon will Time, with kind maturing pow'r,
Expand the foliage and exalt the flow'r.
A beauteous rival we in MILLER trace,
Of kindred feeling and of kindred grace;
Oh! may they nobly emulative soar,
And be what YATES and CRAWFORD were before.

Candour might well the partial muse arraign,
Were MACKLIN left unnotic'd by her strain,
Who on our ancestors for sanction draws,
To urge prescriptive title to applause,
And like an oak, yet unsubdu'd by age,
Seems to stand forth the father of the Stage.
Whate'er by ripen'd judgment can be taught,
And from the stores of long experience brought,
In his laborious acting we may trace,
Where stern precision shuts out ev'ry grace;
He seems to move, to speak, to think, by rule,
The rigid pedagogue of system's school.
No native fire e'er rushes to his eyes,
And passions seem by precept to arise.
Severe his plan, which awes, not wins the heart,
For all appears the cold effect of art.
All but the matchless Jew—that rais'd his name
High o'er the critic's feeble praise or blame.
Whate'er he draws displays a master's force,
But all his col'ring's in a style too coarse,
And though the scheme may strike th' approving mind,
The breast to sluggish languor is resign'd.
Yet MACKLIN's outlines might an actor teach
The noblest heights of excellence to reach,
For sense matur'd affords a solid skill,
And, though he roughly draws, 'tis nature still.
In comic parts the same hard truth appears;
Though to the text with judgment he adheres,
And in essential features seldom fails,
A rugged energy through all prevails.

When worth like MACKLIN's claims the critic lay—
An orb bright beaming in departing day—
Fain would the heart on all his merits dwell;
With fond reluctance ev'ry blemish tell;
But truth aloft th' impartial scales suspends,
And at her shrine the muse submissive bends.

For sprightly scenes of higher life design'd,
Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,
Where homely reason yields to polish'd pride,
And nature's vulgar feelings are decry'd,
LEWIS, with lively taste and easy mien,
Gives gay precision to the comic scene.
When wounded pride with quick resentment glows,
The flippant fury he politely shews,
And, to whate'er excess the passion reigns,
A well-bred anger through the whole sustains.
But LEWIS chiefly shines in parts that aim
With noise and frolic to secure a name,
By darling notoriety to rise,
And all the rules of sober life despise;
Here laughter's loudest roar he justly draws,
And WOODWARD might with envy hear th' applause.

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## ACCOUNT OF THE
## *STOCKS OR PUBLIC FUNDS*
### OF THIS KINGDOM.

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AS there are few subjects of conversation more general than the value of Stocks, and hardly any thing so little understood, nothing can be more useful than a short account of them, which we shall here give in as concise a manner as possible.

In order to give a clear idea of the money transactions of the several companies, it is proper we should say something of money in general and particularly of paper money, and the difference between that and the current specie. Money is the standard of the value of all the necessaries and accommodations of life, and paper money is the representative of that standard to such a degree, as to supply its place, and to answer all the purposes of gold and silver coin. Nothing is necessary to make this representative of money supply the place of specie, but the credit of that Office or Company who delivers it; which credit consists in its always being ready to turn it into specie whenever required. This is exactly the case of the bank of England; the notes of this Company are of the same value as the current coin,

as they may be turned into it whenever the possessor pleases. From hence, as notes are a kind of money, the counterfeiting them is punished with death, as well as coining.

The method of depositing money in the Bank, and exchanging it for notes (though they bear no interest), is attended with many conveniencies; as they are not only safer than money in the hands of the owner himself; but as the notes are more portable, and capable of a much more easy conveyance: since a bank note, for a very large sum, may be sent by the post, and to prevent the designs of robbers, may, without damage, be cut in two, and sent at two several times. Or bills, called bank-post bills, may be had by application at the Bank, which are particularly calculated to prevent losses by robberies, they being made payable to the order of the person who takes them out, at a certain number of days after sight; which gives an opportunity to stop bills at the Bank, if they should be lost, and prevents their being so easily negociated by strangers as common bank notes are: and whoever considers the hazard, the expence and trouble, there would be in sending large sums of gold and silver to and from distant places, must also consider this as a very singular advantage. Beside which, another benefit attends them; for if they are destroyed by time, or other accident, the Bank will, on oath being made of such accident, and security being given, pay the money to the person who was in the possession of them.

Bank notes differ from all kinds of Stock in these three particulars; 1st. They are always of the same value. 2d. They are paid off without being transferred; and, 3d. they bear no interest; while Stocks are a share in a Company's funds, bought without any condition of having the principal returned. India bonds indeed (though by some persons erroneously called Stock) are to be excepted, they being made payable at six months notice, either on the side of the Company, or of the possessor.

By the word Stock was originally meant a particular sum of money contributed to the establishing a Fund to enable a Company to carry on a certain trade, by means of which the person became a partner in that trade, and received a share of the profit made thereby, in proportion to the money employed. But this term has been extended farther, though improperly, to signify any sum of money which has been lent to the government, on condition of receiving certain interest till the money is repaid, and which makes a part of the national debt. As the security both of the government and of the public companies is esteemed preferable to that of any private person, as the Stocks are negociable, and may be sold at any time, and as the interest is always punctually paid when due, so they are thereby enabled to borrow money on a lower interest than what might be obtained from lending it to private persons where there must be always some danger of losing both principal and interest.

But as every capital Stock or Fund of a Company is raised for a particular purpose, and limited by Parliament to a certain sum, it necessarily follows, that when that fund is completed, no Stock can be

bought of the Company; though shares already purchased may be transferred from one person to another. This being the case, there is frequently a great disproportion between the original value of the shares, and what is given for them when transferred; for if there are more buyers than sellers, a person who is indifferent about selling will not part with his share without a considerable profit to himself; and, on the contrary, if many are disposed to sell, and few inclined to buy, the value of such shares will naturally fall, in proportion to the impatience of those who want to turn their Stock into specie.

These obervations may serve to give our readers some idea of the nature of that unjustifiable and dishonest practice called Stockjobbing, the mystery of which consists in nothing more than this; the persons concerned in that practice, who are denominated Stock-jobbers, make contracts to buy or sell, at a certain distant time, a certain quantity of some particular Stock, against which time they endeavour, according as their contract is, either to raise or lower such Stock, by raising rumours, and spreading fictitious stories, in order to induce people either to sell out in a hurry, and consequently cheap, if they are to deliver Stock; or to become unwilling to sell, and consequently to make it dearer, if they are to receive Stock.

The persons who make these contracts are not in general possessed of any real Stock; and when the time comes that they are to receive or deliver the quantity they have contracted for, they only pay such a sum of money as makes the difference between the price Stock was at when they made the contract, and the price it happens to be at when the contract is fulfilled; and it is no uncommon thing for persons not worth 100l. to make contracts for the buying or selling 100,000l. Stock. In the language of Exchange Alley, the buyer in this case is called the Bull, and the seller the Bear.

Besides these, there is another set of men, though of a higher rank, who may properly come under the same denomination. These are your great monied men, who are dealers in Stock, and contractors with the government whenever any new money is to be borrowed. These indeed are not fictitious, but real Buyers and Sellers of Stock; but by raising false hopes, or creating groundless fears, by pretending to buy or sell large quantities of Stock on a sudden, by using the fore-mentioned set of men as their instruments, and other like practices, are enabled to raise or fall the Stocks one or two per cent. at pleasure.

However, the real value of one Stock above another, on account of its being more profitable to the Proprietors, or any thing that will really, or only in imagination, affect the credit of a Company, or endanger the Government, by which that credit is secured, must naturally have a considerable effect on the Stocks. Thus, with respect to the interest of the Proprietors, a share in the Stock of a trading Company, which produces 5l. or 6l. per cent. per annum, must be more valuable than an Annuity with Government security, that produces no more than 3l. or 4l. per cent. per annum; and consequently such Stock must sell at a higher price than such an Annuity.—Though it must be observed, that a share in the Stock of a trading Company producing 5l.

or 6l. per cent. per annum will not fetch so much money at market as a Government Annuity producing the same sum, because the security of the Company is not reckoned equal to that of the Government, and the continuance of their paying so much per annum is more precarious, as their dividend is, or ought to be, always in proportion to the profits of their trade.

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# *BAD EFFECTS OF SPIRITOUS LIQUORS,*

ESPECIALLY

## AMONG THE LOWER RANKS.

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BY THE REV. T. MARTIN, MINISTER OF LANGHOLM.

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*From Sir* JOHN SINCLAIR'S *Statistical Account of Scotland.*

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NOTHING has contributed more to destroy that spirit of contentment and industry, that sobriety and decency of manners, which, not twenty years ago, so peculiarly characterized the peasantry of Scotland, than the unlimited introduction of distilleries. It is a painful reflection to every feeling mind, to every mind interested in the happiness of mankind, that the tradesman and the manufacturer, who, with the third, nay scarcely the fourth part of the money they can now earn, then lived comfortably, and made provision for themselves and families against the days of adversity and old age, should now, from the immoderate use of distilled spirits, instead of being useful members of society, fall, too often, early victims to its baneful influence. Had all the fabled ills emitted from Pandora's box been realized, they could not have produced more deplorable effects, than when whiskey, of all other liquors the most subversive of the health, the industry, and the morals of the people, became so cheap and so common as to supersede the drinking of beer, the good old wholesome beverage of our fathers. Religion, morality, health, and industry, are the dreadful sacrifices; and till the British Legislature, following the example of Ireland, shall interpose, by laying a tax upon it amounting to a prohibition, they will daily increase. The writer of these remarks is no enemy to the innocent pleasures of social relaxation and convivial enjoyment; but if, in the smallest degree, he could be instrumental in rousing those who are vested with power, to stand forth, and stem the torrent that threatens immediate destruction to human happiness, he will disre-

gard the imputation. Among many other woeful instances of its rapid and alarming progress, it consists with his knowledge, not in one instance, but in many, that families clothed in rags, and ready to perish with hunger, have converted their first charitable donation into that execrable poison, into that unhappy instrument of their own ruin.

The witling may sneer at this if he can, if his heart is so callous to every emotion of pity; but such a picture, and it is not a fancy piece, must excite horror in every thinking, in every benevolent mind. Every person who has any claim either to the character of a Christian, or of a man, will shudder at the direful consequences! Tradesmen, some of whom at times have been able to earn a guinea a week by the loom, &c. instead of living comfortably with their families, and saving a little for a reverse of circumstances, have not often on Saturday night wherewithal to subsist during the ensuing Sabbath! Instead of associating on that day, a day devoted to rest and pious reflection, to sanctify and reverence the sanctuary of Him who is the giver of all, by worshipping him as the God of their fathers, it is often spent in dozing over this deadly poison in some low tippling-house or private dram-shop. It would be some consolation if these remarks were applicable to one parish, or to one district only. Reformation in that case might then be more easily accomplished. But every paltry hamlet, from Graham's Dyke * to John o'Groat's, is feeling, and while it is permitted will continue to feel, its woeful effects. It has engendered that depravity, that dissipation and profligacy of manners, which, like the destroying angel, is stalking forth, and with rapid strides, dealing destruction every where around it. The most contagious pestilence that ever desolated a country cannot produce more dreadful effects upon the natural, than it is now producing in the moral world, upon every public and private virtue. It is not only extinguishing that energy of mind, that praise-worthy spirit of industry and enterprise, which urges on to progressive improvement and happiness, but riot, contempt of lawful authority, that authority by which society alone can subsist, Licentiousness, under the sacred, though prostituted, name of Liberty, fraud, robbery, murder, insanity, and suicide, every where mark its fatal progress! If such are its direful train, is it not high time for those in authority to step forth and administer an antidote to this fatal poison, before the diseases it occasions become desperate, and baffle the utmost efforts of political skill to remove them? Not a moment is to be lost. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Partial remedies may protract the malady, but will never operate a cure. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. It is much more congenial to the feelings of every humane and benevolent magistrate to prevent crimes by all possible means, than to punish them. To punish, however necessary, must always be a painful

* The boundary on the Carlisle road between England and Scotland.

part of his duty. In vain will priests preach, or magistrates punish, if the *origo mali* is not removed. Remove the cause, and the effects will in time cease. Let the distilleries then, those contaminating fountains, from whence such poisonous streams issue, be, if not wholly, at least in a great measure, prohibited; annihilate unlisenced tippling-houses and dram-shops, those haunts of vice, those seminaries of wickedness, where the young of both sexes are early seduced from the path of innocence and virtue, and from whence they may too often date their dreadful doom, when, instead of "running the fair career of life" with credit to themselves, and advantage to society, they are immolated on the altar of public justice.

In reply to these remarks, it may be said, perhaps, "That distilleries are a home market for barley," &c. and that, "they are very productive sources of revenue." Perish for ever those gains, and that revenue, however productive, which are levied from the ruins of the peace, of the prosperity, and virtue of the empire! This is supporting Government, by administering what may ultimately subvert and operate the downfall of our venerable Constitution. In order to support Government, must what is leading fast to destroy the vitals of the Constitution be tolerated? This is like a physician taking fees from his patients for administering poison. Dr. Sangrado's system of bleeding and warm water, in all cases, is not more absurd. *See Gil Blas.*

Beer is the natural and the wholesome beverage of the country. Instead of inflaming the passions, and prompting men to the commission of every crime, like whiskey, beer nourishes the body without producing any dismal effects. When breweries are encouraged, and distilleries, the direful sources of much human misery, are abolished, the useful part of the community will be reclaimed from their vitiated taste, and will quench their thirst at purer and more salubrious fountains.

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TO THE EDITOR.

## *ON THE EFFECTS OF TRAGEDY.*

ARISTOTLE, in his Discourse on Poetry, ch. vi. declares for tragedy in preference to all the other kinds of writing; and says, that, by the means of moving pity and terror, it purges the mind of these perturbations. I have always thought this passage very obscure; it looks as if it meant that the spectators, by accustoming themselves to calamitous objects on the stage, should learn not to be moved by them in real life. If this was his intention, it is by no means a good moral effect, and does not at all seem to recommend tragedy. Besides, the pleasure we receive from it ceases, when we have worn out the disposition to receive those impressions.

It appears much more natural, that the effects of tragedy should be, by raising pity and terror to purge the contrary passions, that is, to subdue that confidence in prosperity, to which all men are liable; to melt away hardness of heart, and, by giving us a quick sense of the calamities incident to our common nature, to chastise the vain, to soften the cruel, and, in a word, to humanize the whole man, and make him by these means a wiser and better creature. This effect of tragedy is elegantly represented in the prologue to Cato.

> Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
> And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

It is at once the most moral end, and seems the most agreeable to its original design.

When I meet with any moving story, I am apt to consider how it would appear on the stage, if wrought up with the skill and address of an artful poet; and sometimes entertain myself with imaginary scenes, characters, and sentiments which it might furnish, and at once draw from it the pleasure of history and poetry.

I think the following story of such a nature, which I will therefore relate as a tragedy in its first idea:

In the reign of Henry the Third, King of France, about the year 1581, there was a Governor of the city of Lectoure, in the province of Armanac, whose name was Baleine. In his younger years he had served in the wars against the Turks, was impetuous and of a haughty temper, but brave and virtuous. He had a sister, whom, in order to raise the diction a little, we will call Maria. She was a Lady of great beauty, frank, and debonnaire. Antonio, an Officer in the garrison, to whom the Governor had been particularly civil and obliging, without his knowledge or consent, made his addresses to her, and at length so far insinuated himself into her good graces that she agreed to marry him privately. But some difficulties arising about fixing on a priest to perform the ceremony, in whose secrecy they might confide, he prevailed on the good nature and credulity of Maria to grant him the last favour, by his strong professions of an inviolable affection, and the most solemn promises that he would marry her the first opportunity. But, after this, he grew cold and indifferent, his visits were less frequent, and he still excused himself from marrying her on various idle pretences; nay, not content with his cruel treatment, he soon after married secretly, as he thought, another lady. But what can be hid from an injured mistress, or who is able to blind the eyes of jealousy? Maria was informed by her spies of every thing that had passed. Hereupon, in the agony of her soul, she immediately ran to the Governor, and with dishevelled hair, and her face bedewed with tears, disclosing the whole affair, begged him on her knees to pity her wretched condition, and to revenge the wrongs she had received from the perjured Antonio.

Baleine was naturally hot and passionate, yet on this occasion dissembling his deep resentment, he advised his sister to be calm and patient, and endeavour to appear chearful, promising at the same time to take the matter into his own hands, and that she might depend on

his seeing justice done her. In the mean while he carried himself towards Antonio with his usual openness and courtesy, and without shewing the least disgust.

But not long after, on some solemn festival, he invited several of his friends, and among them Antonio, to a magnificent entertainment in the Castle; and after dinner was over, by artful pretences, kept the latter with him till all the rest of the company were withdrawn, and then, ordering his servants to put manacles on his hands, and fetters on his legs, he bid them lead him into a private apartment, where, placing himself as Judge in a chair of state prepared for that purpose, Antonio was arraigned in form, and an indictment read, charging him with having deluded Maria by the solemn promise of marriage, and that afterwards, in open violation of his plighted faith, he had married another woman, &c. To this Antonio, amazed and terrified, pleaded *not guilty*. Then several of the confidants of Maria were produced, who deposed, that in their company he had often promised to marry her; and, lastly, the Lady herself, who was prosecutor, appeared, and, setting forth the whole fact, confirmed the truth of it with her oath.

Antonio, at the sight of Maria, seemed to be abashed and confounded, and owned there had been an intrigue between them, but denied there had been any previous contract or promise of marriage. The Lady, he said, had made such advances, that by the laws of gallantry he could not refuse to meet her wishes with equal ardour. But this plea was over-ruled by the Court as false and groundless; and then the Judge summed up the evidence, and at last pronounced sentence of *death* against him.

Baleine, not content with having appeared at the trial in the different characters of Accuser, Judge, and Jury, acted also the part of Executioner, and with his own hand stabbed Antonio, while he called out, in vain, on God and man for help, and complained of the breach of the laws of hospitality and friendship, forgetting that he himself had first violated those sacred laws. However, he sent the body to his relations.

He had ordered his Secretary to set down in writing the interrogatories and the depositions of the witnesses, which he obliged every one concerned to subscribe, and, in short, the whole process. After this, not doubting but the affair would soon reach the King's ear, he sent him an authentic copy of the trial, keeping the original for himself, and begged him, in a letter to pardon his presumption, that, in circumstances so extraordinary, and where his honour was so deeply wounded, he had, neglecting the common course of law, done himself justice with his own hands. The King, astonished at so daring an action, and fearing that, if he should refuse his request, a man of such an impetuous temper might commit some farther outrage, sent him a pardon; but at the same time dispatched an Officer, in whom he confided, to succeed him as Governor.

Baleine readily resigned his authority, and, with his family and some select friends, retired into a strong castle of his own, at no great distance from Lectoure. S. W.

# AN EXPLANATION
OF THE
# *FACULTYE OF ABRAC.*

See Vol. III. p. 82.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS extremely delighted with the copy of that ancient and venerable manuscript concerning Free-masonry with which you obliged the public.

Mr. Locke's notes and explanatory remarks do the paper great honour, and his declaration and the lady's have contributed to encrease the number of Masons in several lodges.

There are however some passages so obscure that Mr. Locke himself knows not what to make of them. *The wey of wynninge the facultye of Abrac* is one; which I shall endeavour to elucidate.

I apprehend, that by the *faculty of Abrac* is meant the chimerical virtues ascribed to the magical term ABRACADABRA, written or repeated in a particular manner. This fanciful charm is supposed to have been invented by the elder Serenus Samoniacus, in the time of the Emperors Severus and Caracalla; and was thought to be efficacious in curing agues, and preventing other diseases.—The way of writing it was thus:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

A paper so inscribed was tied about the neck of the patient.

It is the more probable that this may be the true explanation of the *facultye of Abrac*, because we see that several of the mysteries of masonry enumerated in this old piece, are obscurely, imperfectly, or corruptly expressed. For instance, *Peter Gower*. Who would imagine that *Peter Gower* was *Pythagoras* in disguise? Yet how naturally and satisfactory is the corruption accounted for, by the medium which Mr. Locke has so happily discovered? Pythagoras seems to have been fated to transmigrations. The transmigration of *Euphorbus* into *Pythagoras* seems scarce more incredible, than (at first sight) the transmigration of *Pythagoras* into *Peter Gower*.

Another explanation of the above is to be seen in Mr. Hutchinson's *Spirit of Masonry*. p. 33, and in Brother Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry*.

# DETACHED SENTIMENTS.

## No. IV.

### PLUS ULTRA.

HUMAN Understanding is a plant, which individually advances very slowly to maturity; but its progress in society is yet much less rapid.---Many of the Philosophers of ancient times *saw*, and *despised*, the absurdities of the heathen system of religion, whilst their respective nations continued their adoration of fictitious, immoral, and profligate deities.

We are told that Virtue is its own reward. So it is to a certain degree. In equal situations, the virtuous man will be incomparably the most happy; but this does not secure him from the gripe of penury, from the heart-rending pangs of a Lear, inflicted by a thankless child! No, these are sufferings which *no* Virtue could support, *without* the soothing expectation of *a happier eternity*. That Virtue is its own reward in our intercourse with mankind, is most true. Vicious men are mistrusted and despised, even by the vicious themselves. A man without character, soon becomes an outcast of society.

A man of true courage will disdain the protection of a falsehood, was it even to save his own life. When he has once passed the Rubicon, he will march boldy on to the capital. He has put his life upon a cast, and will nobly stand the hazard of the die.

The sum of the enjoyments from the virtues of Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude, which enable us to maintain the rights of mankind and the sum of the sufferings from the opposite vices, Intemperance, Imprudence, and Pusillanimity, constitute the obligation to the virtue of justice.

There is nothing weak, melancholy, or constrained, in true piety; it enlarges the heart, it is simple and lovely, it becomes all things to all men, that it may gain all. The kingdom of God does not consist in a scrupulous observation of little punctillios.

Were all men honest, the world would go on much more happily than it does at present; but were all men wise, it would not go on at all: so greatly preferable is honesty to understanding.

Liberty is a fine sounding word; but most of those who use it, mean nothing more by it, than a liberty to oppress others, themselves uncontrouled by any superior authority.

The more false any religion is, the more industrious the priests of it are to keep the people from prying into the mysteries of it; and by that artifice, render them the more zealous and confident in their ignorance.

The peace of society dependeth on Justice; the happiness of individuals, on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions.

*Œcon. of Human Life.*

Short is the period that man is suffered to tread this transitory stage of existence; nor is it in the power of man to arrest the stroke of death.

Excessive and too frequent marks of respect and esteem only tire those to whom they are addressed, and on that account are the contrary of true politeness, whose only end is to please. It is a great art to know how to vary these according to persons and circumstances. That which is only due respect to a superior, would be to an equal accounted over-strained complaisance or affectation.

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## CHARACTER OF

# *GAVIN WILSON,*

## WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS INVENTIONS.

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THE world often profits by the inventions of the ingenious artisan, and enjoys the conveniences which are the fruits of his labour, without indulging a thought upon the obligations it lies under to their inventor, and without entertaining a wish to trace from obscurity the name or history of the person whose exertions have, in reality, been of more advantage to mankind than all the pursuits of an hundred other individuals, whose names are held in high esteem, and even their foibles venerated, for ages of ages, after they have ceased to exist.

The ingenious artist who is the subject of the following desultory remarks, as having contributed very considerably to the ease and convenience of many ranks of people, by his useful inventions, is surely not undeserving of mention in the pages of Biography.

For the art of hardening and polishing leather, and the manufacturing of various implements and utensils from it, superior for many uses to those formed of other materials, the world is indebted to Gavin Wilson, a journeyman boot-maker of the city of Edinburgh. The extensive circulation of the polished leathern powder-flasks, drinking mugs, snuff-boxes, ink-cases, and numerous other useful articles in this branch of manufacture, of which he was the original maker, has rendered this invention famous, not only over Europe, but in other quarters of the globe; although the name of the inventor is almost entirely unknown. His abilities were not limited to the producing of the articles in this line of manufacture which are in common use; his ingenuity enabled him to form a German flute and a violin, both of leather, which for neatness of workmanship and me-

lodiousness of tone were neither of them inferior to any instruments of the same kind, formed of wood, by the workmen whose peculiar province it is to make these instruments. The exertions of his genius went yet farther, and he contrived artificial arms and legs of the same materials, which not only remedied the deformity arising from the want of a natural limb, but in a great measure supplied that loss, in itself one of the most distressing that can befal any individual. The unexampled success of his endeavours in this way, and the very eminent advantages the maimed derived from his inventions, may be best instanced by the following copy of a letter, written by a person who was unfortunate enough to be deprived of both his hands while serving in the Royal Navy: by the assistance of Gavin Wilson, this man was enabled both to convey his sentiments by writing, and to perform many useful offices about his own person. The letter was first published in the Caledonian Mercury for 1779, along with an advertisement of the ingenious mechanic, who was the means of rendering this author a comfort to himself, and in some measure an useful member of society.

" *To the Printer of the* CALEDONIAN MERCURY.

" SIR,

" AS I am a reader of your Mercury, I indulge myself with the hope that you will admit my short misfortunate narrative into a corner of your extensively useful paper. I belong to the Royal Artillery; and on the 23d of April 1776, I embarked on board the Fleetwood transport, Captain Slazier, from Woolwich, and arrived at Quebec the 1st of June the same year, where we had a very restless and troublesome campaign; but especially to my experience, in the engagement on Lake Champlain, near Ticonderago, where I was in a gunboat, and serving the vent; at this duty we have occasion for extending both hands towards the vent, and mine being in that position, an 18 pound shot from the rebels came and carried away both my hands, the right hand about an inch and an half, and the left about six inches below my elbow.

" Thus I was rendered useless to my king, my country, and myself; but I gratefully acknowledge that the Honourable Board of Ordnance have made proper provision for me; but, alas! they could not make me useful to myself.

" Very lately I heard of one Gavin Wilson, in the Canongate. I applied to him; and he has made me two jointed hands of leather, with which, besides writing these few lines to you, I can do a great many very useful things to myself.

" And as Mr. Wilson has far exceeded my expectation in what he has done for me, I think it my duty, in justice to him, and in sympathy to others in my unhappy situation, to give this public intimation, that any who need his help may know where to apply.

" I am, Sir, your humble servant,

(Signed) " JAMES CRAIGIE.

" *Perth*, 15 *April* 1779.

"P. S. Lately the Honourable Board of Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactories, and Improvements, in Scotland, honoured the inventor of *legs* and *arms* with a genteel premium on that account."

Were any farther testimony requisite to evince the high utility of this deserving artist's contrivances, besides the approbation of the Patriotic Board which honoured his ingenuity by a premium, the authority of two of the most celebrated medical practitioners of the present age might be produced; Dr Alexander Monro, present Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh; and Mr. Benjamin Bell, author of the System of Surgery published at Edinburgh.

Dr. Monro, in his lectures for these many year past, has annually honoured the memory of Gavin Wilson with a public encomium, as the inventor of the improved artificial arms and legs; and Mr. Bell, in the 6th volume of the work above mentioned, pays the following tributes to his merit:

"These artificial legs and arms are preferable to any I have ever seen. The leg, when properly fitted, proves equally useful with the common timber-leg, and is preferable for being neater; at the same time that it is not liable to break, an accident to which the others are very liable; and it answers better than a leg made of copper, from being considerably lighter, and not apt to be hurt in its shape by bruises.—They are so constructed as to be fixed on by means of straps, and hooks and buckles, in such a manner that the weight of the person's body does not rest on the stump of the amputated limb, but hangs quite free within the case of the artificial leg. This, in the most effectual manner, prevents the pain and excoriation which otherwise would be apt to happen from the friction of the stump against the machine. When a limb is amputated above the knee, a joint is formed in the artificial limb at the knee. In walking, the limb is made steady by a steel bolt, running in two staples on the outside of the thigh, being pushed down; and when the patient sits down, he renders the joint flexible by pulling the bolt up. This is easily done, and adds much to the utility of the invention. Mr Wilson's artificial arms, besides being made of firm, hardened leather, are covered with white lambskin, so tinged as very nearly to resemble the human skin. The nails are made of white horn, tinged in such a manner as to be very near imitations of nature. The wrist-joint is a ball and socket, and answers all the purposes of flexion, extension, and rotation. The first joints of the thumb and fingers are also balls and sockets made of hammered plate-brass, and all the balls are hollow, to diminish their weight. The second and third joints are similar to that which anatomists term Ginglimus, but they are far different as to admit of any motion, whether flexion, extention, or lateral. The fingers and metacarpus (*wrist*) are made up to the shape, with soft shamby leather and baked hair. In the palm of the hand there is an iron screw, in which a screw nail is occasionally fastened. The head of this nail is a spring-plate, contrived in such a manner as to hold a knife or fork, which it does with perfect firmness. And by means of a brass ring fixed on the first and second fingers, a pen can

be used with sufficient accuracy for writing. When the arm is amputated above the elbow, the artificial limb is made with an elbow-joint. This part of it is made of wood, and has a rotary motion as well as that of flexion and extension."

Mr. Bell concludes his description with the following well-deserved panegyric:—

"I have given this particular account of Mr Wilson's invention, from a conviction of its being superior to any with which the public is acquainted. I am also pleased at having it in my power to let the merit of such an artist be more generally known than it otherwise might be. Indeed, his merit in matters of this kind is so conspicuous, as well as in the management of distorted limbs, that his death I would consider as a public loss; at the same time I have often wished that some public encouragement were given him, to enable him to communicate as much as possible the result of his experience to others."

For an account of the machine used for the cure of distorted limbs, which is also formed of hardened leather, as well as for farther information relative to the artificial arms and legs, I must refer to Mr. Bell's publication, which is in the hands of every surgical practitioner.

Notwithstanding the benevolent wish expressed by Mr. Bell for rendering the experience of this ingenious mechanic of permanent benefit to society, nothing was done in that respect; and he died unnoticed, at Edinburgh, within these few years. I have been able to pick up but few anecdotes of his life, and cannot even give any account of his birth, parentage, or decease; the latter, however, must have happened at some period since the publication of Mr. Bell's work in 1789. His sign-board is still extant in the street called the Canongate, with this humorous inscription, "Gavin Wilson, arm, leg, and boot-maker, *but not* to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales;" for this singular genius had also pretensions to wit, and was occasionally a votary of Apollo and the Tuneful Nine. The above sportful effort of his fancy was set up at a time when a rage for obtaining, even at an exorbitant price, the titled honour of an office under royalty was predominant amongst all ranks of his fellow-citizens. The ridicule in this mirthful effusion was so happily conceived, and so well directed, as to be universally well received; and probably it contributed in no small degree to exterminate the then prevalent and preposterous taste against which it was aimed.

He was a regular attendant at the lodges of the free-masons, and a warm friend of the fraternity. By his propensity for versifying and composing songs and short stories in rhyme, he contributed much to the social mirth and enjoyment of their meetings, and to the good mumour and amusement of all companies where he came. He frequently sang and recited his own productions in the lodge meetings: from this circumstance he was elected Poet Laureat to the lodge of St. David, at Edinburgh, of which he was a member. It appears from his poems that he was also a member of an institution of Masonry, known in Scotland by the name of the *Royal Order*. After receiving this distinguished mark of honour, in the year 1788, he published a collection

of his poetical performances, under the title of "A Collection of Masonic Songs, and entertaining Anecdotes, for the use of all the Lodges: By Gavin Wilson, Poet Laureat to the Lodge of St. David, Edinburgh." To this publication is prefixed a portrait of the author, decorated with masonic insignia. By people who were acquainted with him, I have been told, that it is a very good likeness; it is drawn and etched by a very ingenious artist, Mr. John Kay, whose abilities as a caricaturist have already acquired him extensive celebrity.

The author talks very contemptuously of his own compositions in the following Preface; and, as an excuse for publishing of them, pleads the importunities of his friends:

"*Courteous Reader,*

"YOU are inquisitive no doubt
How this old fancy comes about,
That old unletter'd *leather-toaster*
Should now commence a poetaster;
For to a more deserving name
His mean productions found no claim.
These trifles in your hand you hold
Some are 'bove thirty winters old;
Though others of more recent date
His home-spun Muse did instigate.
He, when with choice companions set,
Would sometimes one or more repeat.
For copies many did insist;
Some gratified in their request;
But to give every friend his share
Would take more time than I could spare.

The following whimsical advertisement may serve as a not unfavourable specimen of his poetical attempts:

"G. Wilson humbly, as before,
Resumes his thankfulness once more
For favours formerly enjoy'd,
In, by the public, being employ'd,
And hopes this public intimation
Will meet with candid acceptation.
The world knows well he makes *boots* neatly,
And, as times go, he sells them cheaply;
'Tis also known to many a hundred,
Who at his late inventions wond'red,
That polish'd *leather-boxes, cases,*
So well known now in many places,
With *powder-flasks,* and *porter-mugs.*
And jointed *leather-arms* and *legs,*
Design'd for use as well as show,
*Exempli gratia,* read below*.
Were his invention; and no claim
Is just by any other name.
With numbers of productions more,
In leather, ne'er perform'd before.
In these dead times being almost idle,
He try'd, and made a *leather fiddle,*

* *See the letter to the Printer of the Caledonian Mercury,* p. 403.

Of workmanship extremely neat,
Of tone quite true, both soft and sweet;
And, finding leather not a mute,
He made a *leather German flute*,
Which play'd as well, and was as good,
As any ever made of wood.

"He, for an idle hour's amusement,
Wrote this exotic advertisement,
Informing you he does reside
In head of Canongate, South side,
Up the first wooden-railed stair,
You're sure to find his Whimship there.
In Britain none can fit you better
Than can your servant the *Boot-maker*,

"GAVIN WILSON."

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# *THOUGHTS*
## ON
## QUACKS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

*Translated from the French.*

PHYSICIANS live in great cities; there are few of them in the country. The reason of this is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients; and among these debauchery, the pleasures of the table, and the gratification of the passions, give rise to a variety of diseases. Dumoulin, not the Lawyer, but the Physician, who was a no less famous practitioner, observed at his death, "That he left behind him two great Physicians, Regimen and River-water."

In 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle, who had lived almost an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. When he happened to observe the procession of a funeral, he shrugged up his shoulders in pity: If the deceased, said he, had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is. His friends, among whom he distributed it generously, observing the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown the bottle; and the sale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nitre. Those who made use of it, and were attentive, at the same time, to regimen, or who were happy in good constitutions, soon recovered their usual health. To others, he observed, "It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce these vices, and, believe me, you will live at least an hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice; and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbe Pons extolled

this Quack, and gave him the preference to the Marischal de Villars: "The latter," said he, "kills men; the former prolongs their existence."

At length, it was discovered that Villars' medicine was composed chiefly of river water. His practice was now at an end. Men had recourse to other Quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients; and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance, and in this respect was infinitely superior to the apothecary Arnoud, who filled Europe with his nostrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a physician of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar-work and negroes; and having been robbed of a considerable sum, he called together his slaves. "My friends," said he, "the great Serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the Master, "that robbed me; the great Serpent has just now told me so." By this method the physician recovered his money. This piece of quackery is not to be condemned; but, in order to practice it, one must have to do with negroes.

Scipio, the first Africanus, a man in other respects so different from Dr. Brown, persuaded his soldiers that he was directed and inspired by the Gods. This piece of fraud had been long and successfully practised. Can we blame Scipio for having recourse to it? There is not, perhaps, a person who does greater honour to the Roman Republic; but how came it, let me ask, that the Gods inspired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better. He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a Senate that constituted the most intractable part of them. Had he proposed his laws to the assembled tribes, he would have met with a thousand difficulties from the assassins of his predecessor. He adopted a different method. He addressed himself to the Goddess Ageria, who gave him a code, sanctified with divine authority. What was the consequence? He was submitted to without opposition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his quackery had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had disclosed his artifice, and said, "Let us punish an impostor, who prostitutes the name of the Gods to deceive mankind," he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable that Numa concerted his measures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans, with a view to their advantage, with an address, suited to the time, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miscarrying; but, at length, he succeeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the Angel Gabriel. At present, should any one announce himself at Constantinople to be the favourite of the

Angel Raphael, who is superior in dignity to Gabriel, and insist that they must believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks should know how to time their impostures.

Was there not somewhat of deceit in Socrates, with his familiar Demon, and the precise declaration of the Oracle, which proclaimed him the wisest of men? It is ridiculous in Rollin to insist, in his history, on the sincerity of this Oracle. Why does he not inform his readers, that it was purely a piece of Quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years sooner he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philosophical sects have all of them been tinctured with Quackery. But the greatest of all Quacks are those who have aspired to power. How formidable a Quack was Cromwell! He appeared precisely at the time when he could have succeeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the English were disgusted with Kings, and his Son at a time when they were disgusted by Protectors.

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# *REFLECTIONS*

## ON THE

## UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF TALENTS TO MANKIND.

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PROVIDENCE is admirable in the distribution it makes of its gifts. There are few but are born with some talent, or some advantage to distinguish them; there is no one also in another point of view that comprehends in himself all that is commonly the object of our admiration and of our desires. Yet is every thing, it may seem, so well counterbalanced in this respect, that if the reciprocal exchange of our personal qualities, and the advantages we are possessed of, was possible, each of us would certainly think twice, before he would truck, as it were, his whole existence for that of another, how perfect soever he might otherwise appear.

If this notion should appear at first sight a paradox, let us again reflect on it, and probably we shall be convinced of its truth.

Those who, dazzled by the splendor of a throne, would consent to this exchange, have not seen with a philosophic eye the cares it is environed with. Some that have merely food and raiment, or a moderate competency, do not envy the ostentation and wealth of Kings; and some, as influenced by certain passions, may annex so much happiness to the objects of their desire, that, to be possessed of them, or to be able to produce them, would be an infinite accumulation of contentment.

Just so, the critic Scaliger, struck with admiration at the beauty of two odes of Horace, would rather be the Author of them than Emperor of Germany.

On this footing therefore we are apt to admire in others the qualities we have not, and we are even tempted to envy them those qualities: but the dose of self-love, which nature has abundantly provided us with, supplies all deficiencies, and makes ample compensation for them by putting us in our own eyes upon a level with those happy men, whose merit might excite our envy.

We cannot now think of the distribution the Creator has made of his gifts, without being persuaded that he had in view, by this distribution, to establish a social intercourse among men; and we must be blind if we cannot perceive that this distribution is likewise the source and origin of commerce. Not finding every thing in our own fund, and different productions arising from different countries, our mutual wants of course should give us attractions to one another, and form bonds for uniting together the different people of the earth.

If there existed a man perfect enough to be sufficient to himself, in what a light should we consider him! Julius Cæsar might have been the most acomplished man in the world; so was Cicero in a multiplicity of respects; Demosthenes excelled in eloquence; and for genius none among the first ages of Christianity appeared greater than Origen: yet was there a something exceptionable in all these illustrious men; a something which they could not help being indebted for to others, and which they had not; and a something that sullied their character.

The foibles in such great men as these being a triumph to envy, what should be our despair, nay vexatious rage, if we found ourselves forced to admire in one of our kind all the talents that could well be desired?

Even excess, in the qualities of a man deemed perfect, would not be exempt from the imputation of being faulty.

Great foibles go commonly hand in hand with great talents; rare merit has almost always an equipoize in humiliating faults, and felicity is never found with that which should seem to procure and make it permanent.

How many illustrious wretches have exhibited instances that happiness and riches are hardly compatible! Genius and taste are seldom companions. Has not Homer sometimes his slumbers? I see Shakespeare, after soaring like an eagle to the sun, fall shamefully, and grovel with the vile insect.

Sir Isaac Newton seemed to have in his genius resources sufficient to create a world; I mean by the help of that science of calculation which regulates all the celestial motions. Consulted by William III. on a point of political disquisition, he was quite bewildered in thought, and could shew no sagacity. The King passed the same Judgment on him as Apelles on the Shoe-maker. Perhaps the Philosopher is as much regardless of catching flies as the eagle; and this perhaps was the reason why Socrates became a butt to the railleries of the Athenians, because he could not reckon up the votes of his tribe. But the bent of the genius does all. Things out of its sphere are either held up as minutiæ, or it cannot pierce them by any intuitive

view; and this justifies the remark made among us, that our most eminent Lawyers have turned out the worst Politicians, notwithstanding the affinity thought to exist between law and politics.

What shall I say of other qualities that distinguish one man from another? What stratagems, what precautions, do we find in Hannibal to take an advantage of an enemy? What presence of mind in action? What art in fighting a battle? If he knew as well how to use his victories, he would have stood unrivalled in Generalship. William III. was deemed a good Politician, but no General, though he had personal courage enough. By the well concerted plans of his politics, he raised himself to the throne of England. It was a wish he had entertained early in life, and this wish he realized. He could not hold a kingdom by apron-strings; this seemed to degrade the thought of his having deserved it. But if the same fortune had followed him at the Boyne, as in all his other battles, he would have had little to boast of; for even there it was not military science that gave him victory, but the timidity of James II. in drawing off the flower of his army. He wore, however, afterwards a crown of thorns, and more than once repented of his Kingship.

Every thing has therefore its compensation; prudence is seldom met in conjunction with that vivacity which gives birth to, and puts projects in execution; erudition seems to exclude that nice taste, the finest fruit of reason; the beauty of the mind does not always sympathize with that sweetness of character which is the charm of life, and we must conclude with the philosophic Poet, that the most perfect man is always he in whom we find the fewest faults and foibles.---*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: Optimus ille est, qui minimis urgetur.*---Hor. Sat. iii. I. 1.

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## *ANECOTE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.*

DURING the run of the Beggar's Opera, soon after its first representation, Sir Robert sat in the stage box, and when Lockit came to the masterly song:

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries that was levell'd at me.

A universal *encore* attended the performance, and the eyes of the audience were immediately fixed upon Sir Robert; against whose conduct Gay is said to have taken up his pen. The Courtier, however, with great presence of mind, joined heartily in the plaudit, and *encored* it a second time with his single voice; which not only blunted the poet's shaft, but gained a general huzza from the audience.

# OPINION

OF THE

# THE GREAT JUDGE COKE,

UPON THE

## ACT AGAINST FREEMASONS.

*Tertio Henrici Sexti, Cap. I. Anno Dom. 1425.*

TITLE. --- MASONS SHALL NOT CONFEDERATE THEMSELVES IN CHAPTERS AND CONGREGATIONS.

"WHEREAS by yearly congregations and confederacies, made "by the Masons in their General Assemblies, the good course "and effect of the statutes for labourers be openly violated and "broken, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of all "the Commons; our said Sovereign Lord the King, willing in this "case to provide a remedy, by the advice and assent aforesaid, and "at the special request of the Commons, hath ordained and estab-"lished that such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter "holden; and if any such be made, they that cause such chapters and "congregations to be assembled and holden, if they thereof be con-"vict, shall be judged for Felons, and that the other Masons that "come to such chapters and congregations be punished by imprison-"ment of their bodies, and make fine and ransome at the King's "will."

## THE OPINION.

COKE's *Institutes, Third Part, Fol.* 99.

THE Cause wherefore this offence was made felony, is for that the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers were thereby violated and broken. Now (says my Lord COKE) all the statutes concerning labourers, before this act, and whereunto this act doth refer, are repealed by the statute of 5 Eliz. Cap. 4, whereby the cause and end of the making of this act is taken away; and consequently this act is become of no force or effect; for, *cessante ratione Legii, cessat ipsa Lex:* And the indictment of felony upon this statute must contain, that those chapters and congregations were to the violating and breaking of the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers; which now cannot be so alledged, because these statutes be repealed. Therefore this would be put out of the Charge of Justices of Peace, written by Master Lambert, page 227.

This quotation confirms the tradition of old Masons, that this most learned Judge really belonged to the ancient lodge, and was a faithful brother.

*See Brother Preston's Illust.*

## A FRAGMENT.

"TAKE a judgment against him, and execute it immediately," said the lawyer. The man he addressed was a Christian—The lawyer had only his name to tell he was one. "It will ruin "him, if I follow your advice," said the Client, who was a man of compassion—"If you consult the interest of another more than "you do your own," interrupted the Lawyer, "why did you send "for me?"—I could hear no more—but I hope the man of compassion did not suffer benevolence to be rooted from the breast where it seemed to bud.

We know that the law is good—if a man use it lawfully—But we should ever deal with others as we would wish others to deal with us.—And would the Lawyer like that any man should take a judgment against him and execute it immediately?—No—Judgment belongeth only to one—and although we are all debtors to him, he would readily give us all liberty and happiness for ever.

## ANOTHER.

WHAT a croud!—I passed through it with difficulty—A poor wretch was going to prison for debt—He lifted up his streaming eyes to heaven, as if supplicating for liberty—my heart felt his anguish.—I enquired how much he owed his merciless creditor—"Ten pounds, besides charges." "Good heaven!—to be deprived "of liberty for ten pounds!"—The smallness of the sum gave me delight—I stept up to him—and giving him all the money I had in my pocket—bade him purchase his liberty, and never despair, though surrounded with distress.—He would have knelt in the dirt to thank me, but I prevented him.—The man was poor, but honest—He was an husband and a father—he had seen better days.—The mob shouted for joy—and I left him with greater satisfaction in my heart than a Nobleman feels on entering the drawing-room in a birth-night suit.

"Compassion," said I, "has this day drawn from my purse more "than I could afford—But I will wear this old coat and hat twelve-"months longer than I intended, and that will almost make things "even—My coat is old and rusty, 'tis true—but—the debtor is "free."

The world began to be wrapt in darkness—Night had, unheeded, stolen upon me, and the busy scene was going to be buried in oblivion.

# *REMARKS*

ON THE

## IMITATIVE POWER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

BY THE LATE DR. ADAM SMITH.

THE tone and the movements of Music, tho' naturally very different from those of conversation and passion, may, however, be so managed as to seem to resemble them. On account of the great disparity between the imitating and the imitated object, the mind in this, as in the other cases, can not only be contented, but delighted, and even charmed and transported, with such an imperfect resemblance as can be had. Such imitative Music, therefore, when sung to words which explain and determine its meaning, may frequently appear to be a very perfect imitation. It is upon this account that even the incomplete Music of a recitative seems to express sometimes all the sedateness and composure of serious but calm discourse, and sometimes all the exquisite sensibility of the most interesting passion. The more complete Music of an air is still superior, and in the imitation of the more animated passions, has one great advantage over every sort of discourse, whether Prose or Poetry, which is not sung to Music. In a person who is either much depressed by grief or enlivened by joy, who is strongly affected either with love or hatred, with gratitude or resentment, admiration or contempt, there is commonly one thought or idea which dwells upon his mind, which continually haunts him, which, when he has chaced it away, immediately returns upon him, and which in company makes him absent and inattentive. He can think but of one object, and he cannot repeat to them that object so frequently as it recurs upon him. He takes refuge in solitude, where he can with freedom either indulge the extasy or give way to the agony of the agreeable or disagreeable passion which agitates him; and where he can repeat to himself, which he does sometimes mentally, and sometimes even aloud, and almost always in the same words, the particular thought which either delights or distresses him. Neither Prose nor Poetry can venture to imitate those almost endless repetitions of passion. They may describe them as I do now, but they dare not imitate them; they would become most insufferably tiresome if they did. The Music of a passionate air not only may, but frequently does, imitate them; and it never makes its way so directly or so irresistibly to the heart as when it does so. It is upon this account that the words of an air, especially of a passionate one, though they are seldom very long, yet are scarce ever sung straight on to the end, like those of a recitative; but are almost always broken into parts, which are transposed and repeated again and again, according to the fancy or judgment of the composer. It is by means of such repetitions only, that Music can exert those peculiar

powers of imitation which distinguish it, and in which it excels all the other Imitative Arts. Poetry and Eloquence, it has accordingly been often observed, produce their effects always by a connected variety and succession of different thoughts and ideas; but Music frequently produces its effects by a repetition of the same idea; and the same sense expressed in the same, or nearly the same combination of sounds, though at first perhaps it may make scarce any impression upon us, yet, by being repeated again and again, it comes at last gradually, and by little and little, to move, to agitate, and to transport us.

To these powers of imitating, Music naturally, or rather necessarily, joins the happiest choice in the objects of its imitation. The sentiments and passions which Music can best imitate, are those which unite and bind men together in society; the social, the decent, the virtuous, the interesting and affecting, the amiable and agreeable, the awful and respectable, the noble, elevating, and commanding passions. Grief and distress are interesting and affecting; humanity and compassion, joy and admiration, are amiable and agreeable; devotion is awful and respectable; the generous contempt of danger, the honourable indignation at injustice, are noble, elevating, and commanding. But it is these and such like passions which Music is fittest for imitating, and which it in fact most frequently imitates. They are, if I may say so, all Musical Passions; their natural tones are all clear, distinct, and almost melodious; and they naturally express themselves in a language which is distinguished by pauses, at regular and almost equal intervals; and which, upon that account, can more easily be adapted to the regular returns of the correspondent periods of a tune. The passions, on the contrary, which drive men from one another, the unsocial, the hateful, the indecent, the vicious passions, cannot easily be imitated by Music. The voice of furious anger, for example, is harsh and discordant; its periods are all irregular, sometimes very long, and sometimes very short, and distinguished by no regular pauses. The obscure and almost inarticulate grumblings of black malice and envy, the screaming outcries of dastardly fear, the hideous growlings of brutal and implacable revenge, are all equally discordant. It is with difficulty that Music can imitate any of those passions, and the Music which does imitate them, is not the most agreeable. A whole entertainment may consist, without any impropriety, of the imitation of the social and amiable passions.

It would be a strange entertainment which consisted altogether in the imitation of the odious and the vicious. A single song expresses almost always some social, agreeable, or interesting passion. In an opera the unsociable and disagreeable are sometimes introduced, but it is rarely, and as discords are sometimes introduced into harmony, to set off by their contrast the superior beauty of the opposite passions. What Plato said of Virtue, that it was of all beauties the brightest, may with some sort of truth be said of the proper and natural objects of Musical Imitation. They are either the sentiments and passions,

in the exercise of which, consist both the glory and the happiness of human life, or they are those from which it derives its most delicious pleasures, and most enlivening joys; or, at the worst and lowest, they are those by which it calls upon our indulgence and compassionate assistance to its unavoidable weaknesses, its distresses, and its misfortunes.

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## SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF

## *Dr. ADAM SMITH.*

BY MR. STEWART.

OF the intellectual gifts and attainments by which Dr. Smith was so eminently distinguished; of the originality and comprehensiveness of his views; the extent, the variety, and the correctness of his information; the inexhaustible fertility of his invention; and the ornaments which his rich and beautiful imagination had borrowed from classical culture; he has left behind him lasting monuments. To his private worth the most certain of all testimonies may be found in that confidence, respect, and attachment which followed him through all the various relations of life. The serenity and gaiety he enjoyed, under the pressure of his growing infirmities, and the warm interest he felt to the last in every thing connected with the welfare of his friends, will be long remembered by a small circle, with whom, as long as his strength permitted, he regularly spent an evening in the week; and to whom the recollection of his worth still forms a pleasing, though melancholy bond of union.

The more delicate and characteristical features of his mind, it is perhaps impossible to trace. That there were many peculiarities, both in his manners, and in his intellectual habits, was manifest to the most superficial observer; but although, to those who knew him, these peculiarities detracted nothing from the respect which his abilities commanded; and although, to his intimate friends, they added an inexpressible charm to his conversation, while they displayed, in the most interesting light, the artless simplicity of his heart; yet it would require a very skilful pencil to present them to the public eye. He was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the business of active life. The comprehensive speculations with which he had been occupied from his youth, and the variety of materials which his own invention continually supplied to his thoughts, rendered him habitually inattentive to familiar objects, and to common occurrences; and he frequently exhibited instances of absence, which have scarcely been surpassed by the fancy of La Bruyere. Even in company, he was apt to be engrossed with his studies; and appeared, at times, by the motion of his lips, as well as by his looks and gestures, to be in the fervour of composition. I have often, however, been

struck, at the distance of years, with his accurate memory of the most trifling particulars; and am inclined to believe, from this and some other circumstances, that he possessed a power, not perhaps uncommon among absent men, of recollecting, in consequence of subsequent efforts of reflection, many occurrences which, at the time when they happened, did not seem to have sensibly attracted his notice.

To the defect now mentioned, it was probably owing, in part, that he did not fall in easily with the common dialogue of conversation, and that he was something apt to convey his own ideas in the form of a lecture. When he did so, however, it never proceeded from a wish to engross the discourse, or to gratify his vanity. His own inclination disposed him so strongly to enjoy in silence the gaiety of those around him, that his friends were often led to concert little schemes, in order to bring him on the subjects most likely to interest him. Nor do I think I shall be accused of going too far, when I say, that he was scarcely ever known to start a new topic himself, or to appear unprepared upon those topics that were introduced by others. Indeed, his conversation was never more amusing than when he gave a loose to his genius, upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines.

The opinions he formed of men, upon a slight acquaintance, were frequently erroneous: but the tendency of his nature, inclined him much more to blind partiality, than to ill-founded prejudice. The enlarged views of human affairs, on which his mind habitually dwelt, left him neither time nor inclination to study, in detail, the uninteresting peculiarities of ordinary characters; and accordingly, though intimately acquainted with the capacities of the intellect, and the workings of the heart, and accustomed in his theories, to mark, with the most delicate hand, the nicest shades, both of genius and of the passions; yet, in judging of individuals, it sometimes happened, that his estimates were, in a surprising degree, wide of the truth.

The opinions, too, which, in the thoughtlessness and confidence of his social hours, he was accustomed to hazard on books, and on questions of speculation, were not uniformly such as might have been expected from the superiority of his understanding, and the singular consistency of his philosophical principles. They were liable to be influenced by accidental circumstances, and by the humour of the moment; and when retailed by those who only saw him occasionally, suggested false and contradictory ideas of his real sentiments. On these, however, as on most other occasions, there was always much truth, as well as ingenuity, in his remarks; and if the different opinions which at different times he pronounced upon the same subject, had been all combined together, so as to modify and limit each other, they would probably have afforded materials for a decision equally comprehensive and just. But, in the society of his friends, he had no disposition to form those qualified conclusions that we admire in his writings; and he generally contented himself with a bold and masterly sketch of the object, from the first point of view in which his temper, or his fancy, presented it. Some-

thing of the same kind might be remarked, when he attempted, in the flow of his spirits, to delineate those characters which, from long intimacy, he might have been supposed to understand thoroughly. The picture was always lively and expressive; and commonly bore a strong and amusing resemblance to the original, when viewed under one particular aspect; but seldom, perhaps, conveyed a just and complete conception of it in all its dimensions and proportions.—In a word, it was the fault of his unpremeditated judgments, to be too systematical, and too much in extremes.

But, in whatever way these trifling peculiarities in his manners may be explained, there can be no doubt, that they were intimately connected with the genuine artlessness of his mind. In this amiable quality, he often recalled to his friends, the accounts that are given of good La Fontaine; a quality which in him derived a peculiar grace from the singularity of its combination with those powers of reason and of eloquence which, in his political and moral writings, have long engaged the admiration of Europe.

In his external form and appearance there was nothing uncommon. When perfectly at ease, and when warmed with conversation, his gestures were animated, and not ungraceful; and, in the society of those he loved, his features were often brightened with a smile of inexpressible benignity. In the company of strangers, his tendency to absence, and perhaps still more his consciousness of this tendency, rendered his manner somewhat embarrassed; an effect which was probably not a little heightened by those speculative ideas of propriety, which his recluse habits tended at once to perfect in his conception, and to diminish his power of realizing.

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## *ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.*

HIS Lordship was one day walking through the woods of his fine seat at Hatton, when he discovered a man with a fowling-piece in quest of game. The Earl knew the man; and the man knew the Earl. The Earl resolved to disarm him. The man was determined not to be disarmed. As each party was perfectly well acquainted with the rank of the other, there could be no mistake. My Lord called to the man, "Sir, how dare you shoot in my grounds! Give me your gun." The man answered, "My Lord, I will not give my gun." "Sir, I will take it from you then." The man, who was an old soldier, replied with a noble firmness, "My Lord, your Lordship may attempt to disgrace me; but by G— I will shoot you before I suffer it." The Earl looked stedfastly at the man's eyes, and saw him determined in his purpose. Struck with the grandeur of the man's soul, his Lordship put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out some silver, saying, "Take this, you're a brave fellow!" The man, whose sensibility was awakened by the Earl's generosity, burst into tears, threw down his gun, and said, "Your Lordship may do what you please." Lord L. desired the man to take up his gun, and the silver; and only begged that he would not again shoot without licence in his grounds.

# POETRY.

## FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

### *LINES ON A LADY,*

### REMARKABLE *for* HOMELY FEATURES *and a* MELODIOUS VOICE.

I CHANC'D sweet Lesbia's voice to hear;
O that the pleasure of mine ear
Contented had the appetite;
But I must satisfy the sight:
Where such a face I chanc'd to see,
From which, good Lord, deliver me:
'Tis not profane if I shou'd tell,
I thought her one of those that fell
With Lucifer's apostate train,
Yet did her angel's voice retain.
A cherubim her notes descry'd,
A devil ev'ry where beside.
Lower than gamut sunk her eyes,
'Bove Ela yet her note did rise.
Ask the dark woods, and they'll confess
None did such harmony express:
Her notes entic'd the gentle quire
Of birds to come, who all admire,
And would with pleasure longer stay;
But that her looks fright them away.
Say, monster strange, what must thou be,
Where shall I trace thy pedigree?
What but a panther could beget
A face so foul, a breath so sweet.
In looks, where other women place
Their chiefest pride, is thy disgrace;
The tongue, a part which us'd to be
Worst in thy sex, is best in thee:
Were I but now to chuse, I swear
Not by the eye, but by the ear,
Here I should dote; but I should woo
Thy voice and not thy body too;
Cygnets full late their throats do try,
And sing their music when they die.
Say, Lesbia, say, what God will bless
Our loves with so much happiness.
O had I power with one spell
To make thee but invisible!
Or die, resign thyself to death,
And I will catch thy latest breath,
Or turn voice only, echo prove,
Here, here by Heav'n I'll fix my love.
If not---ye Gods, to ease my mind,
Or make me deaf, or strike me blind;
For joy and grief alternate rise,
While you have tongue, and I have eyes.

## *IMPOSSIBILITIES.*

EMBRACE a sun-beam, and on it
The shadow of a man beget;
Tell me who reigns in the moon;
Set the thunder to a tune;
Cut the axletree that bears
Heav'n and earth, or stop the spheres
With thy finger, or divide
Beggary from lust and pride;
Tell me what the Syren's sing,
Or the secrets of a king,
Or his pow'r, and when it ends,
And how far his will extends.
Can'st thou by thy art uncase
The mysteries of a courtier's face?
If not for him, then go and find
A widow, or all women kind,
Like to their outward show, and be
More than Delphian Deity.

M.

## *SIR PHILIP SYDNEY's EPITAPH.*

ENGLAND, the Netherlands, the Heav'ns, the Arts,
The soldiers, and the world, hath lost six parts
Of noble Sydney; for who will suppose,
That a small heap of stones can him inclose:
England hath lost his body; she it fed:
Netherlands his blood; for her sake 'twas shed:
The Heav'ns have his soul; the arts his great fame;
The soldiers his grief; the world his good name.

M.

## *EPITAPH under Dr. JOHNSON's STATUE in St. PAUL's,*

ATTRIBUTED TO DR. PARR.

SAMUELI JOHNSON,
GRAMMATICO CRITICO
Scriptorum. Anglicorum. Litterate. Perito,
Poetæ. Luminibus. Sententiarum.
Et. Ponderibus. Verborum. admirabili.
Magistro. virtutis. gravissimo.
Homini. optimo. et singularis. exempli.
Qui. vixit. Ann. LXXV. Mens. I. Dieb. XIII.
Sepult. in æd. sanct. Petr. Westmonasteriens,
XII. Kal. Januar. Ann. Christ. CIↃ.LↃCCLXXXV.
Amici. et Sodales. Litterarii,
Pecunia. Conlata.
H. M. Faciund. curaver.

## ON PLUCKING A ROSE

### INTENDED FOR A YOUNG LADY.

SWEETEST flow'r that scents the gale,
Lovely, blooming, blushing rose,
Leave, ah, leave thy peaceful vale,
On Carolina's breast repose.

Tho' from thy parent's tender stem,
I pluck thee with unhallow'd hand,
Thou yet shalt shine a brighter gem
Than glitter'd e'er on Indian strand.

For what avails the diamond's rays
If scatter'd on the naked shore!
In vain it casts a lustrous blaze
Where only foaming surges roar.

But on the bosom of the fair,
If plac'd by cautious curious art,
It then becomes a treasure rare,
And can a thousand charms impart.

So thou soft, lovely, blushing flow'r,
That spring'st within this vale, unseen,
Wilt soon assume superior pow'r
Adorn'd by Carolina's mien.

Then lovely flow'ret come with me,
And on her peaceful bosom rest:
Full many a youth shall envy thee,
And wish himself but half so blest.

J. T. R.

*Sunderland.*

---

MR. EDITOR,

I observed, in your last month's Miscellany, a very sensible Essay on Modern Authorlings, from which I have received so much satisfaction, that, having been acquainted with several of those rhyming genii, I enclose you an Epitaph on one of them lately deceased, the insertion of which will much oblige

Yours, &c.

JUVENIS.

HERE * * * * * * * lies, having ended his days,
Whose character merits both envy and praise;
His *Judgment* was just, his *Conception* was clear,
His *Intentions* were honest, his *Heart* was sincere:
Yet unjust to his judgment he frequently err'd,
And the *Maxims of Folly* to *Wisdom* preferr'd:
For, too idle to study, too wise to give o'er,
He stuck fast in the outset and seldom learn'd more;
And whate'er was his subject or low, or sublime,
Dissipation was sure of her share of his time;
He true firmness thro' life rarely dar'd to display,
Still a slave to the whim and caprice of the day:
For those systems he loudest was heard to deride
Were the same in the sequel he took for his guide;
And the asses and fools of his morning's decree,
Were his evening companions oft chosen to be;
'Midst a numerous acquaintance extensive his range,
Yet he always was fickle and sigh'd for a change,

## *THE SOLDIER's PARTING; OR, JEMMY AND LUCY,*

### A SONG.

TUNE, "*Had I a Heart for Falsehood fram'd.*"

I.

THO' I must from my LUCY go,
To where loud cannons roar;
And combat with my country's foe,
Upon some distant shore;
Let not my fair one grieve nor sigh,
Some guardian god shall stand,
And shield me from the balls that fly,
Or, turn them with his hand.

II.

On *guard*, or in the well-dress'd *line*,
I'll think, my dear, on *thee;*
My *watch-word* and my *counter-sign*,
Shall LOVE and LUCY be:
And, should some scar this cheek adorn,
Or sabre mark my brow;
Such, LUCY, Britain's chiefs have worn,
For LIBERTY and YOU.

III.

Where honour calls---thy JEMMY there
Will with the foremost join;
While cowards shrink with pallid fear,
He'll conquer to be thine,
But hark! yon drum already gives
The signal---Take this ring;
And think that JEMMY only lives
For LUCY and his KING.

J. R.

*Royal Brunswick Lodge*, No. 527.

## *EPITAPH on Dr. SACHEVEREL, and SALLY SALISBURY.*

LO! to one grave consign'd, of rival fame,
A Reverend Doctor and a Wanton Dame.
Well for the world they did to rest retire,
For each, while living, set mankind on fire---
A fit companion for a High Church Priest,
He non-resistance taught, and she profest.

## *EPITAPH on the late Archbishop POTTER.*

ALACK, and well-a-day,
Potter himself is turn'd to clay.

## DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH WORKHOUSE.

THERE in yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose Laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from Pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor teaze
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest; yet excludes the day;
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

---

## TO MY LOVELY FRIEND.

*On supposing her* HEALTH *impaired by some deep and unrevealed* SORROW.

FLOWN are those roses that illum'd thy cheek;
Tearful those eyes with love so wont to speak;
Those breasts, erst us'd on buoyant hope to rise,
Now heave to find relief in tears and sighs.
Could I, sweet Maid! thy latent anguish share,
Assuage thy pangs, and lessen all thy care---
Like Noah's dove, my feet should find no rest,
Till it had plac'd the olive in thy breast.

*Stroud.* FATHER PAUL.

*The following Lines were addressed by the late unfortunate* THOMAS CHATTERTON, *to a Friend of his, lately returned from the East-Indies. They have never appeared in print; and he now publishes them as a Compliment to the City that gave him Birth.*

---

NAKED and friendless to the world expos'd,
Now ev'ry scene of happiness is clos'd;
My mind distress'd and rack'd with anguish drear,
Adown my cheek oft' rolls the falling tear:
My native place I ne'er again shall see,
Condemn'd to bitter want and penury.
Life's thorny path incautiously I've trod,
And bitterly I feel the chast'ning rod:
O! who can paint the horrors of my mind,
The stings which guilty conscience leave behind;
They rage, they rend, they tear my aching heart,
Increase the torment, agonize the smart.
What shall I do, whither speed my way,
How shun the light of the refulgent day?
Each coming morn but ushers in fresh grief;
No friend at hand to bring me sweet relief:
The sigh I stifle, and the smile I wear,
In secret, but increase my weight of care.
One comfort's left, and that's in speedy death;
What! rob myself of my own vital breath;
Yes! for my frame's so torn, I can't abide
Of keen reflection the full flowing tide;
Then welcome death: O God, my soul receive
Pardon my sins, and this one act forgive:
I come! I fly! O how my mind's distrest:
Have mercy Heaven! when shall I find rest.

---

## *LOVE WITHOUT SPIRIT.*

---

THYRSIS has charms, address, and art,
To captivate and gain the heart;
But what avails him all his merit,
Since with these charms he still wants spirit?

He said one day, in amorous chat
As in a grove *alone* we sat,
" How happy, Chloe, should I be,
" Were I at home alone with thee!"

Early next morn, as he had said,
He came, and caught me in my bed;
Sigh'd, gaz'd, and talk'd of pangs and love,
And wish'd me with him in the grove,
" How happy, Chloe, should I be,
" If in the grove alone with thee!"

# STRICTURES
ON
# *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

THE Theatres have this month been unusually barren of novelty.----- At Drury-Lane we have to notice the revival of the *Rival Queens*, that bold production of NAT LEE, whose Muse was capable of the boldest flights of Poetry, and which is now brought forward with a degree of splendour highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the Proprietors; the acting is, on the whole, equal to the magnificence of the decorations.

KEMBLE enters into the spirit of *Alexander* with an enthusiasm congenial with the fire of the Author, and, with a due management of his powers, renders the Macedonian hero ardent, impetuous, and dignified. Though his attitudes are uncommonly striking and impressive, he does not sacrifice feeling for the sake of picturesque effect, but is grand, heroic, and expressive.

Mrs. SIDDONS gives a new air to the character of *Roxana*; and if, according to the usual notion, she is hardly *violent* enough, it is certain there are passages of *love* and *tenderness* that sufficiently justify the novel colouring she presents.

We do not admire the indiscriminate force which Mrs. POWELL generally assumes; but it is better mingled with *traits* of affection in *Statira* than usual. Miss MILLER is a very promising young Actress: she properly conceives the part of *Parisatis*; but pitching her voice too high, her utterance evinces too much of that mode of speaking which is termed *Cant*.

BENSLEY is the old rough Soldier, in *Clytus*; and the rest of the characters are supported with due propriety.

Altogether, the Play is an admirable treat to those who know how to value good acting, and to those who visit the Theatre merely for the luxury of magnificence and shew.

AT Covent-Garden, Mr. COOPER, who has played *Hamlet* and *Lothario*, has come forward again in the character of *Macbeth*. This Performer has been supported by a zeal of injudicious praise; for though we allow that he possesses talents, yet, to adopt the language of BROWN, the *soil* is at present chiefly marked by *capabilities*. There must be much *weeding*, *draining*, *clearing*, &c. &c. before he can safely venture forward in a line of pre-eminent characters.---His action is ungraceful, and his performance is rather distinguished by *false art* than by *original feeling*. Sometimes we thought he displayed symptoms of an understanding struggling through the manacles of erroneous tuition; but, upon the whole, he must advance progressively to the higher characters, and not attempt to wield an instrument too difficult for him to manage at present, even if Nature had allotted to him a portion of adequate strength.

## *EPILOGUE*

### TO THE NEW COMEDY OF SPECULATION.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ. AND SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, permit us now to say
Something about---or not about the Play---
Good subject ours! rare times when *Speculation*
Engrosses every subject of the Nation.
To serve the state---Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the *omnium* venture their last shilling:
Nay some subscribe their thousands to the Loan,
Without a single shilling of their *own*.

Be this *their* Speculation; *I* profess
To *speculate* in one thing only---DRESS:
Shew me your garments Gents and Ladies fair,
I'll tell you whence you came, and who you are;
But, Sportsman like, to hit the game I'll try,
Charge, prime, present my glass, and cock my eye.
What a fine *harvest* this gay season yields!
Some female heads appear like *stubble fields*;
Who now of threaten'd *famine* dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with *grain?*
See how the *wheat sheaves* nod amid the plumes;
Our *barns* are now transferr'd to drawing rooms:
While husbands who delight in active lives,
To fill their *granaries* may *thrash* their wives.
Nor wives alone prolific notice draw,
Old maids and young ones all are *in the straw.*
That damsel wrapt in shawls, who looks so blue,
Is a return from India--- *things won't do*---
That market's up, she could not change her name,
Nor RAMRAMROWS nor YANGWHANGWOPPAS came,
" Bad *Speculation*, Bet, so far to roam;
" Black legs go out, and jail birds now come home."
That stripling there, all trowsers and cravat,
No body and no chin, is call'd a *flat*:
And he beside him, in the straight cut frock,
Button'd before, behind a square cut dock,
Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser,
Either a man of fashion or a bruiser.
A man of fashion---nothing but a *quiz*---
I'll shew you what a man of fashion is.
With back to fire, slouched hat and vulgar slang,
He charms his mistress with this sweet harangue:
" What lovely charming Kitty---how d'ye do?
" Come---see my puppy?"---" No, Harry, to see you."
" You're vastly welcome---you shall see my stud,
" And ride my poney:"---" Harry you're too good."
" Zounds how it freezes: *Fly* was my *Sancho's* sire:
" Miss would you see" ---" Harry, I'd wish to see the fire."
That's your true breeding, that's your flaming lover;
The fair may freeze, but he is *warm all over.*
We're an odd medley, you must needs confess,
Strange in our manners, stranger in our dress:
*Whim* is the word---droll pantomimic age,
With true tip tops of taste *grotesque*'s the rage,
Beaux with short waists, and small cloaths close confin'd;
Belles bunched before, and bundled up behind;
The flights of fashion bordering on buffoon,
One looks like *Punch*, the other *Pantaloon*:
But hold---my raillery makes some look gruff,
Therefore I'm off---I'm sure I've said enough.

---

## *THE ARTS.*

THAT respectable veteran, ZOFFANI, has resumed the Dramatic pencil, by which he so highly distinguished himself in the times of GARRICK and FOOTE, for the purpose of making a series of pictures of the same kind, on subjects derived from dramatic pieces of the present day. He has already proceeded far on a picture representing that whimsical scene in the new Comedy of *Speculation*,

when the fall of the table convinces the Projector that his villainy is discovered, and his artifices at an end. The likeness of LEWIS, QUICK, and Miss WALLIS, is already striking, and promises the utmost exactness.

It may be fairly said of this picture, in its present state, that it proves there is no abatement in the skill and spirit of the Artist, though it is above thirty years since he produced those dramatic scenes which so highly gratified the judicious Critic, as well as the public at large.

The series of pictures on the *Hogarthian* plan, which has lately issued from the hand of NORTHCOTE, are eminently creditable to his talents, his imagination, and his heart. The subject is the *Progress* of a *Maid-Servant*, from the first submission to vicious temptation, through the several stages of luxury and prostitution, till she closes a life of vice and folly in wretchedness and infamy.

To counteract this gradual descent from vice to misery, the Artist has also delineated the progress of her good fellow-servant, who, resisting the libertine attempts of her master, after displaying various proofs of honour and sensibility, is finally requited by the hand of her master, and raised to a state of happiness suitable to her virtues.---The whole is an admirable work.

OPIE is still wielding the historical pencil with his usual vigour and expression. His last work is the Coronation of HENRY the SIXTH in his infancy; and it exhibits such an energy of conception, such a harmony of colouring, and such a striking distribution of light and shadow, as may defy competition in these times.

MARCHANT has finished his exquisite *intaglio* from the famous bust of HOMER, in the fine repository of Mr. TOWNLY, and has advanced very far in another, from the original mask of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, assisted by the picture from Sir JAMES THORNHILL, and every accessory relique of that unrivalled expounder of Nature.

# MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Dec.* 30, 1795.

THE MASONIC DIRECTORY, of which it was intended to publish the SECOND NUMBER with this month's Magazine, was originally set on foot, not from any view of private interest, but for the general advantage of the Fraternity. It has not, however, been so extensively encouraged as we had reason to suppose it would have been; to what circumstance this is owing, we know not; whether it be, that the plan was not sufficiently known, or that its design was misunderstood. As it is, we can only say, that we shall defer the Second Number of it, till our Magazine for June 1796 shall be published; when, if a sufficient number of names be not received to make the List respectable, the Directory shall be discontinued, and the monies received for insertions be returned. Such Brethren as have already paid for insertions, and are unwilling to wait till June for their appearance, may have their money returned on application at the place where payment was made. But any names sent *after this date* must be accompanied with *One Shilling*;---the Proprietor having sustained a loss on the expence attending the FIRST NUMBER, which number was delivered GRATIS.

Several Brethren who have sent their names, residence, and profession, have yet omitted other necessary particulars, such as the number of the lodge, and the office (if any) which they hold therein, without which particulars names cannot be inserted; as these are a guard against imposition.

Names for insertion will be received by the Proprietor at the BRITISH LETTER FOUNDRY, *Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London*: If by letter, the postage must be paid.

A Grand CONCERT will, we understand, shortly be performed at Freemasons' Hall (under the Patronage of our Royal and Most Worshipful Grand Master, and his amiable Consort) for the benefit of the Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has appointed Major Stewart, of the Life Guards, Grand Master of Free Masons for the county of Hampshire and Isle of Wight, vice Thomas Dunkerley, Esq. deceased.

Mr. Richard Walker Whalley, No. 5, Fountain Court, Strand, is elected to the office of Collector to the Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School.

A New Edition (considerably enlarged and improved) of PRESTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY is expected early in January. Orders for that or any other respectable work on Freemasonry, will be received and punctually executed by the Proprietor of this Magazine, at the British Letter Foundry, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

## GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 30, 1795.

This being St. Andrew's Day, the Tutelar Saint of Caledonia, at one o'clock, P. M. the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with the Lodges in Edinburgh and Proxies from several others in different parts of the kingdom, met in the New Church Aisle, Parliament Square, when the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were *Re-elected* to preside over the Fraternity for the ensuing year:

The Most Worshipful and Right Honourable WILLIAM Earl of ANCRUM, *Grand Master.*

FRANCIS Lord Viscount DOWN, *Deputy Grand Master.*

THOMAS HAY, Esq. Surgeon to the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, *Substitute Grand Master,*

Sir JAMES FOULIS, of Collington, Bart. *Senior Grand Warden,*

ANDREW HOUSTON, Esq. of Jordan Hill, *Junior Grand Warden.*

JOHN HAY, Esq. *Grand Treasurer,*

Rev. Dr. JOHN TOUCH, *Grand Chaplain,*

Mr. Robert MEICKLE, *Grand Secretary,*

Mr. THOMAS SOMERS, *Grand Clerk,* and

Mr. WILLIAM REID, *Grand Tyler.*

The Elections made at the Quarterly Communication of the 2d November were then confirmed; and an Address voted to his Majesty on his late fortunate escape from assassination, of which our readers will find a copy in page 429 of this Number.

When the Election was over, the different Lodges dispersed. But,

In the evening, the Lodges of Edinburgh, &c. convened in the Old Assembly Rooms, to the number of nearly 500 brethren. The Grand Master took the Chair about six o'clock. He was attended by ALEXANDER FERGUSON, of Craigdarroch, Esq. Advocate, Provincial Grand Master for the South District of Scotland; by Sir JAMES STIRLING, Bart. Lord Provost of Edinburgh; several of the other magistrates, and a number of respectable gentlemen who had formerly borne offices in the Grand Lodge. On the Grand Master's entering the room, the band struck up, "*Come let us prepare!*" After partaking of a very elegant cold collation, the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, frequently interspersed with songs, by the best singers of the city and neighbourhood, assisted by an excellent band of instrumental performers. In short, every thing was conducted in a manner worthy the Fraternity, whose tenets and principles have stood the test of many revolving ages. The company broke up before eleven o'clock, during the dismission of which the band performed the old Scotch tune of "*Gude night and joy be wi' you a'!*"

UNTO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF

*The Right Honourable and Most Worshipful*

WILLIAM EARL OF ANCRUM,

GRAND MASTER MASON OF SCOTLAND,

FRANCIS, Lord Viscount DOWN, D. G. M.

THOMAS HAY, Esq. S. G. M.

Sir JAMES FOULIS, of *Collington*, Bart. and ANDREW HOUSTON, of *Jordan-hill*, Esq. Grand Wardens; with the Brethren in Grand Lodge assembled, on the Anniversary of St. Andrew.

WE your Majesty's most dutiful subjects, the Grand Lodge of Scotland, humbly request permission to approach your Majesty, with the most sincere expressions of that attachment and loyalty for which our ancient and respectable Order has ever been distinguished.

Your Majesty's late deliverance from the hands of wicked and sanguinary men, while it recalls to us the recollection of your Majesty's virtues, impresses us with gratitude to that providential care, which, by watching over your Majesty's life, has averted the most alarming calamities from your people.

We have, on this occasion, witnessed the interposition of Heaven for the safety of your Royal Person. That it may never cease to extend its guardian protection to your Majesty, and to your illustrious House, is our united prayer.

Signed by our appointment, and in our presence, when in Grand Lodge assembled, this thirtieth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five.

ANCRUM, *G. M.*

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE King of Spain has not only offered his mediation at Paris, but at Turin too; but his Sardinian Majesty's answer was, "That he would neither enter into separate negociations, nor into a separate treaty of peace, but was determined to make a common cause with Austria and England to the last."

The King of Denmark has offered his mediation for a cessation of hostilities between Austria and France. The French have refused to agree thereto: they are for a speedy peace, and not a tedious congress.

On the 25th of November the King of Poland signed the treaty of the partition of Poland. At the same time he resigned his Sovereignty of that kingdom. He retires on a pension of 200,000 ducats.

## HOME NEWS.

The Royal Assent has been given, by commission, to the following Bills: the Land and Malt; the Bills to prevent the exportation of Corn and Grain, and to encourage the importation of the same; an act for continuing an act of last Session, for permitting the importation of organzined Thrown Silk; the Bills "For the better security of his Majesty's Person and Government," and "For the more effectually preventing Seditious Meetings;" and the Bill for raising the sum of eighteen millions sterling, by way of annuities, for the year 1796.

*Nov.* 19. An inquisition was taken at Rochester on a boy aged about thirteen years, who was unfortunately killed by his mother, in the following manner: the mother keeps a bad house, and a young man happening to go in whom she did

not like, she desired he would go about his business; in consequence words arose, and she took up a poker to strike him, which unfortunately struck the child in the eye and penetrated the brain. The child languished two days and died. Verdict Accidental Death.

20. The Duke of York, after viewing the troops on Durdham Downs, visited the city of Bristol. He was received in due form by the Corporation, and had the freedom of the city presented to him in a gold box.

On the like ceremony at Bath, it was reported, the gold box was presented to his Royal Highness, but the freedom intended to be inclosed was forgotten!

21 A country tradesman went last week to take a place in one of the stages, at the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, to return home. On getting into the coach, he put a parcel he had with him into the seat. Just previous to the coach setting out, and whilst the coachman and book-keeper were settling the bill, a fellow opened the door, and begged the company to rise that he might take something out of the seat, they (supposing him the porter of the inn, and that he wanted to remove some article to another part of the coach) readily permitted him to take away a parcel, which however afterwards proved no other than that of the country tradesman, and with which the pretended porter made off undiscovered.

27. Mr. Redhead, *alias* Yorke, was brought before the Court of King's Bench at Westminster-Hall, to receive judgment for a seditious libel, of which he was convicted at the last York Assizes, which Mr. Justice Ashhurst pronounced, that he should be imprisoned two years in the common gaol of the county of Dorset, and at the expiration of that term should give security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in 1000l. and two sureties in 500l. each.

Mr. Redhead, *alias* Yorke, took his departure for that prison in the mail-coach, attended by two King's messengers, who, with the rest of the passengers, experienced an overturn of the coach in the course of their journey.

*Dec.* 3. The shop of a jeweller in St. James's-street was robbed of jewels, gold watches, and a variety of valuable trinkets, to the amount of 4000l. A female servant, who has absconded, is suspected of the guilt.

10. A most daring robbery was attempted. The mate of a vessel in the river, late on Wednesday night, engaged a hackney coach in Aldgate, into which he put his wife and a young child, giving the coachman directions where to drive. Two men, who probably heard the orders, followed the coach into Leadenhall-street, and there, stopping the coach, they agreed with the driver to let them in, saying they were going the same way as his passengers. The lady in vain remonstrated. By the time she reached Fish-street Hill, she felt one of the ruffians had his hand in her pocket: she called out murder, on which the coachman drove furiously along; a number of persons, however, soon collected, and stopped him. The fellows within attempted to escape, but happily without effect, and they, together with the coachman, were taken into custody. The lady's arm was desperately cut by one of the villains, when she cried out, in order to intimidate her. She was taken to a surgeon's, where her wound was dressed.

17. A mob collecting in St. James's Park in expectation of his Majesty's going to the House of Parliament, Mr. Pitt and the Speaker of the House of Commons passing on horseback at the same time, the mob hissed and pelted the former, who, to escape their fury, was compelled to put spurs to his horse, and make the best of his way to Downing-street.

16. Two highwaymen, named Perry and Thompson, were committed to different prisons by Justice Spiller, of Brentford, charged on the oath of Peter Sidebotham with stopping him in a one-horse chaise at Twickenham, about one o'clock on that day, and robbing him of 9s. in silver. They were immediately pursued and taken, with three rifle-barrelled pistols on them loaded, and some powder they had in a paper. In the pursuit after the above highwaymen by a Mr. Chapman, who came up with them at Teddington, he called out to a woman at the turnpike to shut the gate; one of them got through, but the gate striking against the horse of the other, threw him off, and he was secured. The pursuit being continued, he who escaped the gate dismounted his horse, just at the entrance of Teddington town, and secreted himself in a hedge, where he was after a short search discovered, and taken into custody.

A dreadful fire broke out in the loft of Mr. Douglas, sail-maker, in Southside-street, Plymouth, on Wednesday last, which communicating to the houses of two other sail-makers, raged with such fury as to have consumed property to the amount of 30,000l. before it was extinguished.

Mr. Bessel, who was Assistant Commissary of Stores in the Duke of York's army, after being mulcted in different fines, of which he had defrauded Government, is sentenced, that from his scandalous and infamous conduct he is unworthy to remain in his Majesty's service, and is therefore to be cashiered with every mark of ignominy and disgrace.

The metropolis is going to be improved by two of the most magnificent bridges in the world; the one near the Savoy, in the Strand; the other the re-building of London bridge: they are in length to be the whole of the original water-way, with large arches, and much wider on the surface than Westminster bridge.

The Editor of the new Manchester paper informs us, that a *Thinking Club (on true constitutional principles)* is established in that town, the president of which is deaf and dumb. For every monosyllable spoken, a penny is forfeited by the *offender*; and for a polysyllable, two-pence.

Official Mistake.---Dispatches intended for General Doyle were sent to Col. Craig; and the dispatches intended for Colonel Craig, to General Doyle! By this mistake, Colonel Craig was ordered to evacuate the Cape of Good Hope, and General Doyle is ordered to strengthen himself by every possible means in Isle Dieu.

Vegetation.---Three hundred and thirty potatoes were dug up in a garden of Mr. Hazard, in the upper road near Bath, the produce of one single red-nosed kidney potatoe.

A single turnip, weighing twenty-seven pounds, without the top or root, was dug up in the garden of Thomas Kemp, Esq. of Coneyborough, near Lewes.

At a meeting of the Bath Agricultural Society two potatoes were produced, weighing 5lb. 3qrs. They were from shoots

Captain Manners, in the merchant service, residing at Ratcliffe-cross, brought an action against Dr. Pitcairn for criminal conversation with his wife, Mrs. Manners. The cause was tried on Friday before Lord Kenyon, when it appearing that the Captain had a view rather to the Doctor's purse, than the reparation of his own honour, a verdict went for the defendant. Next day, in the same Court, and before the same Judge, Mr. Houlditch, coachmaker, of Long-Acre, obtained a verdict, with one thousand pounds damages, against Mr. Goodhew, the distiller, of Deptford, for criminal conversation with Mrs. Houlditch.

To the relation of these immoralities, as destructive to the parties themselves as pernicious examples to society, we have to add another instance likely soon to come before the Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court. The gallant is the son of an eminent coachmaker; the frail fair one mother of four children, and wife of a respectable man of business, who was a particular friend and school-fellow of the seducer. In consequence of the discovery, the spark has taken a Continental trip, but did not *lead her* with him.

## NAVAL COURAGE.

*Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the* Britannia, *Admiral Hotham's flag-ship, in the Mediterranean.*

"The spirited and gallant conduct of Lieutenant W. Walker, who commands the Rose hired armed cutter, attached to this fleet, has for some time been the subject of general commendation. He was making his passage from Leghorn to Bastia with money on board; when, in the morning of the 28th of September, at half past four o'clock, he fell in with three small Republican cruisers, fitted out on purpose to intercept him. Finding himself in the midst of them, he, with a promptitude and resolution that do him high credit, bore down on the largest and most leeward, ran the cutters bowsprit against her mizen-mast, and carried it away, with part of the stern, raking her as he passed; then shot a-head and tacked, in doing which the cutter's main boom carried away the enemy's fore-yard, and her broad-side set her fore-sail and mizen on fire; she then got under her

stern again, and so galled her in that situation that they soon begged for quarter and struck. The largest of the other two had several shot fired at her between wind and water; and, as she soon disappeared, it is supposed she sunk. The third made her escape. In this unequal combat Mr. Walker's intrepidity and skill are alike conspicuous; for the ship that struck had 29 men on board, chiefly Corsicans, while the cutter had only 14.

MURDER.

David Davis, of Lidney, has been committed to Gloucester county gaol for the murder of his son. A quarrel arose respecting the lending a few shillings, in which the father challenged the son to fight him. "No, father, says the young man, "I will not bring the wrath of Heaven upon me by striking my parent;" and holding the old man down in his chair, begged him to moderate his anger; instead of which he broke loose, and taking a fire-shovel, struck his son a blow that cut through the skull to the brain, of which the young man died in a very short time. The coroner's jury have returned a verdict of Wilful Murder.

PIRACY, MURDER, AND DETECTION.

Seven men have been brought up to town from the Isle of Wight, charged with murder and piracy on the high seas: they were seamen on board the American Eagle, bound from Virginia to France, loaded with tobacco. Soon after they set sail, a plan was proposed by one of them to murder the Captain, whose name was Little, and take the ship and cargo up the Streights, where it was to have been sold, and the money equally shared between them: this scheme appeared the more easy to put in execution, as the mate and two of the seamen had died of the yellow fever, soon after they set sail from Virginia; so that their whole number amounted to eight, including the Captain: one night accordingly they put their horrid design in effect, and threw the body overboard. After dividing a considerable sum of money between them, they proceeded for the Streights, but contrary winds coming on, they were driven on the coast near the Isle of Wight, and where, hoisting signals of distress, the vessel was boarded, and taken by a pilot into Cowes. The seamen not agreeing in their story as to the Captain's death, first created suspicion, and one man afterwards confessed the whole.

They were all brought to town, and some of them have been committed for trial at the next Admiralty Sessions.

POVERTY, INSANITY, AND DEATH.

*Chelmsford, Dec.* 11. On Monday last an inquisition was taken before the coroner for this county, at Little Dunmow, on the body of Ann Abbott, a poor woman who resided in a most miserable cottage, with two other young women; the deceased had had a fever a few days, which affected her head, and the night before her death she was so bad, that the two women thought it prudent not to go to bed, and in the middle of the night they heard her coming down stairs, and went to the stairs foot to see what she wanted, when the poor creature appeared stark naked, even without her shift and cap. They asked her what she wanted? she replied, "Water," which they offered to fetch her, she replied, "No, she would go herself and drink as much as she liked," and immediately forced her way out of her house into the yard; the poor women, who were also very ill, looked into the yard after her, but it being very dark, could see nothing of her, till daylight, when she was found drowned in the pond, into which it was supposed she fell, not being able to see her way. The jury brought in their verdict Accidentally Drowned.

IMPRUDENCE, INSANITY, AND DEATH.

*Norwich, Dec.* 11. On Thursday last an inquisition was taken by Thomas Marks, Esq. Coroner, on Esther Wurr, aged 32 years, who unhappily falling into a deranged state of mind on the 5th of Nov. last threw herself into the river near Eye-bridge, and remained undiscovered until the above morning. The Jurors, on the most decisive evidence, brought in their verdict *non compos mentis*. Her acquaintance with soldiers (which was entirely unknown to the family till after she

had left it) was the cause of her committing this rash deed, to the great concern of a worthy honest father, who has borne testimony to her duty and filial affection from her childhood: in Mr. S. Browne's family she had also been a faithful and excellent servant near seven years.

DEATH OF THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER.

*Salisbury, Dec.* 10. On Monday se'nnight died the Rev. Charles Wager Allix, of Mere, in this county.

The death of the above gentleman was attended with the following extraordinary circumstance: he had been out coursing on the Wednesday preceding, and, approaching home, enquired the hour of his servant; on being informed, he remarked that there was time for a short ride before dinner, turned his horse about, took a circuit, and again arrived within about a mile of his own house, when the servant observed him to be gradually falling from his horse, pointing at the same time to the ground. The servant got up in time to catch his master in his arms, and having laid him on the ground, a game-keeper, who was passing by, staid with Mr. Allix until the servant went to the house for assistance. He soon after returned on a valuable horse worth seventy guineas. On the approach of the animal, he smelt to his master (apparently a lifeless corpse), snorted, ran back a few paces, fell on his side, and died *instantly*! Though Mr. Allix languished till the Monday following, he neither spoke nor shewed any symptoms of sensibility in the interval.

Lord Harcourt is giving an example well worthy of being followed by others of the Nobility and owners of large inclosures. He is ploughing up a great part of his park to raise grain.

HARE AND STAG CHACE.

Thursday se'nnight the harriers of Edward Clarke, Esq. of Chipley, near Wellington, Somerset, started a hare, which they ran very hard for an hour and twenty minutes; when being called off, with intent to try for another, they roused a forest stag, in Cross's Leigh Brake, in the parish of Milverton, which they killed in a meadow adjoining the river Tone, after a chace of between thirty and forty miles through an inclosed country, where the leaps were very severe, though covered in capital stile by all the horses out; the horsemen who rode the chace, which lasted three hours and forty minutes, and were in at the death, were Mr. Webber, Mr. Carige of Wilscombe, Mr. Manly, and the huntsman and whipper-in.

A publican in Chester has caused the following *elegant* composition to be put up over the fire-place in his club room:---

" No Politic language is here the sort,
" He that begins it forfeits a quart;
" King George's right let us maintain,
" And Love and Friendship long remain.
" *He that refuses is to blame.*"

It has lately been remarked by an Irish Gentleman, that the House of *Industry* in Dublin is filled with persons who are all past their *labour*.

Several persons have already left off *snuff-taking*, in consequence of the additional duty on tobacco, observing that they have no idea of *paying through the nose* for the expence of the war.

The Fishmongers are apprehensive, under the new Bills, whether it is safe to sell *pikes*.

BREAD.

The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to examine the several laws now in being relative to the assize of bread, have come to the following resolutions:

" That it is the opinion of this Committee, that if the magistrates were by law permitted (when and where they shall think fit to set an assize of bread) to introduce again, under certain regulations and restrictions, the old standard bread made

made of flour which is the whole produce of the wheat, the said flour weighing on an average three fourths of the weight of the wheat whereof it was made, it would tend to prevent many inconveniencies which have arisen in the assize and making of bread for sale.

"That it is the opinion of this committee, that the columns calculated for the wheaten bread, in the now repealed tables of the act of the 8th of Queen Anne, intituled, "An act to regulate the price and assize of bread," would be the proper assize for the said standard wheaten bread; and that the twelvepenny loaf of this standard wheaten bread, containing the whole flour of the wheat (the said flour weighing, on an average, three fourths of the said wheat) would, upon a medium, contain one pound of bread in weight more than a twelvepenny loaf, the present wheaten bread, made under the act of the 31st of George the Second."

In the Court of Common Pleas an action was brought to recover from the defendant, the driver of one of the Greenwich coaches, a compensation in damages for assaulting the plaintiff, one of the passengers. It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff, on the evening the assault was committed, had got into the Greenwich coach, but as it did not set off at the accustomed time, he alighted and got into a Blackheath stage, which was just setting out. As he was stepping into this coach, the defendant laid hold of his collar, and attempted to force him back into the Greenwich coach. This produced a struggle, and afterwards a battle between the parties, in which many blows were given on both sides. The learned Judge observed, that in point of law an assault was clearly proved by the defendant's endeavouring to force the plaintiff into his coach, and therefore the only question was, as to the damages. It was certainly of importance to the public, that insolent coachmen, who first deceive their passengers as to the time of setting out, and then abuse and assault them, should be brought to punishment; but in the present case, the plaintiff, by fighting with the defendant, had in some measure taking the punishment into his own hands, instead of leaving it to the wisdom and justice of the law. The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40s.

22. At night, seven men mounted on horseback, and dressed in smock-frocks, rode up to the house of Mr. Richard Grout, a respectable farmer, at Manuden, in Essex, and began their depredations by breaking the glass in two large windows of the room where Mr. Grout and his servant were sitting, who, being alarmed, called out to know what was the matter; but not being answered, they went out to see, when six of the villains rushed in, and with the most horrid imprecations demanded every thing in the house; at the same time one of them produced a hanger, and the other a large knife, which they continually kept whetting and swearing they would cut Mr. G.'s throat, but on his begging that they would not commit any murder, one of them more humane than the rest, cried out, "No, d---n him, don't kill him; if you do, what will become of his wife and family?" They then proceeded to search the house, and on coming to where the linen was, they took the whole, both wet and dry; they next proceeded to the cellar, and brought out what they thought proper; they let the beer out of the casks, as well as the wines; and not contented with this, they broke the bottles which contained the liquors, and after fastening each door after them, they departed: but not having done sufficient mischief for that night, they proceeded to Mr. Beard's, at Berden, some little distance from Mr. Grout's, when two of them, more daring than the rest, rode forward and entered the house; Mr. Beard and his servant being within, they met with a very warm reception, and had not the others arrived, and rescued these villains from the farmer and his trusty servant, they would have been most probably secured: but being overpowered, they were obliged to give way, and were by these ruffians severely beaten. They then proceeded as at Mr. Grout's, and took every thing portable, which was of any value; and on coming to Mr. Beard's cellar, they turned the taps, broke the bottles, and destroyed all the liquors, but not till they had drank, and obliged Mr. B. and his man to do the same. They obliged the family to go to bed, and after having in the true chamberlain stile, drawn the curtains, and tucked them up, they wished them a good night's rest, and left the house, fastening the doors after them.

## PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. John Spaurhauke, to the rectory of Hinxworth, in Hertfordshire. The Rev. Mr. Cherry, of Maidstone, chosen Head Master of Merchant Taylors School. The Rev. Mr. Dawson Warren, to the vicarage of Edmonton. The Rev. Peter Hansell, to the vicarage of Catton, in Norfolk. The Rev. Cæsar Morgan, D. D. to the rectory of Tidd St. Giles. The Rev. Mr. Vachell, to the vicarage of Littlepore. The Archdeaconry of Essex to the Rev. Mr. Gretton, Chaplain to Lord Howard de Walden. The Rev. John Thompson, M. A. to the vicarage of Milford, near Lymington, Hants. The Rev. Richard Waller, M. A. son of the late Doctor Waller, Archdeacon of Essex, to the rectory of Great Birch, near Colchester, Essex, worth 270l. per annum. The Rev. Thomas Wright, M. A. Fellow of Brazen Nose College, to the rectory of St. Mary's Whitechapel. The Rev. Char. Neve, B. D. to the vicarage of Old Sudbury, in the county of Gloucester. Dr. Stinton, Rector of Exeter College, in Oxford, to the vacant Prebend at St. Paul's. Mr. Canning appointed Deputy Secretary to Lord Grenville.

## DEATHS.

At Lambeth, in the 100th year of his age, Dr. Jean Boiranstone, an Emigrant Priest, and formerly Chaplain to the Archbishop of Paris, for a series of forty years. At Long Eaton, in Cheshire, Mr. J. Wilson, possessed of 2000l. which he acquired in the *bop*-trade; or in other words, by setting bodies in motion, with the combined powers of *rosin* and *cat-gut*. In short, he *scraped* together the above sum by attending *merry nights* as a fiddler. At his apartments in the Meuse, Samuel Dorrington, one of the King's grooms, who was unfortunately run over by the state coach, on his Majesty's return from the House of Peers. In the 85th year of his age, Peter Garrick, Esq. brother to the late David Garrick, Esq. At Ovingham, in Northumberland, Mr. John Bewick, a young gentleman much distinguished by his rare talent in the curious art of Engraving on wood, and brother to the celebrated and ingenious Mr. T. Bewick, of Newcastle upon Tyne. At Copenhagen, on the 7th instant, of the small-pox, the Princess Louisa, daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Denmark. General James Johnston, Colonel of the Scotch Greys. At his house, on Snow-Hill, Mr. Thomas Spilsbury, printer. In his 80th year, Leonard Coward, Esq. one of the Aldermen and three times Mayor of Bath: he has bequeathed the reversion of 1000l. three per cents. to the General Hospital, the same sum to the Charity School, and the residue of his fortune, undisposed of, in legacies, towards the improvement of the city. This bequest, we hear, will amount to several thousand pounds. On the 1st of September Capt. John William Hall, of the 54th regiment. Anthony Hunt, Esq. second Captain of Greenwich Hospital. Jacob Bird, Esq. Water-Bailiff of the City of London. David Gardner, Esq. Captain in the 34th regiment of Foot. The Rev. Richard Skinner, B. D. Rector of Basingham, in Lincolnshire, and formerly fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

## MARRIAGES.

First at Gretna Green, and since at St. Dunstan's, in the East, Mr. Samuel Staples, merchant of the city, and brother to the Banker, to Miss Martin, of Berkshire, a co-heiress of the late Henry Fletcher, Esq. of Tottenham.---The Lady has a fortune of 50,000l. Major Hill, late of the 25th Light Dragoons, and son of Sir Richard Hill, Bart. to Miss Cornish. Sir John Rose, Recorder of the City of London, to Miss Fenn, daughter of the late Sheriff Fenn. At Temple Balsall, in Warwickshire, George Penrice, Esq. of Salford, in the same county, to Miss Sophia Couchman, second daughter of Henry Couchman, Esq. of the former place. The Hon. Henry Sedley, of Nutall, to Miss Alice Lucy Whitefoord, second daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, Bart. The Hon. Augustus George Legge, youngest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, to Miss Honora Bagot, second daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot. At South Weald, in Essex, John Tyrwhitt, jun, Esq. to Miss Dymoke, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Champion Dymoke, of Scrielsby, in Lincolnshire.

## BANKRUPTS.

John Kindel, of Liverpool, cabinet-maker. Francis Benbow, of the Rovins, near Brosley, in Salop, barge-owner. John Taylor, of Ravenhall, Cheshire, callico-printer and dyer. Richard Branson and William Asher, of Great Wigston, in Leicestershire, worsted-makers and copartners. Stephen Read, of Bungay, in Suffolk, draper and sadler. Thomas Dade, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, merchant. Thomas Ford, of Paul's Head Court, Fenchurch-street, London, dealer in rags. James Chidgey and Cornelius Chidgey, of Marmaduke-street, St. George, Middlesex, bricklayers. Matthew Samuel Haynes, of Guildford-street, St. Pancras, wine-merchant. Thomas Juchau, and Thomas Archer Juchau, of Bateman's-row, Shoreditch, paviors. Nathaniel Harris, of High Holborn, horse-dealer, and of Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, baker. Rice Jones, of Lower-street, Islington, victualler. James Halliday, of Winchmore-hill, Middlesex, victualler. John Ells, of Great Marlow, Bucks, grocer. Joseph Swabey Hollingshead, of Old Ford, near Bow, farmer. Wm. Stephens, of Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, vintner. Thomas Turner, of the King's Arms, in the Coal-yard, Drury-lane, vintner. John Wightman, of Ludgate-hill, vintner. John Ingham, of Aldersgate-street, money-scrivener. William Chayter, of Market-street, in the parish of St. James, Middlesex, money-scrivener. William Wood, of Manchester, linen-draper. William Vevers, of Ewell, in Surrey, schoolmaster. Robert Blanchard, of Commerce-row, Blackfriars-road, Cheesemonger. John Thompson, of Plymouth-Dock, mercer. Benjamin Henry Latrobe, of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, surveyor. Joseph Le Maitre, of Chiswell-street, Moorfields, haberdasher. Thomas Henry Hattersley, of Sheffield, grocer. Thomas Crew, of Newbury, Berkshire, dealer in hats. David Bromer, of Gracechurch-street, London, merchant. James Ferris, of Pool, Dorsetshire, grocer. William Palmore, of Poland-street, Westminster, painter. Robert Walmsley, and James Pilkington, of Farnworth, Lancashire, copartners and fustian-manufacturers. James Gibbs, of High-street, St. Giles, Middlesex, victualler. John Byrne, of Liverpool, merchant. John Henley Robinson, of Liverpool, and Richard Robinson, of Barbadoes, merchants. John Bate, of Whitechapel, baker. Michael Develin, of Stanhope-street, Clare-market, wine-merchant. Christopher Stodart, and Thomas Prichard Pearce, of Abchurch-lane, London, merchants. William Chadwick, of Liverpool, corn-merchant. John Eillet, of Newcastle-upon Tyne, vintner. John Porral, of Union-court, Broad-street, London, merchant. Robert Gilmour, of Lyon's Inn, Middlesex, insurer. John Thompson, of Craven-street, victualler. Samuel Youdan, of Brook's Market, Middlesex, cornchandler. George Gumbrell, of Wallington, Surrey, carpenter. William King, of Wollington, Surrey, bricklayer. William Smith, of King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, London, money-scrivener. Joseph Smith, of Cloth Fair, London, draper. Matthias Corless and Thomas Corless, of Blackburn, Lancashire, and Richard Corless of the same place, cotton-manufacturers. Henry Hodges, of Chiswell-street, Moorfields, glover. John Lane, of Birmingham, dealer. John Apsell, of Edmonton, Middlesex, cornchandler. Peter Connel, of Flushing, Cornwall, merchant. Richard Stephenson, of Liverpool, iron-monger. Thomas Peacock, of Birmingham, factor. Barker Simpson the younger, of Margaret-street, Westminster, victualler. Nicholas Humphreys, of Holborn, Middlesex, linen-draper. Richard Clarke, of Wheeler-street, Spital Fields, watch-case-maker. George Andey, of Bryanstone-street, Oxford-road, victualler. Thomas Hodgson, of Abbotfield Mills, Berks, paper-maker. John Christian Turberville, of St. Mary-Axe, London, stone-mason. William Meyrick, of Swallow-street, Westminster, farrier. James Banfield, of Carlisle-street, Soho, broker. John Thorpe, of St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, Surrey, vintner. George Joyce, of Fleet-street, London, grocer. Thomas Hudson, of New Bond-street, Westminster, tavern-keeper. Thomas Townshend, of Bath, silversmith. William Townshend, of Bath, silversmith. Thomas Palmer, of Newcastle under Lyme, Staffordshire, butcher.

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