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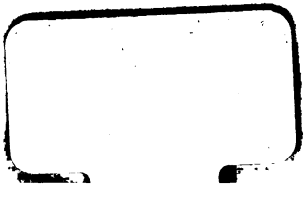
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THE

Free-Mason's Magazine,

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF

WILLIAM HENRY LAMBTON, ESQ. M. P.

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A Constant Reader would do well to quit the Profession of a *Writer*. His Essay is absolutely incomprehensible.

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T. S. will perceive in the present Number marks of our attention to his Hints.

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W.m Henry Lambton Esq.r M.P.

Pres.t Gr. M. for Durham

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,

FOR JANUARY 1796.

MEMOIRS OF

WILLIAM HENRY LAMBTON, Esq. M. P.

PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF MASONS

FOR THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

Seu linguam causis acuis; seu civica jura
Respondere paras; seu condis amabile carmen:

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Quo te cœlestis SAPIENTIA *duceret, ires.*
Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

HORAT. LIB. I. EPIST. III.

ON exhibiting this Portrait in the Masonic Gallery it will be necessary to annex some account, however imperfect, of the respectable original. Observations on the advantages of Biographical researches, though pertinent and attractive, complaints of the peculiar delicacy which attends the delineation of living excellence, though obvious and applicable, shall not be indulged in the present instance; but we shall hasten to introduce to our readers a character whose worth, talents, and station, would in themselves demand the pen of passing literature, and whose high office among the fraternity has a peculiar claim on that Repository, which aims to carry down to future ages the faithful records of Masonic merit and eminence.

Mr. LAMBTON has had the happiness to enter upon this mortal stage with every advantage of illustrious birth and ample fortune. The family has been long settled in the county of Durham. Mr. Hutchinson, in his learned and elaborate history of that county Palatine, acquaints us, that "LAMBTON was the family seat of the Lambtons before the Conquest." It stands on the southern banks of the river Wear, about a mile below Chester-le-street, opposite to Harraton, another elegant seat of the family. The estates have the peculiar felicity to be so situated as to enjoy the advantages of extended culture, navigation, and commerce, with all the softer beauties of picturesque prospect and romantic scenery.

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The subject of our attention was born November 15, 1764. His father was General John Lambton, many years Member of Parliament for the city of Durham, and Colonel of the 68th regiment of foot; and his mother the Right Hon. Lady Susan Lyon, sister to the late Earl of Strathmore. He was named after his two uncles, William and Henry.

That the utmost care was taken of his education will appear plain from the circumstance of his having been placed in Wandsworth school, Surry, which is generally regarded as a nursery for Eton, at the early age of seven years. About twelve he went to Eton, where he shewed great capacity and improvement, passing through the different forms till he arrived at the sixth class. He was held in high repute among the scholars of his day; and, amidst his other classical attainments, was particularly admired for a happy talent of writing Latin verses with the taste and purity of the Augustan Era. In October 1782 he entered a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and continued there till July 1784.

To give a polish to his acquisitions, and extend his knowledge of the world and of mankind, Mr. Lambton determined on a visit to the continent. He was accompanied by the Reverend William Nesfield, A. M. (now one of the Chaplains to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales) a Gentleman of learning and abilities, and blessed with an uncommon suavity of disposition and manners. During his stay abroad he was chiefly resident at Paris and Versailles; though he found time to make the tour of Switzerland and France, with a small excursion into Spain.

In this place we may be permitted to remark, that were the present an attempt at regular Biography we should here pause---as we should do at each other conspicuous stage of our progression---to mark what had been gained, what had been altered; to view at different periods the changeful but improving features of the mind; to catenate the apparently-disjointed links of effect and cause by the helps of information or analogy; and from the comparison and sum of such prominent positions, to form a precise and comprehensive outline of the general character. But this must not be---Long, very long may time pass ere the historian advance with firm footsteps to place the full-formed statue on the ample monument!---Meanwhile, the trembling hand of friendship shall hang this medallion on an humble altar: the purpose gained, if a resemblance be presented---accurate, though slight; grateful, but not flattering.

We must now turn our eyes from those scenes of elegance, observation, and enjoyment, to behold Mr. Lambton entering upon the arduous stage of politics and public life. In February 1787 he was elected one of the Representatives for the city of Durham.---His maiden speech in Parliament was on the repeal of the shop-tax; in which he displayed very shining abilities, and promised fairly to rank amongst the principal orators of the most eloquent senate the British annals could ever boast of.

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Among Masons (as such) the discussion of particular politics, or religious differences, is happily under a state of inhibition: and this account of an eminent Mason shall not be made a vehicle to describe or appreciate political questions. The great leading principles of loyalty, morality, and religion, are interwoven in the very essence of our institution *; and are enhanced, in an especial and impressive manner, on all occasions, by the subject of this essay:—but to the particulars of sect or party, as Freemasons, we descend not. It may be, therefore, only necessary to remark, in this place, that, though we do not meet Mr. L. starting into speech on every party-motion, yet he is in general found among the eloquent part of that division of the House of Commons, which at present is termed the Opposition. He is loyally and zealously attached to the King and Constitution of this country; and at the same time is an able advocate for the amelioration of a wise and temperate reform. His ideas on this delicate subject cannot be better expressed, than in his own elegant and energetic language, extracted from a letter written by him, and published in the Newcastle papers, about the stirring time of December 1792. "All I wish," says he, "is to see this happy "Constitution reformed and repaired upon its own principles; and "*that every reparation may be made in the stile of the building.*"

We come now to consider this Gentleman in his Masonic capacity, as presiding over the fraternal rites and constitution of an intelligent and numerous district of the order. The patent appointing him Provincial Grand Master of the county of Durham was signed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland October 6, 1787; and on the 9th of September 1788 he was installed in his high office, in the presence of upwards of 150 brethren, with a degree of splendour not often known in those parts; and the interesting occasion closed with that regulated festivity by which the Society is so eminently distinguished. These and other transactions of this Provincial Grand Lodge have been recorded in another part of our Magazine †; we shall only add, that Mr. Lambton holds his station with appropriate dignity and accommodating politeness. The annual and other communications are made not a little interesting by the elegant charges which are delivered from the chair upon those occasions; and the writer of this article cannot refuse himself the present opportunity of expressing the sensible pleasure that was received by a numerous auditory from an animated oration delivered at the Provincial Meeting August 12, 1794, wherein, among other shining passages, he glanced with peculiar felicity on the subject of Fraternization—striking, in a most emphatic manner, the plundering fraternization of the French with the unresisting Belgian—the insidious fraternization of Russia and Prussia with the devoted Pole—in contrast with the pure and benevolent fraternization then in exhibition before him: and this was done in a stile of such indignant

* See the following article, p. 7, 8. † Vide Vol. II. p. 247.

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reprehension on the one hand, and such conscious animation on the other, as, by those who had the happiness to be present, will be long remembered with sensibility and grateful satisfaction.

To his other extraordinary advantages he has to add the paramount blessing of domestic happiness. June 19, 1791, he was united to the Right Hon. Lady Ann Villiers, second daughter to the Earl of Jersey; a Lady of first rate natural and acquired accomplishments both in mind and person; and who has given to his stock of felicity the endearing addition of three sons and a daughter.

We have thus, from the best documents we could collect, from the voice of general fame, and from the pleasure of some personal knowledge, endeavoured to give to our Masonic and other friends a transient view of the Provincial Grand Master of the county of Durham. A regular summing up of character, we know, cannot, in existing circumstances, be expected from us;—but we also know, that, by those who are best acquainted with the subject of these memoirs, we should be accused of the most culpable omission, were we not to add, that Mr. Lambton is not more admired for his weight and talents as a Magistrate or Senator, than he is esteemed for the amiable and as useful virtues of a private Gentleman; that he is not more regarded for the extent and splendour of his possessions, than he is beloved for his munificent and charitable dispensations; and that even with those who may differ from him on political points, he is respected for his abilities, his disposition, and the whole tenour of his general character.

S.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

PART OF A CHARGE LATELY DELIVERED *TO A SOCIETY OF FREE MASONS* ON AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCASION *.

BY DR. WATKINS.

IT is impossible but that, in the very great political convulsion which has recently shaken Europe, our Society must have been materially affected. This I know, that, in the unhappy country where the shock has been the greatest, the brethren of the social band have not been able to assemble according to their order without a dread of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Let this stand then as a

* The Doctor, in his capacity of Master, was reduced to the painful necessity of announcing the expulsion of a Member, who, in open lodge, in defiance of the most friendly intimations and exhortations, many times repeated, persisted in a violence of declamation on state affairs, which was calculated to incite to a hatred of the Government. An occasion *so extraordinary* will we trust justify the tenor of the charge (though bordering on politics), and be also our apology for inserting it.

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sufficient confutation of that malignant slander, that MASONRY there put the sword into the hands of a sanguinary faction *.

But yet I apprehend there is some necessity for guarding the minds of many of our well-meaning brethren against the pernicious influence of that spirit, which, under the guise of friendship, would introduce the same scene of horror into every well-ordered society.

A dæmon got access into the pure region of holiness, peace, and bliss; and under the artful pretence of *adding* to their enjoyments, procured the misery of its inhabitants. With such an example then in view, we should consider that no institution is free from the possibility of perversion; nor any society, however virtuous their principles and strong their obligations, removed from the necessity of caution and exhortation.

You will, therefore, my brethren, readily bear with me while I endeavour to improve the alarming and truly awful appearance of affairs in this apparently latter age of the world to our particular benefit as *Masons*, by exhorting you to the "*study of those things which make for peace.*"

We make up one peculiar society, and indeed the only one in the world wherein neither political nor religious differences, not even the most opposite sentiments or customs, or the most violent contentions that agitate the several countries where we reside, can disunite us from each other. Under all the adventitious distinctions that political necessity has made to exist in this chequered state, and which divide the tribes of mankind, still the members of the social band are the same, and feel their concerns to be mutual. Their principles elevate them far above all the petty distinctions and partial considerations which to other societies prove the seeds of their destruction.

Considered as Masons, and regarding each other merely under that title, they lose all idea of every other object, and view their brother either with a satisfaction at his prosperous, or commiseration at his adverse condition in life.

Universal benevolence is the grand characteristic of him who has a true sense of the origin and nature of this sublime institution.

But, my brethren, this generosity of spirit, this universality of love, is not so to be understood as though it went to supersede more particular points of duty. Though we are said to be indifferent to local or temporary circumstances that divide one part of the body from the other, we are not therefore to be insensible to peculiar connections. *Masonry*, though it makes us in reality citizens of the world, does not tend to alienate us from the country to which we belong; nor, because we extend our equal love to brethren of every clime, are we to lose sight of that grand branch of natural duty, the *love of our native land*. We are indeed called the *sons of peace*, but it is to be considered also that *peace* cannot subsist without *order*. It is our province then to preserve a consistency with our profession, by labouring earnestly for the things which make for peace: this can be done in no other way than by a strict attention to the duties of good citizens, in endeavouring to merit the protection of the legislature by an obedience to its laws.

* See Vol. III. page 2, &c.

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The country where we dwell in security calls aloud for our ardent love and active support. If it gives us consequence by a powerful and illustrious patronage, we have still a further obligation to loyalty. To prove this, a simple observation will suffice. Our meetings could not be held were they to be open to indiscriminate inquiry and impertinent curiosity. Secrecy is their very essential principle. That government therefore which permits those meetings must have a confidence in them, that nothing passes therein offensive to religion, to good manners, or that tends to weaken the pillars of the state. On this ground then, if from no better motives, the fathers of the order expressly banished by their laws all political questions from masonic assemblies. But, not content with this kind of obedience, the order goes farther, and enjoins the most active loyalty on all its members. This is kept alive not only in the sentiments that prevail, but in the signs that are practised among us. Disobedience is represented throughout all the gradations of the institution under such forcible marks of condemnation, and in such lively expressions, that a man who loses sight of its turpitude becomes an apostate in the instant, and is odious in the sight of God and man.

When I consider to what we have devoted ourselves, and how peculiarly strong the bond of social duty presses upon us by our voluntary and generous engagements, I confess that my soul trembles at the idea of verging beyond the bounds of that liberty and indulgence which wisdom has marked out for us.

Are we not Masons? Then let us carefully keep within the circle of temperance and peace!

Little should we deserve the name of the sons of Peace, if we violated our allegiance as subjects: much less should we merit the protection of the Legislature, if we gave the slightest encouragement to machinations against the national tranquillity, or to the poisonous breath of seditious calumny.

Plots and conspiracies are as unfitting and as detestable among men connected and engaged as we are, as they are among those who are devoted to the pure service of the altar itself.

Have we not stood forth as in the presence of the supreme Architect, and have we not taken upon ourselves a willing engagement to labour in his temple, to the advancement of universal happiness? Will not this fall on our heads as an insupportable condemnation, if we fly from our vows, and endeavour to destroy any part of that Temple, by adding to the miseries of our fellow creatures, in giving encouragement to sacrilege and rebellion?

On the contrary, let every one remember carefully his station, and that it is his indispensible duty, as a good man and true, to be active in the maintenance of peace and good order.

And when attempts are made to destroy the national tranquillity, it then behoves us to go still farther, and even to set our faces with a zealous warmth against those who are so nefariously corrupt as to endeavour the destruction of government.

We should, in such a case, be the lively copyists of those loyal and religious rebuilders of the temple, who, when their rebellious and

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atheistic enemies plotted against their labour, wrought with the peaceful *trowel*, and had their *swords* ready at hand to defend the glorious cause in which they were engaged.

Let us imitate those virtuous Citizens, those true Masons of old, and let our zealous endeavours be, not to tear down the fabric of a well-ordered society, by destroying its beautiful pillars of King, Lords, and Commons, well expressed by the appropriate terms of *Wisdom*, *Strength*, and *Beauty*, but earnestly, as men of principle, set our faces against the open enemy and the insidious friend, against the shameless defier of decency on the one hand, and the pretended Reformer, who walks in darkness with a smooth voice of innocence, on the other.

Our place is to promote peace and good-will among men. We therefore sincerely lament when dire necessity draws forth the sword of war, and sets nations in battle array fiercely against each other. But then, if foreign war calls for our pitying consideration, what should be our prevailing sentiments and our conduct in the view of civil bloodshed? Shall we be indifferent to the consequences of political changes, and run on to the indulgence of a wild scheme of reform, with a delusive idea in our heads, subversive of the momentous consideration, that the *evil* is certain, and the *advantage* uncertain?

Shall we look on the success that innovation has had within the reach of our own observation, and characterized by more horrors than all the volumes of ancient history can parallel, and by more atrocities than the story of human wickedness has ever exhibited as a lesson of man,—shall we, I say, look on it with a calm indifference, whether it has reached its termination or not?

Shall we, thoughtlessly, regard the spectacle of the father armed against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; all the tender connections of life broken by civil feud; friendship lost under the rage of faction; a country torn to pieces by tyrants calling themselves patriots; men, women, and children mingling in one horrid heap, unbalmed by a tender tear, and unmarked by a funeral rite?

These are revolutionary scenes! this is the dismal picture, filled, like the prophet's roll, throughout with lamentation and mourning and woe!

Let none of us then deceive himself with the dangerous conceit that our state would be ameliorated were the trial of a political change to be made; but, as the watchful sons of peace, regard those scenes with horror, and, viewing them as necessarily connected with the design of a turbulent faction, strengthen the hands of that government under which our fathers flourished, and under which we receive protection, and enjoy rational freedom. To this end, keep from you all suspicious characters, and receive no dubious principles; banish with honest indignation those who would fain poison the purity of your faith. Still let our motto ever be, and let our conduct invariably be in unison with its fundamental principles:

Honor all Men, Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, and Honor the King.

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ON THE

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

AMONG THE GREEKS.

IF we consider the writings of the ancients in so far as they relate to their manners, we shall not find them less worthy our attention than those which treat of their wit and knowledge. The two celebrated "Banquets" of Plato and Xenophon are elegant models of the innocent pleasures of their festal board, and plainly point out what kind of entertainment was there to be found. It was by conversations like those, equally learned and moral, that the pleasures of the table were rendered useful, and that great licentiousness and forgetfulness of decorum, which too often grew upon a long sitting, were happily corrected. A review of those, and of our modern conversations, speaks much in behalf of the manners of antiquity, and argues but little in our favour. Instead of that sensible elegance, so pleasing to every truly generous mind, we enjoy nothing but inebriating drenches of wine, followed by that destructive corroder of human happiness, play, that harpy which corrupts the whole mass, if it touch but a particle of the blood. It seems beyond a doubt, that by the help of such conversation, as is in reality the life and soul of a rational creature, the pleasures of the Greek board far surpassed our's, which is but too often, and almost always, gross and inelegant. In Athens eight or ten people of fashion were assembled round the table of a common friend for some hours; their business was not drinking, but amusement: and of what nature was their amusement? It consisted not of the briskly-circulated glass, the high-seasoned toast, or obscene sentiment; but of discourses the freest, the most unconstrained, social, and polished; the most learned, and most solid. They were such as became Philosophers and men; such as, to their shame be it spoken, are little cultivated amongst the professors of the purest, the inspired doctrine, Christianity.

If a licentious sentiment dropped from any mouth, any thing that infringed upon the decent liberty of the table, the offence was not passed without a tacit and proper reprimand, by turning the conversation upon some point of morality which hinted at, or displayed it in proper colours. This position is proved by the behaviour of Socrates, who at the banquet of Xenophon, perceiving his friends inclined to make rather too free with the bottle, delivered himself thus elegantly upon the excellency of drinking with moderation.

"Liquor," said this great light of antiquity, "has the same effect upon us as rain has upon plants, beneath which, when excessive, they sink oppressed, nor can they rise to the fostering breeze: but if lightly sprinkled they acquire new strength; they thrive apace; the flower blooms upon the strong stalk, and at length matures into fruit. Thus

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it is with us. If we drink excessively, we not only find our bodies heavy and languid, but we can scracely breathe, much less express ourselves intelligibly; whereas, let us drink our wine, to use a saying of Gorgias, as plants imbibe the dews; let us take it often, but always in small quantities, instead of oppressing with violence, it will warm with persuasion, and give spirit to keep alive the *utile et dulce* of conversation."

In this sense did Horace mean to speak of Cato, in saying that he strengthened his virtue with a measure of wine. *Narratur et Prisci Catonis sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*

It will undoubtedly be objected by those who have attentively perused the "Banquet" of Plato, that the conversation is often very licentious; that from love, which is the subject, are deduced many maxims far from being consistent with the gravity of the wise men who assisted at this celebrated repast. The answer is obvious to a few moments reflection; here we find the immortal Socrates, as the wisest of the assembly, when the conversation falls to his turn, nobly reproving and correcting the licentiousness of his companions; and insensibly altering their love of creatures into that of the Sovereign Creator, Company such as this, after long sitting, rose from table greater friends, if possible, than when they met, not only more instructed, but more virtuous. It may indeed be said, that in these "Banquets" Plato and Xenophon have only presented us with the fruits of their refined imagination: but it is not doing more than justice to these celebrated ornaments of human nature, and not at all less probable, to suppose, that they served up to us the banquet of their own times as it was, and of which the witnesses were many; and the more so as we find them generally attentive to a real exhibition of the manners of the age on which they reflected such lustre.

Z.

ON THE

OVERFONDNESS OF PARENTS.

------ *In vitium libertas excidit et vim*
Dignam lege regi. HOR.

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here I found a house full of children, who are humoured beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled, by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond father and mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniencies, and, as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The

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second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my wig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he reaches his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being but seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish; because the mother has discovered that her children have not *strong* stomachs. It was the beginning of the partridge season when I first came; and tho' there were several persons at table, and only two small birds for supper, my friend observed to his wife, that he believed his son Jacky loved partridges (though he was but three years old, and had never seen one), and ordered the best part of one to be put by for his dinner the next day. In the evening, when any of them are put to bed, no one is suffered to speak above a whisper, for fear they should be disturbed; nor to walk across the room, except with a gentle tread, lest any of them should awaken: and often when I have been telling my friend a very interesting story, he has broke through the thread of it by addressing his wife with a "My dear, listen; don't I hear one of the children cry: do go, and see;" and it is some time before we are recomposed. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel walk, where I could wish to enjoy my thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, playing at what they call *running after the Gentleman*. My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby horse. The main-spring of my repeating watch has been broke in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The father and mother's attention to the children entirely destroy all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evening, we attempted to begin reading Tom Jones, but were interrupted in the second page by little Sammy, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with head-achs; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and to bid me kiss his -----, because it is smart and clever: and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish, because she was once *sickly*. I am teazed with familiarities which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of a man, but that I cannot *talk to children*. Nor am I the only person who suffers by this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little *Sukey* always cries when she sees him, and has told her Mamma she can't bear that *ugly Parson*.

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Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding; or rather, her whole existence is spent in a series of pregnancies, lyings-in, visitings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grandmother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts that no family has sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses with *fine breasts of milk*. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward peas and melon glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and, conscious of the dignity and importance of being often *big*, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen Fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds; his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere both my friend and his wife, and only wish I could recommend them as managers of children. I hope this letter may fall into their hands, to convince them how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in *their* children as themselves. I would teach them that what I complain of as a matter of inconvenience may, one day, prove to them a severe trial; and that early licentiousness will at last mock that parental affection from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

X. Y. Z.

CHARACTER OF SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

(Taken partly from Bishop Burnet, and partly from Manuscripts.)

SEYMOUR was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was not bred to the law. He was a man of great birth. He was a graceful man, bold and quick. He was supposed to be an immoral and impious man. He had a pride peculiar to himself, in which he had neither shame nor decency; and in all private and public business was the unjustest man that ever lived. He was violent against the Court till he forced himself into good posts. He was the most assuming Speaker that ever sat in the chair. He knew the House and every man in it so well that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. So if any thing was put, when the Court-party was not well gathered together, he would have held the House from doing any thing, by a wilful mistaking or mistating the question. By that he gave time to those who were appointed for that mercenary work, to go about and gather in all their party; and he would discern when they had got the majority; and then he would very fairly state the question, when he saw he was sure to carry it.

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OBSERVATIONS MADE IN A VISIT TO *THE TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,* IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, F.S.A. SCO. OF BIRMINGHAM.

ON Monday, December 6, 1784, I made a tour through Westminster-Abbey. "*Tour through an Abbey!* Absurd!" Not quite so absurd, for it cost me more than six hours to perform it. Other people can do it in half one.

This building, cursorily surveyed by the stranger, will appear void of form; but, upon a close inspection, will be found a regular cross. The nave and side ailes, from the west door, form the shaft; the area, in which are the monuments of Pitt, Halifax, &c. form the right arm; the Poets corner, the left; and Henry the Third's Chapel, which was taken down and augmented by Henry the Seventh, the head.

The first fruits produced by British soil are preserved in this grand repository. The highest attainments in religion, philosophy, arms, government, and the finest talents, compose the dust of Westminster. Here the minister who planned an expedition, and the soldier who fell in it, sleep together. This distinguished collection of the dead stimulates the living. In this lasting storehouse for merit, we cannot view the monuments of Shakespear, Handell, Pitt, Wolfe, Newton, &c. without being astonished at the geniuses they represent, and at the same time, pleased with the tribute of gratitude paid by their country. When excellence is rewarded it will shine the brighter. But, alas! a tribute to the dead is all that has been paid to some; for I could point out several monuments among them, belonging to those who starved while living.

Though desert is the chief road to this honourable bed, yet some have crept in through private avenues; such as misfortunes, like Thynne, who was shot in Pall-Mall by Count Coningsmark in 1692, on an affair of love or of interest; Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was lost at sea in 1707; Balchen, who in 1744 suffered the same fate; and the unfortunate Andre, who fell in the American contest. Many, particularly some good ladies, because they were beloved by their friends; others because they had money to procure a place; others through ambition. I was particularly diverted with one belonging to the name of Hargrove, a Nabob, who was said to have acquired a vast fortune in the East by dishonourable means. His ambition and his money conducted him into Westminster-Abbey, and erected a first rate monument over him.

This monument describes the Resurrection. The earth and the skies are tumbling to pieces, while the angel above is sounding the last

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trumpet. The defunct is represented as rising from the grave, with astonishment in his face, and opens a curtain to see what is the matter. Some Westminster wag wrote under the figure,

Lie still, if you're wise;
You'll be damn'd if you rise.

A monument belonging to a lady of the name of Nightingale is affecting. She is represented in a drooping posture; her husband supports her with his left hand, while with his right he endeavours to ward off the dart which death is attempting to throw, as he rises out of his cave.

The two Ambassadors whose remains were arrested for debt lie in one of the chapels on the floor in ragged and dirty coffins. They found a place in this temple of fame by cheating the world.

I considered myself as surrounded by the most extraordinary personages that ever existed; the collection of ages. Wherever the eye turned, it fixed upon something great. While I attentively surveyed their features in relief, I contemplated their characters, and reviewed the history of their lives printed in memory. I was sorry, however, that I could enumerate a long catalogue of illustrious names which I could not find there.

Entering the eastern part of the Abbey, a person, who, like Matthew, *sat at the receipt of custom*, demanded sixpence. Three or four strangers entering at that instant, he led us the same round, with the same set of words and tone of voice that serve for every day in the year.

We came out together, but with different sensations; their appetites seemed satisfied; mine, from a taste, was become keener. I repeated the moderate fee, and observed to our conductor, I would take a second view without troubling him, and wished to be left to my own reflections. He willingly consented. I returned to the dead with that relish with which a man, recovering from sickness, returns to the living.

HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

About twelve marble steps lead us into this Chapel, which is inconceivably noble, consisting of one room, 99 feet long, 66 wide, and 54 high, divided by two rows of pillars into a nave, and two side aisles. The gates leading into this royal dormitory are of brass, and as curious as art can make them. Many other parts, particularly the ceiling, are equally curious.

Of all the lovers of money among the fifty kings, since England rose into monarchy, Henry was the greatest. His delight was to collect it. He pretended to want money for every occasion, except that for which he really wanted it; *to keep it by him*. He coveted what he never wished to use; and at his decease left more than any other monarch.

Yet, with this extreme penurious temper, no man was ever so lavish in sepulchral expences. All the generous part of his life was swal-

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lowed up in death. Others wish to shine with their wealth while they live, but he when he died. The superb monument of his son Arthur, in the college of Worcester, is a proof of this remark. The splendid manner in which he interred his wife is another; and this amazing structure, with his tomb, is a third.

This chapel cost 14,000l. equal to the modern sum of 50,000l.—Henry's tomb, the first object which presents itself, cost 1000l.

It is plain, from the peculiar workmanship of the ceiling which is over the royal corpse, and forms a kind of canopy, that he fixed upon the very spot where he now lies.

We learn that Henry took down a public-house, called the *White Rose* tavern, to make room for this noble edifice. This would exactly suit Henry's character. He gladly demolished a *white rose* wherever he found one. Nor should I wonder, if the destruction of the tavern was one reason, among many, which produced this grand work.

As Henry, I believe, lies upon the very spot where the tavern stood, he may be said to have plucked up the white rose, and planted the red.

His pride induced him to retain all the ensigns of honour he could muster, as the red dragon, which intimated his descent from Cadwallader; the portcullis, from the Beauforts; the angel, which shewed him the care of heaven; the flag of triumph; the rose of his house; the initial letter of his name, H; and the crown in the bush, alluding to the crown of Richard the Third, found in a hawthorn, where it had been hid by a private soldier, who took it up, perhaps to secure it for himself: as secret acts cannot easily be performed in a crowd, it was discovered, and delivered to Sir Reginald Bray, who brought it to Crown-hill, two miles from Bosworth-field, where the pursuit ended, and where Henry was crowned.

Grand as this place appears, yet, contrary to usual practice, it was made for its furniture, and not the furniture for the place. No expence, therefore, would be spared upon the tomb of the founder, the furniture for which the building was erected.

Henry cannot be accused of forgetting his latter end. He may, in the strictest sense, be said to have prepared for death, and a future state; but his *future state* was in Westminster-Abbey.

He procured one Peters, an ingenious Florentine, to draw him a design of his monument, which he approved, and engaged the artist, for a certain sum, to execute it in every punctillio after his death.

The tomb is large, and composed of the finest marble. Henry and his Queen lie at full length on the top, in their royal robes, of the same materials. The whole is raised five feet from the floor, and guarded by curious palisades of brass, which prevented me from approaching the dusty pair.

The more a nation prospers under a sovereign, the more that sovereign merits the epithet of a good king. Henry, with all his errors, had many excellencies. He had one of the wisest heads that ever bore a crown. No man knew better than he, how to turn events to his own advantage. He was a man of business. Kings are some-

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times tools with which ministers work. But they were his tools with which he worked himself.

When his offspring consisted of one son and two daughters, and the King of Scotland demanded the eldest in marriage, his ministers represented to him, that as the crown was thinly guarded with heirs, England might in time become dependent upon Scotland. He replied, with a smile, and a smile he seldom wasted, "The less can never draw the greater, but the greater may the less." The event verified the prediction. He laid that foundation for a union, which was two hundred years in completing.

Henry was well acquainted with the enormous power of the Lords. They had received it from William the First, as a reward for placing him on the throne. By this power they had often humbled the Crown, had always held the rod over it, and led the people in chains. To reduce this great power without blood was a master-piece of policy.

The wealth of the kingdom was in their hands. They lived and acted like sovereign princes. Each of them was able to retain a little army, dressed in a uniform, completely accoutred, and badged with the ensign of the lord. Vere, Earl of Oxford, had two thousand in his train: even Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, who resided at Sutton, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, kept a hundred men in scarlet cloaks, and silver badges.

Henry, well acquainted with the human heart, plainly saw a strong bias to luxury. Though the nobility lived in a high stile, they wished to live higher, but the means were shut up; they could not dispose of their land. He passed an act, therefore, which enabled every man to alienate this kind of property. The consequences of the act were not seen, except by the crafty monarch: for being gilded over with the idea of liberty, the favourite word in the English language, it gave general satisfaction.

Henry had happily accomplished half his design. The market was soon crouded with sellers; but, alas, money was not to be found. He, therefore, opened the sluices of commerce, as the only channels through which wealth could flow in. This completed his plan. Industry acquired property, which placed money, land, and power, in the hands of the gentry. The Barons no longer bullied the Crown, the feudal system was overturned, and Henry may be said to have given the political clue to the people.

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

In a glass case, near Henry's feet, on the right, stands in wax, the effigy of the Duchess of Buckingham, and that of her eldest son, who died an infant. She is dressed in the suit she wore at the coronation of George the Second, in 1727. She was mother to the Duke, who lies in state in St. Edward's Chapel.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

On the left of Henry's tomb, in another glass case, stands the Duchess of Richmond, and her parrot. The parrot and the lady had

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lived many years together in great harmony. His death was thought the fore-runner of her own, *after her own had happened*, which was in a few days. I think this is the only bird consigned to fame in Westminster-Abbey, by obtaining a place among kings. She wears the very dress she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. Both these ladies are fine figures. Had they been otherwise, they could not easily have found a place here.

KNIGHTS' STALLS.

The nave and the side aisles, in Henry the Seventh's chapel, are farther divided by the wainscot, which joins the pillars, and forms the stalls belonging to the Knights of the Bath. On this wainscot are carved many ludicrous devices. They are well done, but I could not tell to what they alluded. One is a man stooping down, with his posteriors bare, and a woman flogging him with great spirit with a birch rod.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

In the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, we take the melancholy view of a monument raised by Charles the Second, to the memory of two innocent children, Edward the Fifth, and his brother, who fell by the ambition of their uncle. It fills a thinking mind with sorrow, to survey the great number of princes, since the conquest, who have fallen by the hand of violence.----This would induce him to extol a middle station; too high to be despised, and too low to be envied. In this abstract life he may enjoy his amusements, his book, his friend, and his own thoughts.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the centre of this aisle rests Queen Elizabeth. All the Tudors lie in this chapel, except Henry the Eighth. Her stately monument, like many others, is too much elevated for the eye. The principal thing we wish to see is the enclosed remains; but as this cannot be attained, the next is its likeness in effigy; but by the extraordinary height of the monument, the enquirer is prevented. She inherited the manly spirit and the mean jealousy of the Tudors.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

At the far end of the south aisle, in a wainscot press, glazed in the front, is a figure of Charles the Second, in wax, and a dismal figure it is. I believe it a likeness. His face is marked with the coarsest lines that ever mark a face. Such a countenance, inspired with life and majesty, one should think, would terrify the beholder; and yet, to inspire terror, was no part of Charles's character. He seems about five feet nine, and is dressed in the very robes he wore at the installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the centre of this aisle, is the monument of Mary Queen of Scots, which her son, James the First, seems to have erected, as a rival monument to that in the sister aisle of Elizabeth.

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This Princess is another instance of miserable greatness. The life of her meanest subject was not so unfortunate as her own. The greatest bane, in the beginning of her days, was her beauty; this led her into many evils. The greatest bane in the latter end of them was her father's cousin, Queen Elizabeth. She began Mary's troubles with jealousy, and finished them with the axe.——This Princess, like her grandson, Charles the First, was great in death.

A young chorister or two cast at me a few significant glances, who, no doubt, would inform their companions, they had seen a *demoniac, whose abode was among the tombs.*

In a press, without glass, stands the Duke of Albemarle, better known by the name of General Monk, in the short dress of his time. He is not corpulent, but of the athletic make, and about five feet six.

Perhaps the stranger will be struck with awe as he enters a chapel on the north of the Abbey, which leads him into the august presence of four sovereigns dressed in all the magnificence of royalty, whose majestic eyes are directed towards him. He will here be surprised with the grandeur of a court; but it is the court of death. If these splendid figures have lost their authority, they have not lost their dignity.

The furniture of this little chamber, about fourteen feet square, consists of one King, three Queens, and, what is rarely met with in the history of man, a minister *able* and *honest.*

Queen Elizabeth claims our first attention. The figure is straight, genteel, slender, and rather tall.——The features are not large, carry the appearance of care, and something of the hag. Elizabeth paid so much attention to her beauty while living, that if her shade should hover in the neighbourhood of Westminster, she will accuse, in bitter terms, both the statue and the maker. Her dress is tarnished; but whether sufficient to deem it one hundred and ninety years old, is uncertain. However, it is short enough to shew a pair of handsome legs.

Joining the glass case in which she stands, is another, containing William and Mary, in the robes in which they were crowned; except our guides trick us; for Mary's robes are much brighter than the Duchess of Buckingham's, though thirty-nine years older. Between the royal pair stands the crown upon a cushion, supported by a pedestal.

William seems about five feet six; exactly the height of his next door neighbour, Queen Elizabeth. The figure is straight, slender, and carries no prominence of belly. He is sheltered under an enormous bush, called a wig; the ruling fashion at the close of the last century. The royal vest is scarlet, edged with ermine, which reaches to the bottom of his calf. The stockings are white silk, and the shoes yellow leather, turned up at the toe, which seem shoes for shew, more than for use.

Queen Mary is much the tallest, and must have been one of the finest women of the age. The figure and the aspect are engaging. We cannot behold her without pleasure, which corroborates what is universally allowed, that she was formed to make a husband happy,

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and that husband loved her. We have a shining instance before us of conjugal felicity, notwithstanding William's private temper was not the most amiable. What merit, then, is due to this accomplished Queen! She was not so often seen in ermine, engaged in the circle, as with a skein of thread round her neck, engaged with her maids of honour at the needle.

King William, being rather asthmatical, could not bear the thick atmosphere of London, therefore resided at Kensington. A gentleman, who personally knew him, assured me, he never slept more than one night in London, and that was his wedding night.

The three sovereigns I have mentioned fill the south side of the chapel.

In a press, without glass, is safely locked up William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, dressed in the very robes and wig in which he fell in the House of Lords. He stands, the earnest orator, convincing others, being convinced himself. He raised the glory of England beyond any former minister, and in her's raised his own. He loved his country, and was beloved by all but his country's enemies. He planned with strength of thought, he executed with vigour. He gained by wisdom, and twenty millions of money, a great space of country: a succeeding minister, at the expence of a hundred millions, lost a greater. He united jarring interests, and neglected no interest but his own. By the figure, I should suppose him a handsome man, of a slender construction, about five feet seven.

While I contemplated the interesting personages before me, we were attacked by a black December storm; which, uniting with the cobwebs of a dirty window, nearly extinguished the light. I could see my royal companions very little better than they could me. I seemed inclosed in a dismal prison, but did not complain; for it is not quite so common to complain before the face of kings, as behind their backs. I was sorry, however, to hear a deluge of water, from a decayed roof, flow in among a number of amiable sovereigns. Why should even a distant hint be necessary to preserve so venerable an edifice, and its invaluable contents?

On the right hand of Pitt is Queen Anne, sitting in a glass case. She is as beautiful as corpulence will allow; for no figure, very fat, can be very handsome; and has as much good nature as a capacious face will retain. She, like her sister, understood the arts of conjugal happiness better than those of government. The same gentleman who, in 1741, gave me the anecdote of King William, farther told me, that the night succeeding her coronation, or rather the morning, the Queen turned to the Prince her husband, with a smile, "George, will you go to rest?" The Prince, joyous with his company, on that most joyous occasion, replied, in the same strain, "No, Madam; how dare I go to bed to my sovereign? I am now only your subject, and, like other subjects, am under the command of my prince." "Why then, George, I command you to come to bed."

Her reign was torn with parties; nor is it surprising, she should favour a brother in preference to a stranger.

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During my stay in the Abbey, I made many visits to this chapel, considered the princes before whom I stood, as being returned back to life; surveyed them in every direction, and was pleased with all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 392.)

AMONG the various vot'ries of the stage,
Who shine in comic ease or tragic rage,
Few, though of nobler requisites possest,
Can boast, like BENSLEY, influence o'er the breast.
By nature fashion'd in an hour of spleen,
Blest with few outward pow'rs to grace the scene;
No marking eyes to image forth the soul,
When struggling tides of various passions roll;
No voice to dignify the poet's sense,
Or melting strains of pathos to dispense:
Yet, maugre these defects, we always find
A true conception of his author's mind;
A manly fervour, and a judgment clear,
That force from coldest critics praise sincere.
In tragedy, his proper sphere is Age,
The patriot-warrior and the solemn sage.
In comic scenes his efforts best appear
When snarling truths sententious and severe:
Hence we behold his talents ably fit
VANBURGH's shrewd sense, and CONGREVE's manly wit.

Where travell'd fops, too nice for nature grown,
Are sway'd by affectation's whims alone;
Where the sly knave, usurping honour's guise,
By secret villainy attempts to rise;
Or where the footman, negligently gay,
His master's modish airs would fain display;
But chiefly where the rake, in higher life,
Cajoles the husband to seduce the wife,
And, fraught with art, but plausible to sight,
The libertine and hypocrite unite:
PALMER from life the faithful portrait draws,
And calls unrival'd for our warm applause.

In WROUGHTON's acting, though we rarely find
The vig'rous traces that denote a mind

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Form'd for the high achievements of the stage,
His efforts always our respect engage.
In scenes of injur'd virtue, that require
A bold exertion of ingenuous fire,
With honest energy the part he feels,
And with true pathos to the breast appeals.
When *Buckingham*, betray'd by *Wolsey*'s pow'r
To shameful death in manhood's blooming hour,
Without one friend to stem the adverse tide,
Falls a sad sacrifice to priestly pride,
There WROUGHTON's skill excites th' applauding sigh,
And pity's gems illumine ev'ry eye,
Still in his proper sphere would he remain,
A warm protection he must justly gain;
But if ambition spread her fatal fire,
And bid his mind at daring heights aspire,
The giddy summit will his pow'rs confound,
And critic fury drag him to the ground.
Lest in forbidden paths he still should roam,
The friendly muse thus kindly calls him home.
The weight of *Lear* unable to sustain,
Beneath the weighty load he sunk with pain;
And wak'd in *Jaffier* a regret more keen,
That BARRY's pow'rs no more shall grace the scene.

When nature fashion'd DODD, severely kind,
She those peculiar requisites combin'd
Which ne'er can image manhood's vig'rous bloom,
But shine in insects of the drawing-room.
None on the stage, so well as he, can show
The various traces of that thing, *the beau*,
Whether in *Meggot*'s *gusto* it appear,
In *Tattle*'s levity or *Back-bite*'s sneer,
In all, he acts upon so nice a plan,
He seems in life to be the very man,
But that, in life he acts without offence,
And boasts with plain good humour, plain good sense.
No scanty praise should be to DODD assign'd,
Were he to foppish parts alone confin'd;
And yet his pow'rs, not limited to these,
In quaint simplicity can justly please:
No equal *Master Stephen* has been found
Since SHUTER spread resistless mirth around;
And *Ague-Cheek*, drawn with unborrow'd art,
Presents the matchless bard's embody'd part.
But his chief excellence in fops is seen,
There, happy union! figure, voice, and mien,
This honest verdict must for DODD engage---
That he's the greatest coxcomb on the stage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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RULES FOR
THE GERMAN FLUTE.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

Nec te poeniteat calamo trivisse labellum. VIRG. ECL. II. 34.

NO writer whatever is, perhaps, so utterly contemptible as to be placed out of the reach of censure; and therefore I cannot help expressing my wishes, that the following rules may be well received. My intention is certainly good; and that is generally thought sufficient, at least by all candid persons, to overbalance a multitude of faults.

I am willing to suggest, in this public manner, the result of some observation and practice; but have no right to dictate; and should be sorry to lead any one into a mistake, even on a subject of the lowest importance.

The German Flute seems of late to have become a general favourite from the circumstance of its being so easily conveyed from one place to another; and yet it has happened, that while many play upon it, and all admire it, there are but few, in comparison, who consult the true genius of the instrument; not excepting some of the masters themselves, if we may form a judgment of their taste from their works. By taste, in this instance, I mean nothing more than a due attention to the peculiar excellence of that particular instrument, for which they profess to compose: and I think I may be allowed to say, that from a neglect of this, very little credit arises to the master, and still less instruction to the pupil, from the generality of German Flute solo's.

I do not pretend to place the German Flute very high, in point of rank. It may justly be considered as a trifling instrument, when compared with the fiddle or the organ. But if trifles amuse us, we should endeavour to make the best of them; and it is with this view that I have thrown together the following rules: not setting up for a master, but contributing all I can to the credit of an instrument to which I have been obliged for many an agreeable hour.

Never blow too loud; if you do, you will not hear the true tone of the instrument; but instead of that, a shrill, grating noise, like the sound of a harpsichord when the quills are too strong; besides, whenever you chance to be accompanied by a better player than yourself, you will easily discover, that, in consequence of blowing too loud, you blow out of tune. I would recommend it to all learners on the German Flute, to play sometimes in *unison* with a more skilful performer; for by this means any variation from the true pitch will be sooner observed by beginners, than in playing a separate part. It is likewise of use to sound octaves; which may be made to follow each other so quick, as to direct the ear. As I apprehend it to be rather difficult to pass immediately, with correctness, from any note to the octave, I venture to recommend this rule, even to those performers on

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the German Flute, who are never guilty, perhaps, of playing out of tune, in the common gradation from one note to another: and they must not take it amiss, as if I meant to reflect on the goodness of their ear; which, to say the truth, has but little to do in this case; for though the ear must determine whether the octave be in tune or not, still a proper exertion of the breath, even in all parts of the *gamut*, depends upon habit and practice: and no one can deserve the name of a player, who is not sure of the pitch of his note, before he makes the experiment.

Endeavour to express the notes distinctly, and yet in such a manner, as not to make a noise with the tongue. I have often wondered why masters insist so much on the use of the tongue; for I know by experience, that the breath alone will, in most instances, throw out the notes with more softness a great deal, and as distinctly to the full. This method may, perhaps, be attended with some defects which I am not aware of; and therefore I would not be thought to insist upon it, as a point beyond debate. I have known it tried with success, in a general way, and have always considered it as one means of guarding the face of the player from unseemly distortions; which are often introduced, I believe, by using the tongue; and ought certainly to be avoided as much as possible.

It is the observation of Mr. *Geminiani*, that strength, and delicacy, and expression, are much surer marks of taste in playing, than a thousand favourite passages and graces. This observation must undoubtedly hold good in every instrument that admits of expression, and in no one more than the German Flute; which should always be considered as a counterfeit voice, and be treated as such; for which reason Italian songs, Venetian ballads, Scotch tunes, and compositions of the *cantabile* kind, are best suited to this instrument; and they who aim higher, and cannot be content with lessons of this low class, must have recourse for better musick, and more variety, to the fiddle or the harpsichord. Great execution, indeed, on any instrument, is by no means a merit of the first rank, nor absolutely requisite towards forming the character of a good player; any more than it is necessary to vie with a harlequin, in order to dance gracefully. Yet execution has its beauties, where the instrument will admit of it. The German Flute will not; and therefore it is a point to be given up, by those who mean to consult its real excellence.

J. S.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. WHISTON.

THE late King, it is well known, was fond of old Whiston: he was walking with him one day in Hampton Court gardens during the heat of his persecutions. "Mr. Whiston," said he, "you may perhaps be right in your opinions, but it would be better if you kept them to yourself."—"Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" asked the old man. "I am," replied the King:—"Then," said Whiston, "I am sorry for it:—had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your Majesty have been at this time?"

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FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF THE TIMES.

I REMEMBER it was said by some foreigner (I forget who) that London is an epitome of the world. The observation is certainly true. This capital, as if the centre of the world, draws all other nations to itself, as by a kind of magnetic power. Here the swarthy Asiatic, the sober Turk, the stately Spaniard, the robust German, the vengeful Italian, and the fidgeting Frenchman, all these, and more than these, find here a warm reception. These emigrants, from the warm principle of self-love, are generally induced to settle on this hospitable shore; and in due course of time, after a series of intimate connections with the English, unite interests, and become complete and naturalized Englishmen. It is no wonder then, if by intermarrying and by blending together the other duties and interests of society, their tempers and inclinations should be frequently blended also. Such motley connections will necessarily produce motley characters; and hence it is that London cannot be equalled for an unbounded variety of original characters.

To be convinced of this, let a man of a speculative humour but mark with attention the various faces of the croud that bustles along thro' our streets. Such study, to a judicious physiognomist, will be productive of the most entertaining reflections; and I will engage, that between Charing-cross and the Royal Exchange he will meet with the different nations of Europe in miniature. This is what makes an Englishman's face *multum in parvo:* for it is the fertile spot where you may behold all the varieties of sentiment and climate. When I meet a groupe of countenances, I frequently entertain myself by singling out each of them, and tracing its original, feature by feature, till I find it centre in a French cook, or a German fidler.

Need we then be surprised at the material alterations in the tempers as well as in the faces of the English? Need we be surprised, that our men are degenerating into all the little effeminacies which are the harbingers of national decline; or that our women are vying to outrun each other in the race of riot, dissipation, and wantonness? Let us cease to be astonished that luxury has infested all ranks of society, that we have turned night into day, and that we are going to ruin as fast as we can: let us cease to be astonished, I say, for it is not now as it was in good Queen Bess's days—

> Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
> His servants up, and rise at five o'clock;
> Instruct his family in every rule,
> And send his wife to church, his son to school:
> To worship like his fathers was his care,
> And teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
> To prove, that luxury would never hold,
> And place on good security his gold, &c. &c.

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I was led into the foregoing reflections by reading a curious little historical anecdote of Elizabeth's reign. It seems that great Princess, in a season of profound peace, was alarmed by some reports of an intended invasion by her enemies upon her kingdom; and that for this purpose many thousand foreigners were interspersed through the City of London to serve as spies, or for other wicked designs. On this information, Elizabeth, with her usual prudence, issued out orders to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c. to make the strictest scrutiny through their several wards, and draw out an exact list of the names of all the foreigners residing therein, classed under their respective nations or provinces; by which the exact number of all foreigners residing in London could be ascertained. The Citizens carefully obeyed, and in a short time returned the list, from which I have selected the following articles:

No. of Scots residing in London	40
French	428
Spaniards and Portuguese	45
Italians	140
Dutch	2030
Danes	2

This list must appear so very extraordinary in our times, that I will not deprive your readers of the pleasure of making their own reflections upon it. The thing, indeed, is strange, passing strange; but the first article is so incredible, that, lost in astonishment, I throw down my pen.

A SPECULIST.

ANECDOTES.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF TEMERITY IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

GEORGE Haslewood, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards, by Prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the Archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hand into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand the chance for him. The Judges consented also to this request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. When he was asked, why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and, after such a signal escape, so presumptuously hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had

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a bargain of it; for, considering that I daily expose myself for the value of six-pence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

IN a party who piqued themselves upon being men of wit and genius, one of them, who, however, was nothing more than a pretender, after many ineffectual attempts, at length set the table in a roar, by a most *execrable* pun; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had *now* been very successful, when a gentleman, turning to Lord Chesterfield, asked his Lordship, what was his opinion of *punning* in general? To which his Lordship replied, "I conceive *punning* has a doublefold advantage in company; for a very good pun makes one laugh, and a very bad one makes one laugh still more, *as was the case just now;* but," said he, "an indifferent pun is the most indifferent of all indifferent things; having neither salt enough to make one smile, or stupidity enough to excite the risible muscles at the author; and may therefore be stiled the dregs of wit, the sediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common sense."

OF MR. WHISTON.

WHEN I was once talking (says Whiston) with the Lord Chief Justice King, one brought up among the Dissenters at Exeter, under a most religious, Christian, and learned education, we fell into a debate about signing articles which we did not believe, for preferment; which he openly justified, and pleaded for it, that *we must not lose our usefulness for scruples.* I replied, that I was sorry to hear his Lordship say so; and desired to know whether in their courts they allowed of such prevarication or not? He answered, They did not allow it. Which produced this rejoinder from me, "Suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world, as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?" To which he made no answer. And to which the late Queen Caroline added, when I told her the story, "Mr. Whiston, *No answer was to be made to it.*"

THE late Mr. Wilbraham used frequently to say, he wished to continue at the bar only till he acquired one hundred thousand pounds, and then he would retire into the country: he obtained the sum he wished for, and afterwards built Road Hall, a very magnificent seat in Cheshire, where he retired. One day, as the great lawyer, but unlearned sportsman, was with a party of friends a coursing, he discovered a hare sitting at a small distance: the unskilful hunter, being better accustomed to the rules of Westminster-hall than the diversions of the field, immediately uncoupled the dogs to start them at the heels of Mrs. Puss. A farmer passing by, observing the unfairness of the hunter, exclaimed aloud, "Master, master, give law, give law!" "No, no, my friend," replied the lawyer, "if I had *given* law, I had never built Road Hall."

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OF THE LATE DR. FLAMSTEAD.

HE was many years Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a humourist, and of warm passions. Persons of his profession are often supposed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this persuasion a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her. The Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke; he bid her stay, he would see what he could do; perhaps he might let her know where she might find them, but who the persons were he would not undertake: as she could have no positive proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her; and, after some time, told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet. The woman went and found them, came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her, Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen; but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him; I am determined I will not; so never come, or send any one, to me any more, on such occasions; for I will never attempt such an affair again whilst I live. This story Dr. Flamstead told to the late reverend and learned Mr. Whiston.

" The subjects' love a King's surest guard. RALEIGH'S MAXIMS.

IN the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, there was a congress of the German Princes held at Wonnatia: among other discourse, each Prince extolled the superior excellencies of his respective country; the Elector of Saxony preferred his metals and rich mines; the Bavarian boasted of brave cities, strong towns, and armies; the Palatine expatiated on his delicious wines, and the fertility of his lands; " And I," said the Duke of Wittenburgh, (modestly) " can lay my head and sleep securely in the lap of any of my subjects." *Huic facile concedite palmam,* (said the Emperor;) " Give him the palm."

ONE of the greatest qualities of which the late King William was master was, his desire to act by himself, and his scorn of blindly following the dictates of his Ministers: there is one instance in particular handed down of his great impartiality: that when he was pressed by men in authority to remove that honest and great commander, Sir George Rooke, from his employment, because he had given a vote in Parliament contrary to the disposition of the Ministry; the King answered, " that it was not the station of an Admiral to obey his orders in the House of Commons."

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TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IF you think the following Anecdote of the late Lord Lyttelton worth inserting in your Magazine, it is at your service.

A worthy Physician of my acquaintance was sent for by his Lordship, in his last illness, for whom he had a particular regard, and to whom he said, "Doctor, you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured with all their might to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes.—Since my first marriage I never had any unchaste commerce with any woman. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit.—In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsel which I did not at that time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. In public affairs, great good can often only be done by risking some evil; and morality is in that sphere of action necessarily on a larger ground than in more private affairs.—I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power; and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs against any person whatsoever."

At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness: I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE Calif Hegiage, who by his cruelties had rendered himself the terror and dread of his subjects, happening to traverse his vast dominions without any badge of distinction, met with an Arabian of the desert, and thus addressed himself to him:

"Friend, (said he) I should be glad you would let me know what kind of a man this Hegiage is, of whom they talk so much?"—"Hegiage (replies the Arabian) is no man; he is a tyger, a monster."—"Of what do they accuse him?"—"Oh! a multitude of crimes; already has he wallowed in the blood of more than a million of his subjects."—"Have you never seen him?"—"No"—"Well, look at him now: 'tis to *him* thou speakest."

The Arabian, without betraying the least surprise, rivets his eyes upon him, and proudly demands, "And you, Sir, know you who *I* am?"—"No."—"I belong to the family of Zobain, each of whose descendants is infected with madness one day in every year, and mine is to-day."

Hegiage smiled, and in consideration of the ingenuity of his excuse forgave him.

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ACCOUNT OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM,

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED

SHAKSPEARE MANUSCRIPTS.

THE volume promised by Mr. IRELAND to the world, and which has excited no small degree of curiosity, has at length appeared. Criticism has here a noble feast, upon which it may gorge itself.

While the volume, which now appears, has been preparing for the press, many attempts have been made, with equal illiberality and malignity, to excite doubts in the public mind with respect to the authenticity of these MSS.

In his preface Mr. IRELAND says, " that from the first moment of the discovery of the MSS. to the present hour, he has incessantly laboured, by every means in his power, to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers.

" Throughout this period," proceeds he, " there has not been an ingenuous character, or disinterested individual, in the circle of literature, to whose critical eye he has not been earnest that the whole should be subjected. He has courted, he has even challenged, the critical judgment of those who are best skilled in the poetry and phraseology of the times in which SHAKSPEARE lived; as well as those whose profession or course of study has made them conversant with ancient deeds, writings, seals, and autographs.---Wide and extensive as this range may appear, and it includes the scholar, the man of taste, the antiquarian, and the herald, his inquiries have not rested in the closet of the speculatist; he has been equally anxious that the whole should be submitted to the practical experience of the mechanic, and be pronounced upon by the paper-maker, &c. as well as the author. He has ever been desirous of placing them in any view, and under any light, that could be thrown upon them: and he has, in consequence, the satisfaction of announcing to the public, that, as far as he has been able to collect the sentiments of the several classes of persons above referred to, they have unanimously testified in favour of their authenticity, and declared that, where there was such a mass of evidence, internal and external, it was impossible, amidst such various sources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded so much, without betraying itself; and, consequently, that *these papers can be no other than the production of* SHAKSPEARE *himself.*"

The contents of the volume are,

Fac Similies of Shakspeare's Autographs.
Queen Elizabeth's Letter.
Extracts from Miscellaneous Papers.
Note of Hand.
Letter to Anna Hatherrewaye.
Verses to the same.

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Letter to the Earl of Southampton.
The Earl's Answer.
Profession of Faith.
Letter to Cowley.
Portrait inclosed in the same.
Reverse of ditto.
Deed of Gift to Ireland.
Tributary Lines to Ireland.
View of Ireland's House and Coat of Arms.
Bassanio and Shylock.
Agreement with Lowine.
Agreement with Condell.
Lease to M. Fraser and his Wife.
Deed of Trust to John Hemynge.
King Lear.
Hamlet (a Fragment, of a few pages).

The following are Extracts from this curious and interesting Publication:

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LETTER.

"Wee didde receive youre prettye verses
Good Masterre William through the hands
Off our Lorde Chamberlayne ande we doe
Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence
Wee shall departe from Londonne toe
Hamptowne forre the Holydayes where wee
Shalle expecte thee with thye beste Actorres
thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe toe
amusse usse bee not slowe butte comme toe
usse bye Tuesday nexte asse the lorde
Leicesterre wille bee withe usse.

"ELIZABETH R."

Addressed
For Master William Shakespere
atte the Globe bye Thames

Thys Lettere I dydee receyve fromme
my most gracyouse Ladye Elyzabethe
ande I doe requeste ite maye bee
kepte withe alle care possyble

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE.---Upon the above Extract it has been remarked, "that Leicester died in 1588; and, from circumstances, we suppose the date of the Quen's Letter to be about 1585, when the Poet, who was born in 1564, was 21 years of age only, and his children were christening at Stratford;---that there is no uniformity of orthography; that the words are clogged with unnecessary letters in many instances, and lapse into a purer system in a few; and that the Poet making a note upon a letter, plainly signed by the Queen herself, spells her name *differently* and *wrongly*.

LETTER TO ANNA HATHERREWAYE,
(Afterwards Shakspeare's wife) with a lock of his hair plaited:

"DEARESSTE ANNA,

"As thou haste alwaye found mee toe mye worde most trewe soe thou shalt see I have strictlye kepte mye promyse I praye you per-

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fume thys my poore Locke with thy balmye Kysses forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themselves bowe and paye homage toe it I do assure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gyldedde bauble thatte envyronnes the heede of Majestye noe norre honourres most weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee. The feelinge thatte dydde neareste approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheste untoe God meeke and Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I love doe I cherishe thee inne mye hearte forre thou arte ass a talle Cedarre stretchynge forthe its branches and succourynge the smallere Plants from nyppynge Winneterre orr the boysterouse Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I will see thee tille thenne

Adewe sweete Love — Thyne everre
Anna Hatherrewaye. — Wm. Shakspeare.

VERSES TO ANNA HATHERREWAYE.

I

Is there inne heavenne aught more rare
Thanne thou sweete Nymphe of Avon fayre
Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
Thanne Willy Shakspeare is toe you

II

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde
Stille dothe she leave herre wealthe behynde
She neere the hearte canne forme anew
Norre make thye Willys love unnetrue

III

Though Age with witherd hand doe stryke
The forme moste fayre the face moste bryghte
Stille dothe she leave unnetouchedde ande trewe
Thy Willys love ande freynshyppe too

IV

Though deathe with neverre faylynge blowe
Dothe Manne ande Babe alike brynge lowe
Yette dothe he take naughte butte hys due
And strikes notte Willys hearte stille trewe

V

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre age
Canne faythfulle Willys love asswage
Thenne doe I live ande dye forre you
Thy Willye syneere ande moste trewe

The following are some of the smaller papers, of which fac similia have been published by Mr. Ireland:

"Inne the Yeare o Christ [Here the writing is torn off.]

"Forre oure Trouble inne goynge toe Playe before the Lorde Leycesterre ats house and our greate Expenneces thereupponne 19 poundes

"Receyvedde ofs Grace the Summe o 50 Poundes.

"Wm Shakespeare"

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NOTE OF HAND.

"One Moneth from the date hereof I doe promyse to paye to my good and worthye Freynde John Hemynge the sum of five Pounds and five shillings English Monye as a recompense for hys greate trouble in fettling and doinge much for me at the Globe Theatre as also for hys trouble in going down for me to Stratford.

"Witness my Hand

"September the Nynth 1589 WM SHAKESPEARE."

[Here the name is spelled without the second A.]

LETTER TO RICHARD COWLEY.

"Worthye Freynde

"Havynge alwaye accountedde thee a pleasante and wittye Personne and onne whose Company I doe much esteeme I have sente thee inclosedde a whymsicalle conceyte which I doe suppose thou wilt easylye discoverre butte shoudst thou notte why, thennee I shall sette thee onne my table of *loggere heades*.

"Youre trewe Freynde

"WM SHAKESPEARE."

The following advertisement is affixed to the MSS. of LEAR.

"Tragedye of Kynge Leare

"Isse fromme Masterre Hollinneshedde I have inne somme lyttle departtedde fromme hymme butte thatte Libbertye will notte I truste be blammedde bye mye gentle Readerres

"WM SHAKESPEARE."

Several deeds have been recently discovered by ALBANY WALLIS, Esq. amongst the papers of the Featherstonhaugh family, that concern SHAKSPEARE and IRELAND; one of which is signed by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and witnessed by several other persons, whose signatures exactly correspond with the autograph in Mr. IRELAND's possession, and add incontrovertible proofs (if they stood in need of them) to the genuineness of those invaluable treasures.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF

MR. SPILLARD, THE PEDESTRIAN.

LATELY arrived in Town from Halifax in Nova Scotia, Mr. Spillard, the celebrated pedestrian traveller so frequently mentioned in the European and American publications. This singular character has been out near twelve years, and has travelled on foot, during that time, the distance of 69,000 miles and upwards, through all Europe, a great part of Asiatic Turkey, through Barbary, up to Mequinez and Fez, in Morocco, and through the Arabs' country.

Being desirous to add America to the other three quarters of the world, he took passage from Gibraltar, about six years ago, for Bos-

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ton, and has travelled, during that time, through all the United States, through East Florida, and from the river St. Mary's, through the Wilderness to the Lower and Upper Creek nation, where he was kindly received by his friend Col. Magillevray. Being protected by him, he remained there for a considerable time, and was furnished by that gentleman with notes of that nation, of Indian manners and customs. From the Creeks he visited the Chickasaw, Cherokee, and Chocklaw nations of Indians, and was always present at their councils and talks.

From the Creek nation he proceeded to Pensacola, in East Florida, where he procured letters of recommendation from Governor O'Neal in the Spanish service, and also from Mr. William Panton, merchant of that place, to the Baron de Carondelet, at New Orleans, the present Governor of Louisiana, who, contrary to Mr. Spillard's expectation, as well as those of his friends, very politely received him, and not only gave him a general passport, but likewise letters of recommendation to the Governor of the Natchez, and to all the commandants of districts and out-posts in this extensive province.

Mr. Spillard's intention being to go up the Messura river to its source, he set out from New Orleans, accompanied by some gentlemen who would insist upon seeing him as far as the post of the Walnut Hills. There he crossed the Mississippi river, with six men in his company, and went up it till he came to the confluence of the Messura with the Mississipi. Having gone up the Messura a distance of more than 3000 miles, he fell in with six white hunters, from the Oucheta river, who advised him not to attempt going up any farther, as they themselves were out three years hunting, and lost all their peltry and horses, and narrowly escaped with their lives from the Ouza Indians, who never give any quarter to either red or white men; and that the party who went up that river to explore it, under Governor Mure's directions, were all killed.

Thus deterred, he came down to Natchez, and soon after came down the Mississippi, till he came to the confluence of the Red River, the source of which he was determined to find out at all events. He accordingly went up as far as Aenoilise, where he parted with his canoe, and struck off to Oppalusa, which, as well as Atakapau and New Iberia, he carefully examined. Here he struck across the mountains to Nachitoches, which is the last Spanish port upon the Red River. Previous to leaving New Orleans, the Governor gave him letters to the Governor of the province of Thikoss, in New Spain, where he arrived at the city of St. Antoine in a month after his departure from Nachitoches. The Governor, Dr. John Curtess, received him politely, and, after resting a few days, gave him a small guard as an escort to the south mountain of Santalee. Here he fell in with the south branch of the Red River, which he continued down till he came to the north branch, and so continued along its banks in the great plains till he came to the Pawnee nation of Indians, and so on to the Cansee Indians, continuing his route till he arrived again at Nachitoches, and so down to the mouth of the river.

There are many rivers which fall into the Red River, such as the False

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Oucheta, Muddy River, the Acomashee, or the River of the Mene, Little River, and Black River, with the Oucheta, falls into it just twenty leagues from the Mississippi. The Red River water is very unwholesome, from its salt taste; it is also very muddy and rapid.

Mr. Spillard is the first person who has ever taken a draught of this river from its source, from the mountains of Santafee, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance, with its windings, little short of 4000 miles.

We are sorry to hear that this gentleman, in attempting to get to England, has been twice captured by French privateers, out of Charlestown, and stripped of every thing valuable about him, but had the good fortune to save his journals and notes, which are intended shortly for publication. He came to England in His Majesty's ship the Thisbe, through the recommendation of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, at Halifax.

PROCESS OF SCALPING

AMONG THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

SCALPING is a mode of torture peculiar to the Indians. If a blow is given with the tomahawk previous to the scalp being taken off, it is followed by instant death; but where scalping only is inflicted, it puts the person to excruciating pain, though death does not always ensue. There are instances of persons of both sexes now living in America, and no doubt in other countries, who, after having been scalped, by wearing a plate of silver or tin on the crown of their head, to keep it from the cold, enjoy a good state of health, and are seldom afflicted with pains.

When an Indian strikes a person on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim instantly drops; he then seizes his hair with one hand, twisting it very tight together, to separate the skin from the head, and, placing his knee on the breast, with the other he draws the scalping knife from the sheath, and cuts the skin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dexterous, the operation is generally performed in two minutes. The scalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the sun, and rubbed over with vermilion. Some of the Indians in time of war, when scalps are well paid for, divide one into five or six parts, and carry them to the nearest post, in hopes of receiving a reward proportionate to the number.

When the scalp is taken from the head of one of their own people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dressing it up, and painting it with vermilion; they then place it against a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the Indians to suppose it an enemy on the watch; and round the body they set spears in the

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ground, so as scarcely to be discernible. The Indians, on seeing the person against the tree, and anxious to make him a prisoner, in the eagerness of running, fall on the points of the spears, and, being disabled from proceeding, are easily made prisoners.

How much the Indians pride themselves upon being adepts in the art of scalping, may be seen by the following short anecdote respecting two savages, in the time of Sir William Johnson:

A Mohawk, of the name of Scunnionsa, or the Elk, and a Chippeway Indian of the name of Cark Cark, or the Crow, having met at a council of war near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their superiority in taking scalps. The Mohawk contended, that he could take a larger scalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different route, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man, stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with deers' sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The Chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then rose, and, looking earnestly at the Mohawk, desired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's scalp, which is considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deers' sinews. The Chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority. The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

Death, among the Indians, is, upon many occasions, rather sought for than dreaded, and particularly by those advanced in years, when their strength and activity fail them so that they cannot hunt. A father then solicits to *change his climate*, according to the Indian mode of expression; and the son cheerfully acts the part of the executioner, and puts a period to the existence of his parent.

Among the northern Chippeways, when the father of a family seems reluctant to comply with the usual custom, and his life becomes burdensome to himself and friends, and his children are obliged to maintain him with the labour of their hands, they propose to him the alternative, either to be put on shore on some island, with a small canoe and paddles, bows and arrows, a bowl to drink out of, and there run the risk of starving; or to suffer death according to the laws of the nation manfully. As there are few instances where the latter is not preferred, I shall relate the ceremony practised on such an occasion:

A sweating-house is prepared in the same form as at the ceremony

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of adoption; and whilst the person is under this preparatory trial, the family are rejoicing that the Master of Life * has communicated to them the knowledge of disposing of the aged and infirm, and sending them to a better country, where they will be renovated, and hunt again with all the vigour of youth. They then smoke the pipe of peace, and have their dog-feast: they also sing the grand medicine song, as follows:

"The Master of Life gives courage. It is true all Indians know that he loves us, and we now give our father to him, that he may find himself young in another country, and be able to hunt.

The songs and dances are renewed, and the eldest son gives his father the death stroke with a tomahawk: they then take the body, which they paint in the best manner, and bury it with the war weapons, making a bark hut to cover the grave, to prevent the wild animals from disturbing it.

SINGULARITIES OF
MR. HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

FROM MR. PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

MR. HOWARD was singular in many of the common habits of life; for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes to dry ones, and, both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries, nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six-and-twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, for the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl, nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride; and where that was hazardous, he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the

* This is the appellation given by the Indians to the Deity.

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hour, and exactly as the clock, in my room, struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep, just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry cloaths, &c.

"Yes (said he), smiling, I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back, as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me as little injury; and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on has been as often wetted through, as any duck's in the world, and, indeed, gets no other sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloath in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of Ease and Luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebled refinements of feathers by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatized by Pope, who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her, with indulgencies, from the moment we come into the world—a soft dress, and soft cradle, begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest, which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.

"You smile (added Mr. Howard, after a pause), but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more 'puny whipster' than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up: if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded; I could not put on my shirt without its being aired; I was, politely, enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions, which are of such use to us as social beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather: a little too much of either would post-

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pone, and frequently prevent---not only my amusements, but my duties; and every one knows that a pleasure, or a duty, deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination you very justly called the Thief of Time. And if, pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels, to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like dislocation; and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires, were to comfort me, and keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage: and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being, so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

"Every man (continued Mr. Howard) must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on, himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit, than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or, at best, disinclined to any useful exertions, for some hours after dinner: and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen of hours on the stretch.

"You will not wonder, that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a teaspoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions, without any injury to the corporeal: nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining upon many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

"In the next place---but I shall tire you."

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I entreated him to go on till I either shewed by words or actions that I was weary.

He proceeded thus :—" My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, and spirits, augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it; I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors: and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp beds, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.

" Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves—for instance, we are for ever giving hot things, when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house last week in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail full of comfortable things, as he called them, which he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with, as he called it, a *racketty* complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comforts, and take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. " Cold water, your honour!" exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation. " Would you kill the poor dumb creature? Why, she is in such *desperatious* pain, that I don't think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her, than if I were to pour it against a dead wall." " No matter for that," said I, " take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labours, dost thou think that Nature would ever carry her the hot comforts you have got in that pail?" " Nature, your honour! but with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little: if not, Nature will let them die." " Not she, truly: if they are recoverable, she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it, she is the best physician in the world, though she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for, whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass and cold water." Though the poor fellow dared not any longer resist, I could see plainly that he put me down as having lost, not only my senses, but my humanity. However, the cure did very well; and I am satisfied, that if we were to trust more to Nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of their present number. Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers, for example; of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about, or rendered worse, by misapplication of improper remedies, or by our own violation of the laws of nature. And the same, I take it, may be said of other disorders."

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A DISSERTATION ON

THE

MODERN ART OF SCRIBBLING.

Scribimus indocti ——— HOR.

AS there is no art so extensively cultivated as that of Scribbling, I intend to make a few remarks upon it; and as Aristotle planned his rules for the antient drama from a critical examination of the antient dramatic writers, so shall I draw my observations on the Modern Art of Scribbling from the practice of the present numerous race of modern Scribblers.

First then, to proceed regularly, I shall define Scribbling to be the Art of putting words together without any regard to matter, method, manner, or meaning: under this definition therefore are included all the works and compositions of the present age.

There are but very few things primarily requisite to constitute a professed Scribbler. It is indeed absolutely necessary that he should learn his alphabet at least; and I think it would be some additional advantage to him, if he has made a tolerable proficiency in his Spelling-book: but this is not so material, because the printer's compositor, or the corrector of the press, whose reading is doubtless more extensive than the author's, will rectify any mistakes of this sort in the copy. The Scribbler indeed must learn to write, that is, to put his letters together; but it signifies little, how slovenly soever he does it, as it is a mark of a good education to write almost illegibly, and is always affected by the best authors.

All other erudition is needless, and proves an incumbrance, as it clogs the invention, obliges a man to think before he writes, ties him down to the laborious task of revising and correcting, consequently takes off from that negligent spirit of easy freedom so essential to modern writings, by adding a scientific stiffness, and the reserved closeness of rational deduction.

A Scribbler, with the advantages of the education before premised, wants nothing now to enable him to go to work directly, but the fortuitous assistance of pen, ink, and paper. We insist very little upon his having what is called a talent, or a competent knowledge of what he is about: he has very little occasion for a head, if he has but a hand. Hence it is, that the booksellers, who are the task-masters of geniusses, and (if I may be pardoned the allusion) often oblige them to make brick without straw, have taken up the expression, "Such an "one is a good hand: he is but a poor fist: he has it at his finger's end," and so on.

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Some authors are very often put to their shifts in procuring these useful conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper: and here the Verse-turner has vastly the advantage over the Prose-spinner, as his words lie in a closer compass, and he never sets down his lines till he has made his tag; whereas the other always runs on in a continued course, as fast as he can, clapping down the first sentence that comes in his head, before he has considered, or even knows what the next shall be.---This leads me to account for the superiority of the ancients over modern authors: for as paper was little used among the Grecians or the Romans, they were obliged to digest their thoughts, and methodise them into some order, before they transcribed them into their volumes: and the convenience of printing could not give occasion for the vending of any crudities that happen to proceed, as is often the case at present, from a weak and distempered brain.

But to return, I shall now proceed to say something of the various branches of scribbling; and as a Poet, according to the etymology of the word, is a mere maker, I will begin with the art of making verses.---Every man is naturally born a Poet: our very squalling at our first coming into the world is metrically harmonious; and the first words we are taught to articulate are in rhyme, as ma-ma, pa-pa, &c. No wonder then that every body has an equal capacity for this species of scribbling, and that it is practised by so many with the same share of success.

To tag rhymes together requires some proficiency in the science of Crambo, and is therefore attended with some difficulty; but the easiest of all is to write in blank verse, as it is call'd, this requiring little more than a collection of hard words, obscure phrases, and quaint allusions. The Rhymer is obliged first to pick out the two words that are to jingle at the end of the line to each other; after which he must fill up the vacant space with syllables of a length exactly suiting; like Procrustes' bed, cramping or stretching out the matter to fit it to the measure. The writer of blank verse, on the contrary, wire-draws his sentiments as finely as he can, piecing them with pompous sounding epithets: and when he can't spin them out any further, brings them to a period, generally in the middle of a line; by which means he never stands still, or is at a loss for matter. This is one reason why so many make tragedy, it being so very easy to find language, which is looked upon to be the main requisite in this kind of composition.

The province of prose is so wide, that it is hardly possible to fix any limitations to those who are employed in it. I shall perhaps take occasion hereafter to point out some particulars herein to be observed, and illustrate them with specimens; as I may also do with regard to poetry. The only general rule that can be laid down for either is, to observe no rule at all. By this you will find yourself at liberty to indulge your own fancy; and by this we are sure at least of variety, as every single author stands alone, and is in himself an original.

It is the business of a scribbler to be ever on the watch, and ready to lay hold on what is most likely to catch the notice of the public. Hence an Elegy, Epithalamium, Epistle, Apology, Address, or the

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like, never fails, if well timed, to procure a dinner. Politics is but a drug at present, though now and then a smart satire against the ministry goes down glibly: controversies of all kinds, especially divinity, must be managed with caution and address; sometimes the scribbler may succeed tolerably well, who answers his own treatise, as the celebrated De Foe was pilloried for a reply to his own book.—But I need not insist any more on this head, as the booksellers, those jackalls of literature, will always provide proper subjects for the author who is so happy as to be taken into pay by them.

I now come to the more mechanical instruments of scribbling; that is, the practice necessary to be observed, after your work is done, in preparing it for the press. The bookseller, we know, must get rich; the author must eat; and the public must be taxed for it: the only art necessary is to manage it so adroitly, as they shall easily come into, without perceiving, the imposition. The late scandalous abuses in the printing of novels manifestly shew, that people in general only consider the bulk of the book, without examining the contents, while they are made to pay a most exorbitant price for a mere trifle, infamously spun out to twice as much as the length necessary.

The most material point usually considered, is a taking, or (as some would read it) a take-in Title-page. This is frequently the all in all, and worth the whole book: many a heavy piece has owed its prodigious sale to a lucky hit of this sort. And I cannot but lament the invaluable loss that the trade suffered in the immortal Curl, who had certainly the best head for inventing a title of any man breathing, and always kept a collection ready by him to serve any occasion. For a work of a shorter size the Half-title, as it is called, comes in very opportunely to take up a leaf; and I have seen many a sixpenny pamphlet swelled out to the price of a shilling by its assistance.

In longer works, when you have fixed upon your Title, you must be sure to compose a tedious Preface or Advertisement to the Reader, which may be printed in a larger type than ordinary. After this aptly enough comes the Dedication to some upstart nobleman, with or without his permission; or, if this fails, to the man in the moon, or any body. In this you have another help out, and—I am, my Lord, with the utmost submission and respect, your lordship's most obedient, most obsequious, and most humble servant—may, when properly disposed, be spun out to near the whole length of another page, without any apparently designed expatiation.

If your book is divided into Chapters, the Contents will here naturally follow; and whatever they can be made to make will be clear gain, as they must again be repeated at the head of every chapter in the course of the work. And here again you will get a great deal of ground by setting these conspicuously in overgrown capitals, as Book III. and at a considerable distance underneath Chapter V. which will not only take up a great deal of room, but be ornamental also.

It above all requires the greatest dexterity to contrive that the foregoing Book or Chapter should end with about two or three lines

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run over into the subsequent page; where a pretty wooden device of a flower-pot supported by two chubby cherubims, or a little pert squirrel perched up with a bushy expanse of tail, may be stuck into the centre of the vacant blank, and so prevent the unthrifty profusion of your matter. You will always take particular care to split the connection of your piece into innumerable divisions and paragraphs, which will extend it to very near the length of a moderate volume extraordinary.

Your copy being thus managed, you must now call in the assistance of your printer, to *nurse* it still farther: he will therefore furnish you with a large type, that it may not strain the eyes of the reader: he will also take care that the margin be very wide at the top, bottom, and sides: besides this, he will put spacious distances between every line, and leave what they call a white line between every paragraph. Many other artifices may be used, to bilk the purchaser, and swell the profits of the sale.

When your piece is thus spun out into several more volumes than is necessary, you will puff it off in the advertising, and to satisfy the impatience of the public, you may tell them that I don't know how many presses are at work to get it printed off. If afterwards your sale should not prove brisk enough, and you have many left on your hands, you may advertise a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth edition repeatedly, though you have not got off near the number of your first impression.—But hold,—I must not reveal the mysteries of the trade:—I have already gone too far:—Some parts of this Essay I was obliged to strike out, as the printer absolutely refused, for some private reasons, to set them;—and I know not how far I may hereafter be forced to a dependence on those generous, those humane, those honourable, those honest gentlemen, the booksellers.

Q.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH

IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, LEICESTER.

HERE lyeth the bodie of John Heyrich, who departed thys life April 2d, 1589, being about the age of 76 years. He did marje Mary the daughter of John Bond, Esq. of Wardend, in the countie of Warwick. He lived with the sayde Mary in one house 52 yeeres, and in all that tyme never buryed he manne, womanne, nor chylde, although there were sometymes twentie in the housholde. He had issue bye the sayd Mary 5 sonnes and seven daughters. The sayde John was Maior of the towne 1559, and againe anno 1572. The sayde Mary lived to ninetie seven yeeres, and departed on the 8th of December 1611. She dyd see before her departure, of her chyldren and chyldren's chyldren, to the number of 142.

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DESCRIPTION OF A GRAND COLLATION,

GIVEN BY

THE LATE SIR EDWARD RUSSEL, IN AN ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, WHEN HE WAS COMMANDER IN CHIEF IN THOSE SEAS.

MEMORANDUM.—That on the 25th of October 1694 a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was Captain General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean sea. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons 20 gallons of lime juice, 1300 weight of fine white Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and last a pipe of dry mountain malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof.

REMARKS ON MEN OF SPIRIT.

THERE is no term in use in common life more misapplied, perhaps, than that of *spirit:* there is always a contemptible idea annexed to the *want* of *spirit;* though I have known many a man rise to the dignity of an alderman merely for wanting that *spirit* which has brought another to the workhouse. I am myself one of those persons who are charged by my acquaintance with a want of spirit, and for no other reason but that I do not live above my income. I have *spirit* enough to keep out of debt, and endeavour to make all my friends welcome when they visit me; but, when I make an entertainment, they cry, it is not done with *spirit,* though it is always as elegant as my circumstances will allow. I know several of these men of *spirit,* who are *mean-spirited* enough to borrow money of me. Our goals swarm with men of *spirit,* and our streets are crouded by children, whose parents were persons of *spirit.* There are men of *spirit* of all degrees, from the peer in his gilded chariot, to the porter with his silver ticket, who ridicule frugality and all œconomy which prevents superfluous expence. By these persons a man that is frugal is said to be miserable; and œconomy is despised as the want of *spirit.* I am convinced that if men of *spirit* were to become a little less vain and ostentatious, it would be of great advantage, not only to themselves, but to the community; for it is notorious that

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they too often keep up their *spirit* at the expence of the public; and it does not appear to me that they are influenced by a GOOD *spirit* when they ruin a tradesman, by getting into his debt for superfluities, or when they take in a friend for their surety to keep up their credit. I know several men of spirit who wear the *taylor's* clothes. I am often blamed by these people for not appearing oftener at public diversions; but I can divert myself and family without going to the Playhouse every other evening in the winter, and to the Gardens or Wells, in the summer, four or five times a week. Though I am condemned by these *gentlemen* as a mean-spirited and unpolished niggard, yet my conduct enables me to provide for my family all the necessaries of life, and for myself a perpetual succession of peaceful pleasures, without the risk of my independence, my virtue, my health, or my fortune, all which are constantly staked, with the desperation of a losing gamester, by our modern men of *spirit*.

REMARKABLE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

A Spanish journal contains the following account of the life of M. Thurriegel, a Bavarian, the founder of the German colony in Sierra Morena.—Being employed by the French court to reconnoitre the Island of Minorca, in 1754, and passing through Sierra Morena on his way, he first conceived the plan of its population. After the death of Marshal Bellisle he became a Lieutenant in the Prussian service, and raised the corps of Geschray, which the king gave him the command of; a dispute with General Geschray caused Thurriegel to be arrested and imprisoned at Magdebourg, but the corps being made prisoners, he was liberated. Discharged at the end of the war in Silesia, he was stripped by his mistress of all his jewels, money, clothes, and linen, and lived in great distress at Franckfort on the Main, where digesting his plan of colonizing Sierra Morena, he was ordered to Madrid, after his scheme was presented by the Spanish resident at Franckfort. His necessities protracted this journey till he resolved to walk to Madrid on foot, where he entered into a contract for sending 6000 colonists and 4000 soldiers from Germany to Spain. The terms were advantageous, but as no money was advanced, he sought a partner in that country to no effect, and was on that account obliged to travel back to Germany on foot, where he met with as little success. —His appearance, notwithstanding he was furnished with a large parchment signed by the King of Spain and his Council, seemed continually to paint him as an empty projector, but indefatigable. After travelling from one place to another, he at length met with a patron in the person of a merchant at Lyons, in France. Being now richly provided with money, he chose Cologne as the centre of his operations, from whence the colonists being sent to Genoa, and there shipped for Barcelona, were followed by Thurriegel, who realizing 60,000 piastres, as the condition of the contract, settled in Valencia.

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BIOGRAPHY.

ODDITIES OF MR. HAGEMORE.

THE Rev. Mr. Hagemore, of Calthorp, Leicestershire, died the 1st of January 1746, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket-porter in London.

He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun.

He lost his life as follows; going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was breast-high. The servants heard him call out for assistance, but, being locked up, could not lend him any.

He had thirty gowns and cassocks, fifty-eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of shoes, eighty wigs, yet always wore his own hair, eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs, and used none, fifty saddles and furniture for the menage, thirty wheel-barrows, so many walking-sticks that a toyman in Leicester-fields bid his executor eight pounds for them, sixty horses and mares, three hundred pickaxes, two hundred spades and shovels, seventy-five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.

An Account of certain English People, who, in the year 1569, making a Voyage to the East Indies, were cast away, and wrecked upon an uninhabited Island, near the Coast of Terra Australis Incognita, and all drowned except one Man and four Women. Given by Cornelius van Sloetten, Captain of a Dutch Ship, which was driven there by foul Weather in the Year 1667, who found their Posterity (speaking good English) to the Amount of ten or twelve thousand Souls.

CERTAIN English merchants, encouraged by the great advantages arising from the Eastern commodities, in the year 1569, having obtained Queen Elizabeth's royal licence, furnished out for the East-Indies four ships, of which ------ English was chosen factor, who embarked, on the third of April, O. S. with his wife and family, consisting of a son of twelve years old, a daughter of fourteen, two maid servants, a female negro slave, and George Pine, his book-keeper, on board one of the said ships, called the East-India Merchant, of 450 tons, being provided with all manner of necessaries and conveniencies, in order to settle a factory there.

By the 14th of May they were in sight of the Canaries; and soon

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after arrived at the Cape de Verde islands, where they took in some provisions for their voyage, and steering their course south, and a point east, about the first of August came to the island St. Helen; and, having taken in some fresh water, set forward for the Cape of Good Hope, where by God's blessing they arrived safe, having hitherto met with no tempestuous, or disagreeable sailing weather.

But it pleased God when they were almost in sight of St. Laurence (said to be one of the largest islands in the world) they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, which separated them from the rest of the ships, and continued with such violence for many days, that, being driven out of their knowledge, they lost all hopes of safety.

The first of October, about break of day, the sea continuing very stormy and tempestuous, they discovered land, which appeared high and rocky; and the nearer they approached to it their fears increased, expecting the ship would suddenly be dashed to pieces. The Captain therefore, Mr. English, and some others, got into the long boat, in hopes, by that means, to save themselves; and presently after all the sailors cast themselves over-board, endeavouring to save their lives by swimming; but, probably, they all perished in the sea.

Mr. Pine, Mr. English's daughter, the two maid servants, and the negro girl were the only persons remaining on board the ship; and these five persons were miraculously preserved: for after the ship had beat three or four times against the rocks, being now broken, and quite foundered in the waters, they had with great difficulty gotten themselves on the bowsprit; which, being broken off, was driven by the waves into a small creek, wherein fell a little river, which, being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the winds, so that they had opportunity, though almost quite spent, to land themselves.

Mr. Pine getting together some rotten wood, by the assistance of a tinder-box he had in his pocket, made a fire, by which they dried themselves; and then leaving the females, he went to see if he could find any of the ship's company that possibly might have escaped, but could find none. At length, it drawing towards evening, he, with what he could get from the wreck, returned to his fellow-sufferers, who were very much troubled for want of him; he being now all their support in this lost condition.

They were afraid that the wild-people of the country (if there were any) might find them out; but could distinguish neither footsteps nor paths. And the woods round about them being full of briers and brambles, they apprehended too there might be wild beasts to annoy them, though they saw no marks of any. But above all, for want of food, they were afraid of being starved to death; but God had otherwise provided for them.

The wreck of the ship furnished them with many necessaries, for, getting together some broken pieces of boards and planks, sails and rigging, with the help of poles they made themselves tents; and having gotten wood for firing, and three or four sea gowns to cover them,

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making the negro their sentry, they slept soundly all night, having been without sleep for several nights before.

The next day, after being well refreshed with sleep, the wind ceasing, and the weather being warm, they went down from the rocks on the sands, at low water, where they found a great part of the ship's lading, either on shore, or floating near it. Mr. Pine, with the help of his companions, dragged most of it on shore; and what was too heavy for them they broke; and unbinding the casks and chests, and taking out the goods, they secured all; so that they wanted neither clothes, nor other necessaries for house-keeping: but the salt water had spoiled all the victuals except one cask of biscuit, which being lighter, and perhaps better secured than the rest, was undamaged; this served them for bread a while, and a fowl of about the bigness of a swan, very heavy and fat, which by reason of its weight could not fly, served them for present subsistence. The poultry of the ship, by some means getting on shore, bred exceedingly, and were a great help to them. They found also in the flags by a little river plenty of eggs of fowl much like our ducks, which were very nourishing food, so that they wanted for nothing to keep them alive.

Mr. Pine, being now less apprehensive of any thing to disturb him, looked out for a convenient place to build a hut to shelter him and his family from the weather; and, in about a week's time, made a room large enough to hold them all and their goods; and put up hammocks for his family to sleep in.

Having lived in this manner full four months, without seeing or hearing any thing to disturb them, they found the land they were in possession of to be an island, disjoined, and out of sight of any other land, uninhabited by any but themselves, and that there was no hurtful beast to annoy them: but, on the contrary, the country was very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of agreeable fruits, and variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September; so that this place (had it the culture that skilful people might bestow on it) would prove a paradise.

The woods afforded them a sort of nuts as big as large apples; whose kernel, being pleasant and dry, they made use of instead of bread, together with the fowl before-mentioned, and a sort of water-fowl like ducks, and their eggs; and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost such a like creature, which brought forth two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the lowlands and woods are very full; and being harmless and tame, they could easily take and kill them: fish also, especially shell-fish, were in great plenty: so that, in effect, they wanted nothing of food for subsistence.

After being in possession of this country full six months, nature put them in mind of the great command of the Almighty to our first parents, as if they had been conducted thither by the hand of Providence to people a new world; and in this respect they proved not unfruitful, for in less than a twelvemonth, from their first arrival on this island, the females proved all to be with child, and coming at different seasons they were a great help to one another. The women

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all had their teemings annually, and the children proved strong and healthy. Their family increasing, they were now well satisfied with their condition; for there was nothing to hurt them. The warmth of the climate made it agreeable for them to go abroad sometimes, and they reposed themselves on mossy banks, shaded by trees. Mr. Pine made several pleasant arbours for him and his women to sleep in during the heat of the day, and in these they passed their time together, the females not liking to be out of his company.

Mr. Pine's family was increased, after he had lived in this island sixteen years, to 47 children: for his first wife brought him thirteen; his second, seven; his master's daughter, who seemed to be his greatest favourite, fifteen; and the negro, twelve; which was all the produce of the first race of mortals in this island.

Thinking it expedient to provide for another generation, he gave his eldest son a mate, and took care to match the rest as fast as they grew up and were capable. And, lest they should incumber one another, he appointed his sons' habitations at some distance from him; for, growing in years, he did not like the wanton annoyance of young company.

After having lived to the sixtieth year of his age, and the fortieth of his being in possession of this island, he summoned his whole people together, children, grand-children, and great grand-children, amounting to 565, of all sorts. He took the males of one family, and married them to the females of another, not permitting any to marry their sisters, as they did at first out of necessity.

Having taught some of his children to read, he laid them under an injunction to read the bible once a month at their general meetings.

Three of his wives being dead, viz. the negro woman, and the other two who had been servant maids to his master, she who was his master's daughter survived them twelve years. They were buried in a place he had set apart for that purpose, fixing for his own interment the middle part, so that two of his wives might lie on one side of him, and two on the other; with his chief favourites, one on each side, next to him.

Arriving to the eightieth year of his age, and sixtieth of coming to this island, he called his people together a second time; the number of which amounted to one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine; and having informed them of the manners of Europe, and charged them to remember the Christian religion, after the manner of those who spake the same language, and to admit of no other, if any should come and find them out; and praying to God to continue the multiplication of them, and send them the true light of his gospel, he dismissed them.

He called this island the isle of Pines, and gave the people, descended from him, the name of the English Pines, distinguishing the tribes of the particular descendants by his wives' names, viz. the Englishes, the Sparks's, the Trevors, and the Phills, Philippa being the name of the negro.

Being now very old, and his sight decaying, he gave his habitation

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and furniture that was left to his eldest son after his decease; made him King and Governor of the rest; and delivered to him the history of these transactions, written with his own hand, commanding him to keep it; and if any strangers should come hither by any accident to let them see it, and take a copy of it also if they pleased, that the name of this people might not be lost from off the earth,

It happened that in the year 1667, Cornelius Van Sloetten, Captain of a Dutch ship called the Amsterdam, was driven by foul weather to this island; where he found the posterity of Mr. Pine, speaking good English, and amounting, as it was supposed, to ten or twelve thousand persons,

The narrative, from which this account is taken, was given by Mr. Pine's grandson to the Dutch Captain. Printed in London, being licensed June 27, 1668.

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE APOLOGY.

BY T. P.

'TIS true, my room is very small,
And only boasts a white-wash'd wall;
Each chair with rushen seat is seen,
My table is of deal, but clean.
Of plate, alas! how small my store!---
No figur'd carpet hides the floor;
No china from a corner station
Stands marshal'd out by ostentation;
And, what does most of all astound,
'Tis altogether under ground.

'Tis true, some say I might as well
Exist within a Newgate cell:
And e'en my best lov'd friends confess
The value of appearances.
Yet when at eve, my labour o'er,
My fire bright, and shut the door,
I scan, untouch'd with party rage,
The merit of th' historic page;
Or mount on Fancy's wing sublime
With some high-favour'd son of rhyme;
Or all the bright and boundless store
Of fair Philosophy explore;

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But chiefly when the Drama's pow'r
Steals unobserv'd the gliding hour;
Or when, by RADCLIFFE's genius led,
The Novel's pleasing maze I tread;
Ah! what is then the world to me?
The sceptre e'en of Royalty?---
I think not of th' illustrious toy;
I only know that I *enjoy:*
And, while the substance glads my eyes,
I care not where the shadow flies.

ON SEEING

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY IN TEARS,

WHILE LISTENING TO A FAVOURITE SONG OF HER DECEASED BROTHER.

BY THE SAME.

SOON as the much-lov'd well-known song he sings,
A dew-press'd snowdrop sinks her lovely head;
Sad, in her ear, the note of sorrow rings,
And seems the knell of the respected dead.

Remembrance, passing, tells a mournful tale,
Her trembling heart-strings vibrate to the sound;
Again she smiles---a lily of the vale,
And scatters sweetness on the friends around.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER *.

A PASTORAL SKETCH.

BY DR. PERFECT.

" In his mid career the spaniel, struck
" Stiff with the tainted gale, with open nose
" Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full
" Fearful and cautious on the latent prey,
" As in the sun the circling covey bask
" Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
" Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye."
THOMSON.

SHALL Sorrow dash gall on my strain,
While Echo, alarm'd in the dale,
Resounds to compassionate pain,
That flows for the partridge and quail,
Responds to the merciless gun,
If cruelty harbour a joy?
Then Doriland rise with the sun,
For *Privilege* gives to destroy.

* This article has been postponed from time to time on account of its length.

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I sigh at the dreadful decree,
My minstrelsy Pity implores,
As well might the Muse for the sea
Fix bounds for its stretch on the shores;
'Tis done! and the covey must bleed,
The plume of the stubble must fall;
In silence I shrink from the deed,
Since Pity is deaf to my call.

Though Nature seems prone to decay,
The coverts more-russet appear,
Contracted the length of the day,
Foretokens the fall of the year,
Some mellow-ton'd songster I hear,
The wood-lark, the blackbird, and thrush,
In concert, Autumnus to cheer,
The red-wing revisits the bush.

Diminish'd in verdure the trees,
The ensigns of Autumn succeed,
Though chill and unpleasant the breeze
At morn and at-eve o'er the mead,
September revolves with delight,
A coronet circles his head,
Emboss'd with those blossoms of white
The hops so luxuriously spread:

His mantle the vine leaves compose,
A holyhock sceptres his hand,
Th' arbutus, and larkspur, and rose
Disdain not their charms to expand;
Bloom lupines and sweet-scented peas,
The tamarisk modest of hue,
The bean clad in scarlet to please,
And aconite's prodigal blue:

His reign shall the cricket attend,
The green-coated herald of cold;
Does Winter this messenger send,
His embassy drear to unfold?
But why, plaintive insect, thus pine?
What Fate hath ordain'd thee to weep,
That querulous notes ever thine
Deny the refreshment of sleep?

And thou, on the wings of dull sound,
That seems the sad knell of the day,
O say, on what circumstance bound
Agility hastens thy way?
Why thus, giant beetle, dost roam,
In ebony panoply drest?
By war art thou urg'd for thy home,
Or art thou by enemies prest?

Come, Delia, thou elegant maid,
As soft and serene as the day,
The gardens of Saffrar pervade,
Or those of Pomona survey:
I'll pluck thee choice fruit from the tree,
Each garden her tribute shall pour,
The woodlands re-echo for thee,
The hazel surrender her store.

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Where Ev'ning's brown shadows extend
To my cottage still crested with green,
Without invitation, my friend,
Will Celadon honour the scene:
Of Phœbus we'll catch the last gleam,
While friendship our numbers shall fill,
Respond to the lapse of the stream
That steals from the foot of the hill.

Or when with her crimson the Morn
Dispels the delusions of night,
The landscapes appear as new born,
Present early throngs to the sight,
The peasants arous'd to their toil,
And nymphs o'er the eminence gain,
And *Cantium*, with many a smile,
Of Ceres invites the rude train.

O then we'll in early career
The *industrious vulgar* survey,
To Mirth and to Jocus give ear,
For Jocus and Mirth lead the day.
The Plant,* interdicted no more,
With floscles of silver beheld,
While Planters, enrich'd by their store,
Convert them to ingots of gold.

What need that the Muse show'd essay,
Or hint to the liberal breast,
That he, who is happy to-day,
With pity should eye the distress'd?
Want Planters the precept to learn,
When Providence, pleas'd to bestow,
Solicits their grateful return,
To *feel for the Children of Woe*?

And shall the remonstrance of Need,
(The abject and wretched unseen)
To plenty, unpitied, proceed,
Return with disconsolate mien?
Forbid it, ye Virtues! whose tears
Distill at the plaints of Distress,
Whose sympathy Sorrow uprears,
Whose arms are extended to bless.

But where, ye Pierian Nine,
Are your measures of harmony pour'd?
Inhumaniz'd cadence divine,
For whom is your melody stor'd?
The bells, o'er the mist-crested ground,
Delightfully usher a peal,
That Hymen has sanction'd the sound,
My *heart is the Muse that must feel*.

This day to her Celadon's breast
The peerless Penelope gives;
September, be ever confess'd,
What honour thy empire receives!

---

* The Hop.

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Bless'd pair! for whom Hymen has wove
A wreath of unchangeable peace,
And supplicates blessings from Jove,
Their nuptial delights to increase.

Ye Graces, your beauties that lend,
Ye Virtues, that shed hallow'd fire,
Felicities beam on my friend,
The warmest first lays of my lyre:
Fill, Heaven, their measure of joys,
Be health and contentment its base,
Renown'd for *his* truth be their boys,
The girls for *her* softness and grace!

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1796.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

WHERE is immortal Virtue's meed,
The unfailing wreath of true renown,
Best recompence by Heaven decreed
For all the cares that wait a crown,
If Industry with anxious zeal,
Still watchful o'er the public weal,
If equal Justice' awful arm,
Temper'd by mercy's seraph charm,
Are ineffectual to assuage
Remorseless Faction's harpy rage.
But the full Dæmons, urged by Hell's behest,
Threaten, with frantic arm, the Royal Patriot's breast?

Yet not, Imperial George! at thee
Was the rude bolt of Malice sped,
Even fiends *that* crown with reverence see
Where Virtue consecrates th' anointed head.
No---at that bosom's fondest claim,
Thy Britain's peace, their shafts they aim.
Pale Envy, while o'er half the world,
War's bloody banners are unfurl'd,
Beheld our coast from ravage free,
Protected by the guardian sea,
Where Commerce spreads her golden stores,
Where fleets waft triumph to our shores,
She saw, and sickening at the sight,
Wish'd the fair prospect of our hopes to blight,
Sought out the object of our dearest care,
Found where we most could feel, and try'd to wound us there.

The broken shaft that coward Malice rear'd
Shall to thy fame eternal lustre give,
Inscribe on History's page thy name rever'd,
And bid it there with endless blazon live:

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For there our sons' remotest race
In deathless characters shall trace,
How Britain's baffled foes proclaim'd their hate,
And deem'd her Monarch's life the bulwark of the state.

Now strike a livelier chord: this happy day,
Selected from the circling year,
To celebrate a name to Britain dear,
From Britain's sons demands a festive lay;
Mild Sovereign of our Monarch's soul,
Whose eyes meek radiance can controul
The powers of care, and grace a throne
With each calm joy to life domestic known,
Propitious Heaven has o'er thy head
Blossoms of richer fragrance shed
Than all the assiduous Muse can bring
Cull'd from the honied stores of Spring:
For see amid wild Winter's hours
A bud its silken folds display,
Sweeter than all the chaliced flowers
That crown thy own ambrosial May.
O may thy smiles, blest Infant, prove
Omens of concord and of love!
Bid the loud strains of martial triumph cease,
And tune to softer mood the warbling reed of peace.

MASONIC SONG.

I.

THUS happily met, united and free,
A foretaste of heaven we prove;
Then join heart and hand, and firmly agree,
To cultivate brotherly love.

II.

With corn, wine, and oil, our table replete,
The altar of Friendship divine;
Each virtue, and grace, the circle complete,
With aid of the musical nine.

III.

Thus blest, and thus blessing, employment supreme!
May Masonry daily increase,
Its grand scheme of morals, our fav'rite theme,
The source of contentment and peace.

J. R--NK--N.

Portsea.

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MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

MAIDSTONE, *Dec.* 28, 1795.

THIS being the day appointed for celebrating the Festival of ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, an elegant dinner was provided at the Bell inn in this town, where the meeting of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons was very brilliant and numerous. The Provincial Grand Master, William Perfect, Esq. was in the chair, and after dinner addressed the company on the history and merits of the Saint whose day the Craft had thus met to commemorate. After which he honoured the memory of that truly Masonic Luminary, the late Mr. Dunckerley, with due commendation, and in a pathetic speech of considerable length enumerated the virtues of the deceased; which he concluded by observing, that the spirit of Masonry was ever grateful to departed worth, and that a good name was the best legacy that could be bequeathed to posterity.

The meeting was conducted with that harmony and good fellowship which always characterises the assemblies of the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons.

With the following particulars respecting the Celebration of this great Anniversary we have been favoured by a correspondent in Scotland.

EDINBURGH.

ST. JOHN'S DAY falling on Sunday this year, Monday following was held in lieu thereof. The following are the Masters of the Lodges in Edinburgh for the year ensuing:

LODGES.	MASTERS.	REGALIA.	MEETINGS.
Mary's Chapel,	Mr. John Clark,	Mazarine blue,	2d Tuesday.
Canongate Kilwinning,	John Moir, Esq. W. S.	Red,	1st Thursday.
Canongate and Leith,	Mr. John Alexander,	Light blue,	1st Wednesd.
Leith and Canongate,		Ditto,	Once a quarter.
Journeymen Masons,			
St. David's,	J. O. Brown, Esq. W.S.	Green,	3d Tuesday.
St. Luke's,	Will. Inglis, Esq. W.S.	Crimson,	3d Friday.
St. Andrew's,	Dr. John Gardner,	Mazarine blue,	2d Friday.
Thistle,	Arch. Cambell, Esq.	Green,	1st Friday.
Royal Arch,		Red,	3d Monday.
St. James's,	Mr. Alex. Velteh,	Light blue,	Once a quarter.
New Edinb. Kilwinning,	Mr. Robert Johnstone,	Crimson,	2d Thursday.
St. Stephen's,	Mr. John Galbreath,	Green,	2d Monday.
Defensive Band,	Mr. Robert Cummins,	Orange,	4th Tuesday.
Roman Eagle,	Edward Collis, Esq.	Mazarine blue,	1st Tuesday.
Caledonian,	Robert Watson, Esq.	Tartan,	3d Wednesd.

PERTH.

There are three Lodges in Perth, who all met on the 28th, and celebrated the Festival of ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST with their wonted harmony, after electing their new office-bearers. The Masters' names are as follow:

Perth and Scoone Lodge,	Br. Andrew M'Culloch.
St. Andrew's Lodge,	Br. John Halkett.
Perth Royal Arch,	Br. William Imbrie.

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The former of these only had a public procession. After the procession, the members dined, and spent the evening together, in Campbell's, the principal inn in Perth.

BIGGAR, LANARKSHIRE.

ST. JOHN'S DAY was celebrated here with more than ordinary brilliancy this year. The members of the Lodge of Biggar Free Operatives, No. 222, of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, to the number of seventy and upwards, met in the Lodge-room about ten o'clock in the forenoon; from whence, after having re-elected Brother James Bowe, M. D. Master, and their other office-bearers for the ensuing year, they walked to church in procession, where an excellent sermon, suited to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Brother James Gardiner, Minister of Tweedsmuir, from Prov. xi. 13. After returning from the church, and partaking of an elegant dinner, they spent the evening in a manner highly to their honour, not only as men, but as Masons.

Jan. 8, 1796. This day the ancient Lodge of Philanthropy * (No. 19), held at Stockton in the county of Durham, was removed from its former situation to an elegant hall built for the purpose by Brother Wadeson, whose judgment, taste, and liberality on the occasion do him the highest credit; as it is truly the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, uniting convenience with ornament, elegance with simplicity.

The ceremony of this translation, by permission of the Provincial Grand Lodge, was conducted in Masonic form. Brother Scarth, P. S. G. W. and a number of other visiting brethren attended. A procession was formed; and the jewels and furniture were deposited according to ancient usages: after which the Rev. Brother Brewster delivered a most excellent occasional oration, which we are happy to find, on being requested by the brethren present, he has promised for insertion in the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE. Brother Wadeson provided an excellent repast, and the night concluded with that conviviality which could only be surpassed by the interesting and ceremonial part of the occasion.

Present officers.---Br. John Russel Rowntree, R. W. M. Br. John Barker, S. W. Br. Robert Christopher, J. W. Br. Matthew Crowe, P. M. Br. Richardson Ferrand, T. Br. Thomas Haw, S. Br. Charles Liddel and Br. Richard Moose, Stewards.

10. This morning an excellent sermon was preached at St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street, on behalf of the Female Children supported by the Freemasons' Charity, by the Rev. Thomas R. Wrench, A. M. Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, &c. &c. The words of the text were, "That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple." Psal. cxliv. ver. 12. Previous to the sermon an anthem was sung by the children: Master Appleton played the organ; and the collection amounted to twenty-five pounds and sixpence.

A Grand Concert, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, will be performed for the benefit of the above Charity early in the ensuing month.

The Meetings in Grand Lodge for this year are:

Committee of Charity	Feb.	5.
Quarterly Communication		10.
Committee of Charity	April	8.
Quarterly Communication		13.
Grand Feast	May	11.
Country Feast	July	5.
Committee of Charity	Aug.	5.
Ditto	Nov.	18.
Quarterly Communication		23.

* Vide State of Masonry in the County of Durham, Vol. II. page 245.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Dec. 21, 1795. WAS presented at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time, a new Operatic Pantomime, called *Merry Sherwood*, or, *Harlequin Forester*; the incidents principally selected from the legendary ballads of the Thirteenth Century. The Pantomime invented by Mr. Lonsdale; the Overture and the rest of the Music (with the exception of a few antient ballad tunes, by Mr. Reeve.

The principal vocal characters by Mr. Incledon, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Munden, Mr. Fawcett, Mrs. Serres, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Clendinning, and Mrs. Martyr.

Principal pantomime characters: Robin Hood, Mr. Follet; Arthur O'Bradley, Mr. Farley; Little John, Mr. Simmons; Will Scarlet, Mr. Cranfield; Will Stukely, Mr. Williamson; Locksley, Mr. Gray; Midge the Miller, Mr. Street; Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Thomson; Sumner, Mr. Rees; Parson of Baronsdale, Mr. Platt; the Prince of Arragon, Mr. Holland; Two Giants, Mr. Price and Mr. Stevens; Harlequin, Mr. Simpson; and Maid Marian, Mad. St. Amand.

In pieces of this nature, if the eye is gratified, the general intention of them is accomplished.---In the present instance, however, we find the entertainment not confined to scenic decoration and dumb shew, but enriched with an Operatic treat, supported by some of the first vocal performers on the English stage.

The scenery, machinery, and dresses are entirely new, and their splendour reflects the highest honour on the liberality and spirit of the Manager. The scenes, amounting to twenty-one, are all ingeniously and happily contrived. The archery scenes had a most beautiful effect, and were managed with much order and regularity. On the whole, *Harlequin Forester* is superior to most things of the kind we have witnessed; it will, no doubt, create many *Merry* nights at *Sherwood*, and compensate the Manager for the vast expence he has been at in bringing it forward.

January 13, 1796.---At the same Theatre an historical play was brought forward, under the title of "*Days of Yore.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfred,	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Odune (Earl of Devonshire),	Mr. HARLEY.
Earl Sibbald,	Mr. MACREADY.
Alric (Earl of Northumberland),	Mr. TOMS.
Gothrun (a Danish Chief),	Mr. RICHARDSON.
Voltimur (son of Hastings, a Dane),	Mr. POPE.
Lothaire (a page),	Mrs. CLENDINNING.
Oswena (widow of Hastings),	Miss MORRIS.
Adela (daughter of Odune),	Mrs. POPE.

The fable of this piece is taken from the memorable period when the enlightened Alfred held forth an example of monarchical virtue in this country.

Odune, the Earl of Devonshire, had betrothed his daughter, Adela, to Alric, Earl of Northumberland, contrary to the wishes of Adela, who is secretly attached to Voltimur, son of the famous Danish Earl Hastings. After the death of Hastings, his son, Voltimur, remained with his mother, Oswena, in this country. Voltimur, like the ancient Brutus, pretends to be disordered in his mind, that he may not be considered as an object important enough to be mischievous, and that he may be permitted, as a harmless idiot, to reside near Adela, to whom his heart is devoted. Adela alone is acquainted with the secret of his pretended insanity. Voltimur is retained at the seat of Odune, as a kind of minstrel. While preparations are making for the nuptials of Alric and Adela, Alfred, passing with a body of troops near his castle, becomes the guest of Odune. In order to avoid this detested marriage, Adela appeals to the humanity and justice of Alfred, and betrays her affection towards Voltimur. Alfred undertakes to favour her cause. It appears, that Alric had been privately married to the sister of Earl Sibbald, who, in

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behalf of this injured sister, had summoned Alric to the field, ignorant of the marriage that had taken place. Their difference is settled by an explanation before Alfred.

Though the Danes had been discomfited in the field where Hastings lost his life, yet his widow, Oswena, and a Danish Chieftain, Gothrun, had lingered in Britain, intent upon hostility towards Alfred, when opportunity should offer. Alfred, wandering at night in disguise, is seized by Gothrun and his party, who are ignorant of the rank of the illustrious prisoner. Gothrun fiercely urges his myrmidons to sacrifice the captive, as some satisfaction to the manes of their countrymen. Voltimur, though a Dane, and bitterly lamenting his father, pleads to his countrymen in behalf of the unarmed prisoner, and at length succeeds, declaring, that if the captive were Alfred himself, the enemy of the Danes, he would be the protector of so virtuous a monarch, and so wise a legislator. Alfred can no longer dissemble his feelings, but throws aside his disguise, and praises the virtue of his generous deliverer. The moment Alfred reveals himself, the furious Gothrun rushes forward to destroy him, but is prevented by Voltimur, and disarmed by his followers.

At this period the intended marriage between Alric and Adela is on the eve of celebration; but after the father of Adela understands that Alric is precluded, by a previous union, from marrying his daughter, Alfred, who had been missed by his courtiers, (about to march to rescue their beloved King) enters, and relating the danger from which he had escaped, asks Odune what that man deserves who had delivered him from such imminent peril, or whether he would even deny his daughter? Odune, in the fervour of his loyalty, declares his readiness to yield his life, and what was more dear to him, his daughter, to recompense the virtue of such a man. The King then points to Voltimur, demanding Adela as his bride. Odune cordially assents, and the happiness of the lovers terminates the piece.

This Drama, as it is called, by which term is generally to be understood a dramatic piece in which the author exempts himself from all the settled rules of the Drama, is the offspring of Mr. Cumberland's prolific muse; but, unfortunately, it possesses none of that strength and vigour which marked the productions of her early years. The plot has nothing in it that can interest the feelings, or keep attention awake. The sentiments, for the most part, are trite and common; the language is seldom elevated, frequently incorrect, and sometimes degenerates into downright absurdity. These are faults, which, in a writer of such abilities as Mr. Cumberland is known to possess, can scarcely be deemed pardonable. But while we thus notice defects, candour demands the observation, that strong exceptions occasionally occur. The scene in which the life of Alfred is preserved, by the generous interposition of the son of Hastings, evidently betrays the hand of a master; and many of the sentiments which the integrity of the Patriot King extorts from his followers, who have daily occasion to witness his virtues, are judiciously conceived, and ably expressed. Still we cannot but think, that the author has by no means availed himself of the glorious opportunity which the introduction of such a character as that of Alfred afforded him, to excite that general and lasting interest, and to impress those salutary principles and precepts, of the beneficial tendency of which experience must have fully convinced him. We are sorry to see writers, capable of original conceptions, ape the style and manner of Shakspeare: Colman is almost the only modern dramatist who has been in any degree successful in compositions of this description. Mr. Cumberland has attempted to pursue the same path, but the shackles, which he has thus imposed on himself, seem rather to have fettered his imagination, than to have inspired him with any portion of the sublime genius of our immortal Bard. At all events, such efforts are better calculated to vitiate than to refine the national taste.

Pope supported with great ability the character of Voltimur, the most interesting in the piece. In the scene in which Alfred is attacked by a party of Danes, his tone and manner were particularly dignified and impressive. Harley, in Odune, was correct and animated. Middleton's Alfred had scarcely sufficient dignity for such a Monarch. The other parts were respectably filled.

Mrs. Clendinning's song, with the harp accompaniment, is pretty, and sung in a style that does credit to her vocal powers.

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The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Toms: it breathes a commendable spirit of loyalty and patriotism.

18. At Drury-Lane, a new Pantomime called "*Harlequin Captive; or, The Magic Fire,*" was presented for the first time.

It will not be expected that we should enter into a detail of the plot and fable of such a production; but in order to gratify, in a certain degree, the curiosity of our readers, we present them with the following outline:

Ormandine, protected by the charm of the magic fire, has made captive many knights: Harlequin also has fallen into his power, whom he detains in a dungeon, till Columbine, with whom Ormandine is deeply enamoured, shall consent to favour his addresses. Harlequin and Columbine are, by the indiscretion of the Clown, released from bondage: Harlequin is ordered by a good spirit, who opposes Ormandine, to go in search of a consecrated sword and shield, by which he will be enabled to overcome the serpents that guard a fountain, whose waters alone can at once extinguish the magic fire, on which the power of Ormandine entirely depends, and release the knights and damsels whom the enchanter holds in confinement. The adventures that occur to Harlequin, during his search after the sword and shield, constitute the action of the Pantomime, and his finding it, overthrowing the magician, obtaining the water of the fountain, releasing the knights, and his being finally united to Columbine by Minerva, complete the fable.

Miss De Camp is the Columbine; and since the Greek statuary there has not been any head more prettily antique; and since "*incessu patuit,*" since the reference of attraction was to attitude and movement, the stage, in dumb shew, has scarcely ever exhibited more taste, more pleasing grace.

The Clown too (and clowns are mentioned even by Shakspeare) has infinite merit, as far as in buffoonery there can be merit. It is Dubois. The activity, the whim, the fertility of contrivance in the man, are admirable!

Elaborate and complex as the scenery and machinery are (and there are above thirty new scenes), there was scarcely the least embarrassment or delay. The scenes most exquisite are the view of Hurst Castle, the waterfall of Lodore, and the palace of Minerva.

It is on the whole one of the best pieces of the kind that we have ever seen.

23. A new Comedy of five Acts, entitled, "*The Man of Ten Thousand,*" was performed at Drury Lane Theatre.---The *Dramatis Personæ* were as follow:

Lord Laroon,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir Pertinax Pitiful,	Mr. PALMER.
Dorrington,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Hairbrain,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Curfew,	Mr. DODD.
Consol,	Mr. SUETT.
Major Rampart,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Herbert,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Hudson,	Mr. AICKIN.
Robert,	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Lady Taunton,	Miss POPE.
Olivia,	Miss FARREN.
Annabel,	Mrs. GIBBS.
Maid,	Miss TIDSWELL.

The *Fable* is simple, and may be related in a few words.

Dorrington, a rich West Indian, falls into all the fashionable follies of high life, and, as he keeps a sumptuous table, and plays deep, his house is frequented by persons of distinction in the Beau Monde. Among these are Lady Taunton, Lord Laroon, Sir Pertinax Pitiful, Major Rampart, and Curfew, to whose ward, Olivia, Dorrington is betrothed. These persons are only induced to visit him by interested motives; and his generosity being boundless, every application to his purse proves successful, and he supplies, with indiscriminate profusion, the cravings of the vicious, and the wants of the unfortunate. In the midst of Dorrington's splendour, Hudson arrives from the West Indies, with an account that a dread-

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ful tornado had completely destroyed his ample possessions in Barbadoes, and levelled all his works with the ground. Thus deprived of the sole source of his wealth, he is immediately forsaken by his fashionable friends, whose conduct, in this instance, is contrasted with the fidelity and attachment of Hairbrain and Herbert. The former, a dissipated young man, who has lavished his fortune, but preserved his integrity, seeks, by grasping at every project which offered itself to his mind, to recover the lost favour of the fickle Goddess. He is more indebted, however, to the bounty of Dorrington, than to his own ingenuity, for the means of subsistence; and gratitude to his benefactor, joined to a liberal disposition and an excellent heart, induces him to appropriate the produce of a Twenty Thousand Pound Prize, which most *fortunately* and *opportunely* comes up at this juncture, to relieve the distress of his friend, with whose money the Ticket had been purchased. Herbert is a kind of domestic to Dorrington, who, by dint of perseverance, recovers for him an estate of three hundred pounds a year, of which he had been defrauded, and the half of which he now resolves to appropriate to the use of his ruined master. Olivia too, who loves and admires Dorrington, though she deplores and condemns his foibles and his vices, feels her attachment strengthened by the distressed situation of her lover. Finding that, by the orders of her Guardian, Curfew, her doors had been shut against him, she determines to visit him, and to take with her such pecuniary supplies as she supposes to be necessary in his present circumstances. These she obtains through the means of Consol, a rich citizen, who was also one of Dorrington's circle; but, like his fashionable friends, forsook him in the hour of distress. When Olivia sends for Consol, for the purpose of procuring the money, he imagines she has conceived an affection for him, and this strange misconception produces one of those scenes which appear in almost every modern comedy, where a laboured *equivoque* is kept up, in this instance, with much difficulty and little effect. The assistance of Dorrington's real friends is, however, rendered unnecessary, by the reception of intelligence, contradicting Hudson's account, and stating, that his estates in Barbadoes had received but very little damage; and, from the destruction of so many other plantations in the island, are greatly enhanced in value. This news being spread, his fashionable friends return to his door, with as much expedition as if Dorrington had sent cards of invitation for the purpose of assembling them, but are, of course, refused admittance. The piece then concludes with the union, as we are left to suppose, for the fact is not mentioned, of Dorrington and Olivia; of Herbert and Annabel, who is his cousin, and maid to Olivia.

The dialogue was unequal; the sallies of wit and humour were few, and *mediocre*; the serious parts were the best written; some of the sentiments were well conceived and ably expressed, though others had neither merit nor novelty to recommend them. When Dorrington is supposed to be a ruined man, Consol advises him to open a subscription, and promises, himself, to become the subscriber of---a nominal hundred.---The allusion here made struck the audience forcibly.

The introduction of the marrow-bones and cleavers, with the rabble at their heels, headed by the clerk from the lottery-office, going to announce to Hairbrain the news of his prize, is a pantomimic trick far below the dignity of comedy: and the allusion to Leake's pills, and "Alexander Mackenzie, my Coachman," is grossly indecorous, and would disgrace one of O'Keeffe's worst farces.

In Dorrington's character there is a glaring inconsistency. Though a sentimental moralist, he is made to associate with men whose foibles he despises, and whose faults he reprobates; and, by his own practice, to sanction the very vices which he loudly condemns. We do not mean to deny that this may be a natural character, but as he is not made to experience any inconvenience from his vices and misconduct, which, like those of Charles in "The School for Scandal," are rendered amiable by the numerous good qualities which accompany them, why introduce it on the stage, and give it to the hero of the piece?

But the most exceptionable character in the piece is that of Major Rampart; and we hope, for the honour of the army, that there is no such character in the service. We are convinced that it will never be a recommendation with a London audience to have a British soldier represented as destitute of the common spirit of a man; this character may with advantage be expunged. Its chief conversation

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was a tiresome repetition of " D---n me," and " Do you take me ?"without connection or application. Indeed, the audience began at length to join in the imprecation, which they seemed inclined to extend to the whole piece.

Miss Farren's Olivia contained many noble sentiments. She reproved the destructive practices at private gaming tables, and wittily said that " blushes and bloom were become mere articles of perfumery."

The first act is the best in the piece, and was well received; the second and third were so dull, that the serpent began to twine with its fatal hiss round the piece; however it was uncurled by some generous interpoing hands, and the fourth and fifth acts going off with some applause, the piece was announced for a second representation with but few dissentient voices.

A prologue, delivered by Palmer, had not much new observation. The Epilogue, by Miss Farren, turning upon fashion, and the incidents of the day, had many good points; amongst others, the couplet,

" An Orator of note, whose name is (putting her hand to her mouth) MUM!
To make us eloquent, has made us dumb !"

A few hisses were vented against this passage, but the plaudits overcame them.

On the same evening, at Covent Garden, a New Comedy was brought forward, under the title of " *The Way to get Married.*"

CHARACTERS.

Tangent, - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Toby Allspice, - -	Mr. QUICK.
Capt. Faulkner, - -	Mr. POPE.
Caustic, - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Dick Dashall, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Felix M'Query, - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Julia Faulkner, - -	Miss WALLIS.
Clementina Allspice, -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Lady Sorrel, - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Scene---A Country Village.

Captain Faulkner, who has served the state with great success, retires with his daughter Julia to a country-town, waiting in anxious expectation the decision of a law-suit in which he is involved, on account of an estate withheld from him. The person by whom he is chiefly directed is M'Query, an Irish attorney, who, by the most sordid practices, has amassed, as he professes, a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. It appears that this vile instrument of the law had officiously obtruded himself upon Faulkner, who having been engaged in the service of his country all his life, is,though a man of a good understanding, not prepared against the artifices of mankind.---Faulkner had lost a dear friend in the East Indies, Charles Richmond, who was killed by his side in action. Richmond had intrusted to the care of Faulkner a thousand pounds,which he had bequeathed to Mr. Tangent, a gay young man of this country, Tangent and he having agreed that the survivor should take the property of the other. The expences of the law-suit, and the delay that attends his application for prize-money brings upon poor Faulkner such embarrassments as tempt him to employ for his own use the money which Richmond had left to Tangent. His integrity, however, is untainted, as the constant hope of a decision in his favour, and of receiving the well-earned profit of his professional valour are his only inducements to use the money, which he means, as soon as possible, to convey to the rightful claimant. Faulkner's nice sense of honour renders him very unhappy, under the consciousness of having thus employed the property of another, and, in the anguish of his feelings, he betrays the secret to the insidious attorney. Mr. Caustic, the uncle of Tangent, is, according to the will of a whimsical old maid, lately deceased, invested with the honour of assigning thirty thousand pounds to any lady who marries with his approbation. Caustic, whose severe manners render him an object of pecular dislike to the female world, before it is known that he enjoys this enviable privilege, is now be-

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sieged by the ladies, and tortured by their incessant compliments and attentions. Caustic, from a sort of good will towards his old friend Allspice, a grocer, advises his nephew Tangent to pay matrimonial court to Miss Allspice.

Tangent for that purpose visits the house of Allspice. The shopman, in obedience to the pride of Miss Allspice, leaves his apron in the shop while he goes to signify the arrival of Tangent. The characteristic feature of Tangent is a perpetual change of temper as to the course of life he shall pursue. He has turned his mind towards many pursuits, and in succession abandoned them all. The apron left in the shop tempts him to consider the progress of industry and the profits of trade. In this reverie he puts on the apron, and, invoking the shade of Sir Thomas Gresham, falls into an apostrophe on the dignity and affluence of the commercial character. During this transport, Miss Faulkner enters the shop to order some articles of the grocery kind. Tangent is struck with the beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners, and, anxious to know her address, he pretends to belong to the shop, offering to enter the articles she wants in the day-book, and send them home. Miss Faulkner hesitates, and tells him she will call when the other man is in the way. Fearing he shall lose her, Tangent snatches up a parcel that laid on the counter, declaring it contained exactly what she wanted, and follows her home. When they arrive at Faulkner's house, Caustic happens to be there, and sees his nephew in this whimsical trim. Hearing the name of Tangent, Faulkner is thrown into great anxiety on account of the money he had embezzled, particularly as M'Query, the lawyer, is also present, and wants to depart with Tangent in order to tell the secret. On this occasion Tangent and Miss Faulkner conceive a strong attachment to each other. Faulkner in great disorder desires Tangent to leave the house. Lady Sorrel, a licentious woman of quality, being enamoured with Tangent, and discovering his partiality for Miss Faulkner, connives with the attorney, and by means of a bond, which the latter has obtained from Faulkner, throws the poor officer into prison. In the utmost distress Miss Faulkner endeavours to raise the money necessary to relieve her father. She applies to Tangent in the midst of one of his wealthy reveries, but he has no money to lend her. Her application is overheard by Dick Dashall, a bankrupt young citizen, who promises to assist her; meaning, however, to carry her off for the most dishonourable of purposes. She meets him at the gate of the prison by appointment; and just as he is attempting to convey her away, Tangent, who has been arrested by his uncle merely to tame his unruly spirit, is brought to the prison. He rescues Miss Faulkner, and carries her fainting in his arms to her anxious father. In order to release Faulkner, Tangent had previously borrowed money of M'Query, the lawyer, part of which he sends to Julia Faulkner for the release of her father. Finding that a mere arrest will not subdue the wildness of Tangent, his uncle contrives to have him put in irons, as the murderer of one of the bailiffs from whom he had attempted to escape. At last, hearing how generously Tangent had behaved to Faulkner, Mr. Caustic is convinced that his nephew possesses an excellent heart, and according to the power vested in him by the whimsical will alluded to, he agrees to his marriage with Julia Faulkner, to whom, of course, the stipulated legacy belongs. The law-suit of Faulkner is at length decided in his favour; he obtains the prize-money he so bravely earned: and the play concludes with the happiness of all the virtuous characters, and the disappointment and disgrace of those of a contrary description. The mirthful part of the fable chiefly relates to the family of Allspice, Lady Sorrel, the husband-huntress, and Dashall, the swindling speculator, from the city.'

In this Comedy Mr. Morton (the avowed author) has displayed a degree of dramatic excellence that far exceeds the merit of his former productions. He has constructed an interesting fable, which he has managed with considerable ability. The characters are well drawn, accurately supported, and jucidiously contrasted. The principal part, Mr. *Tangent*, is taken from the character of *Polyphilus*, in one of the papers of the Rambler, and is dramatized with spirit. In the part of *Dashall*, we have an animated portrait of those vulgar and troublesome *city bucks*, who infest all places of fashionable resort, and endeavour to combine *trade* and *ton*. These coxcombs, who are at once ridiculous and mischievous, from their manners and their principles, were first sketched in an admirable way by Mr. Murphy, in his

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Young Philpot; and their practices and propensities are more fully displayed in the part of *Dasball*. We hope that this faithful portrait of the race of offensive reptiles alluded to, will check their impertinence and obtrusion. These two characters are the most conspicuous in the piece; but there are others that are drawn from real life, and are strongly pourtrayed; particularly the tradesman's daughter, who, though amply provided with the enjoyments, and even luxuries of life, looks with disdain on the calling to which she is indebted for her pleasures and subsistence. There is much entertainment in the character of *Allspice*, the grocer, who wishes to figure in the world of gallantry; and also in the dissipated woman of fashion, whose vices involve her in ludicrous embarrassments. *M'Query*, the Attorney, is, we fear, too just a representative of a set of men, who impose upon the credulous, and prey upon the unfortunate. *Faulkner*, and his daughter, strongly interest by their misfortunes and their virtues.

The Dialogue is neat and spirited; and many allusions to current manners, and temporary topics, are touched with great humour.

On the whole, this piece is highly creditable to the Author, and deserves the applause it abundantly excited. It unveils the artifices of the town, raises considerable merriment, exercises the noblest affections of the heart, and leaves a strong moral impression.

The acting was remarkably animated and correct. Pope gave a strong interest to the character of *Faulkner*. FAWCETT seems to have paid particular attention to the manners of the City-Libertine, and we hope his able personification will assist the laudable efforts of the Author, to bring them into such contempt as will repress the career of their vice and folly. We should have admired the *Julia* of Miss WALLIS much more, if she had not displayed so much of that sort of *familiar tenderness*, which is the prominent feature of her acting. It is needless to say, that QUICK and Mrs. MATTOCKS gave full effect to the whimsical grocer and his absurd daughter. JOHNSTONE, who is making rapid strides to a high degree of excellence in acting, supported the character of the attorney with admirable ability.---MUNDEN, as usual, was distinguished for a close adherence to real life; and to crown the whole, LEWIS displayed all that whim, humour, and originality, which have so deservedly rendered him one of the greatest favourites of the Public. The Prologue touched upon the ruinous practices of commercial speculation so well exposed in the character of *Dasball*. The Epilogue, which was written by Captain TOPHAM, is a very lively representation of fashionable follies. The Piece was throughout received with the warmest approbation of a crowded House.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, *Dec. 9, 1795.*

THE dispute, which for a while appeared to be settled, between Prince Charles of Lichtenstein, and the Prebendary of Osnabruck, Count de Weichs, having been lately renewed, was yesterday finally determined by a duel, in which the Prince of Lichtenstein fell. The parties fought with swords, in the bedchamber of the Prince de Rosemberg, a Captain in the Imperial service, and nephew to the Grand Chamberlain, who was second to the Count de Weichs. The Prince's second was his own brother, the Prebendary's Joseph Wencesley. So great was the fury of the combatants, that, not contented with the first blood drawn, they renewed the combat, when the Prince of Lichtenstein was pierced in the side, and fell dangerously wounded in the lungs. His speech soon failed him, and, though he is not yet dead, there remain little hopes of his recovery.

Examples of this kind being very rare at Vienna, and there being circumstances in the affair which aggravate the conduct both of the combatants and seconds, they have all been arrested, and will be subjected to the penalties of the

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laws of Joseph II. which are very rigorous on premeditated duels. The Prince of Lichtenstein was greatly beloved, his disgrace consequently is very much regretted.---This unfortunate duel was occasioned by the love which those two rivals bore to the young and beautiful Countess of Cfernicieh, daughter of the Vice-Admiral of Russia, who remained a few months here on her return from Italy.

An article received subsequent to the above states, that "Prince Charles of Lichtenstein died at Vienna on the 24th of December, of his wounds. He preserved the greatest presence of mind to the last moment, and took a most affecting leave of his wife and mother."

If the above Prince, as the last article relates, had to take leave of his *wife* and mother, wherein was he warranted, being a *married man*, in his love for the Countess?

THORN. The unfortunate King of Poland's renunciation of his throne was very far from being voluntary, though the possession of it had been lately so painful. The eve of the day which would have completed the 30th anniversary of his reign was cruelly chosen for the conclusion of his royal functions. A letter was then delivered to him by Prince Repnin, from the Empress of Russia, the substance of which was, "that the cessation of his royal authority was the natural effect of the arrangements made with respect to Poland; it was therefore referred to his judgment, whether a formal abdication would not be suitable."

This crisis, though it had been foreseen, did not give the King the less emotion, and he was for some hours much agitated. At length he signed the act. The same Prince Repnin, who had been his principal agent in obtaining the crown, and who had assisted at the coronation as the representative of his friend and protectress, the same Prince Repnin, thirty years afterwards, brought him the decree of his deposition.

PARIS.

The following are the particulars of the departure of the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth from Paris:---Charlotte Antoinette set out the 28th Frimaire (Dec. 19), at four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Madame Soucy, daughter of Madame Machau, nurse to Louis the Sixteenth; Hue, his former valet de chambre; a captain of horse, one of the guardians of the tower of the temple; and one Caron, a servant lad. The preparations for her departure were made with all the secresy which prudence required by Cadet de Vaux. The Minister of the Interior took Charlotte Antoinette from the Temple to his hotel, where a travelling carriage waited for her. She was furnished not only with every thing necessary, but with every thing she could desire. When arrived at the place where she was to be exchanged, she refused to accept of the wardrobe which had been sent with her, saying she would receive nothing from the nation; that she forgave the French all the evils they had occasioned to her; but that she was very glad to be out of their hands.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

"Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis?"

THIS Tribunal, which posterity will hardly credit could have existed in the 18th century in one of the most polished nations of Europe, had its origin in the dark manœuvres of Maximilian Robespierre, a Member of the Convention, to destroy his opponents, and to afford him an opportunity of removing every obstacle between him and the crown of France; it was established by a decree of the Convention, on the 17th day of August 1792, and terminated its career with the execution of a colleague of its founder and his accomplices, on the 15th day of December 1794.

The crimes which it recognized as revolutionary were, as appears by the sentences, carrying on correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, opposing the inlistment of recruits, importing false assignats, compassing and publishing writings in favour of Royalty, blaspheming the people and constitution, concealing gold and silver coin, refusing to take the constitutional oath, cutting down and

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defacing the tree of liberty, frauds in the articles of clothing, provision, or forage for the armies, exclaiming *Vive le Roi*, furnishing money to Emigrants, checking the circulation of assignats, attempting to re-establish Royalty, trampling on the National cockade, and substituting the black cockade, ridiculing the decrees of the Convention, proposing an Agrarian law, proclaiming Louis XVII. conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

From its institution in August 1792, to the 27th day of July 1794, the memorable day when Robespierre was deposed, the persons who suffered its dreadful sentence of decapitation were

Marie Antoinette the Queen of France.
The Princess Elizabeth, sister of the late King.
6 Princes.
3 Princesses.
6 Dukes.
2 Duchesses.
14 Marquisses.
2 Marchionesses.
3 Barons of the Empire.
23 Counts.
6 Countesses.
3 Viscounts.
214 Ex-nobles.
12 Knights of Saint Louis.
127 married women, wives of Ex-nobles, and others.
45 single women and women divorced.
76 widows of Ex-nobles and others.
4 Abbots and Abbesses.
2 Constitutional Bishops.
14 Friars and Monks of the different Orders.
153 Priests, Curates, and Vicars.
17 Constitutional Priests.
23 Nuns of the different Orders.
2 Marshals of France.
13 Marshals des Camps.
47 Generals, Lieutenant-Generals, and Brigadiers.
22 Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels.
8 Majors.
50 Captains of Cavalry and Infantry.
17 Aides des Camps and Adjutants.
2 Admirals.
1 Commodore.
8 Captains of Vessels.
41 Lieutenants of the Army and Navy.
7 Officers of the Artillery.
84 Soldiers, National Guards, and others.
33 Members of the National Convention.
4 Members of the Legislative Assembly.
29 Members of the Constituent Assembly.
3 Ministers of State.
30 Mayors of Cities and Towns.
22 Judges.
19 Justices of the Peace.
24 Authors, Literary Men, and Editors of Newspapers.
178 Counsellors, Presidents of Parliaments, Lawyers, Attornies, and Notaries.
109 Gentlemen.
12 Bankers.
38 Merchants and Factors.
105 Commissaries of War, Marine, National Agents, and Contractors.
166 Municipal Officers, Clerks in Public Offices, Administrators of Districts and Departments, Police, &c. Auditors of Accounts, Registers and Receivers, and
941 Persons of different Trades and Descriptions.

Making together 2774 persons. The oldest person sentenced was Monsieur Dupin, a Counsellor of the Parliament of Thoulouse, whose extreme age of ninety-seven pleaded in vain for mercy. He and twenty-five more Counsellors of the same Parliament, and four of the Parliament of Paris, were executed at the same time.

The youngest person sentenced was Charles Dubost, aged only fourteen, who, with his brother and father, suffered the same morning. Twenty-nine times in the short period that France groaned beneath its tyranny did a parent accompany his child to death: and the conspiracy of Verdun, as it was termed, sent at the same moment three beautiful sisters, the eldest only twenty-five, to the scaffold!

From the 27th of July to the 15th December 1794, the labours of the tribunal became meritorious, as during that interval no persons received sentence but Robespierre himself, and about one hundred of his accomplices; and it will be recollected with satisfaction, that shortly after, the Judges and Jurymen of this never-sparing Court shared the fate of their patron and protector.

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NARRTIVE GIVEN BY DROUET, THE POSTMASTER OF VARENNES, OF HIS BEING TAKEN BY THE AUSTRIANS, AND OF HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON IN WHICH HE WAS CONFINED.

ON the 17th of September 1793, I was sent to the army of the North. On the 29th the army of Maubeuge was surprised and repulsed on every point. The Austrians blockaded the town, in which there were but 15 days provisions. Franchville represented to us, that we should not be able to hold out long, and that it was necessary a trusty man, able to shew an imposing countenance, should leave the town, pass through the Austrians, and communicate to the Convention, and to the Minister, an account of our critical position.

I felt that it would be infinitely useful to the Republic that I should charge myself with this enterprize. If I perished, my death would animate the soldiers with vengeance, which would double their force; if I succeeded, I should rouse the surrounding departments. I should hasten to collect the provisions, the forage, and assemble the men in particular; I would fall upon the enemy, after having made signals which could be heard from the town; I could save Maubeuge and the Republic. A few hours before my departure, I took care that the rumour of it should be circulated amongst some battalions. "What! (said the soldiers) should we not be determined to fight to the last extremity, whilst a Representative of the People undertakes to pass through the Austrian army, in order to procure succours?" This finally determined me.

I took 100 chosen dragoons, and on the 2d of October, at midnight, I penetrated into the middle of the Austrians; we had agreed to march slowly and very close, for fear that, in the dark, we should throw ourselves into some of the outworks of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, we could not avoid passing near a camp of infantry. The whistling of the balls and the explosion of powder set our horses a galloping: what I had foreseen happened; we fell into a ditch. Several of our dragoons and myself were dismounted; I got up, and laid hold of the first horse which presented itself; a dragoon had lost his, and entreated me not to abandon him in the midst of the enemy; I allowed him to get up behind me, but the horse being young and ardent was much agitated; five minutes passed away, and my escort had already got so far before me, that in the dark I could not discover the road they had taken.

The soldier and myself found ourselves in the midst of the enemy; a few steps farther we met with a patrole of the enemy, consisting of five hussars. The dragoon talked of surrendering; I charged them by hallooing out, "Follow me, dragoons!" They retreated, but soon returned in a greater number. It was necessary to avoid them; I pushed my horse forward, but soon after fell into a deep ravine, where I lost my senses. The hussars found me, wounded me with their sabres, and then carried me off almost dead. When I recovered, I said I was a French officer. They dressed my wounds with tolerable care. I afterwards declared that I was a Representative of the People, and when they knew that I was that Drouet who had stopped Louis XVI. at Varennes, they treated me very badly. I asked for bread, after fasting forty-eight hours; a young officer said to me, "March, rascal; it is not worth while to give you any for so little time:" I was thrown naked upon a cart. The emigrants, above all, loaded me with insults. Prince Colloredo, before whom I was brought, said to me, that the French were a faithless people; that they had just sent to La Vendee the garrison of Mentz, who had promised not to serve against the Emperor during this war. Colloredo made me this reproach, as if we ought to have understood in the capitulation, that the Vendeans and Austrians were equally armies of the Emperor.

Soon after I was conducted to General Latour, I was loaded with irons and wounds; in a state, which at least, proved me courageous, and ought to have inspired a warrior with some regard. The latter struck me with his fist in the stomach, which brought me to the ground; and he spit in my face. "I am without any defence," said I to him, "and you insult me." Dare to put off from me these chains, however wounded I am in every part of my body, you will not dare to look in my face." He then became very furious, and his guards carried me off. Do not believe, however, that I met the same atrocity every where. Many Ger-

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mans have shed tears over my fetters; and of how many generous actions could I not render you accounts. I could procure immortality to some individuals of that nation which is called our enemy.

I was dragged along. They threw me upon straw, almost naked, with handcuffs and fetters, in a dungeon of the fortress of -------. I remained there several months: I remained there until the triumphing Republic had made the Imperialists feel the strength of their bayonets; then they began to have some regard for me. They took me out of my grave, and put me into an habitable room. But it would be wrong to remain in laziness, while our brave defenders were fighting day and night. I then dreamt of nothing but the means of making my escape.

My prison was the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. It is situate upon the river Schwartz, which evacuates itself into the Danube. From my windows I perceived a small boat, which I wished to get into my power. If I had abandoned myself to the current, I could have run down the Danube, and from that river into the Black Sea, from whence I hoped that it would not be difficult to arrive at Constantinople. But in order to get to the boat, it was necessary to break the iron bars at my windows; to throw myself upon a terrace, from whence, in order to arrive on the plain, it was necessary to precipitate myself into an abyss; for, from the terrace of that fortress, situated upon the point of the rock, there were 200 feet depth.

I began to tear a lath, which supported my curtains, and afterwards two strong iron spikes, of a foot and a half in length, which had been but lately placed, in order to secure my iron bars. I assure you, that with these instruments, if they had but let me work at pleasure, I should in a very little time have demolished the whole fortress. I succeeded soon to undo and conceal my window-bars, which I replaced in a manner that my labours could not be perceived. At last I was perfectly insured of the means how to escape from my room; but was not sure how I was to get out of the fortress, or to arrive at the bottom of this precipice of 200 feet deep, where, besides, sentries were placed at 200 paces from each other. I had no means to procure me ropes. I determined to undertake making a parachute, in the form of an umbrella, to prevent my falling with violence from such a height; imagining that the soldiers, when seeing such a mass tumbling from heaven, would run away frightened, when I should launch into my boat.

I immediately went to work. I tore cotton night-caps and stockings, of which I made thread; a small fish-bone served as a needle; with pieces of cloth sewn together, and supported by pieces of wood broken from my prison, I succeeded to make a sort of an umbrella. The roof of my chamber was very high: the chapiter of one of the pillars was eight feet high. Several times I threw myself from thence with my machine, without feeling any shock. I thought that abroad the column of air must be much stronger, and support me better, without calculating the effect which must be produced from the weight of my body, proportionably multiplied by the acceleration of my fall.

Every thing was at last ready; the time was not far from the 21st of June 1794, the anniversary of a famous period in the annals of the Republic, and in the history of my life.* I pointed out this day for my delivery; but thinking on the means how to exist in my boat, I made a parcel of my clothes, and put some pieces of bread into it, the whole weighing nearly 30lb.

An indisposition prevented my expedition on the 21st of June. It was on the night of the 6th of July, when I undertook to execute my experiment. I hastily collected all my effects: I constructed my machine, and tore off the grate from the window. I threw myself into the Terrace, and disposed to precipitate myself down the fortress. Twice had I attempted to launch myself into the air, and twice an invisible power seemed to retain me; and nature, on the approach of my destruction, was repugnant to follow the movement of my heart. At last I walked a few steps backwards, afterwards advancing with activity, the eyes closed; I precipitated myself in that profound abyss.

The rapidity of my fall was such, that I cried out, I am dead! But I was mis-

* The 21st of June 1791 was the day when Drouet betrayed the unfortunate Louis XVI. at Varennes.

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taken. I only felt one of my feet entirely immoveable. A wall was there before me. I attempted to rise, in order to climb over it; but my foot, which was broken, refused me this service, and violent pains began to prevail. The pains were so excruciating, that I cried as loud as possible.

I found I had not been wrong in my former conjectures. The enormous mass which, in the dark, my umbrella had presented to the uncertain look of the sentries, frightened them to such a degree, that they could not determine to abandon the watch-house; whither they had taken flight; and not one of their comrades on duty had the courage to appear abroad. It was not discovered before sun-rise. They brought me back to my chamber, where they threw me upon the floor. They left me for eight hours, persuaded that I must die: when they saw that, with all this. I did not die, they brought a surgeon, who dressed my foot. I remained three months in bed, and used crutches above a twelvemonth.

REPORT, MADE BY CAMUS, ON THE TREACHERY OF DUMOURIER---THE ARREST OF THE FOUR DEPUTIES, AND THE MINISTER AT WAR--THEIR SUBSEQUENT TREATMENT, &c.

The victory of Jemappe, said the reporter, was the source of all the treasons of Dumourier. That brilliant day inflated his heart.----He attributed to his own talents, that which was the effect of republican courage. Belgium appeared to him as a lawful conquest, to which he had more claim than any other person. But soon discovering that his plans were not well received in Belgium, he made an incursion into the United Provinces, where he hoped to reign more absolutely than in the Austrain Netherlands.

But his projects were soon disclosed. He then began to declaim against the Convention and its commissaries. He issued proclamations in contradiction to its decrees. The enormous popularity he had acquired with the army made it necessary for the Commissioners to act with caution. But Dumourier broke out abruptly: "They accuse me," said he to Camus, "of wishing to be a new Cæsar, but if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself." In speaking these words, he laid his hand to the hilt of his sword. "If you wish to be a Cæsar," replied Camus, warmly, "I can be a Brutus." He clapt at the same time a pistol to the breast of Dumourier.

The plan of the latter was to abandon the Netherlands to the Austrians, to resign to them the territory as far as the ancient frontier. He was to sell to them the keys of the country, to divide the troops of the line from the volunteers, and to create a schism in the Convention, by complaining of its principal Members.

Behold him at length denounced. The Commissioners on mission in Belgium summoned him to surrender himself at Lisle. He refused, and by this refusal threw off the mask. He was ordered to the bar, and the Committee of General Defence sent off four new Commissioners, Camus, Bencal, Quienette, and La Marque, accompanied by Bournonville, the minister at war. On their arrival at Lisle, Miranda denounced to them Dumourier. "I owe no obedience but to the Convention," said that republican general, when the treacherous Dumourier wished to induce him to march against Paris.

Here Camus mentioned a strong circumstance. He said, that several chests of gold medals were seized at this time from the Governor-General of the Low Countries. These were offered in charge to Camus. He refused the trust, on account of his departure for the camp of Dumourier, and desired that they might be deposited with the Commission of Archives.---Since his arrival from prison, he learned that this deposit had never been made.

The Commissioners arrived at the camp without any escort. But a detachment of the hussars of Berchigny surrounded their carriage and that of Bournonville. "Who are those armed men who surround us?" said the Commissioners. "It is a guard of honour which Dumourier has sent you," said some one of the troop. On hearing those words, they had no longer a doubt but that this perfidious General meant to secure their persons.

On their arrival they found Dumourier disturbed in his mind; but with an assumed calmness, "You come," said he, "to arrest me." "Not at all, we bring to you the order of the Convention." The decree was read, ordering him to the bar. Dumourier refused to repair to Paris; and declaimed against Marat and the Jaco-

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bins. All communication was still cut off between the Commissioners and the Army.---Baptiste, the valet of Dumourier, entered the room, quite out of breath. "Whilst you deliberate," cried he, "the enemy is advancing in three columns." The Commissioners ordered this man to be arrested. "What," said Bournonville, "it is six o'clock in the evening, and yet you say that the enemy is advancing?" "Go," said Dumourier, to an old officer who could scarcely move, "and see what is going forward."

The Commissioners returned to the charge. They attacked Dumourier on the ground of his principles. They told him, that it was not the office of a General to judge of the law---that the army belonged to the Republic, and he could issue no order contrary to its laws. They placed before him the example of La Fayette, &c.---Dumourier replied, that France was advancing to her ruin, and that it was his wish to save her. He asked, who could save his army from the peril which threatened its being attacked by an immense cavalry? "I will," said Bournonville. "That is to say," rejoined Dumourier, "that you evince him to stifle my command." The burden of his plaint, however, was, that it was intended to have him assassinated in Paris.---Quinette and La Marque offered to accompany him. He gave to both the epithet of assassins. He concluded, by recommending it to the Commissioners to withdraw to Valenciennes.

It was now eight o'clock. The Commissioners repaired to a closet, where they framed a decree, suspending Dumourier from his function as a General, and naming in his place Valence, whose perfidy was not then suspected.---They entered the hall, which was filled with the officers of the staff, having Dumourier at their head. The Commissioners sent for Valence; the Officers kept a profound silence.---Camus addressed himself to Dumourier.

"You know of the decree by which you are ordered to the bar?"

Dumourier. "No."

Com. "You then disown the law?"

Dum. "I am necessary to the army."

Com. "We order the seals to be put upon your papers."

Dum. "Let them be placed in a state of security."

Com. "Considering your disobedience to the law, we declare you to be suspended.

Officers. "So are we all. You take from us our General, our Father.

Dum. "It is time this scene should end.--- Officers do your duty."

At that instant the hussars approached. The representatives of the people were surrounded, and made prisoners. "Come, my dear Bournonville," said Dumourier, taking him by the hand, "you are also arrested."

The Commissoners were conducted into a cabinet. Our first reflection was completely satisfactory---for we thought, that as Dumourier was found out, he would be no longer dangerous. "The army will abandon him, as it abandoned La Fayette. Dumourier was a knave; he is now a villain. The Republic is out of danger. Five individuals are but too happy to be arrested for the safety of twenty-five millions of men. They seized our effects, our port-folios, and those of the ministry. They endeavoured to seduce one and then the other; they offered us security from all dangers, and advised us to distrust the disorganizers, as they called them. Bournonville replied, "I know what is to be apprehended in all revolutions; I will die at my post, but I never will desert it. Tell Dumourier that I will never speak more to a traitor."

An Officer came forward. "You remember, said he, that we leaped together into the lines of Jemappe?" "Yes," replied Bournonville, "and I never thought that the troops which fought under my orders against the Austrians, would have surrounded me this day as a prisoner, and that you would be at their head.

The order was, however, given to depart. We desired a written copy. "Go," said Dumourier to his guards; if they refuse to obey, force must be employed. We departed in three carriages, full of the people of our suite, who would not abandon us. In each carriage was an Adjutant of Dumourier. The night was dark, and they took a circuitous route. "Whither are we going?" said Bournonville.

"To Valenciennes," said an Adjutant, named Rainville.

"Take care; if you tell me a falsehood, I shall kill you on the spot."

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The Adjutant, who knew Bournonville to be a man of his word, leaped shortly after from the carriage, under the pretext of a necessary occasion, and followed us on horseback. Bournonville then asked the coachman whither we were going? "To Ramilly," said the man, who was not in the secret. We were on the road to Tournay.

Bournonville observed, "The escort is weak; it amounts, I believe, only to twenty-five men---my sabre cuts well---we shall soon disperse them." No sooner said than done. He sprang from the vehicle, and with the first stroke cut down the officer. The whole troop was collected. It amounted to 200 men. Bournonville was attacked, he parried their strokes with his sword; but having at length received a deep wound in the thigh, he was forced to yield to numbers, and was replaced in the carriage. The hussars in their resentment broke the glasses, and cut the carriage in several places.

If the Commissioners were obliged on any occasion to quit the vehicle for a moment, they were accompanied by two hussars, who crossed their sabres over their neck, and threatened to cut it through. When we arrived at Tournay, the hussars of Berchigny withdrew, consigning us to the dragoons of Latour, and thus the treason was consummated.

We were announced to Clairfait. "We cannot (said he) refuse the good which is offered to us." It was not thus that Camillus answered to the schoolmaster of the *Falisci*, who offered to betray the children committed to his care, But Camillus was a Republican, and the General of Roman soldiers: but Clairfait is * * * * *

An officer said to one of us, who spoke with his hat on---"Sir, equality has no place here; I am one of the staff." "It is very well," replied the other, fixing his hat more firmly on his head.

On their arrival at *Mons*, it was announced to the Commissioners, that they were to be detained as hostages for the Queen, and that if any attempt was made on her life, they must answer it with their heads.

"Tell Cobourg," said Bournonville to a troop of Austrian officers who surrounded him, "that a Prince Eugene would have set me at liberty. I am now *detained* only because I am *feared*!"

On their arrival at Brussels, the prisoners were received by the hisses of the multitude, composed of priests, monks, emigrants, *filles de joie*, and hair-dressers. No decent citizen appeared at the *fete*. A female emigrant exclaimed---"These are the gentlemen who have been taken in!"

During the short stay which the prisoners made at Brussels and Maestricht, they saw on the one hand that the emigrants were every where held in sovereign contempt; and that, on the other hand, there was not only a misunderstanding, but a marked hatred, between the Austrians and Prussians.

The continuation of this report was postponed to the 26th Nivose, Jan. 16.

HOME NEWS.

WE are happy to announce that a suspension of arms has taken place between the Austrians and the French.

Jan. 7. This morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the Princess of Wales was happily delivered of a Princess. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of his Majesty's Council, his Grace the Duke of Leeds, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Jersey, Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Right Honourable Lord Thurlow, and the Ladies of her Royal Highness's bed-chamber, were present.

This happy event was immediately made known by the firing of the Tower guns, and other demonstrations of joy in London and Westminster.

In the High Commission Court, Dublin, sentence of death has been passed in the usual manner on James Weldon, convicted of high treason, viz. Defenderism.

Weldon entreated a long day; declared that he had served his Majesty for three years, and was never confined; and before he was brought into this, was never accused of any crime. The Court were pleased to appoint Wednesday the 2d of March for his execution.

List of MARRIAGES, DEATHS, *&c. &c. in our next.*

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING OF

THE MASTER'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE NINE MUSES.

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

WE are desired to state, that Anonymous Letters to Grand Officers cannot on any account be attended to.

The Lines sent by "*A Subscriber*" are too incorrect for publication.

Our Rev. *Brother Wells's Masonic Sermon* in our next.

This Magazine may now be had Complete in FIVE VOLUMES, bound according to the Taste of the Purchaser. A very few complete Setts remain on hand; so that an early application is recommended to such Persons (Brethren or others) as desire to possess themselves of the most elegant and entertaining Miscellany hitherto published under the denomination of Magazine.

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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Sparrow Print. Lemay Sculpt

The Jewel of the R. W. M. of the Lodge of The Nine Muses.

London. Published for S. Stephenson, by I. Parsons. Pater Noster Row. 1st Mar.h 1796.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,

FOR FEBRUARY 1796.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE LODGE OF THE NINE MUSES,

WITH AN ELEGANT

ENGRAVING OF THE MASTER'S JEWEL.

ON the 14th of January 1777, a Meeting was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, by the following

BRETHREN:

JOHN HULL, Esq. as R. W. M.
RAPHAEL FRANCO, Esq. as S. W.
The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM DODD*, as J. W.
ROBERT BIGGIN, Esq. as TREASURER, and
The CHEVALIER BARTHOLOMEW RUSPINI.

VISITORS:

RICHARD BARKER, Esq.
WILLIAM PORTER, Esq.
JEAN BAPTISTE CIPRIANI, Esq.
——— BORGHI, Esq.

On the 23d following, having obtained permission of the Grand Master to assemble as Masons, and to make and raise Masons, till a Constitution could be made out, Brother Cipriani was raised to the degree of a Master Mason.

At this Meeting Brother Biggin very generously offered to furnish a Bible and Jewels; at the same time Brother Cipriani engaged to suggest suitable and proper designs.

An Engraving from the elegant Painting of the Right Worshipful Master's Jewel is given in this Number, executed by Leney, of whose abilities as an Engraver we consider it as no inconsiderable specimen.

Brother Raphael Franco, not willing to be outdone in liberality, engaged to supply the Lodge with three candlesticks; of which peculiarly elegant furniture we shall give a particular description at a future opportunity.

Among those who have been made Masons, and admitted Mem-

* He was expelled on the 13th of February following, "having behaved unbecoming a man of honour and a Mason."

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bers in this respectable Lodge at different periods since its institution, we find the following distinguished characters, and have considered it not unimportant to annex the dates respectively of their initiations or admissions.

Francis Bartolozzi, Esq. made Feb. 13, 1777.
Augustus Carlini, Esq. and Charles Frederic Abell, Esq. admitted Dec. 11, 1777.
------- Cramer, Esq. admitted Jan. 8, 1778.
Felici Giardini, admitted March 12, 1778.
Count Siedlecki, Chamberlain to the King of Poland, admitted June 11, 1778.
Lord Viscount Tamworth, made Dec. 8, 1778.
His Excellency General Paoli, Count Guiseppe Poli, Count Aubanis Gentilli, and Count Cambiagi, made Jan. 14, 1779.
Earl Ferrers, admitted June 1779.
His Excellency Count Cavelli, Venetian Ambassador, admitted Feb. 15, 1779.
Earl of Effingham, admitted March 15, 1779.
His Excellency Francis D'Ageno, Minister from the Court of Genoa, made April 19, 1779.
Right Hon. Lord Cranstown, made Dec. 10, 1779.
John Zoffani, Esq. and Right Hon. Earl Kelly, admitted Dec. 20.
Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, Bart. admitted April 17, 1786.
The Hon. Washington Shirley, made April 4, 1782.
Hon. Wm. Ward, made Jan. 9, 1783.
Marquis Paul de Arconati, Viscount of Milan, made Feb. 13, 1783.
Lord Macdonald, admitted ditto.
Count de Ceyras, made Nov. 7, 1783.
Count Soderini, Venetian Ambassador, made Feb. 2, 1787.
Count Gaetano Tosio of Venice, and Count Barziza, made Feb. 13, 1787.
Marquis Trotti, admitted ditto.
Count Andrea Boselli, made March 2, 1787.
Count Savedra, admitted ditto.
Count Lavezari, Venetian Resident, admitted June 6, 1787.
Sir Nicholas Nugent, Bart. admitted 1785.
Baron de Starck.
Sir John Ingleby, Bart.

This Lodge continues to meet numerously and respectably, on the 2d Friday in the month, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street.

THE PRESENT OFFICERS ARE:
The CHEVALIER B. RUSPINI, R. W. M.
WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, Esq. S. W. *
SAMUEL BEAZLEY, Esq. J. W.
CHARLES CARPENTER, Esq. TREASURER.
Mr. SIMON STEPHENSON, SECRETARY.
THOMAS TINSON, Esq. MAS. CER.

* Son of the late able Commentator on the Laws of our Country.

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AN ADDRESS

FROM THE

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF MADRAS

TO THE

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,

Grand Master of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity

OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS;

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DEPUTY GRAND MASTER;

GRAND WARDENS;

GRAND OFFICERS, AND

MEMBERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

ROYAL BROTHER,

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR,

AND MOST RESPECTABLE BRETHREN,

WE have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Secretary's letter of date the 8th of June 1793, transmitting the accounts of your most respectable Lodge up to that period, with sundry packets addressed to the Lodges under our jurisdiction, all of which were duly delivered.

The Address to his Most Excellent Majesty on the present situation of affairs, as inclosed in your packet, was read with infinite satisfaction at our first Quarterly Communication after the receipt of it; and, as the sentiments which that elegant and loyal production conveys corresponded with the feelings of all the Brethren here, it was not only entered on the records of the Provincial Grand Lodge, but also on the records of the different Lodges under our jurisdiction.

From the situation which our Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Brother Chamien, has for some years been in, as chief of Vizagapatnam, an opportunity had not offered to instal him in the high office to which he has been raised; but, as he has lately arrived at this Presidency, and will now remain, the ceremony will be performed as soon as possible with every honour.

From the knowledge which both he and our Right Worshipful Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Brother Gahagan, have of the Masonic duties, and from the zeal they have uniformly manifested in performing them, we may reasonably indulge the hope, that the Lodges on the coast of Coromandel will flourish under their auspices.

We do not send you by this opportunity a return of the Lodges under our jurisdiction, expecting that we shall be enabled to do it

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better by the next dispatch, when the Military Lodges, which were somewhat disturbed in their operations by the late war with Tippoo, will be fixed in their residence and places of regular meeting.

Brother Linley, who is on the eve of proceeding to Europe for the recovery of his health, will have the honour of delivering this letter, and paying our donation of 20l. towards the Grand Charity. Although a young man, he is nevertheless a very well informed Brother: indeed, his zeal for the Craft, and the interest he took in prosecuting the Masonic duties, were the means of raising him in our estimation and procuring him a seat in the Grand Lodge. Upon these grounds we beg leave to recommend him to the notice of your most respectable Lodge.

With the most lively sentiments of esteem and regard, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

Royal Brother,
Right Worshipful Sir,
And most respectable Brethren,
Your faithful and affectionate Brethren,

Freemasons' Hall, Madras, February 22, 1795.

JOHN CHAMIER, P. G. M.
T. GAHAGAN, P. D. G. M.
W. R. A. PORCHER, T. G. W.
THO. COEVAM, G. T.
BENJ. P. JULIVAM.
COLLEY LYONS LINCAS.
WILLIAM LINLEY.
THO. LEWIN.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JOHN's LODGE, NO. 534, LANCASTER.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES WATSON,

ON HIS TAKING THE CHAIR, DEC. 27, 1794.

SIRS AND BROTHERS,

PLACED by your unanimous option in the chair which I now have the honour to fill, I feel the compliment highly flattering indeed, when, in the first place, I reflect that an humble and obscure individual succeeds ONE * who, with the highest credit to himself, occupies a seat in the most august assembly upon earth---the BRITISH SENATE. The consideration also of my infancy † in this laudable fraternity would have deterred me from undertaking so responsible

* John Fenton Cawthorne, Esq. M. P. † Initiated only in January preceding.

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a station, had not your partiality superseded my own diffidence. Animated, however, by a veneration for the institution, a high sense of obligation, and a personal regard for each individual around me, I am ready to offer up my utmost exertions in my office, as the best atonement for my defects and imperfections.

MASONRY having the Omnipotent ARCHITECT of the universe for the object of its adoration and imitation; his great and wonderful works for its pattern and prototype; and the wisest and best men of all ages, nations, and languages, for its patrons and professors (comprehending * all sciences, divine and human); must be a subject of boundless extent. Suffice it, for the present, if I humbly attempt to delineate some small part of its nature and excellencies, leaving a more ample display of them to more exalted abilities and sublimer eloquence.

No sooner was man formed, and dignified with a ray of the Divinity, than that light directed him to contemplate and admire the works of his great Creator, and to copy that grand Examplar into every infant art. Thus Masonry is coeval with mankind. But that celestial beam being deplorably obscured and weakened "by man's first disobedience †," we find the wanted aid of Divine instruction, benignly vouchsafed in the institution of *naval* architecture by the building of the ARK, which has served for a model to all succeeding ages. The same Heavenly Oracle dictated the construction of the ark of the covenant and its *protecting* TABERNACLE in the wilderness, and the magnificence of King Solomon's TEMPLE afterwards, the two other patterns of *stone* and *military* architecture.

Leaving holy ground, we trace Masonry amongst the Eastern Magi and in the renowned learning of Ægypt. From whence, like other sciences, taking a westerly direction, it was brought by that European Apostle of Masonry, Pythagoras, from whose propagation it reached the British isle ‡. Its principles were respected and disseminated by Bramins, Philosophers, Artists, and Saints, and diffused the light of science to the remotest corners of the earth. It taught natural religion, philosophy, subordination, and arts, on the banks of the Ganges, in the hieroglyphics of Ægypt, the sanctuaries of Eleusis, the schools of Sages, and the caves of Druids.

Though it derives its name from *scientific*, and its badges from *operative* architecture, it comprehends the whole circle of arts and sciences; has been the depot of learning in all former ages, and a focus combining every ray of genius in all climes of the earth. A *Lodge* is in foreign countries eminently stiled an *Academy*, and MASONRY considered as synonymous to GEOMETRY §, the science re-

* Αρχιτεκτονικη Aristotelis dicta est Philosophia, ut quæ alias artes quasi satellites habeat. † Milton's Paradise Lost. I. 1.

‡ But probably long before, from the western population of Japhet, or the migrations from Asia under Odin, Gog, and Magog, &c. Witness Stonehenge, &c. temples to those early Deities. The first Grand Lodge (called Assembly) was established at Verulam (St. Alban's) by St. Alban, Prime Minister of King Carausius, A. D. 287.

§ Ὁ Θεὸς Γεωμετρει.

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lating to the measurement of the earth, and emphatically referring to its creation; a *liberal* or *free* MASON signifying a friend and admirer, or a professor of *liberal science*, in contradistinction to an *operative* Mason.

But, though Masonry primarily inculcates morals and the religion of nature, it has caught an additional spark from the light of revelation and *the Sun of righteousness**. And though Masonry continues to burn with subordinate lustre, it lights the human traveller the same road: it breathes a concordant spirit of universal benevolence and brotherly love; adds one thread more to the silken cord of evangelical charity, which binds man to man, and crowns the cardinal virtues with christian graces. Thus it aids the cause of virtue, by giving additional weight to moral obligations; and promotes public happiness, by enjoining a peaceable submission to every existing mode of government.

But it may be said, why has it been always locked up in secrecy? The Almighty locks up gold in the earth and pearls in the ocean, not to bury them unkindly from human use, but to reward human industry for its search of them. And why do men lock up precious things, but to keep them from pilfering and unhallowed hands? Moreover, silence and secrecy inspire awe and solemnity. Hence the moral precepts, Illustrations, Allegories, Signs and Tokens, of Masonry, are prohibited from being written or printed, and have been with oracular caution transmitted by *oral tradition* from generation to generation. But after all, it must be confessed, that its harmless secrets are but centinels and guards against imposition; and to the credit of human nature be it said, that they have never been betrayed, even by those who have basely deserted almost every other conscientious engagement.

Let each of us, then, in our respective spheres as Men and Masons, be the generous friends of every useful and ornamental art and science; cultivate each moral and social virtue; and make our fundamental principles live by exhibiting in our lives and actions an unfeigned BROTHERLY LOVE to each other and all mankind; a cheerful communication of RELIEF to distressed brethren and fellow-creatures; and an invariable adherence to TRUTH and sincerity in all we say or do.

Let sobriety temper all our social moments, and good hours procure us the praise of regularity from our families and friends. Let strict caution and discretion guard us from making any undue discoveries to the uninformed. And let us by our exemplary conduct convince the world, that by being *Masons* we are *better men*; remembering that an impious and dissolute Mason is a disgrace to human nature, by having broke his initiating vows and obligations, both as a Christian and a Brother.

Then may we humbly hope that a blessing will descend from the MOST HIGH upon our labours and our meetings; and that, from associating as *Brethren in unity*† here, we shall meet again as BRETHREN in BLISS hereafter.

* Mal. iv. 2. † Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

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OBSERVATIONS MADE IN

A VISIT TO

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, F.S.A. SCO. OF BIRMINGHAM.

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 21.)

ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL.

RISING about twenty steps on the other side of the same aisle, we enter a kind of chamber, twenty feet square, called St. Edward's chapel, joining the choir on the west, where we become acquainted with another little group of kings. The first object which strikes the eye is the tomb of the saint, about nine feet high, fixed in the centre, as lord of the place.

Henry the Third erected it, in honour of the quondam saint, of whom he was very fond; nor shall we be surprised, as every animal loves its like, that one weak prince should love another.

One of St. Paul's injunctions is, *Be not righteous over-much.* We may infer, that too much religion may do mischief, as well as too little. If an over-stock of righteousness is prejudicial in a private man, who moves in a narrow circle, what must it be in a sovereign, who influences a nation?

We have only two instances upon record, since Egbert annihilated the heptarchy, of princes, whose characters come under this description; Edward the Confessor, and Henry the Sixth; and they both ruined their country. Edward, from a religious design of mortifying the flesh, neglected every conjugal duty, and foolishly disposed of that crown for which he ought to have provided a rightful owner. This furnished William the Conqueror with a pretext for overturning the kingdom. She sustained a depression, unknown in our annals.

Henry the Sixth paid so much attention to divine things, he could scarcely be pronounced a man of the world. The duties of the Christian swallowed up those of the man. The ponderous chariot of government ran madly, for want of an able hand to direct the reins. The whole machine overturned, and destruction ensued.

The black characters of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth were preferable to these tame spiritual kings; for they only destroyed individuals; but these, whole nations. A kingdom is not conducted by the innocence of a child, but the spirit of a man. The frogs were ill governed by King Log.

A Mr. Keep, in the reign of James the Second, made a bold attack upon the coffin of St. Edward. In rifling the bones, he found

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a chain of gold twenty inches long, with a crucifix, enamelled and curiously wrought. This the king undoubtedly wore upon his breast while living. The silent language of Edward through the little image, to every beholder, was, "I am more righteous than thou." The friendship contracted between Edward and his crucifix did not terminate with life; for he ordered it to hold the same honourable place near his heart, in the tomb. Keep presented this rich relic to King James, being exactly in his own way. James wisely considering it might be more useful to the living than the dead, and that it bore a high value, made no scruple to keep it, but ordered the bones of the saint, which bore none, to be carefully replaced. I submit to the judgment of every catholic in christendom, whether the king did not commit sacrilege? I submit to every man's conscience, whether he himself would not have done the same?

EDWARD THE FIRST'S TOMB.

The first tomb on the right, as we enter, is the plainest in the whole Abbey, and belongs to one of the greatest monarchs, Edward the First. It is about nine feet long, four high, and three broad. The top, I think, consists of one coarse marble slab. The man who has raised an immortal name by his actions, can add but little by a monument.

We are told, the Society of Antiquarians in London, having observed that Rymer, in his Fœdera, mentions Edward the First, called Longshanks, being interred in a stone coffin, and in a stone tomb, in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey; that he was covered with wax, and that a sum of money was allowed to preserve the tomb; they applied to the Dean, in 1774, for leave to open it, who granted the request. Upon taking off the slab, the stone coffin was seen immediately below it. On removing the lid, a plain coarse linen cloth offered itself to view; which being taken away, a royal mantle of crimson velvet was found, immediately covering the royal corpse. When this was removed, the king appeared, dressed in his own robe of gold and silver tissue, which was white. He was adorned with a profusion of jewels, which were very brilliant, nor had the robes undergone the least decay, but were firm to the touch. He held a sceptre in each hand, bright as the jewels. That in the right, four feet six inches long, terminated with a cross: that in the left, five feet and half an inch, with a dove.

They raised up the crown, and his head appeared bare. His face and hands were perfect, and, like his robes, were solid, and without any symptom of decay. The eye-balls moved in their sockets. The whole body was neatly covered with a cere-cloth, which every where adhered to the skin, as if a part of it. The colour was that of chocolate; the upper part of the nose, between the eyes, was not prominent. Between the chin and the under lip appeared a considerable hollow. There was no beard. He was not uncovered lower than the face. The feet felt sound, nor did there seem a disproportion in the legs, by which he could acquire the name of Longshanks. He

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measured six feet two, which is three inches and a half less than the statue that formerly lay over his tomb.

Such a sight is alone worth a journey to London. An eye in 1307, and an eye in 1774, saw the same human body, in the same dress, without the least alteration; an instance without parallel.

The Society, I am informed, applied, but in vain, for another view. I know no greater excitement to a second, than a first. The small time spent in one must be too short to gratify; nor can I see any cause of refusal: the living are delighted and instructed, the dead cannot be injured; they are only dust, preserved a little longer from their native dust. Those who wish most to see them are the least likely to injure them.

As Edward, a few days before his death, ordered his body to be carried through Scotland, at the head of the army, his being interred in this place and dress must have been the act of his son, Edward the Second.

Being debarred both a sight and touch of this unparalleled curiosity, I could not refrain moving my hand along the side of the tomb, which I knew must be within a few inches of the royal body.

EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

About four feet from Edward's tomb, on the right, and two feet above the floor, lies in state the effigy of the Duke of Buckingham, in wax; the last of the house of Sheffield, who died at Rome, in 1735, at the age of nineteen. He lies in a glass case, dressed in his ducal robes and coronet, both fresh. His hair is long and bushy, the fashion of his day; the stockings white silk, and the shoes yellow leather, very long.

I should think the representation exact, and, by the thinness of the visage, taken rather from death than life. One cannot view this emblem of fallen greatness, without commiseration. The only fruit of an ancient stem, blasted in an early stage. He was said to possess many excellent qualities, but death often doubles our virtues.

CORONATION CHAIRS.

Three or four feet on the duke's right stands a plain wooden two-armed chair. None of the furniture in this room is less than four or five hundred years old, except the duke and this chair. The latter was made for the coronation of Mary the Second, wife of King William, in 1688.

Near this chair stands the king's, in which all the English sovereigns have been crowned since Edward the Confessor. There appears no difference between them but age.

The antiquary, who values modern cash less than ancient timber, would give five hundred guineas for this venerable piece of lumber, which has supported the British Crown, in its highest lustre, during seven hundred years; but under Christie's hammer, at a common auction, it would not bring more than eighteen pence.

No seat in the whole nation, though uneasy to many of its pos-

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sessors, has been so much coveted. Some have waded through streams of blood to attain it. William the First could not succeed till he had slain 60,000 people. His eldest son Robert had his eyes put out that he might not find his way to it. Stephen gained it with great labour, and kept it with greater. To be seated here, John promised what he never performed. The Earl of Pembroke bravely kept it for Henry the Third, while an infant; and his son, Edward the First, as bravely kept it for himself. Edward the Second and Henry the Sixth were ousted by their wives. Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, lost his life for placing in it Richard the Third, and Hastings lost his, that he might not prevent it. To be seated here, Mary the First promised to preserve those lives she afterwards took away. Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, sacrificed his own family, in endeavouring to place them in this chair. Of all the blessings in heaven, or on earth, the invincible Oliver thought this the first. Much power attends the man who holds possession; but the Stuarts lost it, by attempting all. One would think, the extreme value for this seat during life was retained after death, for seventeen of our kings are assembled near it. Whoever commands it, commands the prayers of the righteous. The supplications of the whole British church, assisted with the united voice of the sectaries, solicit heaven, that the race of Brunswick may hold it for ever.

CORONATION STONE.

Upon the frame of the royal chair, under the seat, lies the famous coronation stone, brought from Scoon; which a Scot, with a serious face, will tell us, was Jacob's pillow, on which he lay all night in the open field at Bethel, when he went a wooing to Miss Rachael Labon. —When authors disagree about a piece of antiquity, it is no wonder it shoots into fable.

Upon this sacred stone, however, all the kings of Scotland were crowned, for more than a thousand years. Its being hard and cold, might very well suit the brawny posteriors of a northern monarch; but modern luxury, as if to avoid those two insupportable evils, has placed it a foot below the seat, to make way for the velvet cushion. If I had entertained the least idea of writing this journey, I should certainly have measured it, for it is requisite an author should sometimes be correct.

This curious stone, which possesses the same bewitching powers as the chair on which it lies, is called, by some writers, the royal throne of Scotland. Patten calls is a marble chair. The form, if it would bear the name, is flattish, about two feet long, one broad, and six inches thick. But it is without form or comeliness; is jagged in every direction, as if broken; is of a darkish colour, as every stone must be which has lain five hundred years in the smoke of London; it is near one hundred weight, and is much like the stones we often see in a rocky field.

As the English and the Welch had cut one another's throats for thirteen hundred years, Edward the First wished to promote a union

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by incorporating them into one people, which he wisely effected. The last peaceable five hundred years has proved the utility of the measure.

The animosity between England and Scotland, and their dreadful devastations, which had continued a much longer space, excited the same wish, but the means to accomplish it were not quite so prudent. Even the man without knowledge, and without reading, will discover this animosity, by seeing Severus's or Adrian's wall, or by only hearing the old song of Chevy Chace.

All wise politicians, who mean to reduce a country, begin with sowing dissensions. A nation firmly united is not easily reduced; but, we have long been told, when divided against itself, it cannot stand.

Edward, under the idea of assisting one of the parties, carried his victorious arms twice through Scotland, and reduced it to the utmost distress.

In one of these excursions he seized the whole regalia, of great value, and brought it with him to London. As Edward the Confessor's tomb was in high repute, and as it was the practice of that day to make costly offerings at his shrine, Edward offered at this altar the whole regalia of Scotland. Every thing of value has been long since carried away, as would the stone, had it been silver. Its base materials protect it.

Henry the Seventh, who, perhaps, was the only prince of the Norman line wiser than Edward, laid the foundation of that desirable union, which subsists between England and Scotland; and Queen Anne completed it without blood.

No argument is required to prove that the inhabitants of Britain should be one people; nature has produced one, unanswerable, by forming us an island. This consolidates their interests in one. Scotland has been much a gainer by the union, England has been no loser. To call them brethren is too distant a phrase; they are ourselves.

When the unfortunate Stuarts attempted to regain the lost dominions in 1715, and in 1745, one of the fallacious promises held up to the unthinking was, *to dissolve the union.* Had I been a friend to that family, which I pity, I should have opposed every measure, in this.

As Ireland, who knows not what she has, nor what she wants, is nearly in the same situation, I have wondered why she did not send sixteen of her members into one house, and forty-five into the other.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

The next monument which presents itself is that of Richard the Second, and his Queen. Being too short by four feet, for a full view of the figures, I climbed to the top, which proved a dirty climb. One would think the dust without as sacred as the dust within, for neither are disturbed.

The figure of Richard is much like what I have often seen. Per-

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haps it is a likeness, but it is too large for life. The amiableness of his Queen, and his love for her, were remarkable. He cursed the palace of Sheene, because it was the place of her death, and ordered it to be destroyed; which shewed his affection as a husband, and his weakness as a man.

EDWARD'S SWORD.

In a small space between Richard's tomb and that of his grandfather are the sword and shield of Edward the Third. The shield seems to have been more injured by time than by fighting. The sword rests in a small niche cut in the moulding, to keep it upright; is about seven feet long, much too heavy for use, and was carried before Edward, through France, during the conquest of that kingdom. Perhaps this terrible weapon never killed a man; if it did, I should be inclined to think it was the man who carried it.

HIS TOMB.

Edward the Third, with his great beard, and his Queen Philippa, with her great hips, lie together.

Her father, the Earl of Hainault, had many daughters. A marriage having been proposed in council, between Edward and a daughter of that house, it was thought necessary to send over an embassy, in which was an English Bishop, who deemed it highly prudent to choose that lady who had the largest hips, as the most likely to establish a race of robust warriors. The design produced the effect; for from her broad hips descended a numerous race of savages, who butchered one another for one hundred and seventy years, till they extinguished the very name of Plantagenet; and till only two persons remained of that fertile house, Henry the Seventh and his wife; and *they* retained a sovereign contempt for each other, merely because one wore a white rose, the other a red.

HENRY THE THIRD.

At the feet of Edward the First lies his father, Henry the Third, in a superb tomb, which carries the striking marks of finery, although it has stood the batteries of time five hundred years.

If we compare this shewy sepulchre with the plain one of his son Edward, and compare their characters, it inclines us to think, the weaker the man, the fonder of ornament.

Henry is much the same *in* his tomb, as out, asleep. In 1229, during the very fire of youth, if fire can be said to exist which never warms, at the age of twenty-five, he led a fine army into Bretagne, to play at marbles. Nothing tends more to enervate that martial spirit of a people which is ever necessary for their protection, than introducing trifling amusements, instead of regular discipline. The want of this spirit was severely felt by the Britons, who, instead of repelling their invaders, called in the Saxons, who conquered both. The same want of spirit was felt after the battle of Hastings, when the English tamely submitted to be robbed of their all.

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QUEEN CATHERINE.

In an obscure corner, in an old worm-eaten chest, sorely battered by time, and only fit for the fire, lie the wretched remains of one of the greatest beauties that ever existed; Catherine of France, wife of Henry the Fifth of England, and daughter of Charles the Sixth; whom Henry, at first view, fell in love with, and determined to marry. Fearful lest he should not gain his point, he threatened to drive the King and the Duke of Burgundy from their dominions, if they retarded his suit. One would think, however, there could be no great difficulty in a handsome young fellow, and a victorious prince, gaining the affections of a lady.

She died at thirty-eight, and was interred in the chapel of Henry the Third. But when her grandson, Henry the Seventh, took down this chapel to erect his own, her body was taken up. The bones seemed firmly united, but thinly covered with flesh. Her coffin being decayed, the frugal king did not choose to treat his grandmother with a new one, but thought this paltry coffer might secure the remains of beauty, which was insufficient to secure his wealth.

A gentleman approached me, whom I knew belonged to the Abbey, because I had seen him carry the silver verge before the Subdean. "Sir," said he, "you seem more attentive than the generality of strangers who visit here."

"I am among numberless curiosities, which I have never seen, though I have long wished it, and am the more attentive, because I know some of the characters which once animated the dust of the place."

"Perhaps it is in my power to assist your inquiries, which I shall do with great pleasure."

Can a favour, much wanted on one side, and politely offered on the other, be rejected? He pointed out many things which had escaped my notice, and others which I could not have known.

I was solicitous about Edward the Confessor's tomb, and asked if he could favour me with a short ladder, that I might survey the top? He answered in the negative, but observed, if I could ascend, I should see an old iron chest, one foot below the surface, which held the remains of the royal saint.

Could I have found a way to the holy dust of St. Edward, I should have been particular in my researches. I would not, like our pious ancestors, have added to the bulk, by offerings, but have freely fingered the saint; not because I revered the man, the character, or the king, but the relic of antiquity.

He shewed me, in the cornice next the choir, several carvings in wood, not ill done, representing the principal transactions of Edward's life, particularly his charities.

After many informations on his side, and inquiries on mine, the verger begged pardon for being obliged to leave me.---I continued my amusement.

In an hour or more he returned, and still found me the only living animal in the place. The reader may think it probable, he went to

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dinner, and I did not. It is, however, extremely probable, he had dined upon the *dead;* so had I.

He renewed his civilities, and seemed pleased when he could open a treat I had not tasted. Upon my inquiries about the vault erected by George the Second, he informed me it was under the chapel of Henry the Seventh, into which I could not enter without a stone mason. He pointed out the spot where lie Frederic, Prince of Wales, his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, George, and his Queen; and said, that by order of George the Second, the right side of Queen Caroline's coffin was taken away, and the left of his own, and their arms were linked together after death, as their affections had been before.

Our pleasures must have an end. It is well they must, or what would be the consequence in our pains? Time removes both. I left this interesting place, with that solemn regret which a man feels, who quits a favourite curiosity he has not seen half enough, and which he probably will never see more.

ON THE

PASSIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THAT love was (far beyond all others) the most predominant passion in the breasts of the ancients, is a truth so evident, that I presume it will not admit of any dispute: for if we examine the annals of antiquity with the most minute circumspection, we shall find that the greatest heroes, as well as the best and wisest of men, have, in all ages, yielded an implicit obedience to the resistless impulses of that passion, and have felt the displeasure of the fair sex with much greater sensibility than the loss of their most respectable friends. It is true they will give us instances of the most generous and disinterested friendship, such as are indeed highly worthy of our emulation; but, alas, how infinitely insufficient are they to counterbalance the weaknesses which are peculiar to that effeminate passion of love!

Should we, with the historian, follow an Achilles, an Alexander, or a Hannibal, to the field of battle, how would our bosoms glow with a transport of admiration even at the bare recital of their glorious actions! But how ridiculous and contemptible will those very heroes appear to us, when we behold them sobbing and sniveling at the feet of their false mistresses, or expiring at the frowns of an infamous woman!

The heathen mythologists were so well convinced of the influences of love over the soul, that they have represented their imaginary deities not only susceptible of that passion, but entirely enslaved by it; for we find that Jupiter himself condescended to quit his celestial man-

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sions incognito, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying a *tete-a-tete* with Alcmena, in the absence of Amphytrion; and his various metamorphoses to possess himself of Europa, Leda, and the rest of those celebrated heroines of antiquity, are incontestible proofs of his passion for intrigue, and that he was subject to the power of that little blind bastard Cupid as well as Alcides, who (though the strongest of all the immortals) was content to yield the breeches to his fair helpmate, with all the complaisance of a modern well-bred husband.

Though the Greeks in former ages always considered marriage as their *summum bonum*, or summit of earthly felicity, Socrates, who was one of their most distinguished philosophers, dissented from the general opinion, as appears by an epistle which he wrote to one of his old acquaintances, in which he cannot help wondering what could induce him to enter into the matrimonial state while he had two-pence left in the world to purchase a rope, with which he might have put an instant period to his miseries; and concludes the epistle with just hinting that if, like Orpheus, he should be tempted to take a short trip to the infernal regions on his wife's account, it should be to request the devil's acceptance, rather than his restitution of her.

The reflections of this bald-pated cynic (however applicable to his own circumstances) are tinctured with a severity which I cannot approve; and though they will certainly find a vindication in the infamous conduct of a Rhodope, a Messalina, and a Lais, the conjugal fidelity of an Andromache, a Lucrece, or a Porcia, will by no means admit them either just or generous; and if we would ill-naturedly censure Helen as the sole cause of the destruction of old Troy, we should, in justice to the fair sex, acknowledge that the Romans were indebted to the injuries of Lucrece for the foundation of that liberty for which their republic was once so universally famed.

Brutus, though a man in whom all the tender passions seemed dead, reposed the most generous confidence in a woman, when he trusted that glorious plan which he had concerted for the restoration of the Roman liberties, to the discretion of Porcia, whose conduct at that important crisis can never be sufficiently admired or applauded.

The vanity of the fair sex (however it may be tickled at the admirable conduct of Porcia) will be very sensibly mortified when they reflect that Mark Antony lost the world, and was betrayed into the hands of Cæsar, by the infidelity of Cleopatra; though it must be confessed that Antony (begging his pardon) was a fool, and met with the fate he deserved, for putting it in the power of that mischievous gipsey to do him so great a prejudice.

The boasted friendship of Alexander the Great to the family of the injured Darius, seems rather the result of love, than any real magnanimity of soul. For the man who could with his own hands inhumanly sacrifice the most faithful of his friends, for nobly disdaining to sooth his mad ambition, by paying him the adoration of a deity, can have no pretensions to a flame so generous as friendship: nay, the most candid retrospect of the life and actions of this vain-glorious monster, however they may be extolled, will justify me in pronouncing

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him either an egregious fool, or a mad barbarian, to run from one end of the world to the other, to cut people's throats, and then sit him down and cry, because it was not in his power to do them any more mischief.

The conduct of Achilles seems altogether as exceptionable as that of Alexander; for though it is probable that he meant to appease the manes of his friend Patroclus, in the insults he offered to the expiring Hector, as well as to the remains of that immortal hero, it is, for the sake of his reputation, much to be wished that he could have given a more generous proof of his affection, as this circumstance proves him entirely divested of every sentiment of that humanity which should adorn the heart of a conqueror.

The exemplary friendship of Cato and Lucius demands our admiration, though the former, notwithstanding all that can possibly be urged in his behalf, has, upon the whole, but little claim to our esteem. When we see him pent up in Utica with a few faithful friends, making a noble stand against the arms of Cæsar, we commiserate his misfortunes, and while we admire his inflexible perseverance in a virtuous cause, see in him (as Mr. Pope elegantly expresses it) "A great man struggling in the storms of fate." But oh what a falling off was there! Had Cato, after a glorious though ineffectual struggle to preserve the liberties of his country inviolate, submitted to the clemency of Cæsar (who certainly held his virtues in the highest veneration), it is not to be doubted but he would have treated him as became a generous conqueror: but Cato's pride absolutely forbad a submission to the victor, and made him prefer an inglorious death to a life of virtuous obscurity. For if we even admit that there was a necessity that he should die (which I cannot conceive there was) it was certainly in his power to have met death in a more honourable manner: for by this last action of his life he has not only cancelled all its former glories, but, in my opinion, forfeited all pretensions to the character of a good and virtuous man.

The admirers of Cato, aware of the infamy which his fall will reflect on his memory to the latest posterity, have attempted to exculpate the action, by taking a comparative view of the age in which he lived, and the present; but, unfortunately for them, this palliation cannot reasonably be admitted; for though the moderns are blessed with superior conceptions of the rewards and punishments of futurity, the Greek and Roman philosophers furnished them with precepts which expressly forbad a practice so horrid as suicide.

All the indulgences and favours which Julius Cæsar was continually showering on Affranius, could not secure him the friendship of that ungrateful villain, who had actually formed a conspiracy to assassinate Cæsar, which was ripe for execution, when Servillus, one of Affranius's slaves, who was admitted among the number of assassins, flattered by the hope of a great reward, discovered the plot to Cæsar: but upon finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he had the insolence to charge Cæsar with ingratitude, before the assembled senate, for not having rewarded him according to his demerits, for discovering the

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treasons of his master; for which service he insisted on the privileges of a freed man, and solicited certain places of public trust which were at that time vacant.---Cæsar listened to his reproofs with the greatest composure, and, rising from his tribunal with an air of inexpressible dignity, replied, "Reproach me not, O Servillus! with thy boasted services, nor on thy life presume to ask a reward for them; Affranius has paid his life, the forfeit of his crimes, therefore suffer his ashes to rest undisturbed; thou hast ungenerously betrayed the confidence he reposed in thee, for what ends thyself and the gods can only tell: if from a desire to preserve Cæsar to assert the liberties of his country, let our safety and the approbation of thy own heart be thy reward; but if from motives of avarice, may the gods suffer me to perish rather than basely purchase the blood of a fellow-citizen to redeem my own. We lament, O Servillus, that the safety of Cæsar, and (what is far more dear to him) the preservation of his country, compelled him to accept thy treasons; but know, perfidious wretch! that traitors like thee, however exalted, will always be the object of a generous man's contempt.

We have an admirable instance of continence and greatness of soul in the conduct of Scipio, which has, and I fear will ever remain unparalleled.

When that immortal hero had subdued Carthage, a young lady of distinguished beauty was presented to him as his indisputable prize, by the law of arms; but, upon enquiry, finding that she was espoused to the prince of that country, who was himself a prisoner in the Roman camp, and inconsolable for her loss, he commanded the Carthaginian to be brought into his presence, and having freed him from his chains, restored the fair captive unviolated to his arms, withdrew his army, and left them in quiet possession of the conquered country.

An action like this is in itself sufficiently glorious to immortalize the name of Scipio to endless ages: for though love and friendship, by soothing our passions, teach us a sympathetic feeling for the distresses of mankind, and elevate the soul of man beyond itself, "It is humanity ennobles all."

J. A. K.

THE MODERN STATE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE world is full of changes and revolutions, and vicissitude is the only certain thing in it: but of all living beings, none is so variable as Man: he is a creature perpetually falling out with himself, and sustains two or three opposite characters every day he lives; is cheerful and angry, pleased and despairing, cynical and good humoured, and all, perhaps, in the space of half an hour.

I sometimes pay a visit to my old friend Tom Weathercock, and should oftener, were he always in the same humour, or even near it: but he is in a continual state of war with himself; he is an enemy to

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his own peace, therefore cannot be any great friend to that of any body else. As soon as Tom hears me at the bottom of the stairs, he meets me at the top with all the joy imaginable, and professes the utmost pleasure at my visit; but scarce has one half hour passed away, but he grows quite tired of himself and me. As I please him in coming to him, I humour him no less in going from him: he is sorry when I do not come, and would be equally sorry if I did not go: I am never from him, but he wants to see me; and he never sees me, but he wants to be from me again. Some evenings I spend in a company where there is an old humourist much of this turn of mind: the first time I saw him I happened to drop in when he had about finished his first bottle, and by the songs he sung, and the pleasant tales he told, I took him for one of the best-natured old gentlemen I had ever met with. The next night I saw him at the Grecian disputing on politics over a dish of coffee, and found him the dullest, conceited, positive old fellow that ever lived. Nothing could please him; he found fault, snarled, and censured every thing that was said. We adjourned with some friends to the tavern, and after three or four glasses of good claret, I found that gloominess began to dispel; he grew wondrous kind and facetious, and kept up this good humour till repeated bumpers settled him in a sound nap; after which he awaked that dogged surly cynic we found him at the Grecian. This gentleman I found was never agreeable but when he was near drunk, and never disagreeable but when he was quite sober.

But of all the variable creatures none can compare with Limberham, whose whole life is a strange medley of religion and debauchery: he lives in a brothel-house four days in a week, and spends the other three in prayer and repentance; and when he thinks he may have reconciled himself to heaven, and set aside his sins, he returns to them again, and makes new work for new devotion.

Thus whim, wine, and affliction can make a man differ from nothing so much as he does from himself; but let us inquire whether pride, good fortune, &c. have not the same power, and produce the same effects.

We are generally so partial to ourselves, that whatever good fortune we have, we immediately ascribe it to our merit rather than providence, chance, or the friendship of others, and value ourselves on our worth when we should rejoice at our fortune. If you approach a man after any new acquisition of wealth or honour with that degree of freedom and familiarity you before used, his haughty behaviour will soon inform you that you are unacquainted with a new accumulation of merit, which should command a greater deference and respect.

Jack Myrtle was a good natured, affable, honest fellow about five months ago: I was intimate with him, and many agreeable hours have we spent with a familiarity that is necessary for friendship: I perceived indeed some time ago the seeds of grandeur and haughtiness rising in him, on his elder brother Harry being taken ill. His brother's disorder increased, and consequently my friend's pride; but still he retained a decent respect to me till his brother died. When I came to

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congratulate him on his succeeding to his brother's estate, I immediately found that John Myrtle, Esq. was in no way the same person I was before acquainted with, called Mr. Myrtle. His indifference increased as his liveries came home, and by the first day he went out in his new chariot he intirely forgot me; but as he had forgot himself it gave me no surprise nor uneasiness that he should not remember me.

But Will Lace differs from himself not according as he himself appears, but according to the appearance of his friends; and is intimate more or less just as the dress they wear makes any figure. A person who is sometimes his crony may pass him in the Park twenty times, and if he is not dressed Will always takes care to turn his head another way, and betrays a great deal of concern for fear of receiving a bow. Meet him in the side box in the evening, he'll protest a prodigious joy at the sight of the person he in the morning so industriously shunned; he laughs aloud, talks aloud with you, and takes care that the whole play-house shall know that he and you are particularly intimate. Next morning you appear in another dress, and he in another opinion.

Inner Temple. H.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM

OLIVER CROMWELL,

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, GENERAL FLEETWOOD,

WRITTEN AFTER HE HAD ARRIVED AT THE SUMMIT OF HIS AMBITION AND POWER.

Dear Charles,

ALthough I doe not soe often as is desired (by mee) acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers on my behalfe, that in all things I may walk as becometh the Gospel. Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian friends than nowe; fain would I have my service accepted of the saincts (if the Lord will) but it is not soe, being of different judgments, and of each sort some seekinge to propagate their owne, that spirit of kindnesse that is to them all is hardly accepted of any: I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and my hope is for them all, yet it much falls out, as when the two Hebrews were rebuked, you knowe upon whome they turned theire displeasure: But the Lord is wise, and will I trust make manifest that I am no enemie.

O how easie is mercie to be abused! Persuade Gentlemen with you to be very sober; if the day of the Lord be so neare (as some say) howe should our moderation appear: If every one, instead of contendinge, would justifie his forme by love and meeknesse, Wisdom would be justified of her children; but, alas! I am in my temp-

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tation ready to say, O would I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest! But this I fear is my haste.

I blesse the Lord, I have somewhat keepes me alive, some sparkes of the light of his countenance, and some synceritye above man's judgment: excuse me thus unbowelling myselfe to you, and pray for me, and desire my friendes to doe soe also: My love to thy dear wife, whome I indeed entyrely love both naturally, and upon the best account; and my blessinge, if it be worth anythinge, upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ascough having occasions with you desired my letters to you on his behalf; if hee come or send, I pray you show him what favour you can; indeed his services have been considerable for the state, and I doubt he has not beene answered with suitable respect; therefore again I desire you and the commissioners to take him into a very peculiar care, and help him soe farr as justice and reason will any waies afford: Remember my hearty affections to all the officers; the Lord blesse you all, soe prayeth

Your truly loving father,

Aug. 22, 1653. O. CROMWELL.

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 22.)

DISDAINING imitation's servile plan,
Vers'd in the various whims of changeful man,
As long as genuine humour can invite,
PARSONS will still be welcom'd with delight.
His chief success is seen in lower life,
In noisy drunkenness and rustic strife;
And in the envious petulance of age,
With happiest skill he props the comic stage.
Perhaps the common passion for applause
Sometimes aside his better judgment draws;
Perhaps extravagance and wild grimace
Too oft are seen usurping humour's place;
But in the scenes our living CONGREVE drew,
Where Spite her image may in *Crabtree* view,
Or where *Sir Fretful* struggles with the smart
Of rankling passions that disgrace the heart,
Malice herself must own he's rarely found
To pass o'er modest nature's simple bound.
Ah! PARSONS, keep to nature's simple style,
Let not the roar of vulgar praise beguile,

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And sternest critics shall confess thy claim
To join the highest rank in comic fame.

AICKIN, in characters of rugged mould,
Is always justly strong, and chastely bold;
Untouch'd by pride, he always seems intent
To be exactly what the author meant.
Where blunt integrity, undaunted, shews
The roughest feeling that the bosom knows.
Dares flippant folly openly despise,
And view the vicious with indignant eyes,
The part with native vigour he portrays,
And to the heart with sense and feeling plays.

At MOODY's call the muse resumes her strain,
MOODY, a vet'ran on the comic plain,
Whose talents might our warmest praise engage,
In low-bred humour and in rustic age,
But that, too conscious of his former name,
He yields to sluggish indolence his frame,
Glares with a vacant visage on the throng,
And idly drags his torpid limbs along.
Candour herself must own, he oft is seen
As if his mind were sunk in stupid spleen.
Critics, who ne'er his former merit knew,
With cold contempt the lifeless lumber view,
And scarce believe, that one unhurt by age
Can thus obscure a genius for the stage.
Strange! that an actor who could once excite
With humour's genuine force, no mean delight,
Who drew from nature ev'ry simple clown,
And in *Hibernia's* sons rais'd just renown,
Should, by so vile a negligence betray'd,
His public character so far degrade.
MOODY, for shame! bring all thy talents forth,
Let rising critics know thy native worth,
That worth, to careless indolence a prey,
That else would brightly deck thy closing day.

Though HULL from nature few externals owns,
No striking features, no expressive tones,
Yet has she giv'n an ample recompense,
In firm integrity and manly sense.
Where cautious age, from long experience wise,
To check wild youth's impetuous ardour tries,
The rev'rend monitor he justly plays,
And boasts substantial claim to critic praise.
But with most force he strikes upon the heart
Whene'er he personates a worthy part;

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Warm with congenial fire, we always find
The genuine workings of an honest mind;
The virtuous fervour mounts into his face,
And the man's worth we in the actor trace.
When from these kindred characters he flies,
To wear the hoary villain's base disguise,
His gen'rous feelings counteract the pa[illegible]
And nature triumphs o'er his baffled art.
The honest muse at first may only mean
To paint the worth that decks the public scene;
But when, among the stage's careless train,
She finds a character exempt from stain,
Pleas'd she deserts the critic's nicer plan,
And leaves the actor to applaud the man.

With comic pow'rs abundantly supply'd,
QUICK draws from feeling, and makes life his guide.
While parts from nature caught, with artless ease,
Of crabbed age or rustic youth can please;
While the quaint characters in various life,
Of noisy humour and of vulgar strife,
Display'd with spirit as with skill design'd,
Receive the welcome they deserve to find,
QUICK must a fav'rite with the public stand,
And rank conspicuous 'mid the comic band.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE

THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, ESQ.

COMMUNICATED IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING BY HIS EXECUTORS;

WHICH FULLY CONTRADICT THE MANY IDLE STORIES THAT HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN IN CIRCULATION RESPECTING HIM.

JAN. 9, 1760, soon after my return from the siege of Quebec I received an account of my mother's death; and having obtained permission from my captain to be absent from duty, I went to London and attended her funeral. Among the very few that I invited to this ceremony was Mrs. Pinkney, who had been many years a neighbour to my mother in Somerset-house. On our return from the burial, she desired I would call on her the next day (and not bring my wife with me) having something of consequence to tell me. I waited on her accordingly; and the following is the substance of what she related to me, as I took it in writing.

"Mary Dunckerley, being dangerously ill with the gout in her stomach (Jan. 2, 1760), and believing it will be her death, is desirous at the request of her friend Mrs. Pinkney, that the following account

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may be made known to her son in the most secret manner, and to none but him.

"At the latter end of November 1723, Mr. Dunckerley went to Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, on some business for the Duke of Devonshire, and did not return till the May following. At Christmas I went to see Mrs. Meekin at Lady Ranelagh's. Mr. L——y happened to come there, [redacted] me the greatest respect; and hinted that I stood in my own light, or I might be the happiest woman in England. I knew his meaning, but made no reply, and went back to Somerset-house the next day. A fortnight after, I had an invitation to Lady Ranelagh's, and her coach was sent for me. I was surprised to find Mr. L——y there again. He handed me from the coach to the parlour; where, to my future unhappiness, I found the Prince of Wales, whom I had *too well known* before my unhappy marriage. At his request (for I could deny him nothing), I stayed several days; during which time he made me *five visits*, and on Candlemas-day I went home.

"Soon after, I found myself sick and breeding, and was resolved to make an end of my life. I was taken very ill. Lady Stanley came to see me; but I could not let her know my disorder. Mrs. Meekin came to see me; and I told her the consequence of what had happened. The next day she came again, and brought me Bank bills for 50l. inclosed in a cover from Mr. Lumley, acquainting me it was by the Prince's command. She said, Lady Ranelagh was coming to see me; and in less than an hour her ladyship came: they advised me to go in the country, and said a house was taken for me at Richmond; but I was obstinate, and said I would not go out of the house till I was brought to-bed. I desired that they would never let the Prince of Wales or Mr. L——y know that I was with child; and I never found they did. Dr. Mead attended me. He ordered me to be bled, and in two days I could sit up.

"Mr. Dunckerley came from Chatsworth in May, and seemed not displeased to find me with child. I disdained to deceive him; and told him what had happened. He commended my conduct with so much joy, that I could not help despising his meanness; and his barbarous behaviour to me in the last month of my time was what I always resented, when he threw a cat in my face, and swore that he would mark the bastard. Our separation soon followed after my delivery; and he kept the secret on his own account; for he had two places, and several considerable advantages, as the price of my folly.

"My son might have been known to his royal father, and I might have lived in as elegant a manner as Mrs. H. or Miss B.; but my dear mother reclaimed me from so criminal a passion; and dread of public shame prevented my making it known."

This is what Mrs. Pinkney assured me was my mother's declaration on her death-bed; for she departed this life five days after. She also told me, "that my grandmother Bolnest, Mrs. Cannon a midwife, and herself, were present at my birth, Oct. 23, 1724; that my mother then declared the Prince of Wales was my father; and that my grandmother and mother requested it might be kept a secret."

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Mrs. Pinkney also informed me, "that my mother was a physician's daughter, and lived with Mrs. W. when the Prince of Wales debauched her; but that Mrs. W. discovered what had happened, and had her married to Mr. Dunckerley, who was then attending the Duke of Devonshire, on a visit to Sir R. W. at Houghton."

This information gave me great surprise, and much uneasiness; and, as I was obliged to return immediately to my duty on-board the Vanguard, I made it known to no person at that time but Captain Swanton. He said, that those who did not know me could look on it to be nothing more than a gossip's story. We were then bound a second time to Quebec: and Captain Swanton did promise me, that, on our return to England, he would endeavour to get me introduced to the king, and that he would give me a character; but, when we came back to England, the king was dead.

I had flattered myself that my case would be laid before the king; that I should have the honour and happiness to be presented to my royal master and *father*; and that his majesty, on recollecting the several circumstances, would have granted me an appointment equal to my birth: but, by the demise of my most gracious sovereign, my expectations were frustrated, and all my hopes subsided.

In January 1761, I waited on Sir E. W. and asked his opinion, if I was like the late king? But, as he was pleased to say that he saw no resemblance, I did not, *at that time*, acquaint him with my reason for asking such a question.

Soon after, I was appointed by Lord Anson to be gunner of the Prince (a ship of the second rate); but being *too well* convinced that the late king was my father, I could not suppress a pride that rose superior to my station in the navy: yet I remained in that sphere till the war was ended; and, in 1764, I was superannuated by the interest of Lord Digby.

At the siege of Louisburg, Admiral Boscawen granted me a warrant as teacher of the mathematics on-board the Vanguard, in addition to my being gunner of the same ship: and, though I discharged both duties for three years, to the satisfaction of my captain, yet, when I expected to have received my pay, 130l. as teacher of the mathematics on-board the Vanguard, it could not be obtained, because Lord Anson had not confirmed the warrant which I received from Admiral Boscawen. This unexpected loss, in addition to sickness in my family, and the expence of having my daughter's right leg cut off above the knee (which was occasioned by a fall), brought me in debt 300l.

Mrs. Pinkney being dead, I knew of no person living that could authenticate the story she had told me; and, as I was unskilled in the ways of court, I saw no probability of gaining access to the royal ear, or his majesty's belief of what I had been told concerning my birth.

Fearful of being arrested, I left the kingdom in August 1764; and, having ordered the principal part of my superannuation-pension for the support of my wife and family during my absence, I sailed with Captain Ruthven, in the Guadaloupe, to the Mediterranean; and

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here it was that I had the happiness to be known to Lord William Gordon, who was going to join his regiment at Minorca.

In June 1765, I was put on shore at Marseilles, being seized with the scurvy to a violent degree; but, by the blessing of God, and the benefit of that fine climate, I was perfectly restored to health in less than six weeks; when I received a letter from Captain Ruthven, inclosing a recommendation of me to his Excellency Colonel T. at Minorca.

I took an opportunity of sailing for that island, and waited on Col. Townsend, who received me with great friendship. I remained there six weeks, during which time I was constantly at his Excellency's table; but no employment offered that was in his power to dispose of.

I had (in the confidence of friendship) acquainted several officers in the army and navy with the account I had received from Mrs. Pinkney; and they were all of opinion, I should endeavour to get it represented to some of the royal family.

Some gentlemen of the LODGE at GIBRALTAR, knowing my distress, sent me 20l. to Minorca; and on the same day I received a letter from Mr. Edward M. at Marseilles, with an order to draw on him for 10l. Thus being enabled to undertake a journey through France, I resolved to return to England, and try to get my case laid before the Duke of Cumberland.

I sailed from Minorca on the first of October, and landed two days after at Toulon; whence I went through Marseilles to Nismes, in Languedoc, to wait on Captain Ruthven, and my good friend Mr. M. Captain R. gave me a letter to Admiral Keppel, requesting his assistance for my obtaining 130l. due to me for having taught the mathematics on-board the Vanguard: and, after staying three days at Nismes, I set out for Paris.

When I entered the capital of France, I had only two louis-d'ors left, and a small bill which Mr. M. had insisted on my taking.

Soon after I came to Paris, I had the honour of an invitation to breakfast with Lord William G. at l'Hotel Deltragnes. His Lordship, knowing how much I was distressed, begged (with the greatest politeness) that I would give him leave to present me with 200l.; assuring me that he should receive as much pleasure in bestowing it as it was possible for me to enjoy in the possession.

My surprise at this instant could only be exceeded by my gratitude to this generous young nobleman.

After staying five days at Paris, I went by the route of Lisle to Dunkirk, and thence to Calais, where I arrived on the 5th of November, and was informed (to my great grief and disappointment) that the Duke of Cumberland was dead.

I embarked the next day for Dover; on the 7th got to London, and had the happiness to discharge 150l. of my debt. I removed my family from Plymouth to the apartment in Somerset-house where my mother had resided near forty years; and at her decease it was continued to me by an order from the late Duke of Devonshire.

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The next year (1766) I was honoured with the notice and friendship of several persons of distinction, who endeavoured to convey the knowledge of my misfortune to the Princess Dowager of Wales and Princess Amelia; but it did not meet with success. In April 1767, General O. (who had known me for several years) acquainted Lord H. with my situation: and that nobleman, with the assistance of Mr. W. laid my mother's declaration before the king.

His majesty read it, seemed much concerned, and commanded that an inquiry should be made of my character from Lord C. and Sir E. W. who had known me from my infancy. The account they gave of me was so satisfactory to the king, that he was graciously pleased to order me a pension of 100l. a year, from his privy purse, May 7, 1767.

The next morning I received the following letter from Lord H.

"Sir, I saw General O. last night, and am happy to find that we have not been unsuccessful in our attempt to serve you, and hope it will be an earnest to something better. My friend Mr. W. had the happiness to lay your case before a king, possessed of every virtue that can adorn a crown. Don't call on me to-morrow; for I am going to Chatham with the Duke of Gloucester; any other time, I shall be happy to see a man possessed of so fair a character, which I value above every thing in this life.

Your friend and humble servant,

Friday morning. H———."

I had also the honour of congratulatory letters from the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Viscount Townshend, General Oughton, and many of my friends.

ON PARENTAL PARTIALITIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE partiality of a Parent to a particular child, when his children are equally deserving, is an act of injustice so extremely oppressive, that one would imagine a father, capable of any paternal tenderness at all, must be shocked at the least inclination to it. Nothing is more plainly dictated by Nature, than an equal and orderly distribution of parental care and attention. It is a lesson we may learn from every species of Animals, whose unerring Instinct is never warped by prejudice or passion. Man only presumes to sin against this universal law, and usurps an arbitrary and absolute right, to cherish or neglect his offspring, to lavish away the superfluities and luxuries of life upon one, and deny the common conveniencies of it to the other, as humour and caprice direct him.

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For my own part, Sir, I am the son of honourable and wealthy parents; and though I have never suffered their discouraging neglect of me to relax my attention to my duty; though they have never complained, or had reason to complain, of my behaviour; I see myself marked out for the victim of their Partiality, and, without having even incurred their displeasure, am doomed to be disinherited and abandoned; turned adrift in a profession where success is more uncertain than in any other, where it depends infinitely more on accident, than either industry or abilities: my profession, however, is likely to be all my portion; and unless I can controul the uncertainties of chance, and command good fortune, I have nothing but penury and distress before me.

My anxiety, however, is not wholly upon my own account. The eldest of my two sisters, who is dearer to me perhaps for being a fellow-sufferer by the same misfortune, is a source of perpetual concern to me. My mother, who was entirely entrusted with the education of her daughters, had her favourite, as well as my father. No expence or pains were spared in instructing the youngest, while the talents of her sister were disesteemed, and thought unworthy the trouble of improvement. And so unjust was her opinion of their several merits, that the accomplishments of the one, which were hardly answerable to the sums they had cost, were imputed solely to the force of genius, while the other was cruelly reproached with want of skill in those arts which she had never been suffered to learn; and her ignorance pronounced stupidity. My mother, however, before she died, had occasion to repent of the cruel distinction she had made between them, her favourite having disgraced her family by a match of her own contriving, and the eldest having been made completely unhappy by an improper match contrived and forced upon her by her parents.

But to return to myself, for the miseries of my unfortunate sister are out of the reach of remedy or redress. There is a meanness in attempting to supplant a Brother, though he ingrosses that share of his Parent's love which is naturally due to the rest, that no ingenuous disposition can submit to. This partiality, therefore, were it the only obstacle to my welfare, would be insurmountable to me. But I have another prejudice to cope with, as deeply rooted, and not less likely to prove fatal to my interest. There must be a *head of the family;* to establish the other son in a state of security and independence, would be diminishing HIS importance. The whole estate must roll down in a bulk to him; and the very scraps and gleanings, that would be sufficient for the maintenance and happiness of a younger brother, must be swept together to increase it. Thus shall a man of the strictest probity, scrupulously just in his dealings with all the world beside, commit a deliberate act of injustice against his own Son, and be instrumental in the ruin of his fortune. But surely it might be proved, if family importance is so much to be attended to, that a family must derive greater honour from the independence of every part, than from the over-grown dimensions of a single one;

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while a neglected member of it, that might have been easily sustained, is languishing and dwindling in obscurity.

It is strange that the ill consequences of such a conduct should be manifest to every body but the person who is most concerned in preventing them. The jealousies that prevail in his family at present, and the future dissensions that must inevitably proceed from them, are circumstances that might reasonably alarm a Father: but the Father himself, whose indiscretion occasions all the mischief, is the very person who will never apprehend it. Blest with the means of providing for his whole family, he chooses to leave one part of it in the hazardous state of dependence upon the other, and to trust, that when he is dead, his heir will execute what it is in his own power to execute while he lives.

There is little reason to hope that this complaint will ever reach the mark I aim at; but, as many more Fathers than mine are equally debauched by pride and partiality, there can be no harm in laying down two maxims for their contemplation:

First, That the Head of a family has no great cause to exalt himself, while all the world is trampling upon the Tail of it.

And secondly, That, though a Father of many children should be allowed to choose a Favourite from among them, yet if he is able to provide for them all, they have all a right to be provided for.

I am, Sir, &c. P.

ACCOUNT OF

DR. DEE, THE ASTROLOGER.

From Lysons's Environs of London.

DR. Dee was the son of Rowland Dee, Gentleman Sewer to Henry VIII. and grandson of Bedo Dee, Standard-bearer to Lord de Ferrars at the battle of Tournay; if any credit is to be given to his pedigree in the British Museum, drawn up by himself, he was descended in a direct line from Tudor the Great. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the year 1553. His mother, Johanna Dee, lived at Mortlake, as early as the year 1568. The greater part of the following account, except where other authorities are quoted, is taken from the MS. narrative of his life, which he read to the commissioners at his house at Mortlake.

John Dee was born in London A. D. 1527. At the age of 15, he went to the University of Cambridge, where he applied himself to his studies with such diligence that he allowed only four hours for sleep, and two for his meals and recreation. In 1547 he went abroad to converse with learned men, particularly mathematicians; and on his return the ensuing year was elected fellow of Trinity Col-

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lege, and made under-reader of the Greek language. He went to the Continent again soon afterwards; and, being then only 23 years of age, read public lectures at Paris upon the Elements of Euclid to crouded audiences, and was visited by persons of the highest rank, who were anxious to become his pupils. In 1553, Edward VI. took him under his patronage, allowed him a pension, and gave him the rectories of Upton-upon Severn in Worcestershire, and Long Lednam in Lincolnshire. About this time he was offered a handsome salary for reading lectures upon natural philosophy at Oxford. In Queen Mary's reign he was out of favour; and being suspected of treasonable designs, was committed to the custody of Bishop Bonner, but escaped better than his fellow prisoner Green, who suffered at the stake. Queen Elizabeth, upon her accession to the throne, immediately took Dee under her patronage, and among other marks of her favour appointed him, though a layman, to the deanery of Gloucester; of which, however, he never got possession. In 1575, the Queen, with several of the nobility, came to his house at Mortlake, with an intention of seeing his library, but hearing that his wife was lately dead, they did not enter the house. Dee attended her Majesty at the door, and explained to her the properties of a glass which had occasioned much conversation, and given rise to a report that he was a magician. In 1578 he married Jane, daughter of Bartholomew Fromound, Esq. of East-Cheam. In 1581 he first began his incantations in concert with one Edward Kelly. Albert Laski, a Polish nobleman of high rank (and I have no doubt of large fortune, or he would not have answered their purpose), was admitted into a kind of partnership with them. They pretended to carry on their conversations with spirits by means of a show-stone, which Dee affirmed was given him by an angel. Kelly was the seer, who, when they had finished their invocations, was to report what spirits he saw, and what they said; whilst Dee, who sat at a table, noted all in a book. A folio volume of these notes was published by Casaubon, and many more remain in MS. in the British Museum. They contain the most unintelligible jargon. The consecrated cakes of wax used in these ceremonies, marked with hieroglyphics and mathematical figures, are also in the Museum. The show-stone, which is a round piece of volcanic glass finely polished, is in the Earl of Orford's collection at Strawberry-hill. This farce was carried on for some time, till at length the whole party having involved themselves in debt, they were obliged suddenly to quit England. They left Mortlake Sept. 21, 1583; the mob, who had always been prejudiced against him as a magician, immediately upon his departure broke into his house, and destroyed a great part of his furniture and books. Meanwhile Dee and his friends hastened to Poland, where they flattered themselves that they should meet with great encouragement through the interest of Laski; but were grievously disappointed in their expectations, and reduced to great distress. They then bent their course to Germany, but the Emperor banished them his dominions. At length in the year 1586

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the Queen ordered him to return, being then in Bohemia*. On his arrival in England he waited upon her Majesty at Richmond, and was very graciously received. She assured him that he might rely upon her protection in the prosecution of his studies. Having been in England three years without reaping any advantage from the promise which had been made him, he was induced to present a petition to the Queen, praying that she would appoint commissioners to inquire into the losses and injuries which he had sustained, the services he had done her Majesty, and the various disappointments which he had encountered. In consequence of this application, Sir Thomas Gorge, Knt. and Mr. Secretary Woolley were actually appointed commissioners to hear his grievances, and sat as such at his house at Mortlake, Nov. 22, 1592, to whom, sitting in his library, he related his case at large. In the mean time two tables were placed near him; on one of them were the proper vouchers for the facts he asserted, to which he constantly referred; on the other, all the printed books and MSS. which he had written. Among the services which he had rendered to the Queen he reckons some consultations with her Majesty's physicians at home, and a journey of 1500 miles, which he undertook in the winter season, to hold a conference with the most learned philosophers on the Continent upon the means of restoring and preserving her health. In enumerating his losses, he estimates the damage sustained in his library at 390l. His whole collection, which consisted of 4000 books, of which a great part were MSS. he valued at 2000l. Among the latter he mentions a large collection of deeds and charters relating principally to estates in Ireland which he got out of a ruined church. He says, they had been examined by heralds, clerks of the office of records in the Tower, and other antiquaries, who had spent whole days at his house in looking them over; and had taken away to their liking. His chemical apparatus, which cost him 200l. was entirely destroyed by the mob when he left Mortlake in 1583: at the same time they beat in pieces a fine quadrant of Chancellor's which cost him 20l. and took away a magnet for which he gave 33l. Among the many promises of preferment which had been made him to so little

* The following prayer (taken from Dee's MSS. in the British Museum), which is in itself a curiosity, will give some idea of the distress to which they were reduced whilst in Bohemia. It is dated at Prague, 1585.

"We desire God, of his greate and infinite mercies, to grant us the helpe of "his hevenly mynisters, that we may by them be directed how or by whom to be "ayded and released in this necessitie for meate and drinke for us and for our "family, wherewith we stand at this instant much oppressed; and the rather be-"cause it might be hurtful to us, and the credit of the actions wherein we are "linked and vowed unto his hevenly Majesty (by the mynistry and comfort of his "holy aungels) to lay such thinges as are the ornament of our howse and the co-"veringe of our bodies in pawne, either unto such as are rebels agaynst his Divine "Majesty, the Jewes, or the people of this cytteye, which are malicious and full "of wicked slaunder.---I Jane Dee humbly request this thing of God, acknow-"ledging myself his servant and hand-mayden, to whom I commit my body and "sowle. Edward Kelly wrote this for Jane Dee."

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effect, he particularly specifies Dr. Aubrey's benefices in the diocese of St. David's, and the mastership of St. Cross. He concludes with desiring speedy relief, and gives his reasons for preferring the mastership of St. Cross to any other appointment, it being a retired situation, well adapted for his studies, with a good house annexed; whereas his present situation at Mortlake was too public, and his house too small to entertain the foreign literati who resorted to him. Upon the report of the commissioners, "the Queen willed the Lady Howard to write some words of comfort to his wife, and send some friendly tokens besides;" she commanded Sir Thomas Gorge to take him 100 marks, and said, "that St. Cross he should have," and that the incumbent, Dr. Bennet, might be removed to some bishopric; and assigned him a pension of 200l. per ann. out of the bishopric of Oxford till it should become vacant. All these promises, like the former, came to nothing; the mastership of St. Cross he never got. The next year, indeed, he was presented to the chancellorship of St. Paul's; but this was by no means adequate to his expectations; and he continued to memorialise her Majesty, till at length he procured the wardenship of Manchester in 1595. Here he continued seven years, leading a very unquiet life, and continually engaged in disputes with the fellows. He returned to Mortlake in 1604. King James at first patronised, but was afterwards prejudiced against him and his studies; upon which Dee presented a petition to his Majesty, and another in verse to the House of Commons, praying that he might be brought to trial, having been accused of calling up evil spirits. Dr. Dee died at Mortlake in the year 1608, having been so poor in the latter part of his life as to be obliged to sell his library piece-meal for subsistence. He was buried in the chancel of Mortlake church, where, Aubrey says, an old marble stone was shown as belonging to his tomb.

The house where Dr. Dee lived is now the property of Richard Godman Temple, Esq. as appears by a survey of Mortlake*, taken A. D. 1617, where it is called an ancient house. It was most probably built in the reign of Henry VII. An old room ornamented with red and white roses existed a few years ago.

It is the opinion of some writers, that Dee was employed by Queen Elizabeth as a spy†, and some have gone so far as to suppose that all the notes of his pretended conversations with spirits were, in fact, political intelligence, couched in cyphers. As they contained a kind of jargon, meaning nothing in itself, they might undoubtedly be used occasionally for such purposes. Dee himself avers in his narrative, that he was taken into the Queen's service on her accession to the

* In this survey Mr. Temple's house is described as belonging to the heirs of Bartholomew Brickwood; in the parish accounts about the same date, the house, which is assessed as Bartholomew Brickwood's, is said lately to have belonged to Mr. Dee.

† Lilly, who lived soon after Dee, avers positively that he was Queen Elizabeth's Intelligencer.---History of his Life and Times, p. 146.

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throne, when she promised, that where her brother had given him a crown, she would give him a noble. The instances of her Majesty's attention to him were striking and numerous, and certainly prove either that she was indebted to him for real, or that he duped her by magnifying the importance of imaginary, services. When he was sick, the Queen ordered her own physicians to attend him, "sent him divers rarities to eat, and the Hon. Lady Sydney to attend on him, and comfort him with divers speeches from her Majesty, pithy and gracious!" The Queen frequently visited him at his house at Mortlake; one day she came on horseback, and "exhorted him to take his mother's death patiently." Another time, as he describes it himself, "she came from Richmond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down (says he) towards my house, and when she was against my garden in the field, her Majesty staid there a good while, and then came into the field at the great gate of the field, where her Majesty espied me at my door, making reverent and dutiful obeysances to her; and with her hand her Majesty beckoned me to come unto her, and I came to her coach-side; her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and to be short, her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her court, and by some of her privy chamber to give her to weete when I am there."

Dee was undoubtedly a man of very great research and singular character and learning, as is evident by his various writings both printed and MS. in almost every science. He wrote upon the reformation of the Gregorian calendar; on the mode of propagating the Gospel on the other side of the Atlantic; on geography; natural philosophy, particularly optics; mathematics; metaphysics; astronomy; astrology; and the occult sciences. He wrote an account also of his voyage to St. Helena, and a treatise on the Queen's right to certain foreign countries; and projected a scheme for the preservation of ancient MSS. by establishing a general repository, a plan which is in a great measure realised by that noble national collection at the British Museum. Whether with all his learning he was himself the dupe of an enthusiastic imagination, or whether he availed himself of his knowledge to dupe others in an age when all ranks were given to credulity, may perhaps admit of a question. I own I am rather inclined to the latter opinion. As a proof of the superstition and credulity of the age, it will not be amiss to mention that Dee was employed to determine according to the opinion of the ancient astrologers, what day would be the most fortunate for Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Some time afterwards he was sent for by the lords of the council to counteract the ill effects which it was apprehended would befal the Queen from a waxen image of her Majesty stuck full of pins, which was picked up in Lincoln's-inn fields. This we are told he performed "in a godly and artificial manner," in the presence of the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Wilson. Dr. Dee was much connected with the Earl, and has been accused of being an instrument

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in his nefarious designs. He was much patronised and encouraged by Henry Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Sidney, and other great men belonging to the court. So great was his reputation abroad, that he was offered great salaries by various foreign princes, if he would settle in their courts. The Emperor of Russia in particular sent him a rich present, with an offer of conveying him and all his family to Petersburgh, and promising to settle an annuity of 2000l. per annum upon him, and to grant him the rank of a privy counsellor. These offers, it must be observed, were made before his last unsuccessful journey to the Continent.

Notwithstanding the Queen's patronage, and the various and rich presents which he was constantly in the habit of receiving, his unbounded extravagance kept him always poor. His journey from Bohemia in 1589, which cost him near 800l. will afford some idea of his ostentation. He was attended by a guard of horse, and travelled with three coaches, besides baggage-waggons. The coaches, with harness for twelve horses, he bought new upon the occasion. When he arrived in England, he appears not to have been worth a penny, and to have subsisted for the next three years upon the precarious bounty of his friends. During this period he received 500l. in money, besides vessels of wine, whole sheep, pigs, wheat, sugar, and other commodities; he sold his wife's jewels, his own rarities, and whatever could be spared out of his house; at the end of the three years he was 333l. in debt. With these expenditures, which according to the present value of money we must estimate at more than 1000l. per annum, he tells us, that "with great parsimony used, he preserved himself and his family from hunger, starving, and nakedness." Dr. Dee carried on his conversation with spirits till the year before his death, at which time he seems to have applied his pretended art to the discovery of hidden treasure and stolen goods, probably with the view of procuring some present subsistence from those who were silly enough to employ him. A portrait of Dr. Dee, taken at the age of 67, as appears by an inscription upon the canvas, is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, where many of his MSS. are deposited. Dr. Dee bore for his arms Gules, a lion rampant, Or, within a border indented of the second. The following crest was granted him in 1576: A lion seiant gardant, Or, holding in his dexter gamb a cross formee fitchee, Azure; on the cross, a label with this motto, "Hic labor;" and his sinister gamb on a pyramid, Argent; on it a label with this motto, "Hoc opus." Francis Dee, Bishop of Peterborough, was cousin of Dr. Dee, being descended from his grandfather Bedo, called, in the Visitation of the county of Salop, the Great Bedo Dee.

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ON THE

ABSURDITY, FOLLY, AND INCONSISTENCY

OF VARIOUS FASHIONABLE

CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES

PRACTISED IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COMPANIES.

Vivere est cogitare et videre.

I HAVE been led into a reflection upon the many useless, superfluous, inconsistent, and troublesome customs and ceremonies which still subsist among us in our most social and entertaining meetings; and which are so absurd and ridiculous in themselves, that they rather serve to confound and perplex, than to support the dignity of society, or give consequence to individuals.

True politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

I have seen two ladies from Petticoat Lane stand for five minutes curtsying with, "*No, Madam, indeed, Ma'm—'pon my honour—I cannot go first, Madam,*" it raining perhaps all the time:—and all this about who should first ascend the step to a greasy hackney coach.

In entering a room, public or private, you will frequently find two old dames drawn forth in their stiffest silks, wrangling who shall first advance; by which tiresome ceremony, the rear is thrown into disorder.

At dinner, again, if the mistress of the house help some lady first, the sweet creature, to shew her politeness, will not touch her victuals till the table is served round; by which means she loses the comfort of her dinner, her meat being quite cold before she tastes it; and if any thing better than usual is provided for her, she is sure not to touch it, by way of shewing her manners.

I went a few days ago to dine in the country with a lady, who was lately initiated into the mysteries of the carving knife, which she handles to admiration; and nobody cuts up the wing of a chicken, or parts off the leg of a pigeon, woodcock-fashion, with greater elegance and grace than she does: in short, she helps her guests to fish, flesh, and fowl, vegetables, puddings, and pies with that politeness, neatness, and propriety, that none come to her table but go away satisfied and charmed. We had a genteel repast, the most exquisite wines, and what rendered the whole more agreeable, mirth and good-humour, till there remained only, to fill up the chinks, a delicious plum tart and some macaroni, with toasted Parmesan cheese.—Here the good lady beginning to cut the tart, was interrupted by another lady, who observed that the macaroni and Parmesan should be eaten first.—"Dear Madam, I never saw such a thing in my life—give me leave"—

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"O, Madam, you surprise me."—"Nay, Madam, only *ax* the company." "Pshaw, Madam!"—Words went very high. The company was unwilling to decide on either side for fear of offending either party. Mr. Joseph, the butler, was appealed to, who gave it in favour of his mistress.

This only exasperated the other lady. Her brilliant eyes, which only used to dart the fire of love, now flashed revenge. Six times in a second the knife and fork were tossed about. Her fingers began to aim at something which her antagonist seemed to be aware of by settling the pins in her cap, and drawing her chair a little farther off from her: and here it would have ended, had not a contemptuous smile from the mistress of the table been insupportable; for now the plum tart, the macaroni, and Parmesan, all went souse into the lady's face, which from the most delicate white became yellow, brown, blue, and of divers hues. The company all rose; prayers and entreaties for peace were urged in vain; hands were held, the lady's woman called, hartshorn, lavender water, towels; and the ladies were both conducted into separate retirements, in order to cool. I sent next day to know how they did, and find the mighty point of contest remains yet *alta mente repostum*, as Virgil calls it. But I have some hopes, hands may be shaken, if this dubious matter were determined by better authority than Mr. Joseph's. I therefore beg leave to subjoin the following card:

"To all ladies, mistresses of a polite table, this question is humbly "proposed and submitted, whether fruit-pies and puddings should be "eaten after or before macaroni and Parmesan?"

There is another most dissonant and perplexing custom, which is that of drinking healths at table; and we certainly have the best reason for dropping such a troublesome custom, when we have so good an example in all crowned heads, who, I am informed, never suffer so teazing a ceremony among them.

It is my misfortune to visit some houses where six children dine at table; and mamma, to shew her good breeding and manners, has taught all her squeaking brats to drink every person's health at the table; we have therefore nothing in our ears but the dull repetitions of these children, to shew their observance of mamma's dictates.

Drinking of healths does not stop here, but in large societies is the pest of every sensible ear, where you will have a pudding-stuffed alderman echo some common councilman's health, and desire the vibration to be continued ten deep, when a culinary echo is returned of, "*Thank you—thank you—thank you, Sir.*"

I belong to one of the most vociferous clubs in town, where, independent of their natural and acquired noise, they keep eternally bellowing the president's health—so that before one mouthful can succeed to another, I am continually interrupted with, "*Doctor—Sir, your health!*" For the universal peace of every table I mention this, in the hope that an universal reformation in the custom may be adopted. Sometimes I have pretended not to hear this offensive salute, in the hope that thereby I might escape making a reply; when, to my mortification, some formal big-nosed old fellow waited till I was ready—

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nor would his good manners suffer him to drink till he had received my bow and thanks.

The origin of this custom is traced to the time when the natural enemies of the British Islanders were often wounded or murdered by their invaders at the very time the cup was at their mouths—whence the expression of "I pledge you" was introduced; that is, a second person pledged himself for the safety of him who was drinking; and he that took the cup drank health to him who pledged himself for his safety.

Now, since religion and education have rather modelled and reformed us, and that while we are drinking there is no great danger of having one's throat cut,—there is no pressing occasion to drink every body's health, as we do not look for any protection at their hands; and therefore I would recommend all my readers to abolish this troublesome and ridiculous custom, in which there is such a repeated sameness.

The French, who have more vivacity, used to carry off these trifles with more grace, and cry with sparkling eyes, while they rattled their glasses, *Vive la bagatelle.* John Bull cannot do this; but John Bull will solemnly and dully sit down to his pipe and bowl with a fellow of the same serious liver, and get abominably drunk without any conversation, but the dull repetition of "*Here's to you!*"

As long, therefore, as there is not any thing to recommend this stale and insipid custom, I recommend that it be cried down by all parties.

Our good friends in Ireland, I believe, may be more grieved than the rest of the community in parting with this ceremony, as it helps to make out their festivities; for no English gentleman ought to sit at an Irish table without a chronological dictionary. I confess I have been puzzled to know the meaning of their toasts; for they rarely give you more for a guide than the day and the year of the event, believing, according to their own warm souls, that every body should know those days which proved an universal benefit to *dear little Ireland.* When I first dined in Ireland, I was charmed with the ease and condescension of the ladies; and the brilliancy of their eyes, and the poignancy of their wit, inspired me with universal admiration. Their convivial sentiments were new, lively, and applicable, and gave a new zest to good claret; but when they withdrew, I stared at the master of the house, who coolly rose from his seat, and locked the door with the most solemn and deliberate countenance I ever beheld. This manœuvre confounded me, till he resumed his chair, when I soon found the purport of fastening the door; for in a vessel, or moving cellar, some dozens of wine were left within his reach. Now, to the pleasing, innocent sentiments of the ladies succeeded the most profligate and abandoned toasts, when all the company appeared to be emulous in excelling in the most meretricious and debauched sentiments. Obscenity was succeeded by politics and religion---disputes upon these topics produced quarrels---and a duel or two concluded this barbarous and most savage bacchanalian debauch.

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Our most celebrated painters had certainly an eye toward these profligate orgies, when they drew those riotous scenes of Silenus, the Fauns, and Satyrs; wherein the drunken crew are excellently depicted with the horns and hoofs of the most lewd and noxious brutes; by which Titian always meant to satyrize Man, who is a mere brute when drunk. What I mean by these observations is, to banish the stale custom of drinking common healths. I would not wish to banish the toast that celebrates a blooming wench, nor forget the hero, or the memorable event. These serve to stimulate to great and glorious actions, and they give a zest to the wine, which often without them would lose its flavour, and tire upon the palate:

> It is the Hero's name, and blooming Lass,
> That give new flavour to the circling glass.

There is yet another custom which, of all others, tires the senses, and stupifies the fancy. This is the absurd parade of asking some pouting Miss to sing, who will bear teazing for a full hour before she complies; and then in a most wretched squall she disturbs your ears for an hour: for when once set off, she rattles away like the clack of a mill, while all the company are under the necessity of praising this screaming devil for the very torture she has given them.

Others, again, are plaguing some dull he-animal for a song; who begins braying in a most dissonant tone, without one requisite to please; and if you do not keep renewing your solicitation for the continuance of his noise, he thinks himself used very ill.

There are a set of men in this Town who have a few songs ready cut and dried, and are uneasy until they have shot them all off upon the company. * * * * * * is a lad of this kind; he has no conversation; so that all the entertainment which you can promise yourself in his company is the songs that he gives you: these you must keep demanding, until he has twittered away all his stock.

Whenever a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice, it is natural to ask them to sing, and it is good-natured when they comply; but when the resolution is made of a whole company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow, that he will never go into the society of men more. Besides, I have ever made it an invariable observation, that these singing companies in general consist of impenetrable blockheads, who have neither fancy, nor education, nor sense, to furnish out an evening's entertainment with any sensible conversation; indeed, wherever *such* singing is introduced, it is sure to destroy all conversation; so that you are under the necessity of proceeding from ballad to ballad till your coach relieves you.

> What ear, ye Sirens, can endure the pest
> Of a man roaring like a storm at West?
> Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
> To hear some hoyden Miss for ev'nings squall?
> Give me, ye Gods! my cabbin free from care,
> And *jugging* Nightingales in darkling air.

N.

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TWO LETTERS

WRITTEN BY MR. ADDISON,

IN THE YEAR 1708,

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,

AFTERWARDS HIS SON-IN-LAW, WHEN THAT NOBLEMAN WAS VERY YOUNG.

THOUGH the subject is puerile, yet, as they are full of that good-nature and humour for which Mr. Addison was so eminently distinguished, we doubt not but that they will please many of our readers.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a sky-lark's; others will have them to be a Canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they give me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-house, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle shells and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author, in his treatise of Friendship. *Absint autem tristitia, & in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior & remissior, & ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior**. If your Lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy-End, I shall be very well pleased. I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate, and most obedient,

May 20, 1708. J. ADDISON.

* But far be stateliness and severity from us. There is, indeed, a gravity in these: but friendship ought to be gentle and relaxed, condescending to the utmost sweetness and easiness of manners.

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MY DEAREST LORD,

I CAN'T forbear being troublesome to your Lordship, whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bull-finch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music, and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the Opera, and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil:

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis late loca quœstibus implet.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

May 27, 1708. Your Lordship's most obedient
J. ADDISON.

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 374.

TIBERIUS, the colleague of Augustus, having attained to the imperial throne, became a patron and encourager of the fraternity. [A. M. 4036. A. D. 34.] Under his reign the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified without the walls of Jerusalem, by Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea, and rose again the third day for the justification of all that believe in him. Tiberius afterward banished Pilate for his injustice to Christ.

The Augustan stile was much cultivated, and the expert craftsmen met with great encouragement; even Nero raised his own statue of brass, 110 feet high, and built a most superb gilded palace.

Vespasian sent his gallant son Titus to subdue the Jews, and take Jerusalem; when a soldier, in the sack of the town, contrary to the

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orders of that generous conqueror, set fire to the temple. Soon after this sad conflagration, the whole city was levelled with the ground, *not one stone being left upon another;* and the conqueror ordered a plough to pass over the ruins thereof, as a testimony of its irrecoverable state and final desolation, agreeably to the prophecies that foretold its destruction!

Vespasian shut the temple of Janus, and built the temple of Peace. [A. D. 70.] He raised his famous amphitheatre, in which the rich Composite order was first used. He ordered the Jewish temple in Egypt to be demolished, and died A. D. 77.

Upon the return of Titus from the overthrow of the Jewish nation, he caused a triumphal arch, adorned with splendid engravings and sculptures, to be built; and soon after, his noble palaces, with the famous statue of Laocoon of one stone.

Domitian built the temple of Minerva, and rebuilt that of Capitolinus, which he overlaid with plates of gold; and had all the columns cut out at Athens. He also built a palace more rich and grand than that of Augustus, with stately galleries in the portico, beside halls, baths, and beautiful apartments for his women. He died A. D. 63, succeeded by Nerva, who died in 95, after he had adopted Trajan.

Trajan, by his warden, the renowned architect Apollodorus, laid a wonderful bridge over the Danube, built a noble circus and palace, two triumphal arches, and his famous column, that exceeds all admiration; being 128 feet high, and the ascent to the top of it by 123 stairs, with forty-four windows. [A. D. 114.] The ashes of this emperor, inclosed in an urn, are deposited on the top of this stately column; which is moreover adorned with figures in basso relievo, ascending in spiral lines from the base to the capital; representing the military atchievements of that emperor against the Daciæ. The Roman columns were not raised without some mystical signification, or historical reference; and in this respect they followed the Egyptian masons; some being monuments of stability and firmness; some to commemorate noble atchievements; and others, captivity, reproach, and overthrow. Adrian repaired the public buildings, and first built the Roman rampart in Britain, of earth covered with turf, between the river Tyne and the Solway Firth, eighty miles in extent, to check the inroads of the Caledonians. [A. D. 130.] This rampart not being sufficient to answer its purpose, the Emperor Severus afterward built a wall of stone, whose remains are yet to be seen in Northumberland, where it is distinguished by the name of the *Picts' wall*. This wall was 12 feet high, and 8 feet thick, with castles and turrets at proper intervals for guards and centinels to be within call of each other, from one extremity of the wall to the other. Antoninus Pius raised his curious column of white marble, 168 feet high, beside 7 feet of the pedestal, now under ground. [A. D. 159.] Marcus Aurelius countenanced the artists; [A. D. 178.] but Commodus, though educated with care by an excellent father, turned vicious; and, in his time, painting and sculpture began to decline at Rome: though Caracalla afterward erected a splendid circus. [A. D. 306.]

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Thus flourished the royal art down to Constantine the Great, who reared at Rome the last triumphal arch of the Augustan stile; for he removed his throne to Byzantium, which he named Constantinople; and carried away all the portable monuments of art from Italy, and the best artists, to embellish his new metropolis. He built there many artful piles, forums, hippodromes, temples or churches, porticoes, fountains, a stately imperial palace and senate-house, a pillar of porphyry of eight stones, about 87 feet high above the pedestal, and the amazing serpentine pillar with his equestrian statue, &c. [A. D. 336.]

Constans brought with him to Rome the famous architect Hormisdas, the king of Persia's son, who was justly astonished at the ancient structure and statues, and declared them inimitable: for now all the arts dwindled at Rome, as they flourished at Constantinople. Nay, the Christians, in zeal against heathen idolatry, demolished many curious things, till the Roman empire was partitioned between two brothers, Valentinian and Valens.

Valentinian was emperor of the west at Rome; but this empire was soon engrossed by the eastern: Valens, emperor of the east at Constantinople, was distressed by the Goths, and died without issue.

To the empire of the east succeeded Theodosius the Great, who gloried in being a patron of all the designers and operators, the same as grand master: and loved them so well, that by a law he exempted all the craft from taxation. [A. D. 378.]

The northern nations of Europe, the Goths, Vandals, Huns, Allemans, Herules, Sueves, Dacians, Alans, Franks, Gepidans, Saxons, Angles, Longobards, and many more, had gradually grown strong as the Roman power decayed, and invaded divers parts of the empire, even Italy itself; over-running the polite world like a deluge, with warlike rage and gross ignorance, the enemies of arts and sciences. But Theodosius for a while checked their career, and established himself sole emperor of the east and west. Unhappily he partitioned it again between his two sons, Honorius and Arcadius; the latter of whom enriched the city of Constantinople with many superb structures, and a lofty pillar, with a flight of stairs in the centre of it, 147 feet high. Theodosius the Younger also enriched the same city with many spoils of war from Greece, Egypt, and Asia; and employed the craft in repairing and erecting additional works to the great church of St. Sophia.

Justinian I. supported the lodges of artists or craftsmen, and restored the Roman empire to some degree of respect. [A. D. 526.] In pure zeal for the sciences, now in the extremest peril of being lost, he sent his general, Belisarius, with a powerful army against Totila, the Goth, who with a multitude of savages had taken old Rome, and set it on fire! The city continued burning for thirteen days together; when about about two thirds of it was laid in ashes; and all must have undergone the same fate, but the dastardly crew were forced to fly on the approach of Belisarius. What they had demolished, soon brought on the destruction of the rest; so that at this period may be

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fixed the total departure of arts and learning from Italy and the west; the Augustan stile, with all its improvements; the craft of masonry, and the harmony of the lodges being subverted by Gothic ignorance, and forgotten! [A. D. 547.]

Justinian collected the body of the civil law, or *Codex Justinianus*, which, by the judgment and industry of Trebonian, and other coadjutors, was digested into the form we now have it: he also expended thirty-four millions of gold, in rebuilding the church of St. Sophia, which he intended should equal, if not excel, the temple of Solomon; but in vain. [A. D. 560.] This emperor is reported to have caused the eyes of Belisarius to be put out, on a charge of being engaged in a conspiracy against him: and it is added, that the old veteran general was afterward forced to beg at the great gate of St. Sophia, *Date obolum Belisario, quem virtus extulit, invidia depressit.* * Many great and noble actions were performed by Justinian; but all of them would not atone for his ingratitude to so worthy a man, if the fact be true; but there is some consolation in finding authors who dispute the worst circumstances of the story.

From this period the sciences and arts began to decline apace in the east, as we have already observed they had done in the west. Bloody persecutions and wars were for several ages carried on; most of the emperors being murdered by their successors; with millions of other brutal actions that degraded and disgraced the Christian name: their wickedness did not, however, go unchastised; for the Mahometans † now began to be very powerful, and every where triumphed over their wretched and wicked opponents; overthrowing with fire and sword all the monuments of art in their way. Every thing that had the least appearance of elegance, or of being dedicated to learned uses, was doomed to immediate destruction: so that arts and sciences, with the craft of masonry, now suffered more in Asia and Africa than at any period of time before; and the Augustan stile in the east is thereby, in all probability, buried for ever in oblivion. [A. D. 710.]

When the Goths, and those whom they conquered, began to affect stately buildings, their architecture, which probably they had but at second hand from the Arabs and Moors, was so coarse, that the greatest of their architects knew nothing of just designing: they wanted both heads and hands to imitate the ancients; nor could they do it for many ages. Yet, neither wanting wealth nor ambition, they did their best; and so the more ingenious gradually drew together in societies or lodges, in imitation of the ancients, according to remaining traditions not quite obliterated; and cultivated a stile of their own, called the *Gothic*.

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* "Give a halfpenny to Belisarius, whom virtue had raised, and envy depressed."

† In the year of our Lord 622, the Mahometans began their æra called the *Hegira*, commencing with the retreat of their prophet Mahomet from Mecca.

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Authors distinguish two kinds of Gothic architecture; ancient and modern, with respect to each other. The ancient is that which the Goths brought with them from the north in the fifth century; and was probably no more than rude imitations of Roman buildings, unassisted by any knowledge of architectonic principles. The edifices built in this stile are exceedingly heavy and coarse; their characteristics are, that the walls are very thick; and generally without buttresses; the arches semicircular, supported by clumsy columns; with a kind of regular base and capital. In short, plain solidity is the striking feature of this mode of building; though ornament was not wholly unattempted, as may be seen in some remains of the old Saxon architecture still existing in this country.

The modern Gothic, or, as it should rather be called, the Arabesc, or Saracenical, was introduced about the tenth century, when pilgrimages and crusades to the Holy Land become fashionable; for there were no people at that time known by the name of Goths. This improved stile ran into the other extreme; being light, delicate, and rich to excess: witness Westminster abbey, the cathedrals of Litchfield and Salisbury, the cross at Coventry, &c. This last kind continued long in use, especially in Italy; all the old cathedrals, from the thirteenth century to the restoration of Grecian architecture in the sixteenth century, being in this stile. The marks which constitute the character of the modern Gothic, are its numerous and prominent buttresses, its lofty spires and pinnacles, its large and ramified windows, its ornamental niches or canopies, its sculptured saints, the delicate lace work of its fretted roofs, and a profusion of roses, crosses, and other ornaments, lavished indiscriminately over the whole building. But its more peculiar characteristic is, to see lofty vaults of pointed arches raised on slender clustered pillars, which, though they have stood for ages, a timid spectator is in apprehension of their tumbling every minute! The first appearance of this stile in our country, was toward the latter end of the reign of Henry II. and hence it is, that our ancient cathedrals and churches are in the modern Gothic. About the time of Henry VIII. it began to decline, being succeeded by a mongrel stile, in which the Gothic and Grecian are incongruously blended together.

Being therefore now in possession of sufficient *data*, the speculative mason will scarcely be displeased at an invitation to pause a little; to try if we cannot discover the primitive ideas, or original models, on which architecture was founded. These *data* are the Grecian and Gothic stiles, or, which are nearly the same, the two Gothic stiles; assuming the former of them for the rude infancy of the Grecian architecture, and the latter as a stile distinguished by peculiar characteristics. The trunk of a tree presented to the first builders a column, fashioned by the hand of nature; the swell, where it expands into roots below, and a corresponding enlargement, where it parts into branches above, might suggest the idea of a base and capital; and by such columns, in all probability, were the primitive habitations of mankind supported. The column being thus found, variation and orna-

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ment might be dictated by those sparry concretions sometimes observable in caverns. In such subterranean recesses, when water, loaded with stony particles, distils from any part of the roof, it forms a petrifaction hanging down like an icicle; while on the floor, where the drops fall, a similar conical concrete rises. If the roof be not too high, and if the operation be constant, the two points at length meet, and, thickening at the junction, unite into a column, which seems designedly placed for support; and the very irregularities of its form might assist invention in fluting, and other fanciful decorations.

The Grecian column being suggested by the trunk of a tree, felled, and dismembered of its branches, some bold genius, at the revival of architecture, struck out a new design, which was, to adopt the tree in full growth; and, as far as the nature of the materials would admit, to imitate in stone those awful sacred groves, wherein the heathen nations used to worship their divinities. Then it was that mankind saw churches formed, as it were, by assemblages of trees, whose lofty intersecting branches composed a vaulted roof, with many ribs, angles, and points of junction, where they met; light being received through windows of painted glass, divided into compartments by stone ribs, that meeting also in angles, resembled the branches and leaves of an opening grove! There was sublimity in the idea; and with what art it was executed, will appear from the long vistas in a Gothic cathedral, and of a close lofty grove, mutually exciting the recollection of each other.

It has perhaps been too much the fashion to depreciate the Gothic architecture out of compliment to that of Greece and Rome; but while the great age of many of our churches and collegiate buildings justifies the principles and proportions of the former, there appears no reason to sacrifice the one to the other, as their merits are sufficiently distinct for both to be received. Good designs in either will be a source of sublimity; but the impression will depend on the agreement of the stile with the purpose of a building. It is not easy in all cases to define our feelings; and to attempt discriminating the sublimity of architecture into species, is perhaps an act of temerity: but under this acknowledgment, the Greek architecture appears calculated to elevate the mind to an admiration of beauty and magnificence; and the Gothic, to impress us with emotions of solemnity and awe! The cathedral of St. Paul, in London, surprises us, indeed, by the harmony and grandeur of the several parts of so vast an edifice; but that of St. Peter, in Westminster, strikes us, moreover, at the first entrance, with reverential awe, that disposes the mind to pious meditation, and offices of devotion. If there be any justice in this distinction, the inference will be, that the five Grecian orders are best adapted to civil purposes; and that the Gothic may rank as a sixth, peculiarly applicable to ecclesiastical structures, and might be termed---the *Collegiate order*.

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ON

THE VARIOUS MODES OF EATING

IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most secret parts of their houses, and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat; he fears that another, with as sharp an appetite but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Beside, the ideas of witchcraft are widely spread among the barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured, that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: Every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and takes their meals in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity, and soon became a habit. "A people transplanted," observes an ingenious philosopher, "preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat."

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat; but touches nothing himself. In New France,

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he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations: and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table in undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth: and then clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat, as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know whether the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an unsupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out—"*Tana!* —T. ere!" and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that, after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at a table, the nobility served them on horseback.

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POETRY.

MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

NO sect in the world can with Masons compare,
So ancient, so noble the badge is they wear,
That all other orders, however esteem'd,
Inferior to Masonry justly are deem'd.

CHORUS.

We always are free,
And for ever agree;
Supporting each other,
Brother helps Brother,
No mortals on earth are so friendly as we.

When first attic fire mortals' glory became,
Tho' small was the spark, it soon grew to a flame;
As Phœbus celestial transcendently bright,
It spreads o'er the world a fresh torrent of light.
We always, &c.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest of men,
Freemasonry honour'd again and again;
And nobles have quitted all other delights,
With joy to preside o'er our mystical rites.
We always, &c.

Tho' some may pretend we've no secrets to know,
Such idle opinions their ignorance show;
While others, with rapture, cry out, "They're reveal'd!"
In Freemasons' bosoms they still lie conceal'd.
We always, &c.

Coxcomical pedants may say what they can,
Abuse us, ill use us, and laugh at our plan;
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our souls,
And join in a chorus o'er full-flowing bowls.
We always, &c.

SONG.

FAIR blew the wind, and the morn was serene,
When orders were giv'n to prepare us for sea,
The topsails were loos'd, and all ready were seen,
"Heave short," went the word, and we answer'd
Yo yea!

My heart beat a stroke, while at every pull
At the windlass I hove the anchor to weigh;
For my girl was in view with her eyes brimming full,
And she sighed ev'ry time that she heard the
Yo yea!

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At length under weigh, she wav'd her white hand,
As smoothly before it we put out to sea,
From the top I beheld her lov'd form on the strand,
And still went my heart to the tune of
Yo yea!

Tho' long we've been parted, my love is the same,
In every clime, dear Anna, for thee;
When the dark beating storm o'er us threat'ningly came,
Still I remember our parting
Yo yea!

But what sweet delight steals over my mind,
As homeward we're steering our prosp'rous way!
My Anna to meet, and to find her still kind,
Makes my heart dance for joy while singing
Yo yea!

W.

STANZAS TO WINTER.

OH! come, rude Winter, pale and sad,
Congenial to my pensive mind,
In silver-seeming mantle clad,
All frozen by the northern wind.

Though rough the blast, and rude the day
That ushers in thy stormy power,
Yet shall my bosom court thy sway,
Undaunted, 'mid thy darkest hour.

Not Spring array'd in richest green,
And deck'd with drops of pearly dew,
Not Summer with his jocund mien,
Nor Autumn with his golden hue,

Can with their flatt'ry sooth a heart,
An anxious heart, that feels like mine;
Nor to the soul a charm impart,
So simply pure, and keen as thine.

When thy dim morn but faintly glows,
And languid rears her drowsy head,
And Nature's herbage, deck'd with snows,
No more the pearly drop can shed,

O'er the rough waste my steps shall bend,
Or climb some rude cliff's slipp'ry steep;
And while thy blasts the welkin rend,
Or o'er the desert fiercely sweep,

Thy wild scenes shall my fancy warm,
And sooth my troubled heart to rest:
No vulgar joys like these can charm,
Or deeply touch the conscious breast.

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Here beauteous Nature dreadful glows,
Nor cheats the heart with Pleasure's lure;
No Siren bait th' enchantress throws,
But all is simple, grand, and pure.

Anon the threat'ning Boreas scowls,
And shiv'ring Nature stands dismay'd;
From Ocean's cave loud Eurus howls,
Till Neptune's self is half afraid.

Yet the pure mind, by vice unstain'd,
Hears the loud roar, nor recks the storm;
For where Instruction can be gain'd
She seeks her in her boldest form.

Now let me feel the bitter cold,
Let the rude blast my breast assail;
I need no more the tale be told;
I *know* myself, and *feel* the gale.

And thou, poor friendly child of woe!
That keenly feel'st the wintry wind,
Thy helpless suff'rings too I know;
And can my bosom prove unkind?

Ah! no---Though in my breast of steel,
No drop of pity e'er was shed,
Yet Nature's self would bid me feel,
And give thee where to hide thy head.

Ye giddy, gay, fantastic croud,
Who offer still at Folly's shrine,
Here come, and be no longer proud,
But let your feelings mix with mine.

Here learn to know the wretch's fate,
Who asks a pittance at your door;
Spurn'd from the guilty rich man's gate,
He sinks beneath the drifted show'r.

Come then, and give with lib'ral hand,
And snatch him from his deep despair.
Soft Pity's voice shall man withstand,
And pleasure be his only care?

Ah! no---The crystal drop shall start,
Kind Charity his breast shall warm;
Benevolence dilate his heart,
And Virtue be his only charm.

J. T. R.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

OH softest of passions, sweet soother of woes,
On the heart that adores thee benignantly smile;
Still let my wrung bosom enjoy thy repose,
Tho' indignant, with fortune, I struggle the while.

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Tho' the time be no more which this bosom has known,
When my simple young heart had not tasted of pain;
When health and contentment and peace were my own,
And friendship first bade me awaken the strain.

Yet shall not oblivion her standard display,
But mem'ry, still ling'ring, shall think on the past,
And pleas'd retrospection shall mark the glad day,
That gave birth to pure friendship, and thought it would last.

Let the bosom of him whom dull apathy steels
In the moment of absence, drink Lethe's dark stream;
Let him who the finer emotions ne'er feels,
Still laugh at fair friendship, and call it a dream.

Why let it be so, 'tis a dream most divine,
And long may the vision my senses delude;
May the sleep that produc'd it for ever be mine,
And the morn of indiff'rence ne'er dare to intrude.

Sunderland. J. T. R.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN HOWARD, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. O'KEEFE, in the Character of ARABELLA (a female Captive just set free by the HOWARD of the Drama), in Mrs. Inchbald's Play of *Such Things Are.*

WRITTEN BY J. F. STANFIELD.

RAIS'D from despair---snatch'd from the dungeon's gloom---
And bade the paths of peace and love resume,
Should not the sun-shine of my fate inspire
The strains of joy---and gratulation's fire?
Ah! no---the honour'd hand that freedom gave,
Now cold and lifeless, moulders in the grave;
The eye where mercy beam'd in darkness lies;
Mute are those lips that bade the captive rise!
Hark! from yon somb'rous caves the mingled sound
Of anguish, pealing thro' the vaulted ground!
What new distresses raise the tumult high?
What recent sufferings force the frantic cry?
Can deeper horror swell the captive's woe?
Can sharper misery bid his sorrows flow?
Has ruffian pow'r increas'd the galling chain?
Has grim disease let loose his wasteful train?
Has famine drain'd the current of the heart?
Does death insatiate shake his reckless dart?
Alas! severer pangs their bosoms tear---
Fiercer than pain, and dreadful as despair.
For---through the low roof'd cells, thick murmurs pour
The sorrowing sound---"*Our guardian is no more!*"
"HOWARD'S *no more!*"---Disease despairing cries.
"HOWARD'S *no more!*"---Captivity replies.
Lent, but to guide us thro' these mortal glooms,
His mission's o'er---and heaven its saint resumes.
Ah! let fond gratitude her strain renew---
Let memory raise his hallow'd form to view---

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Break thro' the mortal barriers that divide;
And once more, wondering, clasp our sainted guide.
See him, when mellowing years his hopes matur'd,
When affluence, honours, ease and interest lur'd---
See him go forth, a delegated chief,
Sent by high heaven, th' apostle of relief.
By virtue led, and arm'd with sacred powers,
See him assail the prison's murky towers!
The massy portals, bursting wide, disclose
The dungeon, teeming with contagious woes.
To bar the bold intruder's dareful way,
Repressive exhalations load the day.
Disease, with purple plagues, and putrid bands---
And death, with mace ensanguin'd, threat'ning stands.
But vain the pow'rs of earth and hell conjoin,
T' oppose the ardour of the vast design.
Thro' damps putrescent, sickly mists and shades,
Wrapt in etherial garb, he fearless wades.
To reach the wretched, sooth the sufferer's woes,
Nor toils fatigue, nor dangers can oppose.
Behold that fainting form---whose nerveless arm
Once strung with health, and with young vigour warm,
Bore, thro' embattled foes, a sword of fame;
And fought, and bled, to aid his country's claim---
That fainting form, which rankling pain distorts---
Whose meagre limbs a weeping wife supports,
Now struck by pow'r---bent by the massive chain---
Sinks deep, beneath oppression's iron reign.
See (once his bliss!) a pratling, feeble brood,
Cling to his straw, and lift their cry for food!
Alas! in vain, they pour their infant grief---
The wretched pair can furnish no relief.
"And must they perish? Will their little cry
"Pass unregarded!---Must we see them die!"
No---wretched group, the hour of comfort's given,
A Howard's sent by all-regarding heaven.
Thro' yon dark port, he beams with light humane---
Relief and freedom follow in his train.
He bursts the fetter; the rank wound embalms;
Gives the ripe cordial; the rack'd bosom calms:
The vulture famine stills; med'cines your woes;
And---best of gifts---he liberty bestows.
O would ye view this scene---that shakes the heart,
Behold the canvas warm'd by Gillray's art *.
His magic pencil wakens into life
The speechless rapture of th' adoring wife:
Th' o'erpowering joy, that sinks the feeble sire;
The infant looks that beam with grateful fire.
While the great Comforter, erect, serene---
Stands, minist'ring angel of th' affecting scene.
Such the pursuits this godlike mortal form'd:
Such the sweet charities his bosom warm'd.
O may his great example rouse the isle
To emulate the wonders of his toil!
And while fond Britain glories in his name,
Erects the column to his deathless fame,

* Gillray's celebrated picture of Mr. Howard relieving a sick officer and his family in prison.

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The monumental pile and statue rears,
And wets his urn with true maternal tears---
O may the CAUSE that bid his bosom blaze
Survive the tomb, and spread its chearing rays!
May it induce the affluent and gay
To turn a thought from pleasure's gilded way---
To view the *lowest* of the sons of care;
And sooth the wretched mansions of despair!
This will, indeed, give lustre to his fame:
The best memorial of his honour'd name.
Lasting as fate *this* Monument will be---
And such as HOWARD's self would smile to see.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Feb. 2, 1796. A NEW Musical Farce, called the *Lock* and *Key*, from the pen of Mr. Hoare, was performed for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cheerly,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Brummagem,	Mr MUNDEN.
Ralph,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Vain,	Mr KNIGHT.
Fanny	Mrs. MARTYR.
Dolly,	Mrs. NORTON.
And Laura,	Mrs. SERRES.

The PLOT is as follows:

Ralph, the whimsical servant of old Brummagem, angry at witnessing the harsh treatment that Laura, his young mistress, the niece of Brummagem, receives from her uncle, determines to rescue her; and to that purpose forms a plot with Captain Cheerly, her lover, and Fanny, a female servant; in consequence of which, the two latter effect Laura's escape, while Ralph amuses the old man's attention by a story he pretends to relate. Cheerly is assisted by Vain, an adventurer, who engages for 100l. to carry off Laura; but being disconcerted by Ralph's scheme, of which he was not apprised, is completely baffled.--Laura and Cheerly are married, and ask Brummagem's forgiveness, which is granted them.

This simple story is well managed, and the business enlivened throughout with a series of comical and laughable incidents. Many of the scenes are indeed extremely ludicrous, but they are pleasant, and fully answer the purpose for which all productions of this nature are intended, of keeping the audience in a continual merry roar.

The dialogue is sprightly, and the *equivoque* neat and striking.

The music of the songs is worthy of *Shield*.

The overture, by the junior *Parke*, is one of the best compositions we have heard for a long time.

The performers acquitted themselves throughout with the utmost credit, and the piece is likely to undergo many repetitions.

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PROLOGUE

TO

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. MACREADY.

THE Stage should be to life a faithful glass,
Reflecting modes and manners as they pass:
If these extravagant appear to you,
Blame not the drama---the reflection's true.
Our author makes of virtue no parade,
And only ridicules the *vice* of trade;
Exposes folly in its native tint,
And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
The modern buck, how diff'rent from the beau
In bag and ruffles sixty years ago?
The City Coxcomb then was seldom seen
(Confin'd to Bunhill Row, or Bethnal Green);
West of Cheapside you then could scarcely meet
The *gay Lothario*---of Threadneedle-street!
His folly rarely met the public eye,
Or like a shadow pass'd unheeded by:
Tradesman and Rake were then remov'd as far
As gay St. James's is from Temple-bar.
But now the Cit must breathe a purer air;
The 'Change he *visits*---*lives* in Bedford-square;
Insures a fleet---then BOOTLE's club attends,
Proud to be noticed by his titled friends,
And strives to join, by Dissipation's aid,
The Man of Fashion with the Man of Trade.
Vain to associate with superior rank,
He quits his Ledger---for the Faro Bank;
His dashing curricle down Bond-street drives,
Risking his own---and *worse*---his horses' lives;
Till, urging Fortune's glowing wheel too fast---
This empty air-blown Bubble breaks at last!
Though Trade may give such upstart mushrooms birth,
The Muse pays homage to its real worth.
This Isle to Commerce owes her splendid state,
The source of all that makes her truly great;
And 'midst her busy sons enough are found
To raise dejected Mis'ry from the ground.
While Commerce, with a lib'ral heart bestows
Her wealth to mitigate the poor man's woes;
Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy prison cheers,
And wipes with pitying hand the widow's tears;
Th' applauding world will say (such bounty giv'n)
The English Merchant is the Steward of Heav'n!
Our Author now that candour would implore
Which your indulgence has bestow'd before;
Still on a gen'rous Public he depends;
Give your support---he asks no better friends.

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EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN TOPHAM.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THE dubious title of our play this night
Might fill Mama with joy, or Miss with fright---
"The way to get an Husband," and what not---
But are they *worth* the getting when they're got?
"Yes," cries bold Miss, whom mother's kind regard
Has led at young fourteen to "cock her card,"
"Yes," cries bold Miss, "whate'er the formals say,
They are worth getting, and I know the way.
The way's up Bond-steeet,---where we daily range,
Where saunt'ring Bloods croud Fashion's full exchange;
There---(charming scene!) as undismay'd we strut,
Dogs, Misses, Dukes, and Draymen. meet full butt!
There, lounging arm in arm, half-booted Crops,
With heads so dark--you'd swear they were black mops;
There muslin petticoats, with mud so laced;
Here scarlet spencers with an inch of waist---
So scarlet, all my rouge they seem to scoff,
And look like lobsters with their tails cut off.
Here for a husband is the scene to dash!
Here for a town-bred Miss to---"*make a splash.*"
The plump, brisk widow takes a different road,
She cannot walk down Bond-street---she's a load:
Good sixteen stone to carry---but yet strong;
She rolls a wool-pack VENUS---broad as long.
Yet she's a tender passion for the stage,
With her, dear *private acting* is the rage:
SHAKESPEARE confesses beauties not his choice,
And JULIET grieves in a fine manly voice.
Her ROMEO, a Lord, might suit your pocket,
Looks like a candle sunk into the socket.
In tones like these their mutual passions run---
Says HE, *(lisping effeminate voice)*
"It is the East and Juliet is the Sun!
"To Heaven respectful lenity! Adieu!
"And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!"
Then SHE, *(very hoarse tone)*
"Good Nurse, I am a child! But do not speak,
"Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
"For all that thou hast heard me speak this night!
"I am an infant wife scarce wedded quite."
Accents so sweet what mortal can withstand?
The Stage-struck Peer makes tender of his hand,
JULIET exclaims, as not consenting quite,
"What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?"
If to get married this be *not* the way---
What grace, what charm more potent can have sway?
A maiden in the country---on whose cheek,
Pure as the primros'd morn, the blushes speak,
Whose mind, illum'd by Nature's sober ray,
Disdains to rule, and chuses to obey---
Who, like the BRITON, conquers to increase
Domestic happiness and lasting peace!

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EXTRACTS FROM MR. OULTON'S

"HISTORY OF THE THEATRES OF LONDON,

FROM 1771 TO 1795."

Just published.

MR. GARRICK.

IN the year 1777 Mr. Garrick was desired to read a play before the king and queen at Buckingham house in the manner of Mons. Le Texier, who had obtained great reputation by reading them, sitting at a table, and acting them as he went on. Mr. Garrick fixed upon his own farce of *Lethe*, in which he introduced for the occasion the character of an ungrateful Jew; there were present the king queen, princess royal, duchess of Argyle, and one or two more of the ladies in waiting; but the coldness with which this select party heard him, so opposite to the applause he had always been used to on the stage, had such an effect upon him, as to prevent his exertions; or, to use Mr. G.'s own words in relating the circumstance, "it was," said he, "as if they had thrown a wet blanket over me.

MR. KING APPOINTED DEPUTY MANAGER OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THIS gentleman was received in his new character of acting manager (Sept. 17.) with marks of peculiar esteem: on this occasion he came forward previous to the play, which was the *Clandestine Marriage*, to deliver a new serio-comic *Dramatic Olio*. A considerable time elapsed in congratulations on the part of the audience, and thanks on the part of the actor, before he was suffered to begin the address. It commenced with a parody on the speech of Othello, to the following effect---

> "Most potent, grave, and reverend critics,
> My very noble and approved good masters;
> That I have ta'en the conduct of this old House,
> True,--------true---I am Manager," &c.

The *old* house was a sarcasm against the Managers of Covent Garden, who had now stiled theirs the *new* house; the parody was carried on to the passage that, "he would a round unvarnish'd tale deliver:" whereupon he requested permission to change his stile for blank verse, as heroics hobbled ungracefully on his tongue. Then, in an admirable vein of humour approaching the burlesque stile, he gave the supposed different opinions of various descriptions of persons, respecting his new undertaking.---A veteran lord in a fashionable circle, west of Drury, gives it as *his* opinion, that the pupil and last friend of Mr. Garrick cannot act wrong in the situation of Manager; and a citizen also declares his approbation, as he had constantly paid regard to the main chance, and appeared three times a week on the Change. An alderman suspends his judgment, as he conceives the "Proof of the pudding is in the eating." Such were the opinions of those *before the curtain*, And now he proceeded to take a *peep behind*. The tragedians consider it as a very mournful omen of their dissolution, and conclude a very dire and doleful farewel to all their greatness, in another parody on Othello,--- for now

> "The tragic Hero's occupation's o'er."

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The comedians acknowledge, that when one *of themselves*, he was very good-natured and free, like Grumio in the farce; but now that he was *bona fide* KING, they were afraid that he would lord it over them, with a high hand like Major Domo Bentivoglio. As to the vocal performers and the Sons of *tweedle dum* and *tweedle dee*, it was their opinion that he would do much better to attend the tumbling of Sadler's Wells, than undertake the management of music, without ear or voice. These sentiments were delivered in a song which Mr. King sung with infinite pleasantry. After having gone through the different opinions of different societies, he acknowledged the difficulty of the undertaking, but trusted to the generosity of the public. This Olio had a very good stage effect, and received considerable applause.

MRS. YATES.

1787. Mrs. Yates, a member of Covent Garden Theatre, after undergoing much pain and languor, died at her house in Pimlico, May 2d, aged 59: her disorder was dropsical, which had for some time encroached on her constitution.

This lady, whose maiden name was Graham, and supposed to be born at Birmingham, made her first appearance at Dublin, in *Anna Bullen* in *Henry VIII.* under the auspices of Mr. Sheridan, who, deeming her abilities very indifferent, was glad to dissolve the engagement by a present. This was about the year 1752. The lady herself thought Mr. Sheridan's opinion very just, and despaired of ever attaining any degree of eminence in the theatrical line; for at this time, though in the bloom of youth, her voice was very weak, and her figure incumbered with corpulence.

She now gave up her theatrical pursuits; but as the early part of her life was marked with unhappiness, it is supposed that necessity urged her to another attempt, and accordingly she became a candidate at Drury-lane, in 1754. Mr. Garrick introduced her to the town in the character of Julia, in a new play, first acted then (Feb. 25) called Virginia, and as he spoke a prologue (written by himself) wherein he mentioned the fears of the new actress with some address, it is imagined he entertained hopes, if not of her future eminence, at least of her utility; the lines in the prologue respecting the fair candidate, and with which Mr. Garrick concluded, are as follow:

"If novelties can please, to night we've two;
"Though English both, yet spare them as they're new.
"To one at least your usual favour show,
"A female asks it.---Can a man say no?
"Should you indulge our novice yet unseen,
"And crown her with your hands, a tragic queen;
"Should you with smiles a confidence impart,
"To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
"Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
"Which curbs a genius in its road to fame;
"With one wish more her whole ambition ends,
"She hopes some merit to deserve such friends."

This tragedy, which was deemed the most indifferent Mr. Garrick ever brought out, was acted nine nights, but this temporary success must be imputed to his own performance in it, Mr. Mossop's, and Mrs. Cibber's, for our heroine afforded, as yet, no promise of excellence, and was dismissed the ensuing season; but on her marriage with Mr. Yates, she was received again by Mr. Garrick the year following.

That this lady was a very unpromising actress at first, there is no reason to doubt, nor indeed to wonder at, when we consider the remarkable change which took place in her disposition. On her first introduction to the public, she seemed formed of the mildest materials, so much so, as to appear quite insusceptible of resentment upon any provocation; but a total change soon took place, and she was afterwards as remarkable for the high impetuosity of her spirit: notwithstanding, she was always---A FRIEND!

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To her husband, an experienced actor, she was no doubt indebted for her theatrical improvements; but she was some time before she displayed her brilliancy; the indisposition of Mrs. Cibber gave her at last an opportunity of acquiring some reputation, and she established her fame by her performance of Mandane, intended for Mrs. Cibber, in Mr. Murphy's tragedy of the *Orphan of China*, which Mr. Garrick brought out, greatly against his inclination. She now became a favourite with the public, and mended the chief of her defects, which were marked by the satirist Churchill with severity, but not without truth. On the death of Mrs. Cibber (1766) she became the unrivalled actress of the day, and was paid the following compliments by Kelly in his Thespis:

" Yates, with such wond'rous requisites to charm,
Such powers of face, and majesty of form,
Such genuine grandeur with such sweetness found,
So clear a voice and accurate a sound,
In fame's first seat must certainly be plac'd,
While Britain boasts of judgment and of taste.
Say in what walk of greatness or of grace,
This matchless woman justly shall we place,
In which she still possesses not an art
To melt, to fire, to agonize the heart?
If in Cordelia to our minds we raise
The more than magic softness she displays,
Will not a gush of instant pity spring,
To mourn the father, and lament the king?
Or, when the hapless Belvidera's tale
Of brutal Renault turns her husband pale,
Does not the force with which she then exclaims,
Light every eye-ball into instant flames?
Rage with a fire too big to be exprest,
And spread one Etna thro' the bursting breast?
But tho' unequall'd in those tragic parts
Which fall with weights, and hang about our hearts;
'Tis not on those she wholly rests her name,
Or builds a title to dramatic fame.---
Mark, in the gayer, polish'd scenes of life,
The sprightly mistress, or the high-bred wife,
What wond'rous grace and dignity unite
To fill us still with exquisite delight:
Mark, how that nameless elegance and ease
Can teach e'en ————'s ribaldry to please;
With actual life his cold Belinda warm,
And tell that whining Lovemore how to charm.—
Peace to thy shade, and may the laurel bloom
With deathless green, O Cibber, on thy tomb!
Peace, wond'rous Oldfield, ever wait thy shrine,
Thou once-chos'n priestess of the sacred nine!
For while this Yates the utmost reach can show
Of comic grace, or soul-distracting woe,
We find no reason for the sorrowing tear,
Which else would fall incessant on your bier,
Curse on that bard's malignity of breast,
How bold soe'er, or exquisitely drest,
Who once through Yates's requisites could trace,
Yet find no dawn of meaning in her face.---
Oft Churchill, often when Bellario's fears,
His faith, his wrongs, have plunged us into tears---
Has the sweet anguish in this Yates's sighs
Forc'd that stern bosom instantly to rise.
Oft, as a fine ductility of breast,
Some new-born passion on her visage prest,

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Taught the soft ball more meltingly to roll,
And drew out every feature into soul;
Then have I seen the censor who cou'd find
No glance whatever vivified with mind,
Lost in a storm of unaffected woe,
Till pitying nature bid the torrent flow;
Reliev'd the tortur'd bosom thro' the eye,
And gave his sentence publicly the lye.---
Yet high soever as the poet rates
The well known worth and excellence of Yates,
He cannot give perfection to her share,
Nor say she's wholly faultless as a player.---
Sometimes her sense, too vehemently strong,
By needless force will deviate into wrong;
And sometimes too, to throw the fault aside,
She blends too little tenderness with pride;
What need Calista, entering on the stage,
Exclaim, "Be dumb for ever," in a rage!
Her faithful woman gives her woes relief,
And Justice calls for temper, tho' for grief.---
Again, when Modely stands reveal'd to view,
And comes all suppliant to a last adieu,
What need that cold indiff'rence of air.
That stiff unbending haughtiness of stare;
'Tis true, the wretch deserves our utmost scorn---
Yet her resentment is but newly born;
And we should read distinctly in her eyes,
That still she loves, howe'er she may despise---
Where women once a passion have profess'd,
They may resent, but never can detest;
Nor, where the basest fav'rite they discard,
Conceal all marks of pity and regard."---

On Mr. Powell's becoming Manager of Covent-Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Yates were engaged by that gentleman, the former at 10l. a week, and a benefit, and the latter at 500l. for the season and a benefit.

In 1768 a difference arose between Mrs. Bellamy and our heroine, as appears by the following letters:

MRS. YATES TO MRS. BELLAMY.

"MADAM,

"Upon seeing my name advertised for the part of Hermione in the *Distrest Mother*, for your benefit, a part which did not belong to me, but done merely to prevent confusion last season, I immediately acquainted Mr. Younger, that as I had refused playing it for the managers, I could not with propriety do it for any performer; therefore desired he would acquaint you, that you might not be disappointed; but as you still continue advertising the same play, hope you will not take it amiss (lest any mistake should have happened between you and Mr. Younger) that if you rely on me for the part, you will be disappointed, as it will be impossible for me to play two such fatiguing parts as Hermione and Medea two nights successively---beg you'll not attribute it to any want of inclination to oblige, but really the want of ability.

I am, Madam, your humble servant,
M. A. YATES.

MRS. BELLAMY'S ANSWER.

"MADAM,

"I am very sorry I did not know your resolution before my tickets were printed, and many of them dispersed. Could I have supposed any performer had a right to refuse a part they had done in the company, I certainly should not have fixed upon the play, as I would on no account have an obligation to a performer.

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"Indeed the chief motive of my resolving upon that piece was, that Andromache was a very easy part, and my late severe indisposition prevents my being able to perform any other. It gives me concern that any uneasiness of this kind should happen, as theatrical disputes are what I always wished to avoid.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,

"G. BELLAMY."

James's-street, Golden-square,
Wednesday, 9 o'clock.

"P. S. If I am obliged to change the play, I must give the reasons for it---and I fear the public will not think Mrs. Yates's playing Medea for Mr. Yates the next night, a sufficient reason for not playing for the benefit before."

MRS. YATES'S REPLY.

MADAM,

"I am as sorry as you can be that you should be deprived of the play you intended; but the cogent reasons I have already given you should (I may say ought), to any reasonable lady, plead my excuse; therefore, I think the sooner you advertise your reasons for altering your play the better, that the public, to whom I have the greatest obligations, may not be deluded: The Managers have long since known my determination never to play Hermione again.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,

"M. A. YATES."

This correspondence not having produced a settlement of the matter in dispute between the two actresses, and Mrs. Bellamy continuing her advertisement, Mrs. Yates published the letters; adding, in her own justification to the public, for still declining to play the character she had objected to, as follows:

"Mrs. Yates desires Mrs. Bellamy would inform her, why, in her advertisement of yesterday, she concealed the reasons Mrs. Yates had given her for declining the part of Hermione, which if she had done, Mrs. Yates flatters herself she must have stood excused to the public; Mrs. Yates has therefore (to exculpate herself from any imputation) published those letters which passed between them on the occasion. The public may now judge whether it was in Mrs. Yates's power to play Hermione, Medea, and Mandane in Cyrus, three successive nights.

"Mrs. Yates likewise desires Mrs. Bellamy will publish the many notices she received from Mr. Younger the Prompter, wherein he informed her, that Mrs. Yates had given up the part of Hermione long since, and that he had given her the last year's bill by mistake, and begged her to decline advertising it."

TO WHICH MRS. BELLAMY REPLIED,

"Mrs. Bellamy thinks the postscript of her letter might have informed Mrs. Yates, why the reasons she gave for declining the part of Hermione were not inserted in the advertisement. If Mrs. Yates is overburthened with business, she should apply to Mr. Yates, and the Manager, to unload her of Medea and Mandane, not to Mrs. Bellamy, to ease her of Hermione; and for the following equitable as well as cogent reason, that Tuesday precedes Wednesday and Thursday.

"Mr. Younger never did inform Mrs. Bellamy, that he had given her last year's bill by mistake; nor did he write to her at all concerning Mrs. Yates having declined the part of Hermione, till she had published her bills and tickets, and dispersed many of them; and Mrs. Bellamy will venture to affirm, that Mr. Younger never knew Mrs. Yates had refused to play Hermione for the Managers, till after the play was advertised; and if Mrs. Yates had really acted Hermione last year, to prevent confusion only, the Managers, surely, would never have ventured to have advertised The Distressed Mother for Friday the 8th of October last.

"As Mrs. Bellamy means to trouble the public no more with the impertinent disputes between herself and Mrs. Yates, she will finish with asking that lady one question, viz. Would it not have added to Mrs. Yates's *wonted benevolence*, if she had descended to have played Hermione *once more*---particularly as Mrs. Bellamy had distributed many of her tickets, and had declared in her letter, that her

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late severe indisposition had rendered her incapable of performing any other character, but the very easy * one of Andromache?

The *wonted benevolence* of Mrs. Yates was, however, *proved* more than once, when Mrs. Bellamy's circumstances required her theatrical assistance. This lady's *last* performance was for Mrs. Bellamy's benefit at Drury-Lane (1785), which we have already noticed; but her last *engagement* was at Covent Garden.

Some few months before the death of Mr. Henderson, this lady, as it is said, intended to have united with him in continuing the readings at Freemasons' Hall; a task for which she was extremely well qualified, as her chief excellence lay in recitation. It was likewise Mrs. Yates's wish to return to the Theatre, had not the stroke of death made her exit final!

Her funeral procession moved at twelve o'clock, on the Monday following her death, from Pimlico to the chancel of Richmond church, where, as she had requested, her remains were interred: those of her father having mouldered in the same place. At five o'clock the procession reached Richmond; but the church, and the avenues, being so extremely crowded, it was with the utmost difficulty access could be obtained. Among the principal attendantson that occasion, were, Dr. Roberts, Master of St. Paul's School, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Grindall, Surgeon, Mr. Keate, and Mr. Hull.

Great as this actress was, it is remembered, that she once performed in the *Plain Dealer*, with Holland, King, Weston, and Miss Pope, to an audience consisting, at the beginning of the play, of four persons only in the whole lower tier of boxes, and of eighteen in the pit: the gallery had about an hundred; the upper boxes about seventy persons.

The present receipts of the London Theatres, compared with those usual some years past, convince us, that the passion for theatrical exhibitions is by far greater than before; otherwise, to build larger theatres would have been impolitic. Two hundred pounds are now considered as a bad receipt: the sum of nearly six hundred pounds has been frequently taken.

Mrs. Rich was accustomed to say, concerning the receipt of Covent Garden Theatre, that, if the Treasurer's account consisted of three figures in the column of pounds, she was satisfied; however, it happened to this Theatre, a few years ago, that the play was performed to an audience paying only sixty pounds.

* Yet one would think, to give a just picture of an injured Queen---her affliction as a widow, and her distress as a mother, was no very easy task.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICERS OF LODGE No. 534, GRAPES, LANCASTER,

Made on St. John's Day, held Monday, Dec. 28, 1795.

R. W. MASTER,

RICHARD JOHNSON, Esq. Mayor of Lancaster, vice the Rev. James Watson.

SENIOR WARDEN,

Mr. James Tinning, Merchant, vice Mr. William Walker, merchant.

JUNIOR WARDEN,

Mr. John Dowbiggins, Gent. vice Richard Johnson, Esq.

SECRETARY,

Mr. Joseph Rowley, A. B. vice Mr. John Dowbiggins.

TREASURER,

Mr. John Higgins, vice Mr. James Tinning.

PAST MASTERS,

John Fenton Cawthorne, Esq. M. P. Mr. William Shaw, Architect, Acting Master, and the Reverend James Watson.

PAST SENIOR WARDEN,

Mr. William Walker, Merchant.

TYLER,---Charles Dwyer.

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MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 22.

WHAT was at the time suspected is at length discovered, that the dispute respecting the frontier forts on the Miami River was fomented entirely by French Emissaries and their poisoned hirelings in the different States, under the direction of the French Minister Fauchet, which is proved by the correspondence of that Minister with Mr. Randolph, our Secretary of State, lately intercepted. Their plan appears to have been, to irritate the British settlers to act hostilely towards them, and then make that hostility a pretence of declaring war. Fortunately for both countries, the British Commander, Major Campbell, was aware of their intentions, and conducted himself, notwithstanding the wanton aggressions and ill-founded charges of the American General Wayne, and the clamour of the French party, in such a way as to procure an amicable termination to so unpleasant a dispute. Fauchet, upon the discovery of his letters, very prudently made his escape from America. Randolph resigned. The papers insinuate that the French party was strong in Virginia; but notwithstanding all the intrigues of the French faction to overturn the American Constitution, a very great majority in all the States, among whom were almost all the respectable people, were resolved firmly to support the Constitution. In most of the States resolutions had been passed, highly applauding the conduct of their venerable President Washington, reprobating the insidious arts which had been used against him, and approving of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce betwixt Great Britain and the United States, as mutually beneficial to both countries.

In Fauchet's dispatches, above alluded to, is the following remarkable passage: ---" It appears to me, that these men (the Popular Societies) with Randolph at their head, were beginning to decide on their party. About two or three days before the Proclamation was published by the Western States, Mr. Randolph came to see me with an air of great eagerness, and made to me the overtures, of which I have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus, with some thousands of dollars, the Republic could have decided on Civil War, or on Peace: thus the consciences of the pretended Patriots of America have already their prices."

Hague, Jan. 2. On the 30th ult. at nine o'clock at night, the important business concerning the convening of a National Convention was at length definitively settled. It was decided by a majority of three votes, that the National Convention shall be convened on the 18th of next month. The Provinces of Zealand and Friesland as yet persist in their opposition to this measure; but we hope they will likewise accede to it, as the preservation of the union of the Dutch Republic depends on their consenting to it.

It is now decided, that at the future National Convention the Provinces are to resign their territorial sovereignty; but to retain their names, the regulation of their finances, and every branch of administration which concerns the interior government of the Provinces. They are not allowed to send Representatives to the Convention, as this is entirely to be composed of Representatives of the People, the National Representation being founded on the numbers of people inhabiting a district, and not on the extent of the Province; by which means the Province of Holland will send as many Representatives to the Convention as all the other Provinces together.

Paris, Jan. 21. At the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. by the Council of Five Hundred, one of the members having added to the oath requiring eternal *hatred to all royalty*---" *and hatred to all sorts of tyranny*"---the President called him to order, and bid him to remember that the words of the law

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were only the oath of hatred to royalty, and he invited all his colleagues to conform exactly to the oath prescribed by the law.---The Council of Ancients took the oath in these words; *I swear hatred to royalty.* Each member repeated the oath at the tribune, and several added, *and hatred to all tyranny.* Dupont de Nemours said, "I swear hatred to royalty, and an intrepid resistance to all tyrants, let their numbers and powers be what they may, whether they wear the red cap or a crown."

Warsaw, Jan. 9. At eleven o'clock in the morning 12,000 Prussian troops, with a numerous train of artillery, entered Warsaw. The Russians immediately left it. The ratifications of the partition treaty of Poland have been exchanged between the Court of Vienna and that of Petersburgh.

HOME NEWS.

DISASTERS AT SEA.---The Sandwich packet met with severe gales of wind on her passage from Tortola, and had nearly been lost.

On the 11th of January, at three o'clock P. M. a sea broke upon the ship, and laid her upon her beam ends, when she broached to, and lay on her side, to all appearance water-logged. At the same instant, three of the seamen were washed overboard, and never more seen; the man at the helm was also swept away, but providentially washed into the ship again by a lee surge. Much confusion and difficulty ensued, to clear the deck; every exertion was made to throw the guns overboard, but the carriage pins had been so fastened, that all efforts to unlock them (for want of proper tools) were for a time ineffectual, and the ship seemed gradually settling in the water; every one was preparing for death: this dreadful state continued for about ten minutes. At length an axe was found; the ringbolt stanchions being cut away, the guns and their carriages were committed to the deep. The ship then shewed, as it were, signs of life, and began, though very slowly, to right again; and the reefed foresail being set upon her, she felt her helm, and scudded before the sea. At this time the vessel was two hundred leagues from land; she continued her course, experiencing much blowing weather, until the 28th of January, when she made the little harbour of Ilfracombe, in Devonshire. The day after the accident, Mr. Hawke, a passenger, was found dead in his bed. A fine little boy about eleven years of age, who used to attend the cabin, was missed after the accident, and never since seen or heard of.

28. The Court of King's Bench met at nine o'clock, when Mr. Stone, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, the Keeper of Newgate, arrived with the retinue of only a few peace officers.

The gentlemen returned by the Sheriff to serve on the jury were 198, of whom 130 answered to their names. About 80 names were called over before the jury was formed, several being excused on account of age or illness; many because, though returned as freeholders, they were not so, and twelve or fourteen being challenged by Mr. Stone's counsel; but the most singular apology was that of a Mr. Smith, who very earnestly and successfully intreated that he might be exempted from sitting on the trial of a gentleman with whom he had been intimately acquainted for twenty-five years. Lord Kenyon remarked, that the return of so many persons who were not freeholders, was a matter of great blame somewhere, he could not say where.

After all these obstacles had been removed, the following gentlemen were returned and sworn upon the pannel: John Leader, John Mayhew, John Etherington, Thomas Cole, Charles Minier, Daniel Dyson, Thomas Burnet, William Somner, John Lockyer, Peter Taylor, William West, and Isaac Dimsdale, Esqrs.

Serjeant Adair, the leading counsel for the prisoner, requested that the Court would give Mr. Stone leave to sit during his trial, being a good deal indisposed; which was granted.

The indictment was then read, which consisted of two counts. The preamble and the first count stated, that on the 1st day of March 1794, in the 34th year of his Majesty's reign, and long before and continually from thence hitherto, war was and is carried on between the King and the persons exercising the powers of government in France; and that William Stone, late of Old Ford in the county of

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Middlesex, merchant, did compass, imagine, &c. and to fulfil his treasonable compassings and imaginations, on the 1st of March aforesaid, and on divers other days, as well before as after, at Old Ford aforesaid, &c. The count countained eleven overt acts.

The second count was, that the said William Stone was adhering to, aiding, and assisting the powers exercising the powers of government in France. Overt acts, the same as in the first count.

Mr. Wood opened the case for the prosecution. The Attorney General then rose, and spoke for three hours with the greatest candour. Several witnesses were called to prove the handwriting of the prisoner.

Mr. Cockayne, Attorney at Law, of Lyon's Inn, was cross examined by Mr. Serjeant Adair, Counsel for the prisoner; and the Court, having sat till near eleven at night, adjourned till nine the next morning.

29. The Court met at nine o'clock, to proceed on the trial; the Jury had been accommodated with beds, &c. at a neighbouring tavern, but were under the custody of Sheriff's officers, and not permitted to have communication with any person, or suffered to read any newspaper.

Two witnesses were examined on the part of the prosecution respecting letters which were found in the possession of Mr. Stone at the time of his being apprehended, and were produced in evidence. At eleven o'clock the evidence for the prosecution being closed, Serjeant Adair entered upon the defence. After the learned Gentleman had concluded his speech, he called several witnesses, who chiefly spoke to the character of Mr. Stone; they all agreed in an excellent report of him.

Mr. Erskine next rose in behalf of the prisoner, and with his usual eloquence went through the whole case. The defence being closed, the Solicitor General rose in reply; after which, the Lord Chief Justice judiciously summed up the evidence. At ten minutes past eight o'clock the Jury retired, and at eleven they returned, when the Foreman pronounced a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The instant the words were uttered by the Foreman, a burst of applause broke out in the Court, and out of it in the Great Hall, in which there was a vast concourse of people, who shouted loudly for a great while. In the Court a Gentleman stood conspicuously forward in the uproar, and Lord Kenyon observing him, ordered him to be taken into custody. When he was brought forward before the Bench, he said he hoped the Court would excuse him for the excess he had been guilty of, for that he really could not controul his feelings.

Lord Kenyon.---"It is the business of a Court of Justice to correct those who cannot controul their feelings. Let him be fined 20l. and be confined until the fine be paid."

It is thought necessary, for public information, to state more fully than has hitherto been done, the conduct of the Grand Jury of the city of London, at the late sessions at the Old Bailey, on Tuesday, January 12, on the indictment for high treason against Crossfield, Smith, Higgins, and Le Maitre. It is given by one of the Jurors, and we therefore readily insert it.

It may not be improper, he remarks, previously to mention, that the Recorder, in his charge (if it may be called a charge) barely intimated to the jury, "that as there was no material matter to come before them, it was needless to take up their time;" and therefore "dismissed them." Hence it may be presumed, that the Recorder had not been apprized of the black catalogue of crimes, being more than usually filled with indictments for treason, forgery, perjury, burglary, &c. Be that as it may, the Jury had not sat many hours, before the Clerk of the Arraigns delivered to them the indictment above mentioned, and observed, "that when the Jury entered upon it, the Solicitor of the Treasury, who acted for the Attorney General, would attend the examination of the witnesses."

Upon his retiring, the Jury deliberately debated for some time on the intimation they had received, and on the nature of the oath they had taken, having been sworn to secrecy, and to act without favour or affection; that no person under heaven, however exalted his character or station, could stand for them between God and their consciences; that if the unhappy men they had already found bills

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against, had requested their Attornies to be present at the examination of the witnesses, it would not have been complied with. How then could they admit the Attorney General, or the Solicitor of the Treasury, without perjuring themselves? If our wise ancestors had thought it fitting and necessary that Attornies should have access at such conjunctures, the law would have provided for it accordingly. The Jurors then exhorted each other to arm themselves with firm, sound, and well-grounded consciences, with clear minds, free from fear, hope, or favour, lest by inconsiderately laying the basis on which others are to be judged, they worked their own condemnation, and stand in the sight of God, the Creator and Judge of all men, as unworthy of his protection.

The Jury then sent for the Clerk of the Arraigns, who was desired to inform the Solicitor, that they conceived themselves competent and duly authorised (let the indictment contain what it may) to examine the witnesses, and therefore his attendance would not be admitted. The Clerk of the Arraigns replied, "That the Attorney General had been admitted in cases of the like nature, and if the Jury had any doubts about the matter, the Court, if applied to, would readily give their opinion." The Foreman of the Jury, therefore, on delivering into Court the bills of indictment which had been before them, requested the opinion of the Lord Chief Baron, whether the Solicitor of the Treasury, who demanded admittance during the examination of witnesses to this indictment, demanded it as a matter of right?

His Lordship replied, "that the Attorney General had an undoubted right to be admitted during such examination, and which had lately been the case on some recent indictments; and the Solicitor *may* be admitted for the Attorney General, whose time was perhaps occupied by other matters of importance."

The Jury respectfully left the Court and retired to their chamber, not at all reconciling the opinion of his Lordship to their consciences. On Thursday they entered on the indictment, which having been read, they proceeded to call the witnesses, when they were interrupted by the Solicitor requesting to be admitted; which being granted, he desired the indictment to be put off till next day, as he wished to consult the Attorney General.

The Foreman of the Jury observed, "that his request could not be complied with; they had taken up the indictment in the usual regular manner, and should proceed to investigate the truth of the allegations contained in it." They did so for some hours, and returned it to the Court a true bill.

Feb. 1. As the Royal Family were returning through Pall-mall, to Buckingham-house, from Drury-lane Theatre, some evil-disposed person flung a stone at the coach, in which were their Majesties and the Lady in waiting, with such violence as to break the window, and enter the carriage, where, after striking the Queen on the cheek, it fell into Lady Harrington's lap. The King took it up, and carried it with him to Buckingham-house. A deposition on the above business was taken at the Secretary of State's Office, Whitehall, before his Grace the Duke of Portland, and some of the Magistrates from Bow-street, when the stone was produced, and four of the King and Queen's footmen were examined as to the fact and the circumstances. A reward of 1000l. has been offered for the discovery of the offenders, but hitherto (we are sorry to say) without effect. The Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, and several Nobility, paid their respects to the Royal Family on the occasion.

4. At night, a most horrid murder was committed at Luttrelstown, in Ireland, the particulars of which are nearly as follow: two brothers of the name of M'Cormick, who were bound to give evidence against a principal Defender, had been lodged by Lord Carhampton in a mill-house at the corner of his Lordship's domain, in order to prevent them from being seduced or terrified from giving their testimony; at the hour of midnight, twenty men armed, and habited in brown clothes, broke into the house, and meeting a woman who resided in it, and whose fear upon their appearance acted so forcibly as to produce fits, they assured her that she had no cause to be alarmed, that they meant not in the least degree to injure her, but desired that they should be shewn to the chamber of the M'Cormicks; they then proceeded to the room in which those unfortunate brothers lay,

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the younger of whom (a lad about 14 years old) they shot through the heart, and the elder through different parts of his body; not satisfied with the wounds which they had inflicted on the latter, they stabbed him when he fell, and beat his head with a musket till the instrument broke. The unhappy victims of this cruelty died before morning.

The many shocking murders and outrages committed in various parts of Ireland were taken into consideration by the House of Lords there on Friday last; and it seemed to be the general opinion that some parts of that kingdom should be abandoned to martial law.

11. In the evening, between eight and nine o'clock, her Royal Highness the infant Princess, daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, was christened in the Great Drawing-room, at Carlton House, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury: her Royal Highness was named Charlotte Augusta: the sponsors were, their Majesties in person, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Brunswick, represented by her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

As the intention was, that the ceremony should be considered as of a private kind, a few of the Nobility only, who are usually honoured with invitations to their Majesties private parties, were invited by his Royal Highness the Prince, in the name and by command of his Royal parents.

The cards of invitation were for eight o'clock. At that hour his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London arrived, and soon after the ceremony of churching the Princess was privately performed by the Archbishop in the tapestry room.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke, Prince William, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince, Princess, and Hereditary Prince and Princess of Orange, mean while, arrived, and were ushered into the yellow room.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was prevented from being present by indisposition.

The State Cradle of the Royal infant, a present from the Queen, was placed under the State Canopy of the Prince.

At half past nine, the Royal family ascended from the dining-room into the gold-room, where the ceremony was to be performed, the Princess of Wales having previously entered that room.

The company present at the ceremony were, besides the Royal family, the family of Orange, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Rectors of the parishes of St. James, St. George, and St. Martin in the Fields, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Jersey, the Vice-Chamberlain to the Prince, Generals Hulse and Lake, the Ladies attendant on the Princess, and some other of the Prince's family.

The ceremony commenced about a quarter before nine, and was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a very solemn and impressive manner.

Her Majesty held the Royal infant in her arms during a great part of the ceremony---after the name was given, the Princess Royal received it from the Archbishop.

The attendants upon the Royal family, and the Nobility who were invited, were shewn into the great dining-room.

After the ceremony, all the Royal family saluted the infant, and it was afterwards placed in the cradle, attended by Lady Jersey, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Dashwood, Miss Garth, and the bed-chamber woman. The doors were then thrown open, and all the company invited were permitted to enter, to pay their respects to the Royal Family, and see the Royal infant.

Card tables were placed in the gold room for the Royal family, and in the adjoining apartments for the Noble guests. About twelve the Royal family retired, and the rest of the company soon after took their leave.

The gold room was for the first time lighted up upon this joyful occasion.

12. A duel was fought on the race ground near Exeter, between Capt. Towers, of the Sussex light dragoons, and Captain Curling, of the same regiment, when the former was shot through the body.

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13. In the evening a young woman, in mean apparel, went to the lodge at Buckingham-house, and insisted on being conducted into the Queen's presence, saying she was her Majesty's daughter, and that the late Duke of York was her father. On being asked her business, she said she came to demand some writings of great consequence belonging to her, and which if not restored, she would have her Majesty's head off, and trample it under her feet, with many other expressions equally horrid, which induced the porter to send for one of the Bow-street officers, who took her into custody; and she underwent an examination before William Addington, Esq. when her conduct was that of a complete lunatic, still persisting in the same story, and that her name is Charlotte Georgina Mary Ann Guelph, born at Rome, where she was educated in the most finished manner, being able to speak ten different languages; that from thence she went into Spain, and was sold to a gentleman, with whom she lived till she came to this country, about three months ago. Mr. Addington directed, that she should be kept in custody till further inquiry could be made about her.

13. James Raleigh, Schoolmaster, the wretch who abused three female children under eleven years of age, stood in the pillory, in St. Giles's.

15. An inquisition was taken at Exning, Norfolk, by John Bate, Gent. coroner, on the bodies of Mary Level, and Mary Nixon, the former aged 15 years, and the latter 10 years, who were accidentally killed by the caving in of a sand pit the Saturday previous. Another child had very nearly experienced the like fate, being covered up with the sand, except one of its eyes, which a fourth child about four years of age, that was also playing near the spot, discovered, and scraped the sand off its face with its fingers, by which means the child's life was happily preserved.

16. Forty-four persons, chiefly females of the *Cyprian Corps*, who had been apprehended the preceding evening at a house in Brewer-street, where they had assembled for the purpose of dancing, were brought before Mr. Addington, at Bow-street, and, after a short examination, discharged. The musicians to the *hop*, who were apprehended at the same time, appeared quite *out of tune* on being ordered to find bail.

18. Came on to be tried in the Court of King's bench, an action, in which Mr. Jefferies, jeweller to the Prince of Wales, claimed of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament the sum of 54,685l. when a verdict was found for the plaintiff for the sum of 50,997l. 10s.

Maria Theresa Phipoe, who was capitally convicted in May sessions last, for that she, by threats and violence, feloniously did put in fear John Courtois, and took from his person, and against his will, a promissory note, value 2000l; and James Knewland and Nathaniel Wood, capitally convicted last Sessions, for feloniously assaulting Sarah Wilson, in the dwelling-house of the said Knewland, the auction-shop near Temple-Bar, putting her in fear, and taking from her person, and against her will, 1s. whose cases were severally reserved for the opinion of the twelve Judges, were put to the bar at the Old Bailey, and the Judges' opinions were delivered by Mr. Justice Ashurst, which were, that neither of the indictments were substantiated, and the prisoners were acquitted, but ordered to be detained, they standing indicted at the Sessions of the peace, Clerkenwell, for assaults.

19. Captain Snell, of the Guards, and Aid-de-Camp to Prince William of Gloucester (a very deserving young officer, blew out his brains with a pistol, in Kensington Gardens.

Richard England was put to the bar at the Old Bailey, charged with the wilful murder of Mr. Rowlls, brewer, of Kingston, in a duel at Cranford-bridge, on the 18th of June 1784. Lord Derby, the first witness, gave in evidence, that he was present at Ascot Races; when in the stand upon the race course he heard Mr. England cautioning the gentlemen present not to bet with the deceased, as he neither paid what he lost nor what he borrowed; on which Mr. Rowlls went up to him, called him rascal or scoundrel, and offered to strike him; when England

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bid him stand off, or he would be obliged to knock him down, saying at the same time, "We have interrupted the company sufficiently here, and if you have any thing further to say to me, you know where I am to be found."---A further altercation ensued, but his Lordship being at the other end of the stand, did not distinctly hear it, and then the parties retired.

Capt. George Donisthorpe, one of the seconds in the duel that ensued, was called, but not examined, lest he might criminate himself.

John Sandiford, a coachmaster, witnessed the duel between Mr. Rowlls and Mr. England, in a field behind Mr. Goddard's house, at Cranford-bridge; several shots were fired; he saw Mr. Rowlls, when shot, reel and fall.

John Farmer, a collar maker at work at the inn, saw part of the transaction, and heard a Gentlemen offer 100l. on the part of Rowlls to put an end to the duel, which England refused.

Wm. Scragg, the gardener at the inn, saw only two shots fired, and he saw Mr. Rowlls fall.

Lord Dartry and his Lady, now Lord Cremorne, with a Gentleman, were at the inn at the time the duel was fought: they went into the garden, and endeavoured to prevent the duel: there were several other persons collected in the garden. Mr. Rowlls desired his Lordship and others not to interfere; and on a second attempt of his Lordship to make peace, Mr. Rowlls said, if they did not retire, he must, though reluctantly, call them impertinent. Mr. England, at the same time, stepped forward, and took off his hat: he said "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly treated; I have been injured in my honour and character; let there be reparation made, and I am ready to have done this moment." Lady Dartry retired, and his Lordship stood in the bower of the garden, until he saw Mr. Rowlls fall.

Mr. Woolhouse, a grazier, recollected Mr. England afterwards saying, he should not have shot him (Rowlls) if he had behaved like a Gentleman.

One or two other witnesses were called, who proved nothing material.

A paper, containing the prisoner's defence being read, the Earl of Derby, Marquis of Hertford, Mr. Whitbread, jun. Col. Bishopp, and other gentlemen, were called to his character---they all spoke of him as a man of a decent gentlemanly deportment, who, instead of seeking quarrels, was studious to avoid them. He had been friendly to Englishmen while abroad, and had rendered some services to the military at the siege of Nieuport.

Mr. Justice Rooke summoned up the evidence, entering on all the legal cases in point, as laid down by Coke, Hale, Holt, Raymond, &c. after which the jury retired for about three quarters of an hour, when they returned a verdict,---*Guilty of Manslaughter.*

The prisoner having fled from the laws of his country for twelve years, the Court was disposed to shew no lenity. He was therefore sentenced to pay a fine of one shilling, and be imprisoned in Newgate twelvemonths.

20. Kydd Wake was convicted of a misdemeanor in the Court of King's Bench, charged with an insult on his Majesty while going to the House of Peers to open the present Session of Parliament, by calling out, NO WAR!---DOWN WITH HIM!---DOWN WITH GEORGE! &c.---He is to receive sentence the first day of next term.

For the sake of the military character, we are sorry to have occasion to relate the following very unpleasant circumstances, the effect, doubtless, of *inebriation*, which, in this particular case, cannot be too severely censured: A poor man going home through one of the principal streets of Guildford, on Sunday evening the 14th instant, was assaulted by two officers of the 11th light horse, stationed in the barracks at that place. The cries of the poor man being heard by Mr. Waugh, one of the gentlemen of the Surrey yeoman cavalry, he immediately repaired to his assistance. On Mr. Waugh's coming up, one of the officers had drawn his sword, and was making a stroke at the object of their unprovoked resentment. Mr. Waugh at the instant stepped forward, and disarmed the officer; which was no sooner done than the other officer drew his sword, and gave it to his companion. Mr. Waugh again rushed upon him, and wrested the second sword from his hand, but not without being desperately cut in the scuffle. Both swords are

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now in the possession of Mr. Waugh, who will not return them until the peace of the loyal town of Guildford is guaranteed from a repetition of such outrages, and an honourable satisfaction made to himself.

Sheriffs appointed by his Majesty in Council for the year 1796.---Berkshire, Michael Anthony, of Shipton, Esq.---Bedfordshire, George Brooks, of Flitwick, Esq.---Bucks, Thomas Hibbert, of Chalfont-house, Esq.---Cumberland, James Graham, of Barrock-lodge, Esq.---Cheshire, the Honourable Booth Grey, of Wincham.---Camb' and Hunt', John Gardiner, of Chatteris, Esq.---Devonshire, Sir Bourchier Wrey, of Tawstock, Bart.---Dorsetshire, Thomas Bowyer Bower, of Iwern Minster, Esq.---Derbyshire, Sir Robert Wilmot, of Osmaston, Bart.---Essex, Jackson Barwise, of Marshall, Esq.---Gloucestershire, S. Peach Peach, of Upper Torkington, Esq.---Hertfordshire, John Sowerby, of Lilley, Esq.---Herefordshire, Abraham Whitaker, of Liston, Esq.---Kent, John Mumford, of Sutton at Hone, Esq.---Leicestershire, James Richards, of Ashby de la Zouch, Esq.---Lincolnshire, William Earl Welby, of Denton, Esq.---Monmouthshire, postponed. Northumberland, Adam Mansfield Lawson Decardonnell, of Chirton, Esq.---Northamptonshire. Allen Edward Young the younger, of Orlingbury, Esq.---Norfolk, Thomas Brown Evans, of Kerby Bedon, Esq.---Nottinghamshire, John Wright, of Nottingham, Esq.---Oxfordshire, William Lowndes Stone, of Brightwell, Esq.---Rutlandshire, Robert Tomlin, of Edith Weston, Esq.---Shropshire, Ralph Leake, of Longford, Esq.---Somersetshire, John Tyndale Warre, of Hestercombe, Esq.---Staffordshire, Henry Vernon, of Hilton, Esq.---Suffolk, John Clayton, of Sibton. Esq.---Southampton, Henry Maxwell, of Ewshot-house, Esq. Surrey, Thomas Sutton, of Moulsey, Esq.---Sussex, John Fuller, of Rosehill, Esq. Warwickshire, Edward Croxall, of Shustock, Esq.---Worcestershire, Thomas Hill the younger, of Broom. Esq.---Wiltshire, Becket Turner, of Penleigh, Esq. Yorkshire, Godfrey, Wentworth Wentworth, of Hickilton, Esq.---*South Wales*---Carmarthenshire, John Martin, of Loughbarne, Esq.---Pembroke, Nathaniel Philips, of Slebetch, Esq.---Cardigan, Edward Warren Jones, of Llaninn, Esq.---Glamorgan, Herbert Hurst, of Gabalva, Esq.---Brecon, Philip Champion Crespigny, of Tallyllyr, Esq.---Radnorshire, John Prichard, of Dolyvelin, Esq.---*North Wales*---Merioneth, Sir Edward Price Lloyd, of Park, Bart.---Anglesea, John Morris Conway, of Celliniog, Esq.---Caernarvon, John William Lenthall, of Mainan, Esq.----Montgomery, John Dickin, of Welch Pool, Esq.--Denbighshire, John Hughes, of Horseley-hall, Esq.---Flint, Sir Edward Price Lloyd, of Pengwern-place, Bart.

Sheriff appointed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for the year 1796.---County of Cornwall, John Enys, of Enys, Esq.

There is to be a Musical Festival this year at St. Margaret's church, as usual, by command of the King, whose the patron of that institution.

A Mr. Booth, overseer of a parish workhouse in Yorkshire, is sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to twelve months imprisonment in Newgate, for ill-treating and neglecting a female pauper, so as to occasion her death.

The inhabitants of St. Pancras have had a trial with their Vicar, Mr. Mence, in Doctors' Commons. The charge exhibited against him was, for neglect of duty in not performing divine service every Sunday in the parish church. Mr. Mence pleaded by way of defence, that by an ancient and immemorial custom, divine worship had been performed in the parish church of St. Pancras only in the morning of the first Sunday in every month, and on every other Sunday at the chapel of ease in Kentish Town. In this plea he was sustained by the Civilians, and the inhabitants defeated.

Tythe Cause.---On the 1st of February the cause which has been some time pending between the Rev. Mr. Francklin, of Attleborough, in Norfolk, and Mr. Gooch, and which in some degree involved in it a question upon the mode of tything wheat, came on for hearing before the Barons of the Exchequer. The Bill was filed by Mr. Francklin, to recover the value of the tythe of seventeen acres of wheat, which was reaped in the harvest of 1792, a season remarkably wet. It appearing in evidence, that the Defendant, previous to cutting his wheat,

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had applied to the Plaintiff to inform him in what manner he would have it tythed, which he refused doing; that Defendant gave him notice from day to day when the corn would be ready to be tythed and carried, and that the fair and just tythe had been left for him, by loading up nine sheaves, and setting out and leaving the tenth sheaf. The Barons, notwithstanding they did not admit that such mode was according to the strict legal rule of tything wheat, were of opinion, that, as there appeared no intention on the part of the Defendant either to harrass or do injustice to the Plaintiff in the mode of tything, and the weather bad, this was not a fit case to decide against the Defendant because he had not adhered to the strict legal mode in setting out his tythe, but that the cause bore too much the complexion of vexation, and therefore dismissed the Bill. It appeared in the course of this cause, that the farmer is not deemed bound by law to cut a whole field before he begins to carry any part thereof.

MARRIAGES.

At Charlton, in Kent, Captain Joseph Mac Lean, of the Royal Artillery, Aid de-Camp to the Marquis Townshend, to Miss Charlotte Congreve, youngest daughter of Colonel Congreve, of the same Regiment. The Rev. Mr. Kay, of South Bemsleet, Essex, to Miss Levett, of Northfleet, Kent. At Bradford, Wilts, Wm. Coles Medlycott, Esq. of Van-House, near Milbourne-Port, to Miss Tugwell. Mr. Searle, Banker, of Saffron Walden, Essex, to Miss Redshaw, late of Bath. At Tottenham, Mr. Samuel Rhodes, of Islington, to Miss Strange, of Tottenham. Samuel Scott, Esq. of Gower-Street, to Miss Ommanney, of Bloomsbury-square. At Clapham Church, Thomas Cecil Maunsell, Esq. of Thorp Malsor, in the county of Northampton, to Miss Jane Wrather, of Clapham. Thomas Gardiner Bramston, Esq. eldest son of T. B. Bramston, Esq. M. P. for Essex, to Miss Blaauw, daughter of William Blaauw, Esq. of Queen Ann-street, West. At Bromley, in Kent, John Reade, Esq. of Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, to Miss Scott, eldest daughter of Major John Scott, of Bromley. At Weston upon Trent, in Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Anwell, to Miss Bosson, aged thirteen. Thomas Mercer, Esq. of Greenstrees near Tunbridge, to Miss Polly Harpur, third daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harpur, of Tunbridge. At Bristol, W. B. Elwyn, Esq. of Queen's College, Oxford, to Miss Eagles, eldest daughter of Thomas Eagles, Esq. of Bristol.

DEATHS.

The Rev. Dr. Cock, Rector of Horkesley and Debden, both in Essex. Benjamin Porter, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square. At her apartments in St. James's Palace, Mrs. B. Ramus. In Italy, Lord Harvey, of the Zealous, of 74 guns, of the Mediterranean fleet: the body was landed at Leghorn, to be interred. At Oxen-heath, in Kent, Sir Francis Geary, Bart. Admiral of the White, in the 87th year of his age. At Twickenham, John Davenport, Esq. of Twickenham Lodge, in the 72d year of his age. At Cambridge, Mr. Wade, a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, in consequence of having fallen on the railing of the College, near Grafton-street, in endeavouring to get over the wall to his own apartments. The Rev. Agmond Vesey Ward, a Fellow Commoner of Dublin College: he likewise in attempting to get over the College wall after the prescribed hour of admission, received an injury from some spikes that occasioned his death. Mrs. Taylor, widow of the late Mr. Clement Taylor, and mother of the M. P. for Maidstone. The Rev. William Freer, aged 32, Rector of Stoughton, and Thurnby, in Leicestershire, to which livings he was presented in August last. At Bath, Mrs. Pollock, the heroine of Bath and Bristol Theatres. Aged 90, the Rev. W. Salisbury, Rector of Moreton, in Essex, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Rev. John Freeman, M. A. Rector of Lyndon, in Rutland, and Orcheston, St. Mary, Wilts. At the Deepdene, Dorking, Surrey, Sir William Burrel, Bart. LL D. Chancellor of the Dioceses of Worcester and Rochester. At Chester, Sir Charles Leving, Bart. His grandfather, Richard Leving, Esq. was one of the Representatives in Parliament for that City, with Sir Thomas Grosvenor, Bart. in the year 1684. Mr. John Lush, distiller, in High Holborn. At Venice, in six hours illness, after a fit, supposed to proceed from the gout in the stomach, Charles Sackville, Esq. a partner in the banking-house of Sir Robert

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Herries and Co. in St. James's street. In the 21st year of his age, after an illness of more than nine years duration, which he supported with exemplary patience and fortitude, Mr. George Robards Watson, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Hadleigh, Suffolk. Aged 70, John Gould, Esq. of Grundisburgh-hall, near Ipswich. Aged 97, the Rev. Wm. Gordon, A. M. of Blickling, Norfolk. At Portsmouth, Henry Gibbs, Esq. late Surveyor General of the Navy. On shipboard in the Downs, the Right Hon. Lord Belhaven, a Major in the Army. At his house in Salisbury, in the 56th year of his age, Thomas Hussey, Esq. an Alderman of that city, and nephew of W. Hussey, Esq. M. P. He served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Wilts in 1783. The Rev. Mr. Petvin, Vicar of Burnham, and also of Braintree, in Essex. William Money, Esq. of Crosby-square, one of the Directors of the East-India Company.

BANKRUPTS.

John Benson Friend of Wisbech, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, woolstapler. Thomas Porter, of South-Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, coal merchant. Joseph Creswich, of Green-lane, Sheffield, cutler. Thomas Butler, of Blackburn, Lancashire, callico manufacturer. Richard Ayres, of Preston, Sussex, fish-merchant. Jacob Godfrey Hippins, of Throgmorton-street, London, merchant. Thomas Roche, of Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, dealer. William Dalton, of Surrey-square, Kent Road, Surrey, mariner. Francis Harvey, of Thames-street, London, basket-maker. George Savage, of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper. John Preece, of Bristol, brewer. William Hardy, of Stockport, Cheshire, hat-manufacturer. William Griffiths, of Strood, Kent, tallow-chandler. Mark Daws, of Little Tower Hill, London, upholsterer.---Thomas Deacon, of Charles-street, Queen's Elms, Chelsea, carpenter. James Gerfaux, of Blenheim-street, St. George, Hanover-square, dealer. George Turtle, of Newton, Lincolnshire, hatmaker. Samuel John Symonds Tuckey, of St. Mary-le-Bone, Middlesex, money-scrivener. William Williams, of Mark-lane, London, Broker. Thomas Wilson, of St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Charles Spackman, of Bath, broker. Thomas Clarke, of Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coachmaker. Samuel Davis, of Sugar-loaf-court, Leadenhall-street, London, merchant. Robert Best, of Fenchurch-street, London, watchmaker. Francis Kite, of Evesham, in Worcestershire, builder. Thomas Blomely, of Salford, in Lancashire, merchant. James Cross, of Bristol, soapboiler. John Burl, of Fulham, Middlesex, maltster. Joshua Maeklin, of Reading, Berkshire, coachmaker. Edward Harris, of Edgeware-road, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Ward, of Fenstanton, Huntingdonshire, woolstapler. John Hale, the younger, of Newbury, Berkshire, coachmaker. Richard Wilson, of Dudley, Worcestershire, draper. Thomas Ward the younger, of Shipston upon Stower, Worcestershire, maltster. William Roberts, of Bristol, linen-draper. Thomas Sims and John Saunders, of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, builders and copartners. John Morris, of Upholland, Lancashire, slate-manufacturer. John Cooper, of Walsall in the county of Stafford, bucklemaker. Joseph Glover, William Edwards, John Embury and William Cross, of Worcestershire, copartners, bankers. John Butler, of Bedfont, Middlesex, victualler. John Merryweather, of Embassy, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Richard Lancaster, of Bath, linen-draper. John Weston, of Shipton upon Stour, Worcestershire, linen-draper. William Senior, of Berkley-square, haberdasher. Thomas Lloyd Anwyl, of Shrewsbury, money-scrivener. John Payne, of Chipping Wycombe, Bucks, fellmonger. Edward Roberts, of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, dealer. Richard Besley the elder, of Lawrence-street, Chelsea, schoolmaster. Jonathan Bunting and Michael Cutler, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden, woollen-drapers. William Williams, Fullwood's Rents, Holborn, victualler. John Ross, of Sun-street, Shoreditch, baker. Benjamin Lancaster, of Burnley, Lancashire, threadmaker. Richard Bruce, of Bartholomew-lane, London, insurance-broker. James Bogle, of Isleworth, Middlesex, money-scrivener. Edward Slater and Moffat Horne, of Well-street, Wellclose-square, glass-manufacturers. Richard Gates, of East Smithfield, baker, William Wingate, of Lower-street, Islington, victualler.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF

THE LATE MRS. CASLON.

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Mrs. E. Gaston.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,

FOR MARCH 1796.

MRS. ELIZABETH CASLON,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE name of CASLON has for near a century past been intimately connected with literature.

The first person of this family who distinguished himself by uncommon skill in the art of Type-founding was Mr. William Caslon, a native of Hales Owen in Shropshire, where he was born in the year 1692. At what time he arrived in London we have not heard; but when of proper age he was apprenticed to an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, and at the expiration of his term he set up in that business, in Vine Street, near the Minories.

Though much esteemed for his workmanship, Mr. C. did not, however, confine his attention to that single branch of business, but employed himself likewise in making tools for bookbinders, and for the chasing of silver plate.

It happened about this time that the elder Mr. Bowyer, a name ever to be venerated among printers and men of literature, accidentally observed in a bookseller's shop a bound book, the lettering on the back of which seemed to him to be executed with more than common neatness; and on inquiry finding Mr. Caslon to be the artist by whom the letters had been cut, he was induced to seek an acquaintance with him. Not long after, Mr. Bowyer took Mr. Caslon to Mr. James's Foundry in Bartholomew Close. Mr. Caslon had never before that time seen any part of the business; and being asked by his friend if he thought he could undertake to cut types, he requested a single day to consider the matter, and then replied, that he had no doubt but he could. Upon this answer Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Bettenham, and Mr. Watts lent him £500. to begin the undertaking; and he applied himself to it with equal industry and success.

In 1720, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge deemed it expedient to print, for the use of the Eastern Churches, the New Testament and Psalter in the Arabic language. These were intended for the benefit of the poor Christians in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt; the constitution of which countries did not permit the exercise of the art of Printing. Upon this occasion Mr. Caslon was pitched upon to cut the fount,—distinguished in his specimens by the name of English Arabic. After he had finished this fount,

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he cut the letters of his own name in Pica Roman, and placed them at the bottom of one of the Arabic specimens. The name being seen by Mr. Palmer (the reputed author of a "History of Printing," which was in fact written by Psalmanazar), he advised our artist to cut the whole fount of Pica. This was accordingly done; and the performance exceeded the letter of the other founders of the time. But Mr. Palmer, whose circumstances required credit with those whose business would have been hurt by Mr. Caslon's superior execution, repented of the advice he had given, and endeavoured to discourage him from any further progress. Mr. Caslon, being justly disgusted at such treatment, applied to Mr. Bowyer, under whose inspection he cut in 1722 the fount of English which was used in Selden's Works, and the Coptic types that were made use of for Dr. Wilkins's edition of the "Pentateuch." Under the further encouragement of Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Bettenham, and Mr. Watts, he proceeded with vigour in his employment; and Mr. Bowyer was always acknowledged by him to be his master, from whom he had learned his art.—In this art he at length arrived to such perfection as freed us from the necessity of importing types from Holland.—Mr. Caslon's first foundry was in a small house in Helmet Row, Old Street. He afterwards removed into Ironmonger Row, and about 1735 into Chiswell Street. Having acquired opulence in the course of his employment, he was put into the Commission of the Peace for the county of Middlesex. Towards the latter end of his life, his eldest son William being in partnership with him, he retired in a great measure from the active execution of business. His last country residence was at Bethnal Green, where he died Jan. 23, 1766.

To that foundry then succeeded of course Mr. William Caslon, the son just mentioned, under whom the business was carried on with increase, greatly effected by the exertions and indefatigable attention of Mrs. Caslon, his wife, till 1778, in the August of which year Mr. Caslon died.

An arduous task now devolved on Mrs. Elizabeth Caslon, the proper subject of our present attention. The entire management of a very large concern did not, however, come with that weight which it would have borne upon one unaccustomed to the habits of business. Mrs. Caslon, as we have before observed, had for many years habituated herself to the arrangements of the foundry; so that when the entire care devolved upon her, she manifested powers of mind beyond expectation from a female not then in very early life. In a few years her son, the present Mr. William Caslon, became an active copartner with his mother; but a misunderstanding between them caused a secession, and they separated their concerns.

Mrs. Caslon now, in partnership with Mrs. Elizabeth Caslon, the widow of Mr. Henry Caslon, her youngest son, continued the business in Chiswell Street with talents uncommon to her sex, and with a close attention extraordinary indeed at her advanced age. A paralytic stroke, however, about eight months ago, put a stop to her exertions; and on the 24th of October 1795 the public papers announced her death.

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Mrs. Caslon was the daughter and only child of Mr. Cartlitch *, an eminent refiner in Foster Lane, Cheapside, and was born May 31, 1730; so that at her death she was in the 66th year of her age.

The urbanity of her manners, and her diligence and activity in the conduct of so extensive a concern, attached to her interest all who had dealings with her: and the steadiness of her friendship rendered her death highly lamented by all who had the happiness of being in the extensive circle of her acquaintance.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE

ATTRIBUTED TO THE VARIETIES OF HUMAN SENTIMENTS AND OPINIONS.

I HAVE often thought it no inconsiderable display of the wisdom and power of our great Creator, that he has made so manifest a distinction between every individual of the human species: That amongst so many millions of his creatures there are not two persons to be produced who perfectly resemble each other in any thing—I mean, who shew exactly the same features, speak in the same tone, think in the same manner, or write exactly the same hand.

If we give this subject the attention it deserves, view it in a philosophical light, and consider it in all the various shapes in which it will appear to a thinking mind, we shall find a wonderful scheme, or rather system of happiness, arising from this astonishing work of the Divine Wisdom. When we behold the perpetual flux and reflux of human affairs, and the good and ill which is heightened and allayed by this distinction: When we behold little wants supplied by greater, and see various distresses, misfortunes, and losses, relieved and lessened by numberless little circumstances and acts of humanity, which are every moment going forward somewhere or other, we shall find abundant reason to admire that wisdom which hath made so great a difference in the judgment, opinions, and taste of mankind. Thus, for instance, the man who builds a house, or lays out a garden, to his own fancy, finds, in his successor, a total alteration of what he had contrived; and that person the same difference of taste in the next that comes after him; and thus by a succession of wants, merely imaginary, the man whose family was ready to perish, is set to work and maintained, not by necessity, but by difference of opinion only in his employers.

The difference we see so very remarkable in the shape, voice, and features, of every individual, is no less wonderfully contrived

* Not Dr. Cortledge, as erroneously stated in the Gentleman's Magazine.

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to render the scheme of universal convenience and happiness complete. For without this wise direction to our understandings, how should we be able, amongst such multitudes of created beings, to distinguish one countenance from another? Or in what manner could we be supposed to hold intercourse or society together? The resemblance we see frequently in faces of the same family is admirable, and serves to unite those of the same house or kindred together, at the same time that there is no perfect likeness either in voice or features in any two persons in any family existing! What wisdom is this? And let me ask the greatest Infidel (if Infidels there really are) whether he thinks any power less than Omnipotence could do this? But to proceed—How often does a very singular pleasure arise between two persons accidentally meeting and knowing one another at great distances of time, by something in their voices and persons, which hath thus brought them to an immediate recollection of each other? And how often hath the most consummate villain, who, perhaps, hath long concealed himself from the hand of Justice, been detected and brought to the bar, through something remarkable in his shape, his voice, or his features?

Nature, which is only another name for Providence, seems to wanton in the variety she exhibits in every part of the creation. In the animal, in the vegetable part she is wonderfully astonishing and pleasing. What can be a greater feast to the fancy than a walk amongst the glowing colours of a beautiful parterre? And what, let me ask, can be more beautiful to the eye than the train of the peacock, or the symmetry of the greyhound, or of numbers of other birds and animals, particularly of the eastern nations? But I come now to the point I next aimed at, namely, to the variety to be found in the formation of the human species, and of the different fancies it employs. I begin with that most beautiful of all the Almighty's works, a beautiful woman. I would not be understood here to mean that beauty alone which displays itself in a well coloured skin and a fine shape, but she only, who, to a fine person, adds the more attractive charms of a devout mind, and an enlightened understanding, and whose temper is all sweetness and complacency: for such a one there is no name. This naturally leads me to take notice of another instance of the supreme wisdom in varying our fancies and attractions with respect to beauty, than which nothing can be more arbitrary; for without this difference of taste and opinion, the very peopling of kingdoms, and the interests of society, could not possibly be effected or promoted, and we should live in a state of perpetual quarrel and discord among ourselves. A man of a lively turn is pleased to see a good deal of vivacity in the mistress of his affections, whilst a man of a milder temper chuses one whose passions appear more gentle. One likes a woman of a brown, and another of a fair complexion; some fancy a woman with a large, and others with a slender shape; some see most beauty in a tall, and others in a short person; and the soldier with his brawny shouldered wench, whose skin, perhaps, is as coarse as her gown, is equally happy and equally as contented as the Captain with his military mistress. To shift the scene—Do we not frequently see

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women (strange as it seems to be) fancying and preferring the hobbling gait of a man with a wooden leg, before the nimble motions of the most graceful dancing-master? Others chusing black men or tawnies, or men with one eye, one arm, or a broken nose, and sometimes without either: others preferring a crooked back to a straight one, or a face uncommonly hard and ordinary, to the most regular set of features? Thus every one chuses what particularly hits his own fancy, and an infinity of that produces an infinity of beauty; and though few people may be beautiful upon comparison, yet every body may be beautiful in the imagination of some one or other; and to the mind of the lover supposed beauty is full as good as real, and has the same effect. Heaven is certainly very merciful in making us capable of all this variety of mistakes, for if every one judged of beauty according to the real proportions that constitute it, every man's affections would centre upon the same object, which would create jealousies and animosity without end, and what in such a case must become of the ordinary men and women we have been speaking of? The superior beauty of each object would be the hatred and malice of all the rest, and there would be nothing more wanting than this universal right judgment of beauty to render the whole world a scene of blood and misery. Thus, I think, have I given sufficient proof of the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, in varying our fancies and affections.

Many a villain who has skulked about and invaded the rights of his neighbours, with the dark lanthorn of forgery, has been traced and detected by his hand-writing, which (like a man's face) is generally so much his own, as to prevent him from succeeding where he would defraud; and it is lucky that *this* also is so peculiar almost to every body as seldom to pass but under the greatest artifice: otherwise private welfare, in a commercial nation, might be injured and distressed beyond the power of a remedy. This, however, not being among the natural gifts we receive, is very wisely, on every offence, punished by the Legislature with exemplary rigour.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

FELLS AND OTHERS *v.* READ.

A CAUSE of a singular nature was lately heard and determined, by the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn Hall. It was a suit instituted by the Plaintiffs, who were members of a society or club held in Westminster, consisting principally of inhabitants who had served the office of Overseer of the parish, to compel the defendant to restore an antient ornamented tobacco box belonging to the club, and which had been in their possession upwards of fourscore years.

It appeared in evidence that the tobacco box in question was from its antiquity, ornaments, and other circumstances of great value, held in high estimation by the club, and that it was delivered to the defendant according to the usual custom, to be by him delivered to the

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to the succeeding senior Overseer, for the use of the members of the society.

The defendant retained the box in his possession with a view to compel the Vestry (some of whom were members of the club) to pay him certain sums of money he had expended as Overseer—but which they refused to allow in his account, deeming them improper expenditures.

The Lord Chancellor, after hearing the whole of the arguments on both sides, ordered the tobacco box to be restored to the club, and that the defendant pay the costs of the cause.

MR. HOWARD.

THE Inscription upon the Statue of Mr. Howard in St. Paul's is as follows:

This Extraordinary Man
Had the fortune to be honoured, whilst living,
In the manner which his Virtues deserved.
He received the Thanks
Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,
For his eminent Services rendered to this Country and Mankind.
Our National Prisons and Hospitals,
Improved upon the suggestion of his Wisdom,
Bear Testimony to the solidity of his Judgment,
And to the estimation in which he was held
In every part of the Civilized World,
Which he traversed to reduce the sum of Human Misery.
From the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned
With respect, gratitude, and admiration!
His Modesty alone
Defeated various efforts that were made during his Life
To erect this Statue,
Which the Public has now consecrated to his Memory!
He was born at Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Sept. 2, 1726.
The early part of his life was spent in retirement,
Residing principally on his Parental estate at Cardington,
in Bedfordshire,
For which County he served the office of Sheriff in the year 1773.
He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary,
On the 20th January 1790;
A victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt
To ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for,
The Plague.
He trod an open, but unfrequented, path to Immortality,
In the ardent and unintermitted exercise of
Christian Charity.
May this Tribute to his Fame
Excite an emulation of his truly glorious Achievements!

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A SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, IN THE ISLE OF THANET, AND COUNTY OF KENT,

On Monday the 12th of June 1786,

BEFORE

THE PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER,

AND

THE PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS,

OF THE COUNTY OF KENT.

BY THE REV. CH. WELLS, A. M.

CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL HARCOURT, AND RECTOR OF LEIGH, IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

MICAH, chap. vi. ver. 8.

He hath shewn thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the LORD *require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy* GOD?

THE essentials of religion may be said to be comprehended in these words of the Prophet:---All that is necessary to the happiness of any individual of society, or that of the community at large, as far as it can depend upon a system of moral virtue, and it surely will be admitted that the strongest faith (even such a one as, in the metaphorical language of the Apostle *, could remove mountains), the most fervent zeal, and the most scrupulous regard to the external rites and ceremonial part of religion, would fall infinitely short of that measure of duty which can alone render us acceptable in the eyes of an all-wise and righteous God, if our lives are not distinguished by the practice of those moral virtues which should be the fruits of such a faith, and are so well calculated, not only to exalt the human character, but to alleviate also, if not remove, the calamities and evils of this state of existence. True religion consists not in a minute and accurate examination of an intricate passage of scripture, deep researches into the mysteries of revelation, or in fine-spun useless speculations respecting the most inconsiderable objects of faith; but was manifestly designed by its divine author, to regulate, direct, and govern the whole human conduct, and thereby to promote the felicity of his creatures here, and prepare them for a state of purity and bliss hereafter.

He hath shewn thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord

* St. Paul's First Epist. Cor. ch. xiii.

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require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

The two former of these precepts comprize every moral, social, and relative duty due from man to man.---The latter relates more immediately to the principle of piety towards God, which should be the grand basis or ground-work on which the beautiful fabric of human virtue should be built.

I shall therefore change the order in which they are placed in my text, and as I design to offer some animadversions on each, I shall begin with the religious duty---the duty of piety towards God.

But the necessity of this injunction is so very clear, that, in a Christian assembly, I shall have the less occasion to be diffusive on this head. Nor need I detain you by a long chain of argument, to prove that there is a God. Universal nature loudly proclaims the important, awful truth, in a language, which cannot be misunderstood, and which conveys conviction to every intelligent mind. And if the mind is thus convinced of the *existence* of a supreme eternal being, it cannot but be persuaded of his attributes.---That he is almighty in power, and infinite in goodness---That his wisdom, justice, and purity are commensurate with each other; and that he should be, consequently, the great object of our adoration, reverence, and love.

The mind which is fully convinced of this must necessarily be disposed and resolved to act in a manner most pleasing to the supreme ruler of the universe from a principal of piety; for without piety there can be no real virtue. They who aspire at the name of good, without any regard to this principle, are far, very far, from deserving that exalted title, and render themselves incapable of enjoying the true delights of virtue. These must flow from God's approving smile.

There will be found in the course of this state of existence, seasons of adversity, when no reflections can support us, but a confidence in the supreme father of the universe. The satisfaction which proceeds from moral actions may perhaps appear sufficient, when all is smooth and prosperous; but it is not of itself adequate to the support of the trembling soul in the dark hour of misfortune, or at that awful period when *this mortal must put on immortality* *.

Indeed, the principle of piety is that source from which all the duties of morality---justice, benevolence, and charity, must derive their origin. For to attempt to effect a reformation in the minds and lives of men, and to give virtue a footing in the world, without the aid of religious and pious principles, is to raise a fabric in the air, or, as our Lord speaks, "to build a house upon the sand." For what security can we have for propriety of conduct in the different orders of society, for the fidelity of servants, the obedience of children, the performance and observance of those civil and relative duties which are absolutely essential to the peace, comfort, and happiness of our ordinary life, if men have all religious awe, and all the deference due to religious obligations, wholly eradicated from their minds, and so to "live as with-

* I. Cor. ch. xv.

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out God in the world?" To have no sense of the influence of religious principles upon the moral conduct, is the consummation, the very apex of depravity, and will subvert the power of conscience itself; for an uninformed conscience can be no guide, and a misinformed conscience must prove a false one.

From this religious principle as the basis, pass we on to the moral duties pointed at in my text, designed to form the beautiful superstructure---*and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?*

Placed as we are in a state of dependence upon each other, there must of necessity exist a certain intercourse among us, supported by the reciprocal exertion of virtues, which connect and advance the general good; and none, in the number of these, is of greater importance to the welfare of mankind than Equity.

By the influence of this excellent principle, men are cemented together in bonds of unity; the rights of private property are guarded; the peace of society is secured from the rude hand of violence; injured innocence is relieved, the poor are free from oppression, and mutual confidence pervades the various walks of civil life.

With respect to the measure of this duty, we cannot be at a loss; it is by one sentence of the Gospel rendered remarkably clear and comprehensive---*whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.*---A law, by which every claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as the private conscience requires to be informed.---A law, of which every man may find the exposition in his own breast; and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of intention, and purity of will.

The exact observance of Equity, however, is by no means the sole criterion to form our idea of moral goodness; to complete the good character, some other virtues must be associated with it. The Apostle, therefore, by a very proper gradation, has connected Mercy with it.

By Mercy, in this place, he certainly understands Brotherly Love, and Charity---disinterested generous love and charity, formed of the tenderness of compassion, and the noble aims of beneficence.

The end and office of compassionate Charity is to lessen the miseries of human life.

Notwithstanding the many clear and undoubted marks of wisdom and goodness, which are found in all those parts of the creation of which we have any knowledge, it must be confessed, that the present world, from the very settlement and condition of it, abounds with misery, and that men, instead of prudently availing themselves of those remedies which Nature has, in pity, provided against the evils to which they are necessarily exposed, have, by their own mismanagement and perverseness, added to them numberless others which might have been avoided.

Hence it became requisite, that both the accidental and the necessary defects of reason should be supplied by the active, uniform, instinctive principle of compassionate Charity.

For by giving to all men this principle, and placing them in a state

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of mutual dependency, God hath plainly constituted them the guardians and protectors of each other's welfare, and made their own sympathetic feelings, and conscious expectations, the rule and measure of their mutual dealings.

Of Sympathy, indeed, all men are not equally susceptible. They who have a lively imagination and keen feelings are most apt to confess its energy. But it is, in a degree, to be attained by those of a different description. Habits of attention; the study of the works of nature; experience or the contemplation of adversity, and the love of virtue and of mankind, tend greatly to cherish it. Or, should these means fail; should the view of the miseries of others not be able to excite sympathetic compassion; yet, the apprehension of our own must infuse into the most obdurate breast a quick sense of the condition of human nature, and dispose it to the exercise of compassionate and diffusive charity.

When miserable objects of any kind present themselves to us, or are recommended to our notice or commiseration, methinks it would be hardly possible for us to be unaffected by their distresses, did we properly reflect on the wretched and helpless state in which we were introduced into the world, or consider how soon we might be reduced to it again. The due consideration of the level to which high and low, rich and poor, one with another, shall be reduced in a future state, is enough to annihilate all adventitious distinctions of rank and fortune. It is, at least, more than sufficient to check the insolence of human vanity, and possess the mind with benevolent and tender sensations; since the proudest son of prosperity, who to-day, regardless of the wretchedness of his indigent neighbours, plumes himself on the splendor of his condition, and the apparent stability of his eminence, may the next, by the inexplicable vicissitudes of all human affairs, find himself an object of that charitable attention, which, alas! he so recently denied to others.

Would we but contemplate and reflect on the daily providence of the all-wise and good Creator towards *us*, we cannot but be sensible of the obligations we are under to assist mankind in general, but particularly that part of them whose distressed situation more immediately claims our attention. The benevolent man, who derives his chief pleasure from affording relief to the distresses of his fellow-creatures, enjoys more real satisfaction in one charitable deed, than the luxuriant sensualist finds in all his pride, pomp, and extravagance. And the wretched (yet fortunate) object of his charity, while he experiences every mark of kindness from, and is snatched out of ruin and disgrace by those to whose liberality he thought he had no pretensions, is wrapt in pious astonishment at the goodness and providence of that God who has thus so miraculously raised for him friends in his distress.

Bring before your imagination a hapless, helpless, distressed family, labouring under all the complicated miseries and destruction of poverty and woe. At this critical moment, when their distresses have reduced them to their last mite; and when—hardly able to struggle longer under this dreadful conflict, Death is rendered a welcome guest;

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perhaps is even invited, or at least loses half the venom of its sting —at this interesting period, I say, see the preserving hand of Benevolence stretched out to relieve and comfort; and the hapless victims of despair snatched from this scene of nameless misery into another which affords them every comfort, and excites the liveliest sensations of gratitude to their benefactor and their God!

Oh lovely Christian Charity! when that awful period shall arrive that drops the curtain over the present scene, and levels the unpitying Dives, with the despised and suffering Lazarus; when all distinction, except moral and religious, shall vanish; when the great luminaries of the firmament shall cease to diffuse their cheering light, and this planet on which we stand shall drop from her orbit, and be consigned to irretrievable destruction; even then thou shalt survive thy votary's immortal friend; thy lustre shall enlighten the obscurity of human infirmities; and thy glory obliterate even *a multitude of sins!*

But as Christianity does not confine the duty of Charity to the single act of relieving the wretched, but extends it to the uniform cultivation of the most benevolent sentiments, and the practice of all social and relative duties; so do the principles and precepts of the Society before whom I have the honour of appearing here, inculcate the observance of it in its greatest latitude, and inforce it by the best sanctions.

Notwithstanding the undistinguishing censures passed upon the Society (often for the faults of a few individuals) by those who are (indeed who *must* be) totally ignorant of its excellence, yet, like Christianity, it has stood the shock of ages, and the force of undiscerning prejudice. Indeed, it may also, perhaps, like Christianity, thank its opponents for much new light, from time to time thrown in upon the sublime excellence of its nature, and the stability of its institution;—*opponents*—in some sort, more welcome than its *friends*, as *they* do it a signal service without disgracing it, and have no demand on our gratitude for the favours *they* confer. The stronger its adversaries, the greater its triumph. Like Christianity—that great support of human welfare, and of human hope—the virtuous institution of MASONRY (which by the bye is admirably calculated to extend the faith and interests of Christianity*, the virtuous institution of MASONRY. I say), like a well built arch, stands the firmer in proportion to the load of opposition.

* I had in this place made some observations on the practicability of rendering MASONRY very instrumental to this end, from the universality of the institution; but previous to my delivering the discourse, I happened, by mere accident, to meet with Mr. Wright's Publication on Brotherly Love, and the Design of the Institution of MASONRY, and there found this subject (as well as every other which he proposed to treat of) so ably and judiciously handled, that I resolved to suppress the few crude and undigested ideas I had thrown together, considering them of little or no value, while the world was possessed of Mr. Wright's thoughts on this interesting part of the subject.

N.B. The work alluded to is published in 8vo. by Dickson, Edinburgh, and Murray, London, 4s. boards.

A Masonic Sermon by the same Rev. Brother will be found in Vol. V. p. 105, of this Magazine.

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But, my brethren, be it our care to select the best materials, and then to apply them properly; thus shall we raise the walls of an impregnable fortress, instead of furnishing our adversaries (if any such there really be) with ammunition for the warfare. For though no attacks can affect the intrinsic worth of the Institution, yet, to us, as individuals and as Christians, it must give pain.

You well know there are some mysteries which cannot be touched upon in this assembly, though their solemnity and efficacy would be fit subjects of eulogium; but on the great moral duties of a MASON I cannot be wholly silent.

It is scarcely necessary to observe to you, my friends of this Society, that our Institution is founded on the solid basis of religious Piety, zealous Loyalty, rigid Equity, unbounded Philanthropy, and refined Benevolence. *Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise* *, remember, they are all collectively and separately included in the code of MASONIC precepts. Remember, my brethren, ye should be strangers to the machinations of envy—the snares of treachery—the malice of dissimulation—and the clandestine stabs of calumny. Ye should be pious without hypocrisy—just without evasion †—and charitable without ostentation.

So many qualities indeed are requisite to the possibility of becoming a good and worthy member of this Society, and so many incidents happen to put virtue to the test, that some of the fraternity, perhaps, are willing to content themselves with the name, without aiming at its perfections, and supply their place, as they can, by accommodating themselves to its precepts, only while, or when, they are subservient to their interests.

But let me caution you against so dangerous an error; the dignity, the excellence of the private character are risqued, and the public reputation of the Society is sacrificed.

To establish that reputation, and to ascertain that credit which the Institution has just pretensions to, the most exemplary discharge of all moral, social, and relative duties should seem necessary.

In relation to your friends, be warm, steady, and disinterested.—To your enemies, forgiving, benevolent, and hearty in prayer for their conversion. Let the poor and needy be sure to find in you the compassionate Christian, and you will do well to esteem it your privilege, as well as duty, to relieve their wants, and lighten the burthen of their griefs. As men yourselves, ye should glory in the title of friends to mankind. Say, shall it be asserted, that indigence or distress ever *raises its hands to you in vain?* Shall the wants of modest, unsoliciting merit be left for a moment unpitied? Shall the tear of pity, or the

* Phil. ch. iv. ver. 8.

† ——— Sanctus haberi
Promissique tenax dictis factisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem. JUVENAL.

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sigh of sympathy, be ever refused to the throbs of agonizing grief? —No; sure I am, that the afflicted in body—the distressed in mind —will equally engage a portion of your care; that with a delicacy, only equalled by your charity, you will take pleasure in alleviating their sorrows, administering the lenient balm of consolation, arming their souls with patience, and smoothing their passage through this vale of tears.

Pursue then, with ardour, a manly, rational, steady course of piety and intrinsic goodness; and take especial care that you be not deceived in the weightier matters of religion. Let no difference of opinions, either religious or political, disturb the friendly affections, but remain firm and united like an inseparable mass of ancient cement. In a word, let every religious, every moral, private and social virtue shine forth in every character. And when the powers of nature grow languid, when the wheels of life drag heavily on, and announce the approach of the time when our great change shall come *, when these mortal frames must put on immortality, Oh! may our faith and practice be such, as will fix us in those blessed abodes where pain and sorrow are not known; where terrestrial finite sufferings will be converted into endless felicity; and where, even to recollect the storms of life, will, perhaps, be inconsistent with its blissful state!

THE HISTORY OF A RACEHORSE.

THE sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged, without controul, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept he stood as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights he was taken by a trap, concealed upon the ground; which entangling his feet, made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there; and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. The first colt he got was the animal of whom we are speaking. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols

* Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut posse sibi polliceri. SENECA.

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and exercises, which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and passive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirit was depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment. Nature had furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies in summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it; and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument and a blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red hot iron. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: And to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side of it; and the tail was drawn by a cord and pully into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding; and during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and the spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other: And if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury; and surrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to a gentleman, whom he faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He was a companion to him in various journies; bore him with ease and security many thousand miles; contributed to restore him from sickness to health by the gentle exercise which he afforded; and by the swiftness of his feet twice rescued him from robbers and assassins. But growing old, his joints became stiff; his wind failed him; and, urged beyond his speed, on a sultry day, he fell breathless on the course. In a few hours he recovered himself, and the owner disposed of him, at a low price, to a master of post horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who *gallops*, night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious, that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service; and if he survive, he will, probably, be sold to grind in a mill. In this situation, his exercise will be less severe, but almost without intermission; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head; and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow, ere death closes the period of his sufferings.

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THE TRUE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING

THE DEATH OF MR. HAMPDEN

DISCOVERED.

IT has been hitherto falsely supposed, that Mr. Hampden received his death's wound in Chalgrove-field from the enemy; and Lord Clarendon says, that "being shot in the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after he died with extraordinary pain:" But the following relation, given by Robert Earl of Oxford, will shew the true cause of his death.

SIR Edward Harley happened to go out of town towards his seat in Hertfordshire, with Sir Robert Pye, of Farringdon: They were relations, and both of them lived at that time pretty near one another at Westminster. Sir Edward went in the same chariot with Sir Robert as far as Farringdon, and both of them having been military men, entertained one another with the relation of many adventures of that kind: and, amongst other matters, Sir Robert, who had married Mr. Hampden's daughter, acquainted his companion with the true history of his father-in-law's receiving his death's wound on Chalgrove-field. When they were at supper at Farringdon, Sir Edward requested his kinsman, Sir Robert Pye, to repeat the account he had related on the road, before his son Robert (afterwards Earl of Oxford) and one of the Foleys, then likewise in company with them, as a matter of fact, which it might be useful for curious persons to know, and upon the certainty of which they might depend: And you are to read the following account, as coming out of the mouth of Sir Robert Pye, addressing himself to his kinsmen after this manner:

"You know, says he, it is commonly thought that my father in-law died by a wound he received on Chalgrove-field from the enemy; but you shall hear the exact truth of the matter, as I had it from my father himself some time before he expired. The Earl of Essex lay at that time with his army before Reading, and Mr. Hampden attended him there, as one of the Committee from the Parliament, who were always to be with the General. Major Gunter was with a considerable party quartered towards Thame and Chalgrove, and those parts. The General had intelligence, that Prince Rupert was going to make an excursion from Oxford, by which he would probably make great havoc amongst Gunter's party with his horse, if timely care was not taken to prevent it, by immediately dispatching proper succours. Upon this a council was called, and Colonel Hampden voluntarily offered himself to command the detachment to be sent on the expedition, being a person very particularly acquainted with those countries through which Prince Rupert was to pass; for he had been a very great sportsman in his time, and had often traversed those countries

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as such. His proposal was accepted, and away he went. Prince Rupert came, and did the havoc and execution designed, and which could not by this intelligence and precaution be entirely prevented. In a skirmish on this occasion, Mr. Hampden drew one of his pistols, and, as he gave fire, it burst to pieces in his hand, and shattered his arm in a very dismal manner: upon this he made the best of his way off: he was very well mounted, as he always used to be. When he was come to a considerable rivulet (as there are many such in those parts betwixt the hills) he was much put to it what to do. He thought, that if he alighted and turned his horse over, he could not possibly get up again; and how to get over upon him, he could not well tell: but he resolved at last to try what his horse could do, and so clapped his spurs to, and got clean over. As soon as he possibly could, he sent for me: he was in very great pain, and told me, that he suspected his wound was mortal: but what makes it still more grievous to me, says he, is, that I am afraid you are in some degree accessary to it; for the hurt I have received is occasioned by the bursting of one of those pistols which you gave me. You may be sure I was not a little surprised and concerned at hearing this, and assured him that they were bought from one of the best workmen in France, and that I myself had seen them tried. You must know, it was Mr. Hampden's custom, whenever he was going abroad, always to order a raw serving boy that he had, to be sure to take care that his pistols were loaded: and it seems the boy did so very effectually; for, whenever he was thus ordered, he always put in a fresh charge, without considering or examining whether the former charge had been made use of or not; and, upon examining the remaining pistol, they found it was in this manner, quite filled up to the top with two or three supernumerary charges; and the other pistol having been in the same condition, was the occasion of its bursting, and shattering Mr. Hampden's arm in such a manner, that he received his death by the wound, and not by any hurt from the enemy."

To the foregoing account we shall add, from Mr. Seward's interesting "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," the following circumstance:

"The King, on hearing of Mr. Hampden's being wounded at Oxford, desired Dr. Giles *, who was a friend of Mr. Hampden, to send to enquire after him, as from himself; and, adds Sir Phillip Warwick, "I found the King would have sent him over any surgeon of his, if "any had been wanting; for he looked upon his interest, if he could "gain his affection, as a powerful means of begetting a right under-"standing between him and the two Houses."

* Dr. Giles, according to Sir Philip Warwick, was a near neighbour of Mr. Hampden's, in Buckinghamshire, and being an opulent man, had built himself a good parsonage-house, in which structure Mr. Hampden had used his skill.

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ON

THE DEPRAVITY OF MANNERS

IN DIFFERENT RANKS OF LIFE.

IT has been often remarked, that the English plume themselves much upon their public spirit, as they are pleased to call it; but this is very widely different from that which warmed the breasts of their boasted progenitors, the Romans. Theirs, as well as the people of Greece, flowed from the veneration of the religious and civil establishment of the country, which was kept inviolate from insult and contempt. If, perchance, a single Diagoras appeared to loosen these principles, he was proscribed, and a price set upon his head.

The music, wit, poetry, and conversation of the antients, were applied to aggrandize religion, and make it appear in the utmost splendor; their point of ambition was the glory of making acquisitions to the public, and they despised the distinction of table and equipage, as much as we admire them. Hence a noble simplicity of manners reigned among all orders, and excluded luxury with its attendants, fraud and rapine; great in the council and in the field, they grew illustrious, not rich; and contented to think and act above the vulgar, they lived and died like them. Disinterested ambition was catching among a people thus devoted to their country, and the trophy of one hero would not let another sleep till he had raised a second.

It was the judgment of antiquity, that national security could not subsist without national virtue, and that general looseness and prophaneness were the seeds of ruin to a state: in consequence of this judgment, the opinion and lives of the populace were a principal concern, and they were not suffered to be corrupted in jest or in earnest.

A vicious sentiment in a theatrical performance at Athens would have cost the poet his liberty or life: when Euripides made one of his actors say,—"Riches are the supreme good, and with reason excite the admiration of the gods and men," the whole theatre rose upon him, and he had been immediately banished, if he had not desired patience till the end of the piece, where the speaker of this sentence perishes miserably. But impiety and frivolity are permitted to tread our stage, and are encouraged by acclamations to debauch the people: our taste for what is fine is gone, together with our relish for what is good.

If our gentry will countenance diversions of a dangerous tendency, if the conversation of their tables, and the entertainments of their theatres, shall conspire to infuse into their domestics (who will always be copies of their superiors, and fine gentlemen at second-hand) a spirit of irreligion, licentiousness, and misrule, I shall not wonder if in time they change stations with their party-colour'd attendants, and three or four fellows, from behind the coach, cut the owner's throat, and step

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into it themselves: I am sure I was in pain for the future safety of a Gentleman whose servant I followed in the street, when I heard him say to his comrade, with an air of joy.—"Jack, what do you think my master says? why that there is no such place as hell."

I know not how it is, but every thing seems to conspire to remove the horror from evil, and throw ridicule on what is for the good of society. Our very fashions are criminal, and our amusements injurious to virtue.

When Solon saw a representation of Thespis, who first introduced a speaker in tragedy, whose office was to repeat some fictitious story between the chorusses, he struck his stick against the ground, and said, he wished this might not bring in a neglect of truth in the common transactions of life: but what would he have said, if informed that it was the entertainment of persons of figure and genius, to throw a parcel of lies into a cap, and then draw out one, which was to be current for the week, and be spread with great industry to every quarter of a populous city? I would not be severe, but allow this to be wit, since persons of taste are said to be concerned in it, and would willingly hope it may be done with design to expose the malicious credulity of the town, and, by frequent impositions of this kind, cure it of the infamous practice of greedily telling and receiving injurious falshoods; but I cannot dissemble my apprehension, that what may be play to some, may possibly be death to others.

In such circumstances and times as these, to look for public spirit is to look for an effect without a cause: shall we expect to find it among the lower classes of men, when those above them have discarded it? Will the little illicit trader think on the injury done to the community, when those of the first rank will buy his goods, and with emulation wear them? When people in high life run into the silly contention of vieing with each other in luxury, show, and extravagance, will those in lower stations be sober, industrious, and frugal? the contrary is surely to be expected, is to be seen every day. The corruption of a whole people is not a trivial concern, it is big with the most dismal consequences; and to recover a nation, thus debauched, will require great attention, and universal application.

CURTIUS.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE Emperor Charles V. having one day lost his way as he was hunting in a forest, and being pretty far distant from his company, found himself, after wandering about some time, near an inn, which he entered to refresh himself. Being seated, he saw four men, whose appearance boded him no good; however, he took no notice of them, but called for what he wanted. These men at first were laid down, and pretended to sleep. But one soon rose up, and approaching the

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Emperor, told him, not knowing who he was, that he had dreamt he ought to take away his hat, and in saying so, snatched it from him. A second then came to him, and saying he had dreamt that his surtout coat would fit him very well, took that from him. A third cast his eye on his buff waistcoat, and stript him of that also. The fourth dreamt likewise in his turn, and tells the prince not to take it amiss, if he gave himself the trouble to search him; and seeing a gold chain about his neck, to which hung a flagelet, he went to take it from him. Stay, my friend, said the Emperor to him; before you rob me of this dear whistle, suffer me to shew you the property of it; and at the same time he began to whistle. His attendants, who had sought for him throughout the forest, happily arrived near the inn just as he began, and on whistling, hearing the sound, went in, and were much surprised to see him in that condition.

Behold, said the Emperor, on seeing them, a set of people here, who have dreamt just what they pleased concerning me; I too am disposed to dream in my turn; and having dosed a little, he said to his attendants, I have dreamt that those gentlemen, the dreamers, all *four* deserve the gallows; and it is my will that my dream be fulfilled directly. They accordingly hanged them all four opposite the inn.

USEFUL HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

NEGLIGENCE sometimes suffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only *right*-handed? The right-hand was made stronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator; the wisest of God's creatures suffer habit, when they have two arms, to confine them almost totally to the use of *one*. Let us copy the skilful fencing master, and teach our children the use of both arms indiscriminately. Cases may be put, in which the left arm, which now seems to be fixed to the body only for the sake of uniformity, may truly save the wearer's life.

Every man, in the moment of deep thought, is addicted to some particular action. Swift used to roll up a slip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this sort, which are disgraceful; and some, even habits of indecency. Beware of bad *habits* as well as bad *company*.

Have you a daughter? Do not christen her from novels and romances. Louisa and Clementina may betray her into situations, of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shenstone thanked God his name was liable to no pun. Never give your daughter a name which sentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or "hitch into a rhyme."

When you accost a friend, stay to answer his question, and don't

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be in the same hurry that he is: or you will both ask the same questions, and neither of you receive an answer.

Listen to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder street. One says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c. &c. The other says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c.

By the way, "How *do* you *do?* however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phrase.

When you come, or find yourself coming *full butt*, as it is called, against another person, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man advise you not to do so. Stand still. He will endeavour to get out of *your* way, and, by your standing still, he will effect it.—If you both endeavour to get by at the same time, as there are but two sides, it is an even wager but that you run against each other.

I once broke my nose and spoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dresser thus in St. Paul's Church-yard. Another time I was almost killed by getting out of a smuggler's way on the Sussex road. Now, if I am on horseback, I ride straight forward; if I am on foot, I stand stock still; by which precautions I have not been knocked down these *thirty* years.

If you have occasion to travel frequently to one place, take all the cross cuts and endeavour to find out the nearest way—but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high road,—for though it may be the longest way, you will get the sooner to your destination.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

THE Turk is a lover of rest; seated upon a sofa with his pipe, he will continue in this exercise six or seven hours without intermission; or else, shut up in the seraglio among his mistresses, he will neglect affairs of the utmost importance, to indulge himself in that voluptuousness.

The Arab is fond of his horse, almost to a degree of infatuation: when the weather will permit, he is continually hunting; when at home [illegible]ful; shunning the society of his family, and sooner chuses to be along with his hunter than his children.

A Frenchman's love is principally directed to himself. So far from being a lover of rest, he seldom chuses to stand still. He is fond of dress, and perpetually boasting of his amours.

A Spaniard is jealous of his honour: brave, faithful, patient in adversity, capable of enduring every fatigue, and romantic in his projects.

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A German is ever studious in the secrets of nature, indefatigable in his pursuits after chymistry, and as indefatigable in drinking.

The Dutch are pack-horses in trade, who plod on in one track; strangers to the sweets of a scientific life, and disregarding the nice works of genius and art.

The Italians are revengeful by nature, and politicians by habit.

The Portuguese insincere and bigots.

Now, if I were to ask an impartial observer of us, which of these characters were most like our own; he would say, he had seen an Englishman act all but the last.

Are not my countrymen as fond of tobacco as the Turks? Will they not sit as many hours smoking as any Mahometan? and will they not be as much misled by common mistresses at a bagnio, as any turban-wearer in his seraglio?

Will they not, like Arabs, neglect their families for hunting matches? and do they not value their horses more than their wives?

Are they not, like Frenchmen, self-lovers, vain of dress, and great talkers of their success with women?

Like Spaniards, they are brave, faithful, patient, and have constitutions capable of enduring the most extreme fatigues; are romantic in their projects, and will rush into dangers for the sake of glory.

They are as curious as Germans in prying into the first workings of creation; and as to drinking, I believe they'll take the field against any nation.

Yet we are as great drudges in trade as Dutchmen, almost as revengeful as Italians, and as to our being politicians, mercy upon us! but what nation, except ours, could or would support such a number of newspapers, loaded with acrimonious altercations and political common place?

TANTARABOBUS.

A SATYRICAL HARANGUE,

DELIVERED LATELY BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE CHARACTER OF A PEDLAR.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

I AM an *itinerant* merchant, who make a trading voyage from town to town, and from street to street: and as for my *gimcracks* here, I sell them cheap enough: you shall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a purse to hold *honesty*; it is worn, with *simplicity* and *plain-dealing*, a little out of fashion I must confess, but not the worse for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *stewards, overseers, custom-house officers*, and *voters* at an election.

What say ye to these *masks;* they are neither French nor Venetian, but true English ones; they are called *masks for knavery*, and worn by people of the best *fashion* of *all* professions. This *smiling smooth-*

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faced one will conceal the *rancour* of a *courtier's* heart. This, with the *white of the eye turn'd up*, the *atheism* of a *priest*; and that, with the *supercilious brow*, the *ignorance* of a *quack*.—What! no one buy! but no matter—I can dispose of them either at the Temple, Charing-cross, Whitehall, or St. James's.

This *smelling bottle* may, perhaps, have a better recommendation: it is filled with the *quintessence* of *ignorance*, some *drops of stupidity*, with a few *grains* of *impudence*, extracted from the speech of a *coffee-house politician*, the *pericranium* of a *proctor* in the *Commons*, and a *billet-doux* of an *ensign* of the *guards*. Lady Prattle uses this sort in all assemblies; and Lady Scandal was seen to pull it out more than once at church last Sunday, while she kept a correspondence with Mrs. Modely, a pew or two from her. It assists thought infinitely better than Rappee or Havanna, and produces a *je ne scai quoi* in stile.

The next thing I offer is a *pocket looking glass*; in it a *side-box lady* may view her *new complexion*; and a *beau* be *shock'd* at his *own grin*, notwithstanding the *charms* of a well-dressed *head*. Should an *alderman* peep in it, possibly he might startle at his branching *frontlet*; and *takers of bribes* may see in it the *price* of their *conscience*. It will shew a *vicar* what he *presented* the 'squire for his *presentation*; and to a *dean* it may exhibit the *three years purchase* that was stipulated with my lord: but an *usurer* will not be able to see his *conscience* in it; a *quaker*, his *sincerity*; or some *fellows* of colleges, their *learning*. Now I look upon it *myself*, I see my *own folly*, and that none of *these toys* are wanted by *this company**; so your servant, Sirs.

A NEW TAX SUGGESTED.

Valeat res ludicra.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the several ways and means recommended for assisting the Finances of our Country, no one at first sight appears so effectual, as that of laying a tax upon POLITICIANS. Did not the general poverty of these *Quixotes* render such a scheme abortive, an immense sum might be raised at 6d. a head; but a modern Politician generally carries his head as full, and his pockets as empty, as one of Swift's projectors.

In the present age of Bankruptcy and Patriotism, there is scarcely an alley in London, but can boast of its Committee of Politics, whose worthy Members are so intent upon the views and designs of foreign

* Few people see their own failings, or, if they do, like to acknowledge them; more the pity.

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Princes, that they quite forget their starving families, their gaping creditors, and the harpy-clawed Bailiff, who waits without, to convey these redressers of public grievances to the spunging-house.

This increase of *public spirit* among the lower class of Mechanics has been attended with many inconveniencies, as well to their employers as themselves. Since my *Taylor* was made chairman of his *Club*, he has lost most of his customers, the complicated business of his high office not permitting him to work at his trade; and since his elevation to the chair, his attention has been so much turned upon ways and means for reducing the high price of provisions, that Mrs. *Cabbage* has actually been obliged to pawn his goose, to satisfy the craving appetites of her starving children.

My *Cobler* I have been forced to turn off, after having gone barefoot above a week in regard to his numerous family; and on my remonstrating with him on his unaccountable neglect, Mr. *Last* replied very gravely, "That he really could not attend to every body's business at once." The fellow (I find) is secretary to a club.

But if the increasing numbers of *eloquent Porters*, *speculative Lamplighters*, and *learned Draymen*, convinced me of the rapid progress of political literature in town, how surprised was I, on my return into the country, to find several shrewd politicians threshing in a barn, and many an *able Statesman* following a dung-cart. In the village where I now reside, the reins of government are held by a weekly meeting of Ploughmen and Waggoners, assisted by the Parish Clerk and gravedigger, who are severally bound by oath to accept of neither *Post*, *Peerage*, nor *Pension*. At the period when the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill threatened the Ministry with a formidable opposition, this Society was upon a respectable footing; but Mr. President being lately hanged for sheep-stealing, and three of the most eloquent Members sent to prison for debt, its number has greatly decreased; yet the flame of patriotism burns as bright as ever; and if not interrupted by their wives, or the parish Constable, they still continue their laudable custom of getting drunk once or twice a week for the good of their country.

Somerset, Dec. 1795. IRONICUS.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE

EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME itinerant sons and daughters of Thespis, at a village a few miles from Epsom, performed the other night in a barn, to a very crowded and polite audience, the Beggar's Opera, to which they added, for an entertainment, the Miller of Mansfield; the Miller's supper consisted of boiled fowls, bacon, and greens, puddings, tarts, &c. at which the Actors sat at least three quarters of an hour, and ate, till all their appetites were satisfied, with the greatest composure and calmness, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, who seemed as well pleased as if they had been at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

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ANECDOTE OF MONTECUCULI,

THE ITALIAN GENERAL, AND COMPETITOR TO THE GREAT TURENNE.

THIS General, when he commanded the Imperial army, had on a march given orders, on pain of death, that no one should walk over the corn. A soldier returning from a village, ignorant of the orders, came through a path in a corn field. Montecuculi, who perceived him, commanded the Prevot to hang him. In the meanwhile the soldier advanced towards the General, and pleaded his ignorance; to which Montecuculi replied, "The Prevot shall do his duty." As all this occurred almost in an instant, the soldier was not yet disarmed, when, full of rage and revenge, he said, "I was not guilty before, but now I am," and at the same time fired his piece at the General. It missed, and Montecuculi pardoned him.

CHARACTERISTICS OF POLITENESS

IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

IN the kingdom of Juida, when the inhabitants meet, they throw themselves down from the hammocks in which they are, place themselves on their knees over against each other, kiss the ground, clap their hands, make their compliments, and rise.

The inhabitants of the Manillas say, that politeness requires that they should bow their bodies very low, put each of their hands on their cheeks, and raise up one foot from the ground, keeping the knees bent.

The savage of New Orleans maintains, that we fail in politeness towards our Kings. "When I present myself (said he) to the Great Chief, I salute him with a howl, then I run to the bottom of the cabin without casting a single glance to the right side, where the Chief is seated. There I renew my salutation, raising my hands upon my head, and howling three times. The Chief invites me to sit, by a loud sigh, upon which I thank him with another howl. At every question the Chief asks me, I howl once before I answer him, and I take leave of him by drawling out a howl till I am out of his presence."

The inhabitants of the Marian islands pretend, that politeness consists in taking hold of the foot of him to whom they would do honour, in gently stroking the face, and in never spitting before a superior.

The Chiriguanes maintain, that it is proper they should have breeches, but that the politest manner of wearing them is under the arm, as we do our hats.

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At Pegu, the most polite and decent behaviour for the King, is to advance into the audience chamber with a fan in his hand, preceded by four of the most beautiful young men of the Court, who are his interpreters, and the heralds who declare his will.

At Monomotapa, politeness consists in sneezing: who can doubt but there are some courtiers, who value themselves in sneezing in a more noble manner than other men? They treat as bad company, or as barbarians, every individual, and all other nations, whose sneezing appears to them less harmonious than their own.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON

TO PRINCE HENRY, SON TO KING JAMES I.

CONCERNINGE HIS DOGGE.

MAY it please your Highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I now offer, as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie, *I pede fausto;* but havinge goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had good will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great *Prince* on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the Cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene, that this messenger did ever blab aught concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe, and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie

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the Dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I did once grieve at missinge this Dogge, for on my journiee towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyd him to the Spanish Ambassadors, where in a happie houre after six weekes I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the Dogges own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allowe me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died: as we traveld towardes the Bathe, he leapede on my horses neck, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe; and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to yr Highnesse thought of this Dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his Dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that Dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my *Bungey*, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not but your Highnesse woulde love my Dogge if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the Dogges near your father's Courte not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or lesse pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

I now reste youre Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite him,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

P. S. The verses above spoken of are in my book of epigrams in praise of my Dogge Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellent picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity.

Kelston, June 14, 1608.

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MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN

A TOUR THROUGH LONDON,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM,

F. S. A. SCO.

THE Remarks of this Gentleman in "A Tour through Westminster Abbey," inserted in our last two Numbers, having been spoken of with Approbation by many of our Readers, it is our Intention occasionally to furnish them with further Amusement from the same Source.

LONDON.

ALAS! how shall I see London in a black December? The sun, and the people of distinction, have left it. It is counted forlorn by its own inhabitants. The weather is dark, cold, and wet; and a hackney coach is but ill calculated for a man to view London. The Court is at Windsor. The two Houses of Parliament are not open. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Astley's, Sadler's Wells, Hughes's, and the Courts at Westminster, are shut, as is every place of resort, but the theatres; nay, even Kensington and the Park are locked up by the weather. I shall see but a small part of London, and that by candle-light.

If a work be forced upon us, it immediately becomes a burden; but if we take it from choice, it is no longer a task, but an amusement. Perhaps there is not a man in London, who would choose to walk the dirty ground twice over, in a winter's night, between St. James's and Mile-End turnpike. This journey of unaccountable pleasure cost me four hours and a half.

LAMPS.

The lamps are well disposed. Not a corner of this prodigious city is unlighted. They have every where a surprising effect; and in the straighter streets, particularly at the west end of the town, and where those streets cross each other at right angles, the sight is most beautiful. But this innumerable multitude of lamps affords only a small quantity of light, compared to the shops. By these the whole city enjoys a nocturnal illumination; the prospects are preserved, and mischief prevented. I have counted twenty-two candles in one little shop.

By the vast profusion of oil, wax, and tallow, the stranger will naturally suppose they cost nothing, or that money flows in with the same ease as the tide, and that a fortune is burnt up every night.

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HOUSES.

The houses are, on the average, about one story higher than I have ever seen. These elevated buildings tend to darken the streets, particularly in the winter, and where those streets are narrow. The smoke and effluvia of this vast city add to the darkness; consequently the days are shorter than with us*, though we are almost two degrees nearer the pole. In some of the confined streets, day-light, in this season, is nearly excluded.

There seems nothing in London so much wanted as room; no, not money, nor even health; for there is money to buy, but no space to be bought. And if one in forty wants health, thirty-nine want room. They have power to penetrate down toward the centre of the earth, and up toward the heavens; a power well preserved; but no room can be gained on the sides.

STREETS.

If we attend to the sentiments of a few citizens, who, by mere industry, have each acquired £100,000. and who look *down* on every person who has not, we shall learn, that the inhabitants are little better than paupers; that very few can pay their way with credit; that the commercial interest would fall, if not supported by the Bank; and that there will not be room in the Gazette for any thing but bankrupts and their dividends.

But these sober citizens forget to remark, that *one* man cannot acquire such a fortune, without inspiring an emulation in *two* to follow him; that trade and the Bank, like a prudent husband and wife, support each other, or matters would run into confusion; that the prodigious sums spent in luxury prove, that those sums were first acquired, either by the spender, or somebody else; and that in any public undertaking money seems out of the question.

The stranger will be astonished at the improvements which have been introduced during the last thirty-five years, and how money could be procured to complete them. He will find, during that small space, three grand bridges erected, each of which is an honour to the place, and would cost an immense sum. That besides many superb edifices, of a public and a private nature, every street and passage in the whole city and its environs has been paved in one regular and convenient stile; an expence equal in value to the whole dominions of some sovereign princes. Public structures of grandeur never indicate poverty.

As the connexions of the people of Birmingham frequently draw them to London, where they must observe the conveniency arising from open streets, the centres of which are regularly paved, and the sides, from one foot to sixteen, according to the width of the street, laid with flat stones, for the benefit of the passenger, it is surprising they do not, at humble distance, wish to imitate the metropolis. There can be no disgrace in following those who lead us right.

* It will be remembered, that the writer was resident in Birmingham.

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Every thing, however, is not to be imitated, even in London. There are defects, which loudly call for redress, such as obstructive buildings in some of the principal streets, particularly in High Holborn, Fleet-street, the Strand, &c. If a man wishes to see darkness by day-light, to hear a few new coined oaths, or see the height of confusion, let him go into Thames-street: if he wishes to avoid a broken limb, or being splashed from head to foot, let him keep out of Thames-street.

The city abounds with beggars, which shews a defect in the police. It is hardly possible to travel the streets of London, and keep money in one's pocket; not because it is picked out, but drawn by our own consent. Distress and compassion are inseparable companions. This kind of mistaken charity, however necessary, defeats its own intent, by encouraging the beggar in his practice. There appears but one way to obviate this evil, which is not by punishment; for if we punish the beggar, it drives him to greater crimes. Every parish or district ought to be provided with some kind of employment, which might be learnt in an hour, where every one who is able should labour: for when a man finds he must work for the public, he will quickly learn to work for himself. It is possible to teach people to do right, even by gentle means. Those who are not able to labour ought to be maintained by the community. This was the intention of the workhouse, which is still preserved in every part but the chief, which is the laborious.

WATER.

There are benefits too great to be rewarded; nay, some have been rewarded with injury. Thus Henry VII. cut off Stanley's head, who had set the crown upon his own.

The greatest benefit ever conferred upon London was, of all others, the soonest forgotten; that of Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the New River to supply the city with water, at the expence of many years labour, many law-suits, much peace of mind, an immense fortune, and the ruin of his family.

Although thousands have arisen to affluence by the means which brought him to poverty, yet his successors are not of that number. Exclusive of multitudes who procure a daily relief from this valuable river, it is thought, by promoting cleanliness, to prevent the plague, as no interval has been so long as the present, which is 120 years.

If the descendants of this steady and enterprizing genius are not in affluence, it is not too late to display a grateful return.

CHURCHES.

The taste of a nation is ascertained by the stile of their public buildings; they rise and subside together. Elegance in architecture originates from the people, although Inigo Jones, or Sir Christopher Wren, may stand at their head. A genius can only express what others wish to be expressed.

Good sense, and good taste, are in some degree the portion of every

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person; he may improve them by cultivation, like the flowers in his garden; or, if neglected, like them, they run wild: but in either case there will be a difference, according to the difference of the soil.

The churches in London are beautiful. They are an honour to the taste of the people, and will be remarked with pleasure by the stranger.

They may be said to be *closely attended;* for wherever we find one, we find it pent up by the houses, as if with design to squeeze it into a narrower compass. In some parts of London, particularly at the west end of the town, they are thinly scattered; but, perhaps, they are as numerous as necessary. *Within*, they are not quite so much attended as in Birmingham. A Bishop, with us, would draw an innumerable multitude after him; but in London I attended divine service, at St. Mary Aldermary, where the Bishop of B—— preached, almost to an empty church. However, it should be remembered, he preached a charity sermon.

During prayers at Westminster Abbey, which were performed by the Sub-Dean and Chapter, the whole congregation, during a considerable part of the service, consisted solely of myself. This brought to mind the celebrated story of Dr. Swift, and his dearly beloved Roger.

I considered, that I composed the whole congregation of the first church in Great Britain; that I had an exclusive right to the benedictions solicited by this reverend body; that under this lofty roof were assembled two congregations, a dead and a living; that the congregation of the dead was, perhaps, the grandest in Europe; that of the living was *next to it.* But I did not wish both to sleep; one half, as in other places of worship, was enough. I entertained a sincere value for each. Before the conclusion of the service, the congregation, for which I had the greatest regard, was recruited by an old woman and two cripples, which convinced me, that the people who attended public worship were those only who were unfit for every thing else.

When I visited St. James's, being drest in black, a gentleman accosted me, "Sir, do you perform the duty of the chapel this morning." "No, Sir, it is not my turn. Why, you have no congregation!"

"No, Sir, the weather is so bad, I think nobody will attend."

I was much inclined, however, though a dissenter, to have assumed the surplice, and attempted the service; for if I had committed a blunder in the rubric, there were none to detect me.

THAMES.

To a stranger, who resides in an upland country, like that of Birmingham, where the largest rivers might almost be skipped over by an active man, a prospect of the Thames from London Bridge, especially to an Englishman, is peculiarly pleasing. Whether it would please a Frenchman, is another question.

If a citizen passes over this bridge, perhaps he thinks of nothing

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but the Borough; but if a stranger goes upon it, he hardly knows how to go off.

His thoughts will flow faster than the river, in contemplating that the present riches of the kingdom sailed up this channel; that the manufactures produced by thousands press it; that if water quenches fire, according to the old adage, it must be in other places; for here, the river, supplying the city with fuel, may be said to kindle it; that this key opens a passage to every country in Europe, and, on the contrary, opens London to them; that every language and every luxury are wafted up. Down this passage James the Second, the last of the Stuart race, fled from a crown; and George the First, to enjoy one, through the same passage led up the line of Brunswick.

Among the prodigious number of vessels which compose this grand prospect, seems one in which is a young sailor, who casts many a wishful look on a woman with a child, standing on the shore. The ship takes in her cable, and glides gently with the tide. A vast ocean is going to separate, perhaps for ever, a fond husband from a wife, who appears lovely in distress, and a tender infant. He still moves on; her heart moves with him, and her tears follow. The winding river terminates their sight, but not their grief.

Another seemed a new vessel just arrived, having three masts; and as I had never been on board a ship, nor seen one of that magnitude, I descended from the bridge with a design to board her. A plank facilitated my passage; but, to my disappointment, the people were all Spaniards from Bilboa; not one of them understood a word of mine, nor I of theirs: however, they treated me with great civility, and we parted better friends than the English and Spaniards often do.

ST. JAMES'S.

We pride ourselves on visiting the abode of Kings. This place has more the appearance of a prison than a palace. It is ancient, low, extensive, dark, and abounds with irregular chimnies. My chief view was to see the head of a family which has long had my best wishes. The pleasure grounds, which form the Park, are extremely delightful, and well furnished with live stock.

In the first room I entered were placed in order a great number of arms. "I seem," says I, "to be arrived upon peaceable ground, for these arms appear out of use, by the dust upon them." "They are cleaned, Sir, once in two years." "Then I suppose the two years are nearly expired?"——A smile was the answer.

I passed through two or three other apartments, when a gentleman approached me—"Sir, it is not customary for any person to appear in the King's Court with his hat on." "I beg pardon, Sir; I was so attentive to the objects before me, I forgot I had one."

In the grand council room I was indulged, like other children, with the chair of state. The chandeliers and girandoles were of silver; rather heavy, and not very elegant; and though the furniture was rich, not too rich for a sovereign prince.

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THE BANK.

If King William had performed but one action in his whole life, that action was sufficient to immortalize his name, instituting the Bank. The company, sensible of the unparalleled merit of this act, erected a statue to his honour in one of the courts. No domestic regulation, no treaty with foreign States, has been so beneficial to trade as the Bank.

The building is odd, low, and regular, but well adapted to the design. It is an edifice which appears better to the eye delineated upon paper, than upon the ground where it stands.

This vivifying body, replete with shining particles, like that in the heavens, nourishes the commercial world. Rays of bright influence, collected into this point, are diffused through every latitude. Private banks, dispersed through the British vortex, like the lesser orbs, shine with borrowed light from this grand luminary.

Public credit, when shaken by political violence, as in 1745, has been restored by the Bank to its basis.

Ignorant of etiquette, I entered this depository of riches, as I had done those at St. James's, much inclined to proceed from one apartment to another, except some person should interrupt me; in which case I should have made the best apology I was able. An apology will generally pass, where no injury is intended.

Every man would be deemed honest. By the precautions at the Bank, one should be inclined to think every man a rogue. Perhaps there is not an institution conducted with more wisdom.

The time is not very remote, when the commerce and the cash of the kingdom were equal, except what little was transacted by barter. These two pillars of the state must ever answer each other, or some remedy must be found to cure the evil. Four hundred years has made an amazing alteration in both. The cash in currency has increased to twenty times its quantity; and commerce to that number multiplied by itself. A want of cash was the consequence; but that want is supplied by bills of exchange. Artificial cash makes up the real. As we cannot erect our commercial fabric upon bullion, we make up the defect with paper. The most substantial is that of the Bank.

Their paper alone is taken without objection. Their credit is sterling.

The money-changers who resort to this temple are of two kinds, those who want, and those who abound.

The influence of the Bank is not limited to trade. One of their notes, which is *value without weight*, in the hands of a lover, would soften the obdurate heart of his mistress; would roll the gilt chariot, and furnish six footmen in livery; preserve a grove from the axe, whose master was duped by the sharper; purchase what one lady wishes to keep, and keep another from the town; make one man forget his friends, and another himself. It will purchase a good benefice, and spoil a good preacher; remove our present wants, and open a way to greater. It will not, however, as Solomon says of

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money, *buy all things;* it cannot furnish wisdom to line the inside of a head, nor change one grey hair without.

This desirable paper, which sometimes lies snug in the corner of a snuff-box, has fallen into the hands of those who have despised it; such as the willing lady, who, having conferred all the favours she had to confer upon a prince of the blood, received, in return, a bank note; but as the black letters upon its face composed only the word *twenty,* she instantly dissolved it in a glass of wine, and drank it in his presence: an injury to herself was a favour to the Bank. A private sailor, belonging to a ship which was paid off in 1782, having received his arrears, threw two ten pound Bank notes into the sea, near Bristol, in each of which he had wrapped a guinea, to make it sink. As the lady would not have performed her curious exploit in public, we may pronounce it sprang from revenge. As the sailor would not have performed his in private, it sprang from ostentation.

One of my friends had this authentic history of the sailor's folly from the Captain himself; who, while they were in conversation together, saw the very man in the street at Bristol.

"John," says the Captain, "do you remember making shipwreck of the Bank notes, and feeding the sea with guineas?" "Yes, Sir," —half ashamed. "Did you ever repent it?" "I have since wanted the money."—Perhaps without pity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

CONTINUED FROM P. 96.

NOW should deep awe the modest strains indite,
For great LEE-LEWES meets the marv'ling sight.
Lo! here's the man who boasts the wond'rous skill
To mend the poet's brightest thoughts at will;
Whose fertile mind, whate'er dull critics say,
At once can elevate the noblest lay.
Shakspeare, indeed, instructed once the clown
Not to say more than what the bard set down;
But Shakspeare was not able to presage
The genius form'd to grace this happy age,
And in a moment raise his matchless page.
Yet say, what grounds support this bold pretence
At will to wanton with the poet's sense?
What talents has the great Lee-Lewes shown?
Holds he just title to the critic throne?

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Is he the noblest poet of the age?
Or brightest planet that illumes the stage?—
No more, dull Spleen, these surly questions ask,
For know he shines, in *jumping through a cask!*
Oh! mighty man! confine this active flame,
That thus impels thee in pursuit of fame:
Remain, with pantomimic fancies stor'd,
The motley hero of the wooden sword.
Or, if ambition prompts thee to aspire
At characters that speech and sense require,
No more presume, with sacrilegious rage,
To mar the poet's consecrated page;
Deign to the simple meaning to submit,
And let dull duty check thy eager wit.
Once more, Digression, rambling fool, adieu,
The actor's merit let us briefly view:
Lee-Lewes here is in his proper light,
And, with true humour, pleasure can excite.
In comic pow'rs, though nature has been kind,
Yet to few scenes his talents are confin'd:
Too flippant for the sphere of well-bred ease,
And yet too coarse in airy fops to please,
Warm, but too rough, he chiefly seems design'd
For sprightly parts, nor rugged nor refin'd;
Where taste and fashion fire the buckish Cit,
Who fondly deems his noise and nonsense wit;
Or where the easy valet, pert and vain,
Salutes his master in familiar strain,
Dares at each modish folly to pretend,
And, being pandar, is receiv'd as friend.

With crest erect, and with impetuous force,
See vent'rous HOLMAN urge his fiery course;
Like the bold steed, just starting from the rein,
That rears, that bounds, that flies along the plain:
Amply endow'd with figure, voice and face,
And fashion'd well for the heroic race.

Next POPE advances, with a milder mien,
A graver step, and passions more serene:
Their mutual pow'rs, like mingling light and shade,
With spirit, force, and truth, the drama aid.
This sweetly plains *Castalio's* tender woe,
That nobly vents *Chamont's* indignant glow;
One well supports *Horatio's* moral strain,
The other proud *Lothario's* taunting vein;
Or, higher to enroll each diff'rent plea,
Holman an *Anthony*, a *Brutus* he.

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The junior BANNISTER, a lively wight,
To public favour boasts a solid right.
O'er Edwin's track, by kindred genius led,
Yet in his steps he nobly scorns to tread;
Acts from himself, in native humour bold,
And, if at times too free, in nothing cold.
Whate'er eccentric humour may require,
When coxcomb follies pass for wit and fire;
Where rustic vassals, strongly urg'd by fear,
Would yet heroical and gay appear;
Or where the Cit, half blockhead and half beau,
In higher circles would his whimsies show—
There pealing laughter testifies his worth,
And spleen herself must own the kindling mirth.
To worthier scenes too, will his talents bend—
The sportive lover and the active friend;
Yet when Thalia on the infant smil'd,
She mark'd him for the ludicrous and wild.

Close follows SUETT, whimsical and quaint,
A waggish coward, or a canting saint;
An aged miser, or a sportive clown,
In all, a pleasant fav'rite of the town.

JOHNSTONE to praise maintains a fair pretence,
Who strengthens music with the charm of sense.
'Tis his to vindicate his native race
With easy humour or with manly grace,
And, man or master, his *Hibernians* show
They melt with kindness, as with honour glow.

'Tis MUNDEN's praise to heed his author's aim,
And ev'ry fond ambitious impulse tame;
Hence we behold him wear, with careful art,
Not more the dress than manners of the part.
His clowns, his coxcombs, and his peevish age,
He takes from life, as well as from the page,
And hence a faithful portrait holds to view—
If dry the col'ring, yet the outline true.

See KELLY next, and beauteous CROUCH appear,
With mutual aim to grace the vocal sphere,
And hence their pow'rs in happy union move,
To aid the scenes of harmony and love.

Fain would the muse, ere yet she ends the lay,
To other worth the debt of justice pay,
But fears her idle comments to prolong,
Lest the tir'd reader loathe the lengthen'd song.

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Else BARRYMORE might claim the tribute due,
Who acts with spirit—Kemble in his view;
And WHITFIELD, doom'd to linger in the shade,
While meaner talents glare in vain parade;
FARREN, who climbs not to the heights of fame,
But treads on solid ground with steady aim;
Or modest HARLEY, who, himself a bard,
Still eyes his author with a deep regard:
And MIDDLETON, with youthful spirit warm,
Whose daring hope the rival muses charm;
FAWCETT, who EDWIN's loss would fain atone,
And who, though coarse, has humour of his own;
MOUNTAIN the placid, and DE CAMP the gay,
Alike with taste to sing, and sense to play;
LEAKE, high already 'mid the tuneful band,
The gentle GOODALL, and the sprightly BLAND;
The buxom MARTYR, milder CHAPMAN's claim,
And more, with talents not unknown to fame.
On these we haply may renew the plan,
And their respective merits fairly scan;
But lo! the SCENIC SUN displays its beam,
And hence we hasten to a prouder theme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO AN ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

YOU are to consider yourself as one of the limbs of that noble profession, the head of which takes precedence of all the lay Peers in England, and whose members have swelled the Right Honourables of the Court Calendar more than the navy, army, and the church put together. You ought therefore to imagine yourself a man of some consequence, especially during term time, and are entitled to act accordingly.

For this purpose you must affect to be very familiar with the names of the leading counsel, and should quote your friends Erskine, Bearcroft, and Scott, upon all occasions. As you have then but a step between you and the bench, after the second pint, I see no good reason (as I am sure that you are equally well acquainted with them) why you may not make free with your old friends Kenyon and Loughborough. A smutty story told you on the circuit by Wilies, or a little anecdote about Lord Thurlow, if accompanied with a few oaths, a dark complexion, and a protusion of the eye-brows, will give you some consequence at a Sunday ordinary.

If your master—I beg your pardon, your employer—is of a lazy disposition, you also may indulge yourself of a morning: no gentle-

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man should be in office before ten o'clock, more especially if the fumes of his last overtaker of Burton ale have not evaporated, or if he has fatigued himself during the preceding evening by his legal exertions, in mimicking any of the twelve judges.

In the moments of relaxation, more especially during the long vacation, you will find a constant source of amusement in making love to the daughter of the attorney with whom you live. As a symbol of your constancy, you may write the first letter on parchment in a strong engrossing hand. If she has been much used to her father's clerks, you may indulge in the Saxon character, or black letter, as you need not then be in any fear of a discovery from the mother or servants—or perhaps, good man! even from the father himself.

An intrigue of this kind will answer two purposes; for, first, it will divert your mind after the fatigues of business; and, secondly, it will moisten your lips after the dry study of the law, as you will be always certain of a cup of tea, when mama happens to be engaged at Mrs. Latitat's rout, and papa is drinking his crank at Nando's with an officer of—the four counties.

If you have been but a short time in the business, perhaps your own heart, or, more likely, a friend from the country, may reproach you with baseness and ingratitude; in such a case, be sure to affirm with boldness—for without boldness, and even brass, what figure can you make in the profession?—that attornies' clerks have a right to court attornies' daughters, by immemorial custom; and then jocularly add, that you have not only precedent, but even law, on your side; for Jacob and Lord Coke both assert, "that custom is the soul of the common law."

There is one lucrative part of your business, which I would specially recommend to you. If you come from Norfolk, or indeed any of the game counties, you must undoubtedly know what a setter is. Be sure, when you have got a writ to execute for a generous plaintiff, to make yourself acquainted with the person of the defendant, the coffee-house he frequents, the residence of his mistress, &c. so that by means of this intelligence you will be able to point with such staunchness to an ignorant or shame-faced bailiff, if ever in the course of a long practice you should meet with such a phenomenon, that he may be enabled to spring the forlorn partridge at a moment's notice, and bag him till the next insolvent act.

If, during the sittings at Westminter, you should happen, either by the absence or indisposition of your principal, to be intrusted, like Judas, with the bag (indeed some of the commentators have affirmed that his, like the lawyers', was of the blue damask), in such a case, you will have no merit, unless you exactly resemble your great prototype. I would therefore advise you to look over the paper of causes, and about the middle of the one immediately preceding yours, to hop off with some other fellow-labourer in the vineyard, to the Exchequer coffee-house, and there, over a beef-steak and a bowl of punch, wish better success to your client next term—at his own expence. You can never be in want of a good excuse for your conduct; the counsel

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were not prepared—the witnesses were not in the way—and, if you are hard pushed, you may swear that the judge was in an ill humour, and that you chose rather to be nonsuited, than lose your cause irretrievably.

If the client is rich, you may tip your employer the wink, and he will back you with a thousand cases in point, as he cannot in conscience be angry with the nursing a fat cause for six months longer, which, had not your prudence interfered, the Lord Chief Justice might have weaned immediately.

After having acquired the learning—which some silly people define to be the quirks and quibbles of your trade—you will undoubtedly have some thoughts of setting up for yourself; as it will therefore be necessary to frequent good company on the score of practice, I would advise you to dine at the Go, drink ale and smoke at the Blue Roarer, sup at the Glue, and take your morning coffee at the Finish.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

ORIGIN OF THE MAY-POLE.

AN attempt has been made in this age of discovery, to prove the *May-pole* of Saxon invention, and that it originated in the days of rustic freedom; on which account it has been called the English *Tree of Liberty*. It has also been asked, with peculiar emphasis, *Are there many such?* I answer, as boldly, *Yes*—and will add, by way of illustration, that every *sign-post* may be called a *Tree of Liberty*, as it indicates that *freedom and ease* are to be enjoyed in the house to which it invites. There is likewise to be found in it full freedom of debate; nor does oppression prevent a manly and decent observation on public affairs from being made therein. I shall again add, that every reverend oak on the village plain, or solemn yew in the country churchyard, is a Tree of Liberty—under which the happy peasants of this land can talk on matters of church and state as they please.

The origin of the *May-pole* is much earlier than has been described by the sagacious observer to whom I allude.

I can have no doubt but that the Spring was very early a season of rejoicing among all the inhabitants of the earth. Certain it is, that as early as the time of Solomon it was considered as the peculiar season of joy and love. In the Canticles, chap. ii. ver. 10, the spouse represents her lover as saying, "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and

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the vines with the tender grape give a good swell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Nothing can, in fact, be clearer, than that, at such a season, the decorating the village-green with a pole and garlands of flowers, is merely the result of youthful mirth and attachment.

Under all governments, and almost in every clime, some such expression of joy will take place at this season. But what has all this to do with politics?—In addition to these remarks I shall subjoin the following account of this ceremony from a writer whose celebrity has not kept pace with his merit and industry.

"On the calends, or the first day of May, commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes are wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a May-pole; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered it in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the British common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations, particularly of the Italians, where, Polydore Virgil tells us, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields, on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came, and so place them on the doors of their houses*."

London, March 16, 1796. CASTIGATOR.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF

THE HONOURABLE JOHN FORBES,

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, AND GENERAL OF MARINES.

THIS celebrated Officer, who died at his house in Saville-row, on Thursday, March 10, aged 82, was remarkable, above all other men, for his extensive and universal knowledge of naval affairs, having studied them, in all their branches, with a perseverance, and observed upon them with an acuteness and judgment, altogether unparalleled. His mind was capable of embracing the greatest and most complicated objects; and having bent it towards the study of that

* Est autem consuetudinis, ut juventus promiscui sexus Lætæbunda cal. Maii exeat in agros, et cantitans inde virides reportet arborum ramos eosque ante domorum fores ponat præsertim apud Italos, &c. POLY. VIRG. 302.

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profession, of which he was allowed by the universal voice of his contemporaries to be a principal ornament, he attained such a summit of nautical skill as rendered him the oracle of all those who were most eminent, whether in the direction of the fleets of this nation, or in the equally arduous task of superintending the civil departments of the different branches of the Marine.

In the earlier part of his life he was peculiarly noticed as an able, enterprising, and intrepid officer. He served with much reputation under Sir John Norris; and was no less distinguished as Captain of the Norfolk, of 80 guns, in the action of Mathews and Lestock with the combined fleets of France and Spain, when his gallantry contributed in a high degree to save his brave friend Admiral Mathews, whose second he was in that engagement. So bright was his honour, and so clear his reputation in those turbulent days, that, though his evidence on the trial of the Admirals went wholly against Admiral Lestock, yet that Officer was often heard to declare, "that Mr. Forbes's testimony was given like an Officer and a Gentleman."

In Lord Chatham's glorious war Admiral Forbes was selected as the ablest assistant the First Lord could have in the management of the Admiralty, and conducted himself in a manner highly creditable to his abilities, and eminently serviceable to his country.

When the warrant for executing the unfortunate Admiral Byng was offered for signature at the Admiralty Board, Admiral Forbes refused to sign it, at the same time humbly laying at his late Majesty's feet his objections. A copy of the paper given by the Admiral to his Majesty on that occasion may be seen in Smollet's History of England: it is well worthy the attention of all men of honour, as it contains, perhaps, the best specimen of an upright and independent mind, and honest and benevolent heart, that is to be found in any language.

To detail the meritorious deeds of the venerable character before us, would lead to a discussion too extensive; but the writer of this tribute to departed greatness cannot conclude it without inserting an anecdote, well known in the naval and political circles, and which, it is believed, even Majesty itself will recollect with such feelings as are excited in benevolent minds by acts of genuine spirit and disinterestedness.

During a late Administration it was thought expedient to offer a noble Lord, very high in the naval profession, and very deservedly a favourite of his Sovereign and his country, the office of General of the Marines, held by Admiral Forbes, and spontaneously conferred upon him by his Majesty as a reward for his many and long services. A message was sent by the Ministers, to say it would forward the King's service if he would resign; and that he should be no loser by his accommodating the Government, as they proposed recommending it to the King to give him a pension in Ireland of 3000l. per annum, and a peerage, to descend to his daughter. To this Admiral Forbes sent an immediate answer: he told the Ministers, the Generalship of the Marines was a military employment, given him by his Majesty as

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a reward for his services; that he thanked God he had never been a burthen to his country, which he had served during a long life to the best of his ability; and that he would not condescend to accept of a pension, or bargain for a peerage. He concluded by laying his Generalship of the Marines, together with his rank in the navy, at the King's feet, entreating him to take both away if they could forward his service; and at the same time assuring his Majesty, he would never prove himself unworthy of the former honours he had received, by ending the remnant of a long life as a pensioner, or accepting of a peerage obtained by political arrangement.—His gracious Master applauded his manly spirit, ever after continued him in his high military honours, and, to the day of his death, condescended to shew him strong marks of his regard.

Such are the outlines of the public character of Admiral Forbes. Infirmity deprived him of exerting his great talents in his latter days publicly for the service of his country; but all who had the happiness of his acquaintance will agree, that in private life he continued to his last breath an example of the brightest virtues which can adorn the human character.

A CHARACTER.

CHARLES EASY prefers politeness to principle, and, in order to be all things to all men, is in himself little better than a non-entity. According to the company he keeps is Charles's party in religion or politics. With a dignified ecclesiastic he is a strong advocate for the hierarchy, but freely owns in a *tete-a-tete* with a Quaker, that Priests are a very unnecessary set of people. He is every man's friend, and every woman's lover; yet, as a numerous acquaintance would only load his memory, he never thinks of the absent. Charles wears his clothes precisely in the fashion, however disagreeable they may be to his taste, or however unbecoming they may be to his person. He goes to the Opera, though he can hardly distinguish the musical difference between the finest airs of Banti and "Round about the May-pole." With great regularity he goes to Bath in the season, to drink the waters, without previously saying to himself, "Why do I drink them?" The only man in the world for a party of pleasure; for he always appears pleased. He is certainly a very harmless character; but poor Charles, with all his politeness, is generally pronounced to be, even by those to whom he is most studious to recommend himself, a contemptible character.

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A CHARGE,

DELIVERED IN

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE AT TAUNTON,

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

ON THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST,

A. L. 5765, A. D. 1765.

BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER JOHN WHITMASH,

ON HIS RESIGNING THE CHAIR.

WORTHY BRETHREN,

PROVIDENCE having placed me in such a sphere in life, as to afford me but little time for speculation, I cannot pretend to have made mankind my particular study; yet, this I have observed, that curiosity is one of the most prevailing passions in the human breast. The mind of man is kept in a perpetual thirst after knowledge, nor can he bear to be ignorant of what he thinks others know. Any thing secret or new immediately excites an uneasy sensation, and becomes the proper fuel of curiosity, which will be found stronger or weaker in proportion to the time and opportunities that individuals have for indulging it. It is observable further, that when this passion is excited, and not instantly gratified, instead of waiting for better intelligence, and using the proper means of removing the darkness that invelopes the object of it, we precipitately form ideas which are generally in the extremes. If the object promotes pleasure or advantage, we then load it with commendations; if it appears in the opposite view, or if we are ignorant of it, we then absurdly, as well as disingenuously, condemn, and pretend at least to despise it. This, my brethren, has been the fate of the most valuable institution in the world, Christianity excepted, I mean Freemasonry. Those who are acquainted with the nature and design of it cannot, if they have good hearts, but admire and espouse it; and if those who are in the dark, or whose minds are disposed to evil, should slight or speak disrespectfully of it, it certainly is no disgrace. When order shall produce confusion, when harmony shall give rise to discord, and proportion shall be the source of irregularity, then, and not till then, will Freemasonry be unworthy the patronage of the great, the wise, and good.

To love as brethren, to be ready to communicate, to speak truth one to another, are the dictates of reason and revelation; and you know that they are likewise the foundation, the constituent parts of Freemasonry.

None, therefore, who believe the divine original of the sacred volume, and are influenced by a spirit of humanity, friendship, and

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benevolence, can with the least propriety object to our ancient and venerable institution.

For my own part, ever since I have had the honour to be inrolled in the list of Masons, as I knew it was my duty, so I have made it my business, to become acquainted with the principles on which our glorious superstructure is founded. And, like the miner, the farther I have advanced the richer has been my discovery; and the treasure constantly opening to my view has proved a full and satisfactory reward of all my labours.

Conscious that the same pleasure would attend others in the same pursuits, I sincerely wished for the establishment of a Lodge in this town: but as wishes, without endeavours, are not the means of accomplishment, I became, therefore, actively concerned for the completion of so valuable a design. And you, and only you, who are masons in heart, can form the least idea of the joy I felt, when, upon inquiry, I found that this neighbourhood was not destitute of faithful brethren; brethren fired with an equal ardour for the prosperity of Masonry, and who, with equal alacrity and pleasure, embarked in the noble design, and, like true craftsmen, laboured in this long wished-for fabric: the strength of whose basis, the beauty of whose symmetry, the order of whose parts, have rendered it the admiration of some, the model of others, and the delight of ourselves.

You will therefore give me leave most sincerely to congratulate the Lodge on the success that has attended our united labours for the honour of the Craft in this town, as likewise on the return of this festival, the general day of instalment of new officers. May we all live to celebrate repeatedly this anniversary with increasing felicity and honour; and may the true masonic spirit of generosity, kindness, and brotherly love, be our lasting cement.

By the rules of this Lodge I am now to resign the chair. But I cannot do this with entire satisfaction, until I have testified the grateful sense I feel of the honour I received in being advanced to it.

Your generous and unanimous choice of me for your first Master demands my thankful acknowledgments: though at the same time I sincerely wish that my abilities had been more adequate to the charge which your kind partiality elected me to. But this has always been, and still is my greatest consolation, that however deficient I may have been in the discharge of my duty, no one can boast a heart more devoted to the good of the institution in general, and the reputation of this Lodge in particular.

Though I am apprehensive I have already trespassed on your patience, yet, if I might be indulged, I would humbly lay before you a few reflections adapted to the business of the day, which, being the effusions of a heart truly masonic, will, it is hoped, be received with candour by you.

Every association of men, as well as this of Freemasons, must, for the sake of order and harmony, be regulated by certain laws; and for that purpose proper officers must be appointed, and impowered to

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carry those laws into execution, to preserve a degree of uniformity, at least to restrain any irregularity that might render such associations inconsistent. For we may as reasonably suppose an army may be duly disciplined, well provided, and properly conducted, without generals or other officers, as that a society can be supported without governors, and their subalterns, or (which is the same) without some form of government to answer the end of the institution. And, as such an arrangement must be revered, it becomes a necessary pre-requisite that a temper should be dissovered in the several members adapted to the respective stations they are to fill.

This thought will suggest to you, that those who are qualified to preside as officers in a Lodge will not be elated with that honour, but, losing sight of it, will have only in view the service their office demands. Their reproofs will be dictated by friendship, softened by candour, and enforced with mildness and affection; in the whole of their deportment they will preserve a degree of dignity tempered with affability and ease. This conduct, while it endears them to others, will not fail to raise their own reputation, and as envy should not be so much as once named among Freemasons, it will effectually prevent the growth of it, should it unfortunately ever appear.

Such is the nature of our constitution, that as some must of necessity rule and teach, so others must of course learn to obey; humility therefore in both becomes an essential duty, for pride and ambition, like a worm at the root of the tree, will prey on the vitals of our peace, harmony, and brotherly love.

Had not this excellent temper prevailed, when the foundation of Solomon's temple was first laid, it is easy to see, that glorious edifice would never have risen to a height of splendour, which astonished the world.

Had all employed in this work been masters, or superintendants, who must have prepared the timber in the forest, or hewn the stone in the quarry? Yet, though they were numbered and classed under different denominations, as princes, rulers, provosts, comforters of the people, stone-squarers, sculptors, &c. such was their unanimity, that they seemed actuated by one spirit, influenced by one principle.

Merit alone then entitled to preferment; an indisputable instance of which we have in the Deputy Grand Master of that great undertaking, who, without either wealth or power, without any other distinction than that of being the "widow's son," was appointed by the Grand Master and approved by the people for this single reason, because he was a skilful artificer.

Let these considerations, my worthy brethren, animate us in the pursuits of so noble a science, that we may all be qualified to fill, in rotation, the most distinguished places in the Lodge, and keep the honours of the Craft (which are the just rewards of our labour) in a regular circulation.

And as none are less qualified to govern, than those who have not learnt to obey, permit me in the warmest manner to recommend to

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you all a constant attendance in this place, a due obedience to the laws of our institution, and a respectful submission to the directions of your officers, that you may prove to mankind the propriety of your election, and secure the establishment of this society to latest posterity.

ANECDOTES.

OF THE LATE MR. GIBBON.

IT is well known, that this celebrated Historian wrote a "Life" of Himself. It is just published. We give the following curious extract from it, by which it appears, that he at one time was on the eve of marrying the celebrated Madame Neckar:

"I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mad. Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of Minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the Country of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod, were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy

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days there in the mountains of Burgundy; and her parents honourably encouraged the connection.—In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom. She listened to the voice of Truth and Passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son: my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the Lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The Minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune, and good sense, to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Neckar, the Minister, and perhaps the Legislator of the French monarchy."

OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, Lord Lauderdale coming one day to Court, in Lord Rochester's week of waiting, desired admittance to his Majesty, was refused, and told by Rochester that he was very ill: Lauderdale came constantly every day during Rochester's week, and as regularly received the same answer; at which being surprised, he asked Rochester what was the nature of his Majesty's illness? who told him the King had got a sore nose. Lauderdale came to Court the next day, and, another Lord being in waiting, was immediately introduced to the presence chamber: the King expressed his amazement at not seeing him for so many days, and on being informed of the impediment, the King called for Rochester, and demanded his reasons for saying he had got a sore nose: Rochester replied, "May it please your Majesty, had I been led so long by the nose as you have been by Lauderdale, I am sure mine would have been sore; so I conceived it at least my duty to deny all access to the immediate cause of your Majesty's disorder."

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POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

BY T. P.

THOU modest harbinger of Spring!
Whose snowy bosom, half display'd,
Would fain the rays of Phœbus bring,
To court thee in thy lowly glade;

Well do I greet thy glad return,
Hateful to tyrant Winter's eyes;
Who now, on winged tempests borne,
In darkness hides his face and flies.

For now no more the shiv'ring swain
His fingers blows, and strikes his chest;
Or seeks, thro' driving snow and rain,
His hovel's wonted warmth and rest.

No more his wife's fond bosom aches
(Her darling wedded to the wave),
When in the gloom of night she wakes,
And hears abroad the tempest rave.

E'en savage War, with all his train
Of sighs, and tears, and cries of woe,
His mangled living heaps of slain,
Assumes a less terrific brow.

And now the brakes, with eager haste,
Their light green foliage expand,
Anxious to guard their tenant's nest
From truant schoolboy's cruel hand.

At home the patient female sits,
And waits the chirping callow throng;
Th' enraptur'd mate around her flits,
And cheers her labours with his song.

And now once more I hope to gaze
On scenes my early childhood knew,
When yet unknown to care my days,
And wing'd with joy the moments flew.

She too shall visit the blest isle*,
The object of my fondest love!
And I will banquet on the smile
Which shall my childhood feats approve!

* Isle of Wight.

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Together will we scale the brow
Of rock that high o'erhangs the deep,
And trace the winding vale below,
Where streams thro' sedgy mazes creep.

There shall the abbey's ruin'd wall
Devotion's warmest thoughts engage,
The castle's battlements recall
The wonders of th' historic page!

There, in profoundest silence sunk,
The forest shadows shall invite,
What time the old oak's wither'd trunk
Reflects the pale moon's trembling light.

There shall we taste the pleasing dread
That Ratcliffe's genius can inspire,
To mark, as homeward now we tread,
The glow-worm train her little fire.

There shall a mother's eager arms
Fold a new daughter to her heart,
And kindred spirits feel the charms
Which kindred spirits can impart.

Well do I greet thy glad return,
Meek tenant of the lowly glade!
May Phœbus' brightest rays adorn
The dew that sparkles on thy bed!

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

A NEW MASONIC SONG.

IN times of old date, when (as stories relate)
Good men to the Gods had admission,
When those who were griev'd might with ease be reliev'd,
By offering an humble petition;
Some few, who remain'd in their morals unstain'd,
Submissively made application,
To build a retreat, if the Gods should think meet,
To shield them from wicked invasion.

Delighted to find there was yet in mankind
Some laudable sentiments planted,
Without hesitation they gave approbation,
And instant their wishes were granted.
Then for artists they sought, and fam'd architects brought,
Who the various employments were skill'd in;
Each handled his tools, and by science and rules
They straightway proceeded to building.

Fair *Wisdom* began first to sketch out the Plan
By which they were all to be guided;
Each Order she made was exactly obey'd,
When the Portions of Work she divided.

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The great Corner-stone was by *Charity* done,
But *Strength* was the principal Builder;
When for Mortar they cry'd, 'twas by *Friendship* supply'd,
And *Beauty* was Carver and Gilder.

Having long persever'd, a Grand Temple they rear'd,
A refuge from folly and scandal;
Where all who reside are in virtue employ'd,
Nor fear the attacks of a Vandal.
But if in their rage they should ever engage
In th' attempt, 'twould be always prevented;
The door is so high, 'twould be madness to try,
And the walls are all strongly cemented.

The Gods all agreed 'twas an excellent deed,
And to shew the affection they bore 'em,
A treasure they gave, which the tenants still have,
Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.
Thus bless'd from above with a token of love,
Each Brother with joy should receive it;
Safe lock'd in his heart, it should never depart,
Till call'd for by Heaven that gave it.

SONG.

WHY does that gentle bosom heave?
For whom escapes that tender sigh?
Can any woes Amanda grieve,
Or force a tear from that bright eye?

Has any false deceitful youth
Betray'd thy unsuspecting heart?
Say, has he broke his plighted truth,
And made thy peaceful bosom smart?

Ah! had he but a heart like mine,
No tears should fill Amanda's eye;
That gentle breast should ne'er repine,
Nor ever heave one anxious sigh.

With fondest care he'd calm thy woes,
And watch thee all the live-long day;
At night would sooth thee to repose,
And drive thy sorrows far away.

Then, fair Amanda, turn to me,
And let my bosom share thy pain;
That tender sigh, which stole from thee,
My breast shall pay thee back again.

Ah! could a hope that breast inspire,
These little sighs might kindred prove,
Awaken'd by the same desire,
And that desire be mutual love.

Sunderland. J. T. R.

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ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KIPPIS.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

PLAC'D 'midst the tempest, whose conflicting waves
The buoyant form of Gallic Freedom braves,
I from its swelling surge unheedful turn,
While, o'er the grave where KIPPIS rests I mourn.
Friend of my life! by every tie endear'd,
By me lamented, as by me rever'd!
Whene'er remembrance would the past renew,
His image mingles with the pensive view;
Him through life's length'ning scene I mark with pride,
My earliest teacher, and my latest guide.
First, in the house of prayer his voice imprest
Celestial precepts on my infant breast;
"The hope that rests above," my childhood taught,
And lifted first to God my ductile thought.---
And when the heaven-born Muses' cherish'd art
Shed its fresh pleasures on my glowing heart;
Flash'd o'er my soul one spark of purer light,
New worlds unfolding to my raptur'd sight!
When first with timid hand I touch'd the lyre,
And felt the youthful poet's proud desire;
His lib'ral comment fann'd the dawning flame,
His plaudit sooth'd me with a Poet's name;
Led by his counsels to the public shrine,
He bade the trembling hope to please be mine;
What he forgave, the Critic eye forgives,
And, for a while, the verse he sanction'd lives:
When on that spot where Gallic Freedom rose,
And where she mourn'd her unexampled woes,
Scourge of his nature, and its worst disgrace,
Curse of his age, and murd'rer of his race,
Th' ignoble Tyrant of his country stood,
And bath'd his scaffolds in the Patriot's blood;
Destin'd the Patriot's fate in all to share,
To feel his triumphs, and his pangs to bear;
To shun the uplifted axe, condemn'd to roam
A weeping exile from my cherish'd home *,
When malice pour'd her dark insatiate eye,
Call'd it, tho' death to stay, a crime to fly;
And, while the falsehood serv'd her hateful ends,
Congenial audience found in hollow friends;
Who to the tale "assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;"
His friendship o'er me spread that guardian shield,
Which his severest virtue best could wield;
Repell'd by him, relentless Slander found
Her dart bereft of half its power to wound.
Alas! no more to him the task belongs
To sooth my sorrows, or redress my wrongs;
No more his letter'd aid, enlightened sage!
Shall mark the errors of my careless page;

* Miss W. took refuge in Switzerland during the reign of Robespierre.

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Shall hide from public view the faulty line,
And bid the merit he bestows be mine.
Ah! while, with fond regret, my feeble verse
Would pour its tribute o'er his hallow'd hearse,
For him, his country twines her civic palm,
And learning's tears his honour'd name embalm;
His were the lavish stores, her force sublime
Thro' every passing age has snatch'd from time;
His, the Historian's wreath, the Critic's art,
A rigid judgment, but a feeling heart;
His, the warm purpose for the gen'ral weal,
The Christian's meekness, and the Christian's zeal;
And his, the moral worth to which is given
Earth's purest homage, and the meed of Heaven.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1795. HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

FAR from his home, the humble cot
Where dwells the partner of his breast;
Where oft his babes inquire his lot,
When storms disturb the mother's rest;

Far on the rude unfathom'd deep,
Where the wild tempest roars aloud:
Where billows, like the mountains steep,
The lifeless Mariner inshroud:

There the rough surge he dauntless braves,
Which o'er the ship with fury breaks;
Nor fears the midnight flushing waves,
Nor when the storm its madness wreaks.

But driven near the fatal shore,
Where skill and courage nought avail;
When the bold pilot's hopes are o'er,
The vessel drifting with the gale;

Dash'd 'gainst the cliff, or sea-beat bank,
And crush'd by the o'erwhelming shock:
Behold him swimming on the plank,
Or clinging to the craggy rock!

Around he looks with fright aghast,
Trembling implores some saving hand;
Whilst o'er him blows the cutting blast,
Which strews the wreck along the strand.

Spent with fatigue, benumb'd with cold,
The dreary land at last he gains:
But still fresh horrors to behold!---
The dismal desert's barren plains!

Or if he views the peopled coast,
The plund'ring savages await
To strip the wretch whose all is lost,
And leave the victim to his fate.

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But should some friendly form appear,
To raise from earth his fainting frame;
To wipe away the falling tear,
Or vivify the dying flame;---

Restor'd to life, his grateful heart
The gen'rous saviour quits with pain:
But, from his friends still wide apart,
Again he 'tempts the boist'rous main.

Islington, Feb. 2, 1726. M.

ODE TO FLORA.

CLAD in thy vernal honours, Goddess, bring
The jocund beauties of the smiling Spring;
And, O Flora, strew around,
Over all the grassy ground,
Opening flowers, blooming, gay,
Of the sweetly-smelling May;
Let there be seen the Vi'let blue,
And Pansy of a purple hue.

Now lavish, Goddess, all thy proud array,
Clothe ev'ry tree, and blossom ev'ry spray;
Listen to the Muses' prayer,
Hear, O blooming Goddess, hear;
While sing sweet on ev'ry bush
Philomela and the Thrush;
And humming Bees fly from the hill,
To sip clear water from the rill.

Oft, at cool Eve, I'll sit beneath the shade,
While glimm'ring shadowy landscapes round me fade;
Till the silver Moon arise,
Casting splendour o'er the skies,
Till the Beetle, in his flight,
Winds his horn to greet the night;
Till the grey Owl her visage shows,
Warning the Hamlet to repose.

A FRAGMENT.

THE great good man, whom Fortune does displace,
May fall into distress, but not disgrace;
His sacred honour no one dares profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean:
Remains his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, is as great as when he stood.
Thus ruin'd temples do an awe dispense;
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the fallen pile deplore,
And what they cannot raise they still adore.

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EPIGRAMS.

WRITTEN BY THE PRESENT DEAN OF GLOUCESTER,

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH MRS. CROW,

HIS HOUSEKEEPER,

And circulated in the College Green of the Cathedral on the Wedding Morn, by way of anticipating what some witty Ladies might have said on the happy Occasion.

WHEN Israel's sons, immers'd in sin,
Took turtle doves and pigeons in,
With hopes to be forgiven;
Our Dean, his penitence to shew,
Doth for his mate now choose a Crow
To pave his way to heaven.

NO wonder that science and learning profound
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound;
When such numbers take thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

ON A LADY WHO DIED IN CHILD-BIRTH.

THE breath which this resigns, while that receives,
One comes into a world the other leaves.
His cares are all to come, her's are all past,
The son's first moment proves the mother's last,
His life, her death; her death his life supplies;
He kills in birth, and she in bearing dies.

SAYS Thomas to Harry,
I think, friend, to marry,
Since wedlock's accounted divine----
Says Harry, you may,
But I shan't go that way,
Since your creed so far differs from mine.

DEAR Dick, I'm not surpris'd to see
Your little tiny spite at me,
For rivals you must doubtless know,
Still think the one the other's foe.
Now it is difficult to tell
In fiction which of us excel,
You say what ill of me you please,
And I give you excessive praise.

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ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN APPLE BY A YOUNG LADY.

AN apple caus'd our present state,
And by inevitable fate
Condemn'd us all to die;
But if that apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand as thine,
Who from its charms could fly?
How can I then old Adam blame,
When I myself had done the same,
Had you the apple giv'n?
I should, like him, without dispute,
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And lost, for you, a heav'n.

THE TWO WATCHES.

QUOTH Jack, what's o'clock?---Says his namesake, 'tis two;
Jack replies, 'tis half past; nay, I'm sure of it too:
Says his namesake, 'tis not, Sir; no more of your fun;
My watch is quite right, for it goes by the Sun:
Jack archly then said, that's no reason at all,
My watch is a Christian, and goes by St. *Paul*.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN, WHO HAD THE HONOUR OF BEING DANCED TO DEATH BY A YOUNG LADY.

HERE rests a wearied youth, by death reliev'd,
Who, had he rested sooner, still had liv'd.
Stung by a fair Tarantula, he *bay'd*,
He figur'd in, he caper'd, frisk'd---and stray'd
From the gay Ball to the Elysian shade.
Compute by dances, and *fourscore* he pass'd,
Man's utmost term; *Cat'rina* * was his last.
Yet think not, Reader, that he dares to blame
The beauteous cause from whence his ruin came.
Too well the nymph had by experience found
Her eyes as fatal, tho' more slow the wound,
So wav'd the triumph of a longer fight,
And, from mere pity, kill'd him in one night.

EPITAPH.

AT GUILDFORD.

READER, pass on, ne'er idly waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme---
For what I AM this cumb'rous clay ensures,
And what I WAS is no affair of yours.

* A dance so called.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Feb. 20. A New After-piece, with songs, called the SHEPHERDESS of CHEAPSIDE, written by Mr. Cobb, was performed, for the first time, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

The following is the plot of this *petite* piece:

Miss Indigo, a City Lady who has never been out of the sound of Bow-bell, becomes tired of London, and sighs for all the pastoral delights which, on the faith of novels and romances, she expects to find in the country. This Cheapside Shepherdess finds an opportunity of gratifying her *penchant* for rural life, by coming into possession of Arcadia-Hall, an estate far distant from London, which devolves on her upon her brother's death.

The niece Letitia, a fine lively girl, is obliged to accompany her aunt into the country, whither she is followed by her lover Captain Belford.

The Piece opens with the arrival of these several parties: Letitia and Belford resolve to try every means of disgusting Miss Indigo with the country, and returning her to London. In this scheme they are aided by the repeated mortifications which the heroine of the piece experiences, in finding that human nature in the country is the same as in London. These mortifications arise from the litigious character of Sturdy, a country squire in the neighbourhood, the knavery and stupidity of Muddle, the steward of the estate, and the ridiculous situations into which Miss Indigo is thrown by the vanity of Diaper, a conceited silly cockney, who is a rider for a linen-draper in the city, and who pursues her with his fantastic declarations of love.

This character, which is apparently the main support of the piece, is well relieved by the character of Monsieur L'Urbane, a French Emigrant of courage and honour, with a dash of vanity which marks his nation.

Miss Indigo is relieved by Captain Belford from the embarrassment into which she has been thrown, and concludes the piece by rewarding him with the hand of Letitia.

The idea of this piece, which is taken from the Spectator, is neither new nor well managed. David Diaper, a London rider, is a good sketch in the hands of Bannister, and promised much in the outset. But the business fell off miserably in the second act.

This piece which was very unfavourably received the first night, and but little more successful on a second and third repetition, has been since withdrawn by the Author.

March 12. A new Play, written by Mr. Colman, was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre. The Dramatis Personæ are as follow:

Sir Edward Mortimer,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Captain Fitzharding,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Wilford,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Adam Winterton,	Mr. DODD.
Rawbold,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Samson,	Mr. SUETT.
Boy,	Master WALSH.
Cook,	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Peter,	Mr. BANKS.
Walter,	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Simon,	Mr. WEBB.
Gregory,	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Armstrong,	Mr. KELLY.
Orson,	Mr. R. PALMER.
First Robber,	Mr. DIGNUM.
Second ditto,	Mr. SEDGWICK.

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Third Robber,	- -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Fourth ditto,	- -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Heleh,	- -	Miss FARREN.
Dame Rawbold,	- -	Miss TIDSWELL.
Barbara,	- - -	Signora STORACE.
Blanche,	- - -	Mrs. GIBBS.
Girl,	- - -	Miss GRAINGER.
Judith,	- - -	Miss DE CAMP.

The Scene lies on the border of the New Forest.

Sir Edward Mortimer, Keeper of the New Forest in the reign of Charles I. is a man whose mind has been rendered by the Author a receptacle for the most heterogeneous qualities. Though mild, generous, charitable, and humane, the friend of the poor, the patron of the virtuous, and the protector of the distressed, he has, in his youth, committed a most atrocious murder, for which neither excuse nor palliation can be found, and the recollection of which incessantly goads him with the stings of remorse, and gradually undermines his health, by subjecting him to all the horrors of a guilty conscience. For this murder he has been tried, and honourably acquitted. Previous to the period at which the piece opens, Sir Edward has taken into his service, in the capacity of Secretary, an obscure youth, Wilford, who is, in fact, the hero of the piece. From the observations which Wilford has occasion to make on the state of his master's mind, who is more particularly affected when engaged in examining the contents of an iron chest in his study, he is led to expect the existence of some fatal secret, which defeats the effects of a high reputation and general esteem; and, by a conversation which he has with Adam Winterton, steward to Sir Edward, who, at fourscore, is perpetually adverting with all the garrulity, and with more than the usual tediousness of old age, to the transactions of the two preceding reigns, and who, by his love of Canary, is betrayed over his bottle, into some indiscreet communications, this suspicion becomes confirmed. Stimulated by curiosity, Wilford takes advantage of the momentary negligence of his master, in leaving the key in the lock to open the iron chest: but ere he can examine its contents, Sir Edward returns, and detecting him in the attempt, is about to stab him with his dagger; the timely intervention of reason, however, deters him from the commission of a second murder. Soon after this occurrence, Sir Edward determines to entrust Wilford with the fatal secret; and, after exacting a solemn oath of secrecy, proclaims himself an assassin. Stricken with horror at the recital, Wilford resolves to fly from a house which has become odious to him, but is intercepted by a robber, who fells him to the ground, and is afterwards conducted to the habitation of the gang, in the ruins of an old abbey, near the mansion of Sir Edward. The cruelty of the robber who wounds Wilford being resented by the captain of the gang, who is represented as an honest and honourable thief, and by his associates in general, a sentence of expulsion is pronounced against him; and, as might naturally be expected, he repairs to Sir Edward, and impeaches. By this means, Sir Edward becomes apprised of Wilford's situation, and resolves to execute a plan of revenge which he had devised, in order to prevent the fatal effects which he apprehended might accrue from the extraordinary confidence which he had reposed in his secretary. Wilford is therefore secured, and charged with having robbed his master, who secretly conveys into his trunk some jewels and papers which had been kept in the iron chest. He is accordingly brought to trial in the hall of the castle before Captain Fitzharding, an old soldier, who is on a visit to his brother, Sir Edward Mortimer; and Sir Edward himself becomes his accuser. With all the profligacy of a hardened villain, Sir Edward relies on the integrity of Wilford, as the means of his conviction; and suddenly, and indeed, miraculously, losing all that exquisite sensibility which the slightest allusion to any circumstance that can recall to his mind the fatal transaction which he has doomed him to perpetual misery invariably excites, he, with the utmost coolness and indifference, questions Wilford on the circumstance of his opening the iron chest which contained the articles said to be stolen, and is not in the smallest degree affected by the pointed appeals which Wilford makes

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to his honour and his conscience---to that honour which made him an assassin---to that conscience which renders him wretched. The struggle produced in Wilford's mind by the desire of establishing his own innocence, and his unwillingness to violate his oath of secrecy, is considered as the confusion arising from a consciousness of guilt. Nothing now remains but to establish the fact; and for this purpose the trunk is opened, and the jewels are produced. In vain does Wilford assert his innocence, and appeal to Sir Edward for the truth of his assertions: his guilt appears established beyond the possibility of doubt. But just as sentence is about to be pronounced, from one of the papers which Fitzharding holds in his hand, drops a bloody knife---the very knife with which Sir Edward Mortimer had committed the murder for which he was tried. The effect produced by this extraordinary event may be easily conceived: Wilford's innocence is proclaimed; Sir Edward faints, and is taken off the stage, and the piece ends.

The novel of *Caleb Williams* has been recommended to every "tiny scribbler for the stage" as a good subject to dramatize. It could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Colman; but from a flimsiness in the story itself, and from other insuperable difficulties, it disappointed the expectations of one of the most crouded audiences of this season.

Mr. Kemble, who has long been very ill, forced himself out of a sick chamber before he was near well. At the beginning of the Play he could hardly speak. At the second act Wroughton apologized for him, as his illness was much worse, and solicited indulgence for him merely to *go through* the succeeding scenes; in the middle of which a strong disapprobation appearing in the house, he came forward, professing "that he could not but feel conscious that he was the unhappy cause of much of the disapprobation the audience was pleased to express; as in consequence of his disorder the piece materially suffered; he trusted that on a second representation, when he should be able to give it its full force, the audience would have a better opportunity of deciding on the merits of the author.---This appeal was loudly and very generally answered by a cry of "No, No, you are not;" and after some further contention the performers were suffered to proceed to the close of three of the longest acts we ever witnessed, as it wanted but a few minutes of eleven o'clock when the curtain dropped.

The whole of the music is of so superior a cast, that if Storace had never written a note before, this alone would stamp him with the

——————— longe supereminet omnes.

In this piece Mr. Godwin's characters and story are nearly copied;---poetical licence has deviated but in a small degree, and that only in the catastrophe.

The Iron Chest has since been opened two or three times, but will never obtain a cordial reception.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. OULTON'S

"*HISTORY OF THE THEATRES OF LONDON,*

FROM 1771 TO 1795."

(CONTINUED FROM P. 134.)

ROYALTY THEATRE.

THE wild attempt to raise this Theatre (for I cannot say *its rise*, as it never attained that honour) and its speedy dissolution are instances not to be paralleled in theatrical history.

The first stone of the spacious building intended for a new Theatre, erected near Wellclose-square, was laid by Mr. John Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre; a grand procession being made on the occasion. Mr. Palmer, assisted by his son, deposited, in a cavity appropriated for that purpose, an inscription which was

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publicly read by John Morgan, Esq. Recorder of Maidstone; of which the following is an authentic copy:

"The Inscription on this Scroll is
intended to convey
The following Information,---
That
On Monday the 26th day of December,
In the year of our Lord 1785,
And
In the 26th year of the Reign
Of our Most Gracious Sovereign
GEORGE THE THIRD,
The First Stone of a Building,
Intended for a Place of Public Entertainment,
Was laid by
JOHN PALMER, COMEDIAN,
In the presence of a numerous Party of
Friends to the Undertaking;
JOHN WILMOT, Esq. being the Architect
and Builder.
The Ground selected for the Purpose
Being situated within the Liberty
Of
His MAJESTY's FORTRESS and
PALACE
Of the TOWER of LONDON,
It has been resolved, that in honour
of the Magistrates, the Military Officers, and Inhabitants of the said Fortress and Palace, the Edifice, when
erected, shall be called,
THE ROYALTY THEATRE.
Sanctioned by Authority, and liberally
patronized by Subscription."

Mr. Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre, was the appointed Manager. Whether that Gentleman was deceived by the subscribers or not, cannot be said, but true it is, too true, that many a performer, author, &c. was deceived by *Him*. Among the performers were Mess. Quick, Ryder, Johnstone, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Wells, &c.---But when no legal authority could be produced for the opening the house, they very prudently declined any connection with it; among the authors were Messrs. Murphy, Vaughan, &c. besides a number of Composers, Painters, &c.

The opening of the Theatre was announced for June 20, 1787; but previous to this, a cautionary advertisement appeared in the public prints, signed by Messrs. Harris, Linley, and Colman, Managers of the *Theatres Royal*, showing the statute, which enacts, that persons *acting* contrary to the provisions in that act shall be deemed *Rogues* and *Vagabonds*; and announcing a determination to prosecute all who should offend against the law. This annunciation had the desired effect; for now all the chief actors and actresses seceded from the company. Finding they could not act legally for hire, a subterfuge was adverted to, and the theatre was opened for the benefit of the London Hospital. The house was exceedingly full, but far from brilliant, for no ladies of distinction ventured in; the contest for places was very violent; the curtain rose at seven o'clock, and a few voices calling for Mr. Palmer's patent, occasioned some disturbance---on which the Manager came forward, and in a conciliatory speech implored the audience to preserve a peaceable conduct, and not give his enemies cause of complaint. He also gave orders that the doors should be shut. When this tumult subsided, he then spoke the following address, written by Arthur Murphy, Esq.

"WHERE'ER fair science rear'd her laurel'd head,
In ev'ry clime, where Truth her light has spread:
Where civil union harmoniz'd mankind,
And join'd to polish'd manners, taste refin'd,
Thither on eagle wings the Muse has flown.
There fix'd, and made the favour'd spot her own.
In Greece her tuneful strains she taught to flow,
And the scene charm'd with imitated woe.
Terror and pity seiz'd th' impassion'd breast,
And the fair Moral to the heart was press'd.
The Magistrates soon saw, in Virtue's cause,
The stage a supplement to public laws.
And from the nation's fund, with gen'rous aim,
Rais'd the proud dome, and fann'd the poet's flame.
The well proportion'd pile was seen to rise
On marble columns tow'ring to the skies.

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No more the stroller, with his mimic art,
Rumbled about each village in his cart,
No more bedaub'd, and grim with lees of wine,
He outrag'd modest Nature in each line;
An Amphitheatre,---whose spacious room
Could hold, uncrowded, Athens in its womb,
Gave him the splendid scene, the gorgeous hall,
The buskin's pride, and the long trailing pall.
Their vagrant life the actors then gave o'er,
Deem'd *Beggars*, *Rogues*, and *Vagabonds* no more.
In Britain long our scene neglected lay;
The Bull, the Globe, presented ev'ry play.
To inns and taverns Shakspeare had resort:
The Bard's own genius was his best support.
At length, fatigu'd with war and civil rage,
With monarchy restor'd we rear'd the stage.
And now, our minds, while bright ideas fire,
We bid this night another dome aspire!
And hope,---while your protection quells each fear,
The Muse will find a safe asylum here.
Yet some there are who would our scheme annoy;
'Tis a monopoly they would enjoy.
Th' Haymarket, Covent Garden, and Old Drury
Send forth their edicts 'full of sound and fury.'
Three jarring States are leagu'd in jealous fit,
And they---whom *wit* maintains---*wage* war on *wit*.
But wit, like day-light, nothing should restrain,
The same in Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane.
And if the Drama list on Virtue's side,
Say---can the moral be diffus'd too wide?
If the sun gild yon *West* with golden ray,
The *East* may feel the beams of rising day.
Like gen'rous rivals, let all parties boast
One only struggle---Who shall please you most;
Fines and imprisonment no more proclaim,
But praise the soil from which our *Garrick* came.
If still their rage,--- our fortune here to mar,
'Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,'
Our means are honest; our hearts firm and true,
The contest glorious! for we fight for you."

After this the comedy of *As You Like It*, and the farce of *Miss in her Teens*, were performed.

After the farce Mr. Palmer, having previously requested the audience would stay, came forward and read the following address:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am sorry, on the first night that I have the honour of seeing this theatre graced by so splendid an appearance, to be obliged to trouble you with the peculiar circumstances of my situation.

"I had flattered myself that I should be able, during the summer months, to exert my best endeavours in your service.

"This theatre was built under a letter of approbation from the Lord Lieutenant Governor of the Tower; and being situated in a palace and fortress, in a district immediately within his jurisdiction, his consent, added to a licence obtained from the Magistrates, authorising a place of public entertainment, were deemed legal authority.

"The first stone of the building was laid on the 26th of December 1785.

"At that time the Managers of the theatres at the West end of the town made no kind of objection.

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"In the course of the last summer, when I performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Colman wrote a prologue, which I spoke on my benefit night, and, among others, were the following lines:

'For me, whose utmost aim is your delight,
'Accept the humble offering of this night;
'To please, wherever plac'd, be still my care,
'At Drury, Haymarket, or *Wellclose Square.*'

"As Mr. Colman knew the plan I had then in view, it was fair to conclude that he did not meditate an opposition.

"Mr. Harris, the Manager of Covent Garden theatre, gave his consent in writing, that Mr. Quick should be engaged here.

"After all this, to my great astonishment, when a large expence had been incurred, and this house was completely ready for opening, the three Managers thought good to publish in the newspapers extracts from different Acts of Parliament, accompanied with their joint resolution to put the Act in force against this theatre.

"They went a step further; they served me with this notice.

(Here Mr. Palmer read a copy of a notice sent to him, signed by Thomas Linley, Thomas Harris, and George Colman, acquainting him, that instructions were given to lodge informations against him for every appearance he should make in any play, or scene of a play, at any unlicensed theatre, contrary to the statute.)

"I have the satisfaction to find that those three gentlemen are the only enemies to this undertaking; and it will be for themselves to consider whether they are not, at the same time, opposing the voice of the public.

"For myself, I have embarked my all in this theatre, persuaded that, under the sanction I obtained, it was perfectly legal: in the event of it every thing dear to my family is involved.

"I was determined to strain every nerve to merit your favour; but when I consider the case of other performers who have been also threatened with prosecutions, I own, whatever risque I run myself, I feel too much to risque for them!

"I had promised a benefit play for the use of the London Hospital; and all the performers agreed with me, that one night, at least, should be employed for so useful a purpose.

"We have not performed for hire, gain, or reward; and we hope that the three Managers, with the Magistrate in their interest, will neither deem benevolence a misdemeanor, nor send us, for an act of charity, to hard labour in the house of correction.

"I beg pardon for trespassing thus long upon your patience; circumstanced as things are, and a combination being formed to oppress and ruin me, it is not, at present, in my power to give out another play.

"Under the Act of Parliament, which impowers the Magistrates to allow certain performances, I obtained a licence; and to whatever purpose of innocent amusement this theatre may be converted, your future patronage will abundantly compensate for every difficulty I have had to encounter.

"Tumblers and Dancing Dogs might appear unmolested before you; but the other performers and myself standing forward to exhibit a moral play, is deemed a crime.

"The purpose, however, for which we have this night exerted ourselves, may serve to shew, that a theatre near Wellclose Square may be as useful as in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket.

"All that remains at present is to return you my most grateful thanks for the indulgence with which you have honoured me this night: I forbear to enlarge upon that subject; my heart is too full---I have not words to express my feelings. I shall be ever devoted to your service.

"Until it is announced that this house shall be again opened with a species of entertainment not subjecting me to danger, I humbly take my leave."

This address produced a letter from Mr. Quick, in which he declared that the only writing that had passed between Mr. Harris and him on the subject was a letter dated April the 2d; of which the following is an extract:

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——— "And now for Wellclose Square theatre. I am a good deal concerned to perceive you are become a real warm partizan of it; by this time I suppose you all confess (for it must always have been known) that nothing but an Act of Parliament could legalize its opening. Will you, one of the heads of a profession in itself as liberal as that of law, physic, or any other, degrade, vagabondize, and, as far as you are able, ruin all theatrical property, and, in most certain consequence, all its dependents? Such must be our inevitable fate, when unprotected by legal monopoly and Royal and Parliamentary sanction.

"If Mr. Palmer can perform plays, &c. &c. why not Mr. Hughes, Mr. Jones, Mr. Astley, and Sadler's Wells, and Freemasons' Hall, &c. Depend on it, your plan leads to the making an Actor and a Manager two of the most despicable characters in society. A physician is a most honourable employ, but who more infamous than a mountebank? Your caution to me about being the single ostensible opposer of your scheme I take exceedingly kind; but you yourself are an instance that I have hitherto not so acted; and you know I have not actively opposed you, nor any one of our Company, from agreeing with the proprietors of that place; at the same time I feel it would be disingenuous not to confess to you, that my absolute inactivity arises from conviction, that an attempt so palpably in the face of all legal authority cannot succeed. You say, 'it is talked of from Temple-bar to Woolwich, and is the prevailing topic.' I do not doubt it; but do not let that deceive you---Would not the famous * * * be as much celebrated, if he was boldly to announce to the public a scheme for erecting new rooms for E. O. and Faro? In such cases there is no trusting to the supineness or timidity of the parties most interested. And if even no one Magistrate should be enough actuated by duty to stand forward in support of the law, yet the whole scheme is always at the mercy of any single individual who thinks himself ill-treated by the property;---and pray tell me how long such a foundation will carry a theatre? I have written so much to you, because I esteem you, and see you are falling in error---but of this I shall be happy to convince you when we meet---till when, and always, I am yours,

"THO. HARRIS."

Mr. Palmer's address likewise produced the following from Mr. Harris:

"Mr. Harris thinks it would be an affront to the often experienced candour of the public, to offer any thing more in proof, that the insinuation of duplicity on the part of Mr. Harris has no foundation whatever. As to the complaint, that no notice was given during the building of the theatre, it may be asked, could it be considered as incumbent on the patentees to lay down the law for Mr. Palmer? In fact, the Acts of Parliament restraining the performances of plays, interludes, &c. &c. were notorious to Mr. Palmer and all concerned in theatrical representation; but Mr. Palmer, uniformly, and with the most solemn asseverations, insisted he possessed a complete, though concealed, legal right for theatrical performances. Indeed, Mr. Palmer himself acted inconsistently with his avowal, by actually engaging himself in the beginning of February, to Mr. Colman, for his regular performances during the whole of the season at the Haymarket theatre, though at the same time he was by every means engaging others to perform for him in Wellclose Square. Still, however, this firm language (of having legal authority) he invariably held until Monday last, when it appeared to Mr. Quick and others, that he had none. To such hidden pretended authority Mr. Harris could only oppose his disbelief of the fact; and any notice of such his opinion, given formally in writing to Mr. Palmer, must have been ridiculous in the extreme.

"Mr. Harris is much concerned to be compelled thus to obtrude himself on the public notice, being conscious that the attacks of falsehood and disappointed malevolence are the most completely repelled by perfect silence and contempt; and this method, which he conceives to be most consistent with the high respect and duty he owes the public, he will most determinately oppose to the calumny which he must expect to incur upon this occasion.

"Mr. Harris has too much regard for the profession by which he lives not to feel, with much concern, the distresses that must be endured by numbers of the drama's dependents, who have relied on Mr. Palmer's assurances for a subsistence

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the ensuing summer. He, therefore, gives this public notice, that if those under the above description can form such a company as may be able to give any theatrical performances that may probably attract the notice of the public sufficient to afford them any relief in their present situation, they are welcome to the free use of Covent Garden theatre, wardrobe, &c. &c. for three nights, at any time that may be most convenient to them, between the present and first day of August next."

The performers taking Mr. Harris's proposal in dudgeon, treated it with contempt in the public prints.

A paragraph likewise appeared on the part of Mr. Colman, stating that before the lines of the prologue in question were spoken or written, Mr. Palmer had not only covered in his Royalty Theatre, but had himself assured Mr. Colman that the plan he had adopted contained nothing that would in the least interfere with the business or interests of the Haymarket Theatre; and that so far from intending only to engage the public attention during the summer months, the chief object of the undertaking was to exhibit in the winter.

The issue of this contest appeared soon after in an advertisement, in which Mr. Palmer announced his intention of opening his theatre on Monday, July the 3d, "with a species of entertainment which the too rigid censors of his conduct could not impede." The theatre accordingly opened with trifling Burlettas, Pantomimes, &c. and so attached was Mr. Palmer to the undertaking, that he, and Mr. Bannister, sen. whose *friendship* made him forget his *interest*, absolutely refused to return in the winter to their former situations. Some interest was made to get a patent now, but superior interest baffled the design; and when the theatre lost the attraction of novelty, it soon dwindled into nothing; in short, after a rotten triumph, the Manager was obliged to lay down a power usurped, and return to Old Drury, where he was warmly congratulated.

It was said that the Managers retained so great an aversion to this theatre, its friends and supporters, that they took every opportunity of proving it; yet we find many of the actors were employed afterwards by those very Managers, and the Pantomimes of Don Juan and the Deserter, which owe their origin to the Royalty Theatre, were made use of at Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I cannot suppose that men of sense like Mr. Harris, &c. could bear an unnatural resentment against the unfortunate dupes of a mad undertaking.

OPENING OF DRURY-LANE FOR THE SEASON 1787—8.

THE opening of this house was intended for the 15th of September, and the *School for Scandal*, and the *Quaker*, advertised for the evening's entertainment; but on the unexpected secession of Mr. Palmer from the Theatre, the Managers, unprovided in a *Joseph Surface*, lost a night. And Mr. Palmer, that this loss might not be *wholly* imputed to him, published the following reasons for withdrawing from the theatre, including his correspondence on that subject with Mr. King.

"Mr. Palmer deems it a duty to lay the following circumstances and letters before the public, in order to prevent any misrepresentation of facts, respecting the cause and manner of his quitting Drury-Lane Theatre.

Considering himself as most illiberally treated by the Managers of the winter theatres, Mr. Palmer thought he could not either in justice to himself or the profession of which he is a member, perform any longer under the direction of those who have insulted him individually, and stigmatized his brethren in general: conformably to this opinion, Mr. Palmer, on Friday last, convened his subscribers, informing them of his sentiments on the occasion, and submitted implicitly to their opinion and advice: they honourably concurred with him in sentiment, that he had been extremely ill-used, and accorded with his proposal of quitting Drury-Lane Theatre. After the meeting broke up, Mr. Palmer sent the following letter to Mr. King.

"DEAR SIR,

"The hurry in which I have been kept for some days past, by the respect I "owe to the public, has hitherto hindered me from taking proper notice of the "insertion of my name in the Drury-Lane play-bill for to-morrow night: I "think it is not too late to do it now.

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" Stigmatized as I have been for some months past with the appellations of " *Vagrant, Rogue,* and *Vagabond,* in the newspapers,---Do the Managers of Drury-" Lane imagine that I can, with any propriety, appear on their boards? I should " rather conclude that they think me unworthy of so great an honour. What-" ever may be their sentiments, I feel myself insulted by Mr. Linley; and the " more so, as that gentleman, in conjunction with Messrs. Harris and Colman, " persists in his very elegant charge; and has given notice by his solicitors, " Wallis and Troward, that the King's Bench will be moved against the justices " who bailed my brother, when committed, in the phrase of the notice, as a " *Rogue* and *Vagabond.* This, I repeat it, is persisting in the charge; and under " these circumstances, I feel that it would be meanness of spirit in me to act any " longer at Drury-Lane. I am therefore to desire, Sir, that in the bills for to-" morrow, my name may be omitted. A person of your experience will not be " at a loss for another play, or, if the same play be necessary, for another per-" former.

" I am to request that you will immediately communicate this to Mr. Linley. " After a long connection with you, and on my part great personal regard, I feel " no small uneasiness in this separation; but I shall always remain, Dear Sir,

Royalty Theatre, Yours,
Sept. 14, 1787, JOHN PALMER."

THOMAS KING, ESQ.

" P. S. At the same time that I wish you to communicate my fixed determi-" nation of not again appearing as a performer at Drury-Lane Theatre: If it be " found inconvenient to alter the play advertised for to-morrow evening, sooner " than the public shall be disappointed,---I will perform."

To this letter the following answer was returned:

" DEAR SIR,

" I have not been able to see Mr. Linley, since I received your letter; but will " as soon as possible make him acquainted with the contents of it. In the mean " time, I take the liberty to inform you, there will not be any performance at " Drury-Lane Theatre to-morrow; and am sorry to find we are not likely to have " your assistance there in future.

" I am, Sir,
" Your very humble servant,
Sept. 14, 1787. " THOMAS KING."
Mr. PALMER.

" Mr. Palmer, on the receipt of this letter, conceiving that the disappointment of the public might be imputed to him, immediately dispatched the subsequent letter to Mr. King."

" DEAR SIR,

" I this moment received your letter, informing me, that there will not be any " performance at Drury-Lane Theatre to-morrow. I hope the play is not post-" poned in consequence of my letter; as I before informed you, and now repeat " it, that sooner than the public shall be disappointed, I am ready to appear in " the character designed me in the bills.

Royalty Theatre, " I am, Sir, Yours,
Sept. 14, 1787. " JOHN PALMER."
Mr. KING.

" Mr. Palmer having thus exonerated himself from any supposed duty to the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Bannister, disdaining to be the servant of his persecutors, sent the following letter to Mr. King; which was received, but not answered."

" SIR,

" I am very much concerned, that the conduct of the Proprietors of Drury-" Lane Theatre should make it an indispensable duty in me to declare my deter-" mination not to perform there, in conformity to the notice which they have " given in the bills that announce the opening of their house for the winter sea-" son.

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"I have been branded with the infamous title of *vagabond*—I have been persecuted under that appellation by, and at the instance of the very men who announce me, when it is their interest so to do, "in a contrary style." The inference is plain. I am a rascal and a vagrant when they can get nothing by me. I am the contrary, when I am deemed an object of pecuniary advantage to their theatre.

"Under such circumstances, I must indeed have no grateful idea of the profession to which I belong, and must pay a poor compliment to my good old friends of the West, and to that generous people by whose countenance and protection in the East of the City, I am enabled to provide for my family, if I did not personally feel the intended insult, as clearly as I perceive that palpable hypocrisy which induces, by the Manager's advertisement, a deception upon them; for, Sir, it must have been evident to every man of understanding, that the persecuted, when he can earn a livelihood elsewhere, will never become a subservient hireling to his persecutors.

"I am therefore to request you will, as acting Manager, take notice, that my name, in the play-bills of Drury-lane, has been inserted without my consent; and consequently I desire that it may be discontinued, for the reasons I have mentioned.

"I wish not to give the least disappointment to those noble and numerous patrons, whose claims upon my gratitude must remain a debt which I shall never be able to discharge; and therefore, I wish it to be understood by you and the Proprietors, that my poor abilities in the Quaker are at their service to-morrow, and that I shall not charge the Managers any thing for my performance; but it is to be considered as a small token of my gratitude to the public, not as any part of my duty to the Theatre.

"I am, Sir, with great esteem,
"Your most obedient humble servant,
"CHARLES BANNISTER."

"On the whole of the preceding circumstances, Mr. Palmer leaves the public to comment. The utmost of his desire is, to acquit himself with every respect to the town, from whom he has received so many obligations, for a series of years, that a life of professional exertion in their service will be the only means of testifying his gratitude.

Royalty Theatre, Sept. 18, 1787. JOHN PALMER."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, *Feb.* 10.

HIS Imperial Majesty, after repeated solicitations, has consented to Count Clairfayt's resignation of his command of the Imperial army on the Lower Rhine, and has appointed his brother, the Archduke Charles, to the command of that army. At the same time his Majesty has been pleased, as a testimony of his satisfaction with the Field Marshal's glorious services, to confer on him the order of the Golden Fleece.

Warsaw, Feb. 17. War is to be immediately declared between the Russians and Turks. General Suwarrow is to have the chief command of the former, and the different Generals who are to act under him are said to be already appointed.

The National Assembly of the Batavian Republic was installed on the 1st of March; Citizen C. Paulus was elected President. The public ceremony on this

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occasion appears to have called forth the emblematic genius of Batavia, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

A long waggon covered with cloth so as to conceal the wheels, and having three benches. On the hindermost was seated a man bowed down with age, and carrying a flag with these words---" I lived in slavery, but I rejoice in dying free. My posterity who are before me will feel all the benefits!"

On the bench before the old man were seated two aged women, who represented his daughters, and before them were two men, with their children on their knees. The horses were led by four young men. The waggon was surrounded by six serjeants of the armed bourgeoise, with drawn swords, preceded by a herald, carrying a banner, with the following inscription: " We will protect those who cannot defend themselves."

Paris, March 4. The Directory have officially announced, that Stoffiet and five of his accomplices had been tried at Angers on the 6th Ventose, and shot next day. The five others who were shot were---Charles Lichtenhen, born at Prade, 24 years old, formerly an officer under the Emperor; Joseph Philit Devannes, born at Ancenis; Joseph Moreau, born at Chantelon; Peter Pinot, born at Cholet; and Michael Grolleau, also born at Cholet.

Hamburgh, March 8. Count Bernstorf, the Danish Minister, has notified to all the Foreign Ministers, that M. Grouvelle would be acknowledged. It is now supposed, that M. Dreyer, Privy Counsellor, and Danish Minister at Madrid, will proceed in the same quality to Paris. As to M. Reinhard, the French Minister in this place, it remains as yet undecided, whether or not he is to be acknowledged by our Senate. Our Magistrates have hitherto endeavoured to avoid the decision of this question by evasive answers, stating to the Directory, that they should have no objection to acknowledge a French Consul; and that the residence of a French Minister at Hamburgh did not appear necessary. The inhabitants of this city are divided in their opinions on this subject; some dreading the resentment of the Emperor, if M. Reinhard should be acknowledged, and others the ill-will of the French Republic if he should not. Our Senate has ordered all the Burghers to be convened on the 10th instant, for the purpose of framing a conclusum on this momentous question: but these orders have been since revoked. We still hope that this matter will be arranged in a friendly manner: its undecided state has, however, already had so much influence on our trade, that several underwriters have refused to insure our ships, lest they might be taken or detained by the French. A small pamphlet, under the title of " A Word to Hamburgh's Burghers," which a few days since was published here, with a view to prove the necessity of acknowledging M. Reinhard in his public capacity, has been suppressed by order of our Senate.

Don Orosko, *ci-devant* Charge d'Affaires of the King of Spain at Vienna, is appointed Spanish Minister at this place.

OFFICIAL NOTE OF COUNT BERNSTORF, DANISH MINISTER OF STATE.

The system of his Danish Majesty, uninfluenced by passions and prejudices, is merely governed by reason and truth, and constantly assumes such modifications as are rendered both just and unavoidable by the obvious change in the posture of public affairs. So long as no other than a Revolutionary Government existed in France, his Majesty could not acknowledge the Minister of that Government; but now that the French Constitution is completely organized, and a regular Government established in France, his Majesty's obligation ceases in that respect, and M. Grouvelle will therefore be acknowledged in the usual form. For the rest, this step remains an insulated measure, being neither more nor less than the natural consequence of circumstances, and an additional proof of the complete and truly impartial neutrality of the King.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MUTINEERS EXECUTED.

Sheerness, March 8. At nine o'clock this morning the signal for execution was made on board the Defiance man of war, by firing a gun, and hoisting a yellow flag at the fore top-gallant-mast head; a Lieutenant, in a boat manned and

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armed, was immediately sent from each ship to witness the awful scene; the crews of the respective ships were called on deck, and the Articles of War read to them by their Captains, who afterwards warned them to take example from the fate of the unhappy men who were about to suffer. The Rev. Dr. Hatheral, Chaplain of the Sandwich, (who has constantly been with the prisoners since their condemnation), administered the sacrament to all of them, except Michael Cox and Martin Ealey, who were Roman Catholics: after praying with them until near eleven o'clock, they were brought on deck, and the ropes fixed round their necks, when John Flint, George Wythick, John Lawson, and William Handy, were made acquainted that his Majesty had been pleased to pardon them. Handy, who had a wife and child on board, immediately ran down to her, and fainted in her arms, which presented a most affecting scene. The tear of thankfulness and joy adorned the cheeks of the hardy tars; and Lawson, addressing the Clergyman, said, "I am afraid I shall never again be so well prepared for eternity.

At a quarter past eleven the signal for the execution of the remainder was made, by firing a gun, when Michael Cox, Robert M'Laurin, John Sullivan, Michael Ealey, and William Morrison, were launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time, their bodies were sent on shore, to the Agent at sick quarters, for interment.

The awful spectacle had a due effect upon the several ships' companies, who behaved in a very proper and becoming manner on the occasion.

15. John Fellows, one of the Yeomen of the Guards, was brought before Nicholas Bond, Esq. by Dixon and Allan, two of the Bow-street officers, who apprehended him yesterday morning at the Bunch of Grapes in Hemmings's-row, on suspicion of being the author of four anonymous letters sent to Mr. Northall, lottery-office-keeper in New Bond-street. Mr. Northall stated, that a few days since he received an anonymous letter, informing him that the writer was in possession of several policies that had been given at his office for illegal insurance in the lottery, which made him liable not only to forfeit his security given to the Stamp Office, but also to be punished as a rogue and vagabond; but all of these, he added, might be prevented by his sending 200l. inclosed in a parcel, directed for G. R. at the Somerset Coffee-house, Strand. Not having complied with this proposal, Mr. Northall said, he received the three other letters, nearly to the same effect, except that the last, which came to hand yesterday morning, demanded 300l. to conciliate matters, and that the place for the answers to be left at was altered to the Bunch of Grapes. The letters were produced and read.

Several witnesses were examined as to the fact.

The prisoner positively denied being the writer of the letters, or having any concern in the business, any more than that of calling about the parcel at the desire of a woman, whose name he could not recollect, nor did he know where she was to be found. Committed for trial for a misdemeanor.

Derby, March 16. At our assizes, which ended this morning, Susannah Morton, aged 23, for the wilful murder of her bastard child, and James Preston, aged 70, for aiding, abetting, and assisting her to commit such murder, received sentence of death, and are ordered for execution to-morrow (Thursday). Job Ward was arraigned for the wilful murder of Hannah Oldfield, his fellow servant, by administering arsenic for the purpose of procuring abortion, she being with child by him; after a long trial, and some time spent by the Jury in deliberation, they acquitted him. Thomas Fretwell was convicted of sheepstealing, and received sentence of death, but was afterwards reprieved. What most particularly engaged the attention of the public, was a charge against a woman of the name of Ann Hoon, aged 24, for the wilful murder of her infant child, about 14 months old; the circumstances of this murder were as follow: on Friday last this poor creature, who is the wife of a labouring man, was about to heat her oven, and being short of wood had broken down a rail or two from the fencing round the plantation of a gentleman in the neighbourhood; some of her neighbours threatened her with a prosecution, and told her she would be transported for it. This so much alarmed her mind, and the idea of being separated from her child, whom she had always appeared

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remarkably fond of, so wrought in her imagination, that she formed the horrible design of putting her to death, in order that, by surrendering herself into the hands of justice, she might be executed for the murder, and so be for ever re-united in Heaven to that babe whom she had loved more than life: as soon therefore as her husband was gone out to his labour, she proceeded to put this diabolical design in execution; she filled a large tub with water, and, taking the child in her arms, was about to plunge it in the water, when the babe, smiling in its mother's face, disarmed her for the moment, and she found herself unable to commit the horrid fact; she then lulled the babe to sleep at the breast, and wrapping a cloth round it plunged it into the tub, and held it under water till life became extinct; then took it out of the tub and laid it on the bed, and, taking her hat and cloak, locked her street-door, and left the key at a neighbour's for her husband when he should return from his labour; she then proceeded to walk eight or nine miles to a Magistrate, and requesting admission to him, told him the whole story, concluding with an earnest desire immediately to be executed. She was tried this morning, and many strong instances of insanity for some years past appearing, the Jury found her---Not Guilty.

Birmingham, March 21. Binns and Jones (the two Delegates from the London Corresponding Society), and Barthurst, a jobbing smith, of Deretend, have been taken into custody, on charges of sedition, and are now lodged in our dungeon.

A private letter from Lisbon thus particularizes the late shocks of an earthquake felt in Portugal and Spain:

On the 17th ult. it began about ten minutes after five in the morning, and is said to have lasted about 70 seconds. According to advices from Spain, &c. it was general.

By the violence of the shaking backward and forward in my bed I was awoke, and by the cries of the people who were in the house with me. The inhabitants affirm it to be the most severe felt here for many years; they also fled from their houses to the squares, &c. where they conceived themselves to be most secure; our bells of the house rung, and such an unpleasant clamour of confusion ensued for some minutes after as I never heard before, but am happy to say no damage was done by it in this capital, as I have yet heard of.

On the 23d we felt another shock, about the same time in the morning as the 17th; it did not continue so long, but fully equalled it in severity; the inhabitants again left their houses, and were much more alarmed than at first, having an idea that they were the forerunners of a similar affair to that of 1755. It appears that some of the nobility and gentry, who possess quintas, or country houses, left their town residences on account of these earthquakes, which I assure you were dreadful, hearing the different fixtures fall against each other, and expecting every instant to be smothered in the ruins.

David Downie, who was sentenced to suffer death at Edinburgh for High Treason, has been liberated from his confinement in the Castle, in consequence of the remission granted by his Majesty on the recommendation of the Jury.---The terms of the remission are, that he shall depart from his Majesty's dominions of Great Britain and Ireland within ten days after being set at liberty, and never to be found therein during all the days of his natural life, under certification of his former sentence being put into execution against him, unless he shall obtain a licence for that purpose under the Royal Sign Manual.

We are extremely sorry to learn, that a dispute has arisen between the Board of Admiralty and Rear-Admiral Cornwallis, which is likely to deprive the nation of the services of that noble Admiral.

On a matter of so delicate a nature, we shall speak with great caution. We understand, that on Admiral Cornwallis's return into port, the Board of Admiralty sent orders to him to hoist his flag on board the Astrea frigate, and to proceed to the West Indies without loss of time. It is said that the Noble Admiral hesitated to comply with these orders, on the ground of not choosing to go on foreign service without taking with him the suite of officers belonging to the Royal

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Sovereign, his own flag ship. On receiving this intimation, the Board of Admiralty ordered Admiral Cornwallis to strike his flag.

The running-down of the Belisarius outward-bound West India transport is said to have been occasioned by a dispute between the Master and his Second Mate, when wearing ship. An unhappy woman, with her infant in her arms, who stood on the quarter-deck of this ship, attempted to save the life of her infant by throwing it on board the Royal Sovereign at the instant of the two ships meeting, but unfortunately it fell between the two ships' sides, and was crushed to atoms before the eyes of its unhappy mother, who, in her distraction of mind, instantly precipitated herself into the sea, and shared the grave of her child.

The following plans are laid before the Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture, by Mr. John Clark, carpenter of his Majesty's ship London, and patronized by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 1. A new improvement on hinging and securing ships' rudders, to prevent them unshipping when the ship strikes the ground. 2. An improvement in fitting and securing a substitute rudder in a heavy sea. 3. An improvement for securing magazines, storerooms, &c. from fire. 4. An expeditious method for stopping the progress of fire on board of ships. 5. A plan for the arrangements of pumps in cases of fire, or of a ship springing a leak. 6. A plan for constructing the partners of lower masts, to admit the top-masts to be shipped with ease and dispatch in gales of wind, and also an improvement on top-mast-caps.

A duel of a very sanguinary nature took place lately at Hamburgh between General W. and Colonel I. both Officers of the Guards. It originated in a quarrel at a gaming-table. They went out to fight with broad swords. At ths first stroke Colonel I. cut off the fingers of the right hand of General W. The matter ended thus for the present; but it is supposed that another meeting will take place.

Marlborough-street office was lately visited by Mess. Cramer and Giornovichi, two celebrated musical performers. They were taken there on a warrant, the one for having sent a challenge, and the other for accepting it. The dispute, by the advice of the Magistrate, was amicably settled. Thus a desperate and probably a most bloody DUET has been prevented by the interference of a friendly *second fiddle!* fortunately screwed up in *concert pitch* for the *harmonic* purpose. The *minor-keyed* Cramer, it seems, called out the *con-furioso* Giornovichi for an *orchestra* insult on his father. It happening that neither of the *primos* having a *bow to draw* the next day, heroically agreed to *draw a trigger* against the *first string* of each other's life. The *instruments* were prepared; but, happily, the *time* was not duly kept, as one of them only began his *dead march* to Paddington in three *flats*, while the other had run his rapid *fuge* to the termination of the *passage*, marked for the *last movement*, where he remained *con poco affettuoso*! From this error in *counting*, a confused interval of 24 *bars rest* took place, in which the *two-part* friend happily threw in a melting *cantabile* of his own composing; this brought the principal *performers* into *unison* with each other, by an *amicable rondeau*, which, after a long *shake*, closed the performance, by a very laughable FINALE.

On the return of the Dædalus from Port Jackson, a short time ago, she called at Otaheite, one of the South-Sea islands. There, to the no small surprise of the Captain and crew, they found nine of their countrymen married, settled and living in the greatest ease and comfort; who, being asked how they came there, informed them, that they sailed from England in a South-whaler, belonging to Messrs. Calvert and Co. called the Amelia, which had the misfortune to bulge upon a rock. Finding it impossible to save the ship or any part of the stores, they got into the boat, committed themselves to the mercy of the waves, and were safely wafted to the shores of Otaheite. The natives not unaccustomed to the colour of their skin, nor the sound of their language, received them with every token of affection and joy; assigned them lands, and servants to cultivate them; adopted them into the order of Nobility, and, as a proof of the insignia of their elevation, tattowed them from top to bottom.

At a Privy Council which was lately held, the Churchwardens and Overseers of

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several parishes of the metropolis attended, at the express desire of Administration, when they were informed by Mr. Pitt that it would be necessary for them to call upon the opulent part of their parishioners to contribute, by a certain rate, to the maintenance of the lower class. The tax thus proposed will be distinct from the poor-rates, and not applicable to the use of those who are at present denominated parish-poor: labourers and handicraftsmen, in a state of indigence and want, are the persons whom it is intended to relieve.

The Prince of Wales and a Board of General Officers have been for several days sitting at the Horse Guards in consultation, for the purpose of adopting an entire new form of dress and accoutrements for the cavalry. The swords are to be lengthened, and the carbines shortened. The waistcoats are to reach a good way down the thighs. The boots are to be made so strong between the calf and the thigh as to resist the stroke of a sabre. Helmets instead of hats, in a new form, are suggested; they are to clasp at the chin, like the old-fashioned hunting-caps. An alteration likewise is to take place in the saddles, and indeed in almost every part of the accoutrements and dress.

The speech of the Prince of Wales on the Anniversary of St. Patrick was distinguished by the neat and polished eloquence with which it was delivered; it was followed by conduct more valuable than the eloquence of words. As soon as he had left the room, Earl Moira informed the company that his Royal Highness had told him that it would break his heart if he was not allowed to subscribe an hundred guineas to the fund of the institution. Earl Moira, with true and manly feeling, stated the generosity to be splendid on the part of the Prince, considering that it might press hard upon the Prince, and even perhaps deprive him of comforts of which every loyal and Irish heart would wish him the enjoyment.

The Princess of Wales is said to be again "in that state in which ladies wish to be who love their lords."

The title of Duke of Cumberland is to be shortly revived in the person of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, their Majesties' fourth son, now abroad in the West Indies with his regiment.

GAME LAWS.---The following is the substance of the principal clauses of the new Game Bill:

After stating the acts to be repealed, it enacts, that every owner and occupier of land shall have liberty to hunt, course, and kill hares, pheasants, and partridges found, sprung, or started on the grounds by him so occupied.

Game-keepers, however duly authorised, are to be punished if convicted of selling the game.

The punishment of poachers is to be inflicted, and with some new severity. For the first offence the punishment is commitment to the county gaol for the space of ( ). For the second offence, the house of correction, and hard labour for a space to be agreed upon.

THE WET DOCKS AND PROPOSED CANALS.---These are the chief particulars of them:

The docks are to be four: the largest to hold 250 ships; the second will hold 105; the others about 30 each.

The canal begins just above the river Lea, and, passing in a straight line to Gravel-lane (where the docks will be), opens again in the Thames.

By this canal the navigation is to avoid the three reaches of Blackwall, Greenwich and Limehouse.

It is proposed to have an incorporated company. The property to be purchased must be 1700 houses, besides the ground. The funds advanced for these purchases will be a charge of 10 per cent. on the trade, and change at once violently, and therefore too probably injuriously, the property and vocations of 60 or 70,000 persons!

The City Plan, in opposition to this, is to the following effect:

To extend the quays 30 feet into the river; to widen Thames-street 30 feet; to turn Bridge-yard (four acres on the Surrey side) into quays; to buy about St.

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Saviour's and Morgan's lane for the same purpose; to make wet docks in the Isle of Dogs.

Among great undertakings to be renowned for the skill of their conception and the probable public good in their execution, is the navigation now forming to connect the River Severn and the River Dee. The course must be through the country, so delicious for the exquisite mountainous inequalities, of Denbighshire and Shropshire. Among these, over one of the deepest dells, is a part of the navigation, which will be the boldest effort of the whole. It is to connect and convey the water from one mountainous point to another, across a hollow, measuring in the perpendicular rather more than 90 feet, the length between 300 and 400 feet; this part of the canal is to be a trough of cast iron.

Part of the grand plan for the improvement of London and Westminster is to reform Holborn as to width, and to continue it in a right line with Oxford-street. All narrow streets, north and south, are to be widened and straightened.

A gentleman recently arrived from Paris says, that "the Garden of the Thuilleries, once planted with potatoes when the wants of the people required this sacrifice, offers now a beautiful and correct map of the 83 Departments of France. It comprises too Jemappe, Savoy, and the other Departments which have been conquered and united to the Republic.

"This idea, which is most artfully conceived to flatter the vanity of the Parisians, is as beautifully executed. Each path marks the boundary of a Department. Every mountain is represented by an hillock, every forest by a thicket, and every river has its corresponding streamlet!

"Thus every Parisian in his morning's walk can now review the whole of the Republic, and of her conquests."

The Jury has been struck against Mr. Reeves for a Libel on the House of Commons. His trial is expected to come on the 9th of May next.

Mr. Plumptree, of Clarehall Hall, Cambridge, has written a pamphlet, to prove that Shakspeare's Hamlet was meant as a satire on Mary Queen of Scots. The Winter's Tale has by some been considered as a defence of Anna Boleyn.

Attwood has obtained the appointment of Organist of St. Paul's, in despite of a spirited opposition from Calcott. It was given by Dr. Prettyman, the Dean, with a restriction highly creditable to his musical taste; for it is expressly "nominated in the bond," that the business is not to be *performed* by *proxy*.

Lady Elcho has set an example in Bath, which will injure the *little* Fashionables there exceedingly who live by card-money; she will not visit any house where it is taken.

We hope the ladies in London who stand upon a nice point of honour will follow the example of the Bath ladies, and exclude the odious and pitiful custom of taking card-money at their houses. It is a meanness which no persons who pretend to the honour of keeping good company ought to allow. We are afraid that many a party is formed rather to derive benefit from the card-tables, than for the sake of hospitality.

At Leicester assizes a cause for *crim con.* came on to be tried, wherein the Rev. John Thornton was plaintiff, and Mr. John Whitchurch, apothecary and man-midwife, was defendant. The Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff, with 2000l. damages. It is somewhat remarkable, that the lady's inamorato is near 60 years of age; she is 24, and her husband about her own age, by whom she has three children; the defendant is a married man, and has 18 children.

MASONRY.---In consequence of the introduction of the Russian Government into Courland, the Freemasons at Mittau have shut up their lodge; their house, library, &c. have been consigned to the College of General Provision.

*** *The Monthly Lists are unavoidably differred till our next.*

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR APRIL 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE

SENIOR WARDEN'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE *NINE MUSES.*

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

Our new Correspondent from *Hull* will see that we have paid every attention to his favours. We shall esteem his future correspondence an obligation.

L.X.S. on *Spring*, though it came somewhat late, is inserted.

Our Sunderland Correspondent will at all times receive the respect he deserves. His Elegy "to the Moon" he will find among our poetry.

Cantabrigiensis in our next.

The elegant Sonnets of *C.* in our next.

MASONIC CHARGES, ACCOUNTS OF MASONIC ANNIVERSARIES, AND ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS, sent for insertion, will in future be particularly attended to. All other communications will have due consideration; and it is requested that Letters, &c. may be directed to the Editor, at MR. CAWTHORN'S, *British Library*, No. 132. *Strand*, London.

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The Jewel of the S.W.
of the Lodge of
the Nine Muses.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR APRIL 1796.

THE QUESTION,

"OF WHAT USE IS FREE-MASONRY TO MANKIND?"

ANSWERED.

WE may evidently trace from reason, and the nature of things, the wise ends and designs of the sacred Institution of Masonry; which not only cultivates and improves a real and undisguised friendship among men, but teaches them the more important duties of society. Vain then is each idle surmise against this sacred art, which our enemies may either meanly cherish in their own bosoms, or ignorantly promulgate to the uninterested world. By decrying Masonry, they derogate from human nature itself, and from that good order and wise constitution of things, which the Almighty author of the world has framed for the government of mankind, and has established as the basis of the moral system; which, by a secret, but attractive force, disposes the human heart to every social virtue. Can friendship, or social delights, be the object of reproach? Can that wisdom, which hoary time has sanctified, be the object of ridicule? In candour, let us pity those men, who vainly pretend to censure or contemn what, through want of instruction, they cannot comprehend!

Let us now proceed, and consider in what shape Masonry is of universal utility to mankind, how it is reconcilable to the best policy, why it deserves the general esteem, and why all men are bound to promote it.

Abstracting from the pure pleasures which arise from a friendship so wisely constituted, and which it is scarcely possible any circumstance or occurrence can erase; let us consider, that Masonry is a science, confined to no particular country, but diffused over the whole terrestrial globe. Where arts flourish, there it flourishes too. Add to this, that by secret and inviolable signs, carefully preserved among ourselves throughout the world, Masonry becomes an universal language. By this means many advantages are gained: men of all religions, and of all nations, are united. The distant *Chinese*, the wild *Arab*, or the *American* savage, will embrace, a brother *Briton*; and he will know, that beside the common ties of humanity, there is still a stronger obligation to engage him to kind and friendly actions.

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The spirit of the fulminating priest will be tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different persuasion, engage his esteem. Thus all those disputes which embitter life, and sour the temper, are avoided; and every face is clad with smiles, while the common good of all, the general design of the craft, is zealously pursued.

Is it not then evident that Masonry is of universal advantage to mankind? for sure, unless discord and harmony be the same, it must be so. Is it not likewise reconcileable to the best policy? for it prevents that heat of passion, and those partial animosities, which different interests too often create. Masonry teaches us to be faithful to our king, and true to our country; to avoid turbulent measures, and to submit with reverence to the decisions of legislative power. It is surely then no mean advantage, no trifling acquistion, to any community or state, to have under its power and jurisdiction, a body of men who are loyal subjects, patrons of science, and friends to mankind.

Does not Masonry therefore of itself command the highest regard? Does it not claim the greatest esteem? Does it not merit the most exclusive patronage? Without doubt. If all that is good and amiable, if all that is useful to mankind or society, be deserving a wise man's attention, Masonry claims it in the highest degree. What beautiful ideas does it not inspire? How does it open and enlarge the mind? And how abundant a source of satisfaction does it afford? Does it not recommend universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear one man to another? And is it not particularly adapted to give the mind the most disinterested, the most generous, notions?

An uniformity of opinion, not only useful in exigencies, but pleasing in familiar life, universally prevails among Masons, strengthens all the ties of their friendship, and equally promotes love and esteem. Masons are brethren, and amongst brothers there exists no invidious distinctions. A king is reminded, that though a crown adorns his head, and a sceptre his hand, yet the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind, and is no better than that of the meanest of his subjects. Men in inferior stations are taught to love their superiors, when they see them divested of their grandeur, and condescending to trace the paths of wisdom, and follow virtue, assisted by those of a rank beneath them. Virtue is true nobility; and wisdom is the channel by which it is directed and conveyed. Wisdom and virtue, therefore, are the great characteristics of Masons.

Masonry inculcates universal love and benevolence, and disposes the heart to particular acts of goodness. A Mason, possessed of this amiable, this god-like disposition, is shocked at misery, under every form or appearance His pity is not only excited, but he is prompted, as far as is consistent with the rules of prudence, to alleviate the pain of the sufferer, and cheerfully to contribute to his relief. For this end our funds are raised, and our charities established on the firmest foundation. When a brother is in distress, what heart does not ache? When he is hungry, do we not convey him food? Do we not clothe him, when he is naked? Do we not fly to his relief,

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when he is in trouble? Thus we evince the propriety of the title we assume, and demonstrate to the world, that the endearing term *brother*, among Masons, is not merely a name.

If these acts are not sufficient to recommend so great and generous a plan, such a wise and good society, happy in themselves, and equally happy in the possession of every social virtue, nothing which is truly good can prevail. The man who resists arguments drawn from such topics, must be callous to every noble principle, and lost to all sense of honour.

Nevertheless, though the fairest and the best ideas may be thus imprinted in the mind, there are brethren who, careless of their own reputation, disregard the instructive lessons of our noble science, and by yielding to vice and intemperance, not only disgrace themselves, but reflect dishonour on Masonry in general. It is this unfortunate circumstance which has given rise to those severe and unjust reflections, which the prejudiced part of mankind have so liberally bestowed upon us. But let these apostate brethren know, and let it be proclaimed to the world at large, that they are unworthy of their trust, and that whatever name or designation they assume, they are in reality no Masons. It is as possible for a mouse to move a mountain, or a man to calm the boisterous ocean, as it is for a principled Mason to commit a dishonourable action: Masonry consists in virtuous improvement, in cheerful and innocent pastime, and not in debauchery or excess.

But though unhappy brethren thus transgress, no wise man will draw any argument from thence against the society, or urge it as an objection against the institution. If the wicked lives of men were admitted as an argument, the religion which they confess, Christianity itself, with all its divine beauties, would be exposed to censure. Let us therefore endeavour strenuously to support the dignity of our characters, and by reforming the abuses which have crept in among us, display *Masonry* in its primitive lustre, and convince mankind that the source from which it flows is truly divine.

It is this conduct which can alone retrieve the ancient glory of the craft. Our generous and good actions must distinguish our title to the privileges of *Masonry*, and the regularity of our behaviour display their influence and utility. Thus the world will admire our sanctity of manners, and effectually reconcile our uniform conduct with the incomparable tenets we profess and admire.

As our order is founded upon harmony, and subsists by regularity and proportion; so our passions ought to be properly restrained, and be ever subservient to the dictates of right reason. As the delicate pleasures of friendship harmonize our minds, and exclude rancour, malice, or ill-nature; so we ought to live like brethren bound by the same tie, always cultivating fraternal affection, and reconciling ourselves to the practice of those duties, which are the basis on which the structure we erect must be supported. By improving our minds in the principles of morality and virtue, we enlarge our understandings, and more effectually answer the great ends of our existence.

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Such as violate our laws, or infringe our good order, we mark with a peculiar odium; and if our mild endeavours to reform their lives should not answer the good purposes intended, we expel them our assemblies, as unfit members of society *.

This is the practice which should universally prevail among *Masons*. Our outward conduct being directed by our inward principles, we should be equally careful to avoid censure and reproach. Useful knowledge ought to be the great object of our desire, for the ways of wisdom are beautiful, and lead to pleasure. We ought to search into nature, as the advantages accruing from so agreeable a study will amply compensate our unwearied assiduity. Knowledge must be attained by degrees, and is not every where to be found. Wisdom seeks the secret shade, the lonely cell designed for contemplation; there enthroned she sits, delivering her sacred oracles; there let us seek her, and pursue the real bliss: for though the passage be difficult, the farther we trace it, the easier it will become.

Geometry, that extensive art, we should particularly study, as the first and noblest of sciences. By geometry we may curiously trace nature, through her various windings, to her most concealed recesses. By it we may discover the power, the wisdom, and the goodness, of the grand Artificer of the universe, and view with amaze and delight the beautiful proportions which connect and grace this vast machine. By it we may discover how the planets move in their different orbs, and mathematically demonstrate their various revolutions. By it we may rationally account for the return of seasons, and the mixed variety of scenes, which they display to the discerning eye. Numberless worlds are around us, all framed by the same divine artist, which roll through the vast expanse, and are all conducted by the same unerring laws of nature. How must we then improve? With what grand ideas must such knowledge fill our minds? and how worthy is it of the attention of all rational beings, especially of those who profess themselves promoters of our grand institution?

It was a survey of nature, and the observation of its beautiful proportions, that first determined man to imitate the divine plan, and to study symmetry and order. This gave rise to societies, and birth to every useful art. The architect began to design, and the plans which he laid down, improved by experience and time, produced some of those excellent works which will be the admiration of future ages.

If we are united, our society must flourish. Let us then promote the useful arts, and by that means mark our distinction and superi-

* Governor *Van Teylingen*, a past grand-steward, was expelled the society in 1772, for crimes of the most abominable kind. *Joseph Baylis*, expelled in 1775, for an attempt to commit the same kind of offence. *William Brand*, expelled in 1774, for injuring a girl of 14 years of age, the said girl being under his care as a scholar.

Several brethren have been expelled for lesser crimes; and many more have been expelled for acting, in a masonic character, contrary to the established laws of the society.

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ority; let us cultivate the social virtues, and improve in all that is good and amiable; let the *genius of masonry* preside, and under her sovereign sway, let us endeavour to act with becoming dignity.

Free-masonry is undoubtedly an institution of the most beneficial and amiable nature, since its professed design is the extension and confirmation of mutual happiness, by the most perfect and effectual method,—the practice of every moral and social virtue. It is a salutary institution, wherein bad men, if they *chance* to be admitted, are most generally restrained in their moral retrogradation, or downhill progress, in vice; while the good are taught, and excited, to aspire to higher degrees of virtue and perfection. A *good man* and a *good mason*, are synonymous terms; since a *good man* must necessarily make a *good mason*, and a *good mason* can never be a *bad man*: and, as the better men are, the more they love each other, so the more they love each other, they become more perfect masons.

Those who have the honour and happiness of being regular members of this most excellent society, are strictly bound to practise its duties and precepts, and to preserve its dignity.

Foremost in the rank of our duties stands our obligation to obey the laws of the Great Architect of the Universe, to conform to his will, to promote his honour, and to conduct ourselves as under the inspection of his all-seeing eye. For as in him we live, move, and have our being, partake of his goodness, and depend on his favours; so whatever we think, speak, or do, ought all to be subservient, and capable of being referred to his glory.

This primary and fundamental duty of obedience to the Supreme Being, from whence, as from their fountain, all other duties, with respect to ourselves and our neighbours, flow, is evidently taught by reason, confirmed by revelation, and enforced by *Free-masonry*. Subordinate and consequent to this our grand obligation, is the important and indispensable duty of brotherly love, which delights in, and ought always to demonstrate itself in real acts of genuine beneficence.

Free-masonry has not only united its worthy members and genuine sons in the most indissoluble bands of confidence, concord, and amity; it has even caused Christianity to shine forth with renewed lustre, and introduced its spirit, which the royal craft has strongly imbibed, into every nation and religious persuasion wherein it has gained admittance; and it produces the most benevolent and charitable set of men, in proportion to its number, of any society whatever throughout the terrestrial globe. Thus inestimable is Free-masonry, for its manifold and most useful qualities. It supereminently excells all other arts by the bright rays of truth which it sheds on the minds of its faithful votaries, illuminating their understandings with the beams of a more resplendent light than is to be derived from the assemblage of all other arts whatsoever; of which the newly-initiated brother begins to participate, when he is girded with the emblem of innocence, more ancient than the tower of *Babel*, more honourable than the imperial dignity. As it excels all other arts in its vast and admirable extent, so it far surpasses them in its pleasing

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and effectual modes of communicating its instructions. But of this the enlightened brother alone can form a judgment, or make the comparison. We, who have happily made the experiment, are convinced of its transcendent excellence in this particular. The unenlightened by Masonry can only form vague and uncertain conjectures of the utility of the royal craft, or of the modes of initiation into its various degrees; or of the subsequent, different, delightful, and beneficial instructions respectively communicated.

As it is highly becoming every member of this society to preserve the dignity of our noble institution, we conceive one of the best methods of doing it is, by acting as worthy *Free-masons* ourselves; and by admitting among us only those, who in all probability will demean themselves as worthy members. These two methods seem to us naturally connected together. For if we are in reality worthy Free-masons ourselves, we shall have a strong aversion to the admission of any person, who would reflect the least disgrace upon our respectable fraternity; and consequently, in the most effectual manner, we shall preserve its dignity. Whereas if we become unworthy members ourselves, it will of course be a matter of indifference to us whom we admit; and thus we shall entail upon it double disgrace.

As we ought to be irreproachable in our own demeanor, so we ought to be certified, that our candidates for Free-masonry have the requisite qualifications, which indispensably ought to be, a good reputation, an honest method of living, sound morals, and a competent understanding.

No member that has the honour of the society, or even his own, sincerely at heart, will presume to nominate any who are not possessed of these valuable qualities. In that case, it would be incumbent upon every worthy brother to give a negative, and to reprobate so indecorous a nomination.

It is to be supposed, at least among ourselves, that, as enlightened Free-masons, we have more just, sublime, and comprehensive ideas, with respect to virtue, decorum, and the dignity of human nature, than the generality of mankind. It is to be apprehended, that we grant admission to none but men of principle, of virtue, honour, and integrity; lest the *royal craft*, instead of being an object of deserved veneration, fall into disesteem, and become a subject of ridicule. It is therefore to be expected, that not the wealth, the station, or the power of any man, shall procure from us his admission into our respective lodges; but his propriety of conduct, his uprightness, his goodness. Such indeed as answer this description will be an honour to our sublime craft, and are best qualified to reap from it every desirable advantage. And although it is a maxim with us to solicit none to enter into our society, yet we shall be always exceedingly glad to enroll such worthy persons in the honourable list of our numerous members. Those are egregiously deceived, and may they ever be disappointed in their application for admittance as Free-masons, who consider us in the light of a Bacchanalian society, or under any similar ignoble idea. Our association indeed admits of all be-

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coming cheerfulness, festivity, and gaiety of temper, at suitable seasons and intervals; but, indeed, our assemblies are principally convened for the most beneficial and exalted purposes: for purifying the heart, correcting the manners, and enlightening the understanding. Thus the useful and the agreeable are by us happily united; instruction and pleasure are blended together. Order, decorum, concord, and complacency, are constant attendants upon our lodges.

Now, is masonry so good, so valuable a science? Does it tend to instruct the mind, and tame each unruly passion? Does it expel rancour, hatred, and envy? Does it reconcile men of all religions and of all nations? Is it an universal cement, binding its followers to charity, good-will, and secret friendship? Is it calculated to promote the truest freedom? Does it teach men to lead quiet lives? In short, are not its precepts a complete system of moral virtue? Then, hail, thou glorious craft, bright transcript of all that is amiable! Hail, thou blest moral science, which so beautifully exemplifies virtue! Welcome, ye delightful mansions, where all enjoy the pleasures of a serene and tranquil life! Welcome, ye blest retreats, where smiling friendship ever blooms, and from her throne dispenses pleasure with unbounded liberality! Welcome, sacred habitations, where peace and innocence for ever dwell! S.

MOON-LIGHT.

'And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
'That in thy orb the wretched may have rest,'

CRIED MITIO, as he was walking one evening, and gazing on the placid countenance of the moon, in her utmost splendour.—— Thus he continued—

"Retired from company, wearied with the insipid trifling, the noisy jars, and the confused bustle, of the inhabitants of this terraqueous and wretched settlement, I address myself to thee, and would fain hold converse with some modest intelligent of thine unknown regions.

"I would ask him, if he be afflicted with the cries of age in penury, and of childhood in distress, soliciting the morsel from the hand of insatiate avarice?——If, in any corner of his abode, the sons of anguish, in tenements of wretchedness, let fall the tear, unnoticed and unknown? If his fellow inhabitants ever die? If he ever stood motionless, and petrified with horror, by the dying bed of his wicked neighbour? If he ever saw the parting anguish of the tearful parent and her lisping offspring, 'weeping o'er all the bitterness of death?'—— If he were ever an unhappy witness to a parent's tears over an abandon'd child; to a wretched profligate's cursing the grey hairs of his venerable sire; to a dissipated husband's raising a hideous storm amidst his peaceful family, and driving them, by extravagance, to

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despair, wretchedness, and death?——If he knew aught of traffic; its cares, its frauds, its disappointments, and its frequent dangers? If he e'er saw a being, form'd for immortality, toiling from morn till eve, from year to year, from youth to age—to call a little clay, a thousand cares, his own?—I would ask him, if, in his orb, thousands of its inhabitants are form'd in fierce battalions, each one armed with an instrument of death; disciplin'd in savage manners; nurs'd in all the brutal vices; led to the field of slaughter; aiming the deadly weapon at the vitals of an unknown company of fellow-men, expiring amidst the rage of murd'rous anger? and, while they are thus '*forcing a passage to the flames,*' professing themselves the peaceful followers of Jesus Christ?——If he hath ever seen the worshippers of the deity, in his world, pursue each other with infernal rancour, lighting up fires round the bodies of the conscientious, and pursuing them with anathemas and the terrors of civil justice, for a difference of sentiment on the mode of exercising their religious services?——If he were ever amidst a crowd of imprisoned maniacs? If his heart were ever torn at the sight of misery, in the distorted frame of an unfortunate lunatic?——If he were ever a visitant, in a building appropriated to receive the victims of disease and misfortune?——If he ever saw the dire effects of a burning fever, the chill ague, the wasting consumption, the overwhelming dropsy, or the gnawing cancer, bringing to the grave any of his suffering brethren? If he ever wiped the dying sweat from the forehead, or eas'd the dying pillow, of the friend of his bosom; or attended such a friend to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns?'——If he hath ever seen the felon's den, the gloomy gibbet, the wretched exit of untutor'd vice?——If he ever saw the savage murderer leap from the thicket, and embrue his hands in the blood of the lonely, unsuspecting, unoffending traveller? the child taking away the life of the father; the mother butchering her child?——If he ever saw a family driven from their home, their peaceful slumbers, by the ravages of fire, destitute and distracted?—If he ever heard the cries of a sinking crew in a wrecked vessel, amidst the pelting storm, the rolling thunder, the forked lightning, and the howling winds?——If he e'er fled the stalking plague, the fierce volcano, grim famine, or the voracious earthquake?—If he ever walked through a slave ship, a bastille, a tender, or an inquisition?——If he hath ever seen the sons of riot in their midnight revels—disease and death the waiters?——If he hath ever felt the flames of cruel jealousy, fell ambition, envy, anger, distrust, the fear of death, the gloom of terror, raging in his bosom?

"Or, if his orb be free from all these ills, if peace and plenty, the calm of innocence, the joys of health, the social ties of friendship, the sacred cords of bliss and fond affection, reign in all the circuit of his tranquil world?

"Happy! Happy inhabitants! when shall I feel your pleasures, and be released from all the ills, and all the crimes, which stain our mother earth?".

Hull, April 21, 1796. W.

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AN ADDRESS

TO

THE BRETHREN OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE,

NO. 534, LANCASTER.

DELIVERED AT THEIR COMMEMORATION OF

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN,

DEC. 28, 1795.

BY THE REV. JAMES WATSON.

[Transmitted for insertion in "The *Freemason's Magazine*," at the request of the Lodge.]

ON quitting the chair at the period of my presidency, I cannot help expressing my sincerest thanks to you, my worthy and respected BRETHREN, for your kind attention to all my recommendations; your ready obedience to all my official directions; and your candid indulgence to all my humble, but well-meant, endeavours to promote the prosperity and happiness of this now flourishing Lodge*. I cannot sufficiently applaud your temperance and regularity, both in and after Lodge hours; than which nothing tends more to the credit of our associations in the eyes of a censorious world. The rapid progress also made by several of our noviciate brothers demands my warmest approbation; and their example will, I hope, stimulate others to a similar application. Suffer me moreover to express the satisfaction I feel, in surrendering the distinguished office you honoured me with into the hands of the † CHIEF MAGISTRATE of this ancient and opulent Borough; a man whose integrity of principle, and whose laudable zeal and activity in every undertaking, I have learned to respect and admire from long friendship, and even domestic intimacy.

As at my entrance upon this station, I obtruded a few Masonic observations ‡ upon your attention; so your kind indulgence *then* has emboldened me to trespass upon your patience with a few more, upon my quitting it, although they may have been already discussed by much abler brethren §.

The *three* degrees into which MASONRY is divided, seem to have an obvious and apt coincidence with the *three* progressive states of mankind, from the Creation to the end of time.

* Consisting of 38 members. † Richard Johnson, Esq. Mayor.
‡ Vide our Magazine for February, p. 78.
§ Vide in particular "Hutchinson's Spirit of Masonry."

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The *first* is emblematic of Man's state of nature, from his first Disobedience to the time of God's Covenant with Abraham, and the establishment of the Jewish Œconomy.

The *second*, from that period to the æra of the last, full, and perfect Revelation from Heaven to Mankind, made by our GREAT REDEEMER.

The *third*, comprehending the glorious interval of the Christian Dispensation, down to the Consummation of all Things.

The state of darkness, or obscurity, of the FIRST DEGREE, strongly figures out the darkness of chaos before man's creation; or the night into which his glorious faculties were plunged, by the fall consequent upon his original transgression. It is also forcibly emblematic of the darkness of the womb antecedent to man's natural birth; and the *pain inflicted* at his entrance aptly represents his pangs, and bitter sensations, on his *entrance* into the LODGE of this chequered life. Like a woeful and benighted traveller, found in a dreary and hopeless desert, his indigent condition suggests to him the forlorn and helpless situation of man in a state of nature; teaches him the value of mutual good offices; and directs him to extend that relief afterwards to others, which he then so much wants himself, by *comforting the afflicted, feeding the hungry*, and *covering the naked with a garment*. He is brought to the light of the world, and the light of knowledge, by the help of others. His investiture is strongly significant of the first * cloathing of the human race, and marks out the modest † purpose of primæval dress. His tools are the rough implements of uninstructed genius, and the rude emblems of the simplest moral truths, pointing out the hard labour which human industry must undergo, when unassisted by the cunning and compendious devices of cultivated art. His Lodge is described to him as an universal wilderness, wherein he cautiously associates with his human brothers upon the highest of hills, or in the lowest of valleys; the green grass its pavement; the cloudy canopy of Heaven its covering. Thus he is taught to consider this whole terrestrial globe as his LODGE; and is thereby instructed to look upon all mankind as his BRETHREN, and to grasp the whole human race to his heart with the arms of universal benevolence and compassion. Hence, also, he learns to view the whole earth as one TEMPLE of the Deity, with its length due East and West marked out by the line of the *Zodiac*, and the ‡ *Giant's Course* of the Sun and Moon therein; and to contemplate every human heart, as an ALTAR burning with the incense of adoration to the GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

As the darkness of heathenism, or natural religion, preceded the divine revelation vouchsafed to the favorite people of God; so, by our initiation into the SECOND DEGREE, we advance still farther into the *dawn* figured out by the Mosaic dispensation, which preceded the more perfect CHRISTIAN DAY. Here the noviciate is brought to light, to behold and handle tools of a more artificial and ingenious

* Gen. iii. 21. † Gen. iii. 7. ‡ Psalm xix. 5.

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construction, and emblematic of sublimer moral truths. By these, he learns to reduce rude matter into due form, and rude manners into the more polished shape of moral and religious rectitude; becoming thereby a more harmonious corner-stone of symmetry, in the structure of human society, until he is made a glorified corner-stone in the Temple of God, *made without hands, eternal in the Heavens.* Here he learns to apply the SQUARE of Justice to all his actions; the LEVEL of Humility and Benevolence to all his Brother Men; and by the PLUMB LINE of Fortitude, to support himself through all the dangers and difficulties of this, our fallen, feeble, state. Here, instead of the *casual* Lodge as before, like the vagrant tabernacle in the wilderness, he first becomes acquainted with the construction of the glorious Temple of King Solomon, whose magnificent proportions were dictated by the oracular instruction of God, and are figurative of celestial perfection.

The THIRD DEGREE brings the Masonic enquirer into a state representing the meridian light of the last and fullest revelation, from Heaven to man upon earth, by the eternal *Son of God;* through whose resurrection and ascension, he is raised from darkness and death to the certainty of life and immortality.

Such is the Masonic œconomy. Such are the outlines of that system, which is justly compared to an *equilateral triangle,* the perfect emblem of universal harmony, and the sublimest symbol of the incomprehensible Deity; whose radiant throne may we all hereafter encircle with songs and choral hallelujahs for evermore!

Amen, so MOTE it be!*

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* Our worthy and ingenious brother Watson will, we trust, perceive the propriety of the deletions, which we have made in this address. The Masonic veil is sacred; and we dare not go beyond the prescribed bounds which the laws of the institution have so wisely fixed. EDITOR.

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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.*

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

THE memoirs of the life and writings of the historian of the Roman Empire, written by himself, and confided to his friend Lord Sheffield, have just made their appearance, in two volumes 4to; and in a manner that is highly creditable to the care and talents of the learned editor. It appears from his Lordship's preface, that these memoirs are arranged from different journals and papers of Mr. Gibbon; but that they are always given in his own *exact* words. It is to be regretted that he did not continue his memoirs farther than to within twenty years of his death. This loss, however, has been in part supplied, by the publication of his epistolary correspondence with his most intimate friends, which is added in an Appendix; and which is, perhaps, the best picture of the real character and manners of its author:

"——————— Omnis
"———pateat veluti descripta Tabella
"Vita Senis:" Hor.

From his letters we are enabled to collect a great deal of the life and opinions of a man, whose works have given new dignity to the English language; and whose speculative tenets may not appear very objectionable, when the malevolence of some shall have ceased to misrepresent, and the prejudices of others to misconceive them.

Every memoir of so great a writer must be entertaining: we shall therefore extract, for our readers, such parts as appear to us particularly interesting; referring them to the work itself for more copious information.

Mr. Gibbon introduces the memoirs with a short introduction, which we extract in his own words:

"In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this

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personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar: but style is the image of character; and the habits of correct writing may produce, without labour or design, the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward: and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule."

His reflections on the dignity of birth and hereditary descent, are not only elegantly written, but highly creditable to his heart and judgment.

"Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so antient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour, we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered, by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet. I have exposed my private feelings, as I shall always do, without scruple or reserve. That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am inclined to believe, since I do not feel myself interested in the cause: for I can derive from my ancestors neither glory nor shame."

After a long account of his family, our author proceeds to state the time of his birth, &c.

"I was born at Putney, in the county of Surry, the 27th of April, O. S. in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven; the first child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, esq. and of Judith

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Porten *. My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune. From my birth I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture; but I was succeeded by five brothers and one sister, all of whom were snatched away in their infancy. My five brothers, whose names may be found in the parish register of Putney, I shall not pretend to lament; but from my childhood to the present hour I have deeply and sincerely regretted my sister, whose life was somewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have seen an amiable infant. The relation of a brother and a sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire, the sole species of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger."

The account of Mr. Gibbon's progress in knowledge, and the circumstances that led him to the study of history, are curious and entertaining.

"The curiosity, which had been implanted in my infant mind, was still alive and active; but my reason was not sufficiently informed to understand the value, or to lament the loss, of three precious years, from my entrance at Westminster to my admission at Oxford. Instead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the chamber or the couch, I secretly rejoiced in those infirmities, which delivered me from the exercises of the school, and the society of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free desultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my solitary hours. At Westminster, my aunt sought only to amuse and indulge me; in my stations at Bath and Winchester, at Buriton and Putney, a false compassion respected my sufferings; and I was allowed, without controul or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taste. My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees in the *historic* line: and since philosophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensities, I must ascribe this choice to the assiduous perusal of the Universal History, as the octavo volumes successively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatise of Hearne, the *Ductor historicus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman his-

* The union to which I owe my birth was a marriage of inclination and esteem. Mr. James Porten, a merchant of London, resided with his family at Putney, in a house adjoining to the bridge and church-yard, where I have passed many happy hours of my childhood. He left one son (the late Sir Stanier Porten) and three daughters: Catherine, who preserved her maiden name, and of whom I shall hereafter speak; another daughter married Mr. Darrel of Richmond, and left two sons, Edward and Robert; the youngest of the three sisters was Judith, my mother.

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torians, to as many at least as were accessible to an English reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the last century. The cheap acquisition of so much knowledge confirmed my dislike to the study of languages; and I argued with Mrs. Porten, that, were I master of Greek and Latin, I must interpret to myself in English the thoughts of the original, and that such extemporary versions must be inferior to the elaborate translations of professed scholars; a silly sophism, which could not easily be confuted by a person ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern world: many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, &c. I devoured like so many novels; and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.

"My first introduction to the historic scenes, which have since engaged so many years of my life, must be ascribed to an accident. In the summer of 1751, I accompanied my father on a visit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltshire; but I was less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead, than with discovering in the library a common book, the Continuation of Echard's Roman History, which is indeed executed with more skill and taste than the previous work. To me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new; and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube, when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. This transient glance served rather to irritate than to appease my curiosity; and as soon as I returned to Bath, I procured the second and third volumes of Howel's History of the World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale. Mahomet and his Saracens soon fixed my attention; and some instinct of criticism directed me to the genuine sources. Simon Ockley, an original in every sense, first opened my eyes; and I was led from one book to another, till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history. Before I was sixteen, I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Abulfaragius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act; and the only principle, that darted a ray of light into the indigested chaos, was an early and rational application to the order of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient geography; from Stranchius I imbibed the elements of chronology; the Tables of Helvicus and Anderson, the Annals of Usher and Prideaux, distinguished the connection of events, and engraved the multitude of names and dates in a clear and indelible series. But in the discussion of the first ages, I overleaped the bounds of modesty and use. In my childish balance I presumed

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to weigh the systems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marsham and Newton, which I could seldom study in the originals; and my sleep has been disturbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition, that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance, of which a school-boy would have been ashamed."

At fifteen years of age, our author went to Magdalen College, Oxford; where he continued only fourteen months, being forced to quit it on account of his conversion to Popery. His strictures on the conduct and discipline of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are very severe; and we are sorry to add, in some instances, too true.

"Perhaps in a separate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our sister universities, a question which has kindled such fierce and foolish disputes among their fanatic sons. In the mean while it will be acknowledged, that these venerable bodies are sufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies, by the charters of popes and kings, had given them a monopoly of the public instruction; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive: their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists; and the new improvements, so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. We may scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and so deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities."

Mr. Gibbon is very successful in the vindication of his character from that inconstancy, which has been charged upon it by his enemies, in his early conversion to the Church of Rome: for when he abjured the "errors of heresy," he could not be more than sixteen years old: a period when the human mind is very liable to error in religious matters.

"For my own part (says he) I am proud of an honest sacrifice of interest to conscience. I can never blush, if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that seduced the acute and manly understandings of CHILLINGWORTH and BAYLE, who afterwards emerged from superstition to scepticism."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SKETCHES

OF THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE

NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

[From "A Journey to the Northern Ocean from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, in the years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772."]

IN the year 1769, the Hudson's Bay Company, induced by several specimens of copper brought by the Indians to their settlements, which were said to be found on the banks of a great river to the northward, determined to explore the country, with a view to ascertain whether any commercial advantages could be reaped from a more accurate knowledge of the places from which these specimens were brought. Mr. Hearne, an enterprising and intelligent man in the company's service, was fixed on to conduct the expedition, and after innumerable hardships in two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in ascertaining the position of the mouth of the great Copper Mine River, which he supposes to open itself into the Northern Ocean, and is situated in about lat. 71°. The country through which he travelled was, before then, very little known to Europeans; and of course his descriptions of the manners of the different Indians are original and entertaining. In consideration of his services in these expeditions, Mr. Hearne was appointed Governor of Prince of Wales's Fort in 1775, and this may account for these travels not being published before.

METHOD OF SETTING A NET WHEN THE RIVERS ARE FROZEN.

"To set a net under the ice, it is first necessary to ascertain its exact length, by stretching it out upon the ice near the part proposed for setting it. This being done, a number of round holes are cut in the ice, at ten or twelve feet distance from each other, and as many in number as will be sufficient to stretch the net at its full length. A line is then passed under the ice, by means of a long light pole, which is first introduced at one of the end holes, and, by means of two forked sticks, this pole is easily conducted, or passed from one hole to another, under the ice, till it arrives at the last. The pole is then taken out, and both ends of the line being properly secured, is always ready for use. The net is made fast to one end of the line by one person, and hauled under the ice by a second; a large stone is tied to each of the lower corners, which serves to keep the net expanded, and prevents its rising from the bottom with every waft of the current. The Europeans settled in Hudson's Bay proceed much in the same manner, though they in general take much more pains; but the above method is found quite sufficient by the Indians.

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"In order to search a net thus set, the two end holes only are opened; the line is veered away by one person, and the net hauled from under the ice by another; after all the fish are taken out, the net is easily hauled back to its former station, and there secured as before."

METHOD OF PITCHING TENTS AMONG THE SOUTHERN INDIANS.

"To pitch an Indian's tent in winter, it is first necessary to search for a level piece of dry ground; which cannot be ascertained but by thrusting a stick through the snow down to the ground, all over the proposed part. When a convenient spot is found, the snow is then cleared away in a circular form to the very moss; and when it is proposed to remain more than a night or two in one place, the moss is also cut up and removed, as it is very liable when dry to take fire, and occasion much trouble to the inhabitants. A quantity of poles are then procured, which are generally proportioned both in number and length to the size of the tent cloth, and the number of persons it is intended to contain. If one of the poles should not happen to be forked, two of them are tied together near the top, then raised erect, and their buts or lower ends extended as wide as the proposed diameter of the tent; the other poles are then set round at equal distances from each other, and in such order, that their lower ends form a complete circle, which gives boundaries to the tent on all sides: the tent cloth is then fastened to a light pole, which is always raised up and put round the poles from the weather side, so that the two edges that lap over and form the door are always to leeward. It must be understood that this method is only in use when the Indians are moving from place to place every day; for when they intend to continue any time in one place, they always make the door of their tent to face the south.

"The tent cloth is usually of thin Moose leather, dressed and made by the Indians, and in shape it nearly resembles a fan-mount inverted; so that when the largest curve incloses the bottom of the poles, the smaller one is always sufficient to cover the top; except a hole, which is designedly left open to serve the double purpose of chimney and window.

"The fire is always made on the ground in the center, and the remainder of the floor, or bottom of the tent, is covered all over with small branches of the pine tree, which serve both for seats and beds. A quantity of pine tops and branches are laid round the bottom of the poles on the outside, over which the eyes of the tent is staked down; a quantity of snow is then packed over all, which excludes great part of the external air, and contributes greatly to the warmth within. The tent here described is such as is made use of by the Southern Indians, and the same with which I was furnished at the factory: for that made use of by the Northern Indians is made of different materials, and is of a quite different shape, as shall be described hereafter."

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It has been a general complaint among travellers, who have viewed the manners of men in savage life, that they are always rapacious, unless restrained either by fear, or the dread of their superiors. This complaint is made by Mr. Hearne of the Indians he met with; nor can it be wondered at: the North American savage, wandering at will, and depending for his existence on what nature spontaneously produces, is in the constant habit of applying to his use whatever he finds. And this habit, unrestrained by civil obligation, leads him to think, that in the state of society in which he lives, the *want* of any article constitutes a *right* to it. It appears also, that they are as anxious to plunder each other as they are to plunder Europeans.

RAPACITY OF THE NORTHERN INDIANS.

"The day after I had the misfortune to break the quadrant, several Indians joined me from the northward, some of whom plundered me and my companions of almost every useful article we had, among which was my gun; and notwithstanding we were then on the point of returning to the factory, yet, as one of my companions' guns was a little out of order, the loss was likely to be severely felt; but it not being in my power to recover it again, we were obliged to rest contented.

"Nothing can exceed the cool deliberation of these villains; a committee of them entered my tent*. The ringleader seated himself on my left hand. They first begged me to lend them my skipertogan,† to fill a pipe of tobacco. After smoking two or three pipes, they asked me for several articles which I had not, and among others for a pack of cards; but on my answering them, that I had not any of the articles they mentioned, one of them put his hand on my baggage, and asked if it was mine. Before I could answer in the affirmative, he and the rest of his companions (six in number) had all my treasure spread on the ground. One took one thing, and another another, till at last nothing was left but the empty bag, which they permitted me to keep. At length, considering that, though I was going to the Factory, I should want a knife to cut my victuals, an awl to mend my shoes, and a needle to mend my other clothing, they readily gave me these articles, though not without making me understand, that I ought to look upon it as a great favour. Finding them possessed of so much generosity, I ventured to solicit them for my razors; but thinking that one would be sufficient to shave me during my passage home, they made no scruple to keep the other; luckily they chose the worst. To complete their generosity, they

* This only consisted of three walking sticks stuck into the ground, and a blanket thrown over them.

† Skipertogan is a small bag that contains a flint and steel, also a pipe and tobacco, as well as touchwood, &c. for making a fire. Some of these bags may be called truly elegant; being richly ornamented with beads, porcupine-quills, morse-hair, &c. a work always performed by the women; and they are, with much propriety, greatly esteemed by most Europeans for the neatness of their workmanship.

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permitted me to take as much soap, as I thought would be sufficient to wash and shave me, during the remainder of my journey to the Factory.

"They were more cautious in plundering the Southern Indians, as the relation of such outrages being committed on them might occasion a war between the two nations; but they had nothing of that kind to dread from the English. However, the Northern Indians had address enough to talk my home-guard Indians out of all they had: so that before we left them, they were as clean swept as myself, excepting their guns, some ammunition, an old hatchet, an ice-chissel, and a file to sharpen them.

"It may probably be thought strange that my guide, who was a Northern Indian, should permit his countrymen to commit such outrages on those under his charge; but being a man of little note, he was so far from being able to protect us, that he was obliged to submit to nearly the same outrage himself. On this occasion, he assumed a great air of generosity; but the fact was, he gave freely, what it was not in his power to protect."

Many writers have observed, that it is only the refinement of civilized society that can induce mankind to treat females with that tenderness and respect, with which they are treated in the states of modern Europe. Among the Northern Indians, however, they appear to be treated with greater indifference, not to say cruelty, than among any other people under Heaven. The following anecdote of Matonabbee, one of their chiefs, is a striking proof of this:

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

"He attributed all our misfortunes to the misconduct of my guides; and the very plan we pursued, by the desire of the Governor, in not taking any women with us on this journey, was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned all our wants: 'for,' said he, 'when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? Women,' added he, 'were made for labour; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night, and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance.' 'Women,' said he again, 'though they do every thing, are maintained at a trifling expence: for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers, in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence.' This, however odd it may appear, is but a too true description of the situation of women in this country; it is at least so in appearance: for the women always carry the provisions, and it is more than probable they help themselves, when the men are not present."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CHARACTERS
OF
CHILLINGWORTH AND BAYLE.

TO contemplate the characters of great men, is, perhaps, one of the most important amusements we can be engaged in: since it is only by forming a proper estimate of the conduct of others, that we can learn to regulate our own. But the picture becomes doubly interesting, when it is drawn by the pencil of a great master. Mr. Gibbon has given the following sketches of the characters of two of the greatest men of their times.

CHILLINGWORTH.

While Charles the First governed England, and was himself governed by a catholic queen, it cannot be denied that the missionaries of Rome laboured with impunity and success in the court, the country, and even the universities. One of the sheep,

——Whom the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,

is Mr. William Chillingworth, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was persuaded to elope from Oxford to the English seminary at Douay in Flanders. Some disputes with Fisher, a subtle jesuit, might first awaken him from the prejudices of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, "that there must be some-"where an infallible judge; and that the church of Rome is the "only Christian society, which either does or can pretend to that "character." After a short trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious scruples; he returned home, resumed his studies, unravelled his mistakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and superstition. His new creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter; and he ably maintains this principle in the 'Religion of a Protestant;' a book which, after startling the doctors of Oxford, is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to fair preferment; but the slave had now broken his fetters; and the more he weighed, the less was he disposed to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not subscribe to them without subscribing to his own damnation; and that if ever he should depart from this immoveable resolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman, or an atheist. As the letter is without a date, we cannot ascertain the number of weeks or months that elapsed between this passionate ab-

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horrence and the Salisbury Register, which is still extant. "Ego "Gulielmus Chillingworth, ... omnibus hisce articulis, ... "et singulis in iisdem contentis volens, et ex animo subscribo, et "consensum meum iisdem præbeo. 20 die Julii 1638." But, alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum soon deviated from his own subscription: as he more deeply scrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither scripture nor the primitive fathers could long uphold his orthodox belief; and he could not but confess, "that the doctrine of "Arius is either a truth, or at least no damnable heresy." From this middle region of the air, the descent of his reason would naturally rest on the firmer ground of the Socinians; and if we may credit a doubtful story, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at last subsided in philosophic indifference. So conspicuous, however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquisition into truth. His doubts grew out of himself; he assisted them with all the strength of his reason; he was then too hard for himself; but finding as little quiet and repose in those victories, he quickly recovered, by a new appeal to his own judgment: so that in all his sallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert.

BAYLE.

Bayle was the son of a Calvinist minister, in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the protestants were tempted to risk their children in the catholic universities; and in the twenty-second year of his age, young Bayle was seduced by the arts and arguments of the jesuits of Thoulouse. He remained about seventeen months (19th March 1669—19th August 1670), in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert composed or subscribed (15th April 1670), is darkly tinged with the spirit of popery. But Nature had designed him to think as he pleased, and to speak as he thought: his piety was offended by the excessive worship of creatures; and the study of physics convinced him of the impossibility of transubstantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the testimony of our senses. His return to the communion of a falling sect was a bold and disinterested step, that exposed him to the rigour of the laws; and a speedy flight to Geneva protected him from the resentment of his spiritual tyrants, unconscions as they were of the full value of the prize, which they had lost. Had Bayle adhered to the catholic church, had he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, the genius and favour of such a prosylete might have aspired to wealth and honours in his native country; but the hypocrite would have found less happiness in the comforts of a benefice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private state of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty, and subsisted by the labours of his pen. The inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excused by his alternately

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writing for himself, for the booksellers, and for posterity; and if a severe critic would reduce him to a single folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become still more valuable. A calm and lofty spectator of the religious tempest, the philosopher of Rotterdam condemned, with equal firmness, the persecution of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calvinists; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which sometimes vexed his solitary retreat. In reviewing the controversies of the times, he turned against each other the arguments of the disputants; successively wielding the arms of the catholics and protestants, he proves that neither the way of authority, nor the way of examination, can afford the multitude any test of religious truth; and dextrously concludes that custom and education must be the sole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheism is less pernicious than superstition, acquires a tenfold vigour, when it is adorned with the colours of his wit, and pointed with the acuteness of his logic. His critical dictionary is a vast repository of facts and opinions; and he balances the *false* religions in his sceptical scales, till the opposite quantities (if I may use the language of algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he so boldly exercised, of assembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocosely to assume the title of the νεφελαγερετα Ζευς, the cloud compelling Jove; and in a conversation with the ingenious Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely disclosed his universal Pyrrhonism, "I am most truly (said Bayle) a protestant: for I protest indifferently against all systems and all sects".

SCENE IN THE ALPS.

Perhaps the circumference of the whole terraqueous globe does not present a scene more sublime and magnificent, than what is exhibited to us in the following extract from Mrs. Piozzi's "*Observations in a Journey through France, &c.*"

"IN these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades mean time bursting from naked mountains on the one side; cultivated fields, rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts, where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid, though narrow, river, dashing with violence among the insolently impending rocks at the bottom, and bells in thickly scattered spires calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one's mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford."

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MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN

A TOUR THROUGH LONDON,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM,
F. S. A. SCO.

CONTINUED FROM P. 179.

GUILD-HALL.

"I SHOULD be lost," says the stranger, "in that vast metropolis." There is nothing more unlikely. A man among men can scarcely be out of his way. His eye is continually caught with something new. He is ever seeking, and ever finds. If he hungers and thirsts after curiosities, here he may be filled.

Entering Guild-Hall, on the left, they were busy drawing the lottery, and the crowd very attentive. The characteristic of the nation is gambling. I was sorry to see it encouraged by Government. Nothing so much deranges the fortunes and the morals of a people. However, this is, perhaps, the only species, where fraud is not practised. As I am not fond of hazard of any kind, nor had any interest in the wheels, I was no more solicitous about events than the giants before me.

Entering another court, I heard part of the famous trial between Commodore Johnstone and Captain Sutton. On which side right lay, is uncertain; perhaps on neither, or rather, on the lawyers'. The jury, however, seemed conscious of their own weight, and determined to decide as seemed right in *their own* eyes. A practice worthy of imitation.

I then entered a third court, where Lord Loughborough presided. While the counsel were battling each other with keen weapons, his Lordship was attentively perusing a newspaper. I could not refrain from smiling, when I considered he was teaching the world to disregard his dark brethren of the long robe, by setting the example himself. Being master of the subject in dispute, and fixed in his judgment, perhaps he might view the combatants in the light of two animals often beheld in the street, which growl, pull each other down, and seemingly bite, yet meet and part friends.

It is curious to a stranger, who is unbiassed by custom, and often views things as they are, to contemplate the various ways of fighting, by which people become distinguished with particular dresses. Some of these dresses appear of the ludicrous kind.

There are fighting professions, besides that of a soldier, and implements of war, besides the sword. The counsel at Guildhall *seemed* to

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take the utmost pleasure in cutting each other up, with that keen weapon, the tongue. The gown and the wig, like the painted bodies of the ancient Britons, seemed designed to strike terror into the enemy. But under the enormous wig, now and then appeared a natural head of hair; so that both the man and his subject appeared in a false dress.

Each of the counsel retains in view, as the result of victory, a singular robe among the Judges, perhaps among the Peers. Before I quit Guild-Hall, I shall take a trip to the Royal College of Greenwich, and the Cathedral of St. Paul, both which happened the next day.

The beautiful palace of Greenwich gives pleasure to the beholder. I attended to the situation, the buildings, the paintings, the dress, the manners, the people, and was pleased with all. I considered its twenty-five hundred inhabitants as an assemblage of men from every part of the British dominions.—That among them were eyes which had surveyed every country on the globe. Seeing one man in a yellow coat with red sleeves, You seem, says I, by the singularity of your dress, to fill some important office in these splendid regions? "No, Sir," he replied, with the modesty of one whose manners were softened by long service, "the reason of this dress is, I got drunk, and beat my comrade." And so your dress, then, is the reward of your victory? You have not forgot the art of fighting. You have only changed your weapon, from the sword to the fist. But if you are in a dress of disgrace, why do you not keep within? "They oblige me, as an additional punishment, to appear in public." Why then you only fare like every one else; they all appear in public, who can dress, like you, in the garment of victory.

The same day I attended divine service at St. Paul's, where the Bishop of L—— preached in a black gown and white sleeves. It immediately occurred to my thoughts, whether his Lordship did not acquire that distinguished dress as the result of conquest, gained by another keen weapon, termed a pen. The stranger, too, would be apt to suppose this black and white dress inferior to that which is all white; or, that two colours, like those at Greenwich, were a degree below one: for a speaker, in white, addressed the Deity, but the Bishop only the people.

I then entered another court in Guild-Hall, which was crowded. I attempted a passage. The bar-keeper prevented me with, "Are you an attorney, Sir?" Something like one. "Come, Sir, I do not know them all."

Here Lord Mansfield sat as chief; on his right was Lord Rodney, as his friend. I could not forbear contemplating, that I had before me two of the principal characters of the age; one stood at the head of the law, the other of arms; they had both done signal service to their country; that country had heaped favours upon both, and yet was debtor to both.

The practice of the bar is not so much to open, as to complicate a case. He raises his reputation who says the smartest things, not

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he who says the truest. But Lord Mansfield, like a superior power, easily perceived the merits of a cause, carefully divided truth from disguise, and never lost sight of equity. I was pleased, when I reflected he had lived to extreme age, because his country had been benefited by it fifty years. But I was sorry he had not fifty to live, that his country might have a benefit to come.

The depredations made upon this great man by Lord George's mob, in 1780, were as much to his honour as any act of his life. The public, in their collective capacity, seldom do wrong; but a capricious mob, conducted by a favourite madman, as seldom do right.

I surveyed this venerable sage more than three hours, during which time he determined about nine causes, and, to my apprehension, as they ought. Perhaps it is not possible to say any thing greater of a judge—than, that his decisions are right. I shall repeat one.

Two Jews, whose names I have forgot, so shall distinguish them by those of plaintiff and defendant, were residents in London, but natives of the same place in Germany. The latter, being in distressed circumstances, applied to the plaintiff for his assistance, to enable him to begin business. Here, says the plaintiff, I will lend you this watch, it is worth fifty shillings; sell it, and buy something more to go on with.

In a few days the defendant applied again. Sir, the watch is too trifling to begin with, I wish you would lend me more goods to sell with it, as one will help the other.

Here are, says the plaintiff, twelve sets of fine buckles, and four sets of finer, worth 18l. Take them, and I wish you success.

In a few days more, the defendant applied for a third assistance. It would be of great service if I had some coarser goods to sell with these, which, for ready money, I could buy very cheap. I find also, it will be dangerous to sell without a licence, and I know where one is to be sold for a trifle.

Then take these six guineas, says the plaintiff, which will accomplish your wish.

The defendant took the money, and immediately ran away to America, where he resided nineteen years.

In the beginning of 1784, he returned to London; and was quickly discovered by the injured plaintiff, who sent his servant, desiring to speak with him.

The defendant replied, "If your master has any thing to say to me, I live at No. 9, in such a place."

The plaintiff sent a second time, "My master says, if you will not pay what you owe him, he will arrest you." "If there is any little matter between your master and me, I am willing to settle it at any time.

The plaintiff hearing no more of his townsman, served him with the copy of a writ for 27l. The defendant gave bail, which brought on the trial I heard.

Long harangues were uttered in this plain case. But the defendant, by counsel, sheltered himself under these subterfuges; the sta-

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tute of limitations; the money having never been demanded on one side, nor acknowledged on the other; and if the defendant, said they, allowed any little matter between them, when they came to reckon, the balance might be on the other side.

Lord Mansfield, in a small distinct voice, observed, a balance was not likely to exist on the other side, because it appeared from the trial, that this was the only transaction of property between them. That the plaintiff could not easily demand his money, while the other resided in America. That his acknowledging there might be some little matter between them, was acknowledging the debt, by which the statute of limitations was done away.

Though his Lordship did not express himself upon this statute, it was easy to see he considered it as extremely useful, in preventing litigious, obsolete, and even false claims; but he also considered, that time pays no debts, that every just demand should be satisfied, and that a debt once contracted is a debt till paid.

THE WILLING LADIES.

We are now entering upon the fairest part of the creation; the prospects are beautiful, but the ground is treacherous. As I profess to relate only what I saw, it may fairly be supposed I preserve the same rule in this slippery chapter; and, perchance, may be suspected of falling. But cannot a man describe the course of a river, without descending into the stream? Besides, he who is sheltered under the word sixty, may venture himself among any description of the fair sex, without hazard to *their* reputation, or his own. He may retreat without any additional honour to his virtue.

I have already remarked in the introduction, that the curiosity of an object consists in its novelty. We may be surprized to see a man eight feet high; but if we see him every day, the surprize ceases. How often have I beheld astonishment in the face of a stranger, at his first view of Birmingham? such as, perhaps, was mine in London. His features told me, he had never seen its equal. Hence we members of the quill relate trifles to others, which are wonderful to ourselves. But let him view Birmingham for three days, and his astonishment wears off.

The philosophers will tell us, that one half of our species were born for the other, and that human nature is every where nearly the same. This species however, differs widely from habit in different places. The manner in which the two sexes approached each other, in London, surprized me, as being different from what I had ever observed.

Before I had been one hour there, a gentleman remarked, as two ladies were passing along, "They were girls of the town." I replied, "You must be mistaken, they appear ladies of beauty, elegance, and modesty." I could have laughed at his ignorance. But before I had been one day, he had reason, I found, to laugh at mine.

These transitory meteors rise, like the stars, in the evening; are

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nearly as numerous; and, like them, shine in their only suit. They hawk their charms to a crowded market, where the purchasers are few.—Many attempts are made for one customer gained. They cling to ones arms like the Lilliputian ships to the girdle of Gulliver.

Some of the finest women I saw in London were of this class. I conversed with many of them.—They could all swear, talk indecently, and drink gin. Most of them assured me, they had not a penny in the world. I considered them as objects of pity more than of punishment; and would gladly have given a trifle to each, but found it could not be done for less than ten thousand shillings.

Of all professions, this seems the most deplorable, and the most industriously pursued. That diligence is exercised to starve in this, which would enable them to live in another.

Many causes tend to furnish the streets of London with evening game; as, being destitute of protection in early years; being trepanned by the artful of our sex, or the more artful of their own; accidental distress, without prospect of relief; disappointment of places, or of love. But the principal cause is idleness. To the generality of the world, ease is preferable to labour. Perhaps it is difficult to produce an instance of a girl, of an industrious turn, going upon the town. It is seldom an act of choice, but of necessity. Inclination seems no part of the excitement. This is much the same as in the rest of women. It is not the man they want, but the money. They suffer what they do not relish, to procure the bread they do. In the connexions between the sexes, the heart is not of the party. Their language, like that of the leech, is, *give*; and like it, they squander their profits and become lean.—Their price is various, but always a little more than they can get.

There is a small degree of delicacy requisite, even in the most abandoned. A female should ever appear in a female character. Charms tendered in the vulgar stile, cease to be charms. We should not see, but guess.

However necessary this degenerate race may be for preventing depredations upon families, in them the order of things seem inverted. The male was designed to be the solicitor, as is practised among every species of animals, the woman to "be woo'd, and not unsought be won;" but by offering her treasures to every beholder, she renders them despicable; which tends to cultivate a monstrous passion in our sex, never designed by nature.

Various degrees of prudence may easily be seen, even among these fallen beauties, by their dress and their manners. But in this profession, prudence does not increase with age; for I could observe, the dress and the wearer grow old together.

Some are elegantly attired, others extremely shewy with trifles; and the use of spirits had burnt holes in the apparel of numbers, which are never repaired by the needle, or a flourishing trade.

A genteel figure, and one of the handsomest women I had ever seen, approached me; a few insignificant remarks opened a conversa-

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tion, as is customary with those who have nothing to say, but who understand intentions better than words.

And pray, Madam, what could you do with an old fellow?

"O, my dear Sir, I love an old man better than a young one."

Provided he is better furnished in the pocket. And so you take any thing into your arms, if you can but take the cash in your fingers.

"It is a cold night, and I wish to take you."

But I have no *fire* about me.

"Let me lead you, Sir to my apartments."

Perhaps I shall find one there; or rather, like the Israelites, be led by a pillar of fire.

"Let me drink your health, Sir."

Perhaps you are able to destroy health without drinking.

"Do, Sir, favour me with a glass."

I have not one drop of spirits, or they should be much at your service.

"But you have *that* which will purchase them."

And *that* I will give you with pleasure.

"Shall I see you again?"

If you take a journey to Birmingham.

"Let me go with you, Sir," says a smart young lass, as she laid hold of my arm.

If you please, Madam, and welcome; but really I do not know myself where I am going. I am like some others in this city, only a street-walker.

"I will do any thing to oblige you, Sir."

You are extremely civil, Madam.

"Please to give me something to drink your health."

Take that then; and I wish it may preserve yours. A curtesy divided us for ever.

Whether a man parts with a guinea by his own consent, or another's, his fortune is left the same, but not his mind. The money which is drawn by force, comes with a frown; but that which he gives, with a smile. Hence arises that growing complaint against taxes. These being *charged* upon us, we complain. But I found, as a traveller, through the streets of London, I had accumulated a double tax. The great number of starving beggars in the day-time, and the still greater of civil ladies in the night, taxed me round the day. Had these taxes been forced upon me by Government, they would have sat uneasy; but being created by myself, were borne without a murmur.

It is curious to observe infant nature in her early operations. I was accosted, among others, by a living Dol.

And pray, my dear, how long have you opened a commerce with our sex? Her diffidence prevented an answer. Perhaps when you quitted the cradle? What age are you?

"Going of thirteen."

You mean, when you are turned twelve.

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She solicited a trifling sum, which was received with thanks, and I left her without one word of advice, and that for two reasons. He who gives advice unasked, is laughed at when he turns his back; and the advice intended was, to apply herself to labour; which she would have rejected with scorn.

Most of the ladies I conversed with were not natives of London; but were a sacrifice to the metropolis, offered by the thirty-nine counties.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 182.

WHEN first the muse prefer'd her humble bay
To deck the fav'rites of a former day,
Scarce could she deem an orb would claim her song,
Form'd to transcend the brightest of the throng.
At SIDDONS' call, glad she resumes her lays,
To blend her tribute with the gen'ral praise;
And though too sure, alas! her feeble strain
Must, on such matchless pow'rs, essay in vain,
Yet may the muse, howe'er in numbers faint,
Prove she can feel what she despairs to paint.
But SIDDONS' name can raise a potent spell,
And mem'ry with her stores must fondly swell,
Recall at once her voice, her eye, her mien,
And all the wonders of the mimic scene;
Nor dazzled critics heed th' unequal lay,
Lost in the blaze of recollected day.
Blest with a form for happy sculpture's hand,
To fix the lines of graceful and of grand;
A harmony of face, and pow'r of eye,
To image all that feeling can supply;
A voice, each change of passion to engage,
From tend'rest pathos to the wildest rage:
Soft as the breeze that wantons with the flow'r,
When on the heart she tries her gentler pow'r;
Strong as the storm, when fury takes its course,
And madness strains it to the utmost force;
Beyond all sense of fiction she can soar,
And real horrors scarce could whelm us more.
Whether her *Zara*'s proud disastrous love,
Or *Shore*'s mild woes, the kindred feelings move—

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Whether her genius tempt a bolder flight,
The frail *Macbeth* to murd'rous deeds incite,
Terrific spurn at Nature's softest laws,
Or playful plead misguided *Cassio*'s cause;
Whether she seeks to make our sorrows flow
Through unambitious scenes of home-felt woe,
Where mid the wreck of fortune, fame, and life,
The *Gamester* leaves his fond, though ruin'd wife;
In all, sublime, endearing, or refin'd,
The great pervading energy is MIND;
In all, the passions to her potent art
By turns resign the subjugated heart.
But though she thus the tragic heights can gain,
And pour the plaintive or heroic strain,
With graceful ease the "*learned sock*" she wears—
Thus *Rosalind* her comic skill declares;
Whose sportive elegance can sweetly move
With happiest charm of gaiety and love.
Oh! thou whose pow'r can sooth or storm the soul,
With magic touch the fiercest to controul;
Who, born the drama's noblest paths to trace,
Canst e'en to Shakspeare's muse impart new grace,
Let scandal rave, let sick'ning envy try
To blast thy laurels, and thy worth decry,
While 'tis thy noble triumph, only those,
Sure test of genius, are thy hopeless foes:
The feeling still thy merit shall attest,
Give thee fond credit for a kindred breast,
Swell with thy rage, and with thy anguish mourn,
As vice shall tow'r, or virtue droop forlorn;
And while less graceful plaudits stun thine ear,
Bestow a nobler meed—the *silent tear*.
To close in order due, our long career,
See KEMBLE march, majestic and severe;
Fraught with uncommon pow'rs of form and face,
He comes the pomp of tragedy to grace.
Fertile in genius, and matur'd by art,
Not soft to steal, but stern to seize, the heart,
In mould of figure, and in frame of mind,
To him th' heroic sphere must be assign'd.
August or daring, he adorns the stage—
The gloomy subtlety, the savage rage,
The scornful menace, and the cynic ire,
The hardy valour, and the patriot fire—
These shew the vigour of a master's hand,
And o'er the fancy give him firm command:
As *Richard*, *Timon*, and *Macbeth* proclaim,
Or stern *Coriolanus*' nobler aim.

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Nor fierce alone, for well his pow'rs can shew
Calm declamation and attemper'd woe:—
The virtuous *Duke* who sway awhile declines,
Yet checks the *Deputy*'s abhorr'd designs;
And, in the Sov'reign or the saintly guise,
Benevolently just, and meekly wise:
The *Dane*, bewailing now a father's fate,
Now deeply pond'ring man's mysterious state;
Tender and dignifi'd, alike are seen—
The philosophic mind and princely mien.
When merely tender, he appears too cold,
Or rather fashion'd in too rough a mould;
Nor fitted love in softer form to wear,
But stung with pride, or mad'ning with despair:
As when the lost *Octavian*'s * murmurs flow
In full luxuriance of romantic woe.
Yet where *Orlando* cheers desponding age,
Or the sweet wiles of *Rosalind* engage,
We own, that manly graces finely blend
The tender lover, and the soothing friend.
Though nature was so prodigally kind
In the bold lineaments of form and mind,
As if to check a fond excess of pride,
The pow'rs of voice she scantily supply'd:
Oft, when the hurricanes of passion rise,
For correspondent tones he vainly tries;
To aid the storm, no tow'ring note combines,
And the spent breath th' unequal task declines.
Yet, spite of nature, he compels us still
To own the potent triumph of his skill,
While, with dread pauses, deepen'd accents roll,
Whose awful energy arrests the soul.
At times, perchance, the spirit of the scene,
Th' impassion'd accent, and impressive mien,
May lose their wonted force, while, too refin'd,
He strives by niceties to strike the mind;
For action too precise, inclin'd to pore,
And labour for a point unknown before;
Untimely playing thus the critics part,
To gain the head, when he should smite the heart.
Yet still must candour, on reflection, own
Some useful comment has been shrewdly shewn;
Nor here let puny malice vent its gall,
And texts with skill restor'd, *new readings* † call:
KEMBLE for actors nobly led the way,
And prompted them to think as well as play.

* The Mountaineers.

† The *cant term* by which useful researches have been discouraged.

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With cultur'd sense, and with experience sage,
Patient he cons the time-disfigur'd page,
Hence oft we see him with success explore,
And clear the dross from rich poetic ore,
Trace, through the maze of diction, passion's clew,
And open latent character to view.
Though for the muse of tragedy design'd,
In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
Yet would he fain the comic nymph embrace,
Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay;
But in a graver province he can please
With well-bred spirit, and with manly ease.
When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course,
Here, in his *Valentine*, might CONGREVE view
Th' embody'd portrait, vig'rous, warm and true.
Nor let us, with unhallow'd touch, presume
To pluck one sprig of laurel from the tomb;
Yet, with due rev'rence for the mighty dead,
'Tis just the fame of living worth to spread:
And could the noblest vet'rans now appear,
KEMBLE might keep his state, devoid of fear;
Still, while observant of his proper line,
With native lustre as a rival shine.
Thus has the muse, in artless numbers, try'd
The claims of Genius fairly to decide;
Averse to censure, anxious to commend,
And to the moral stage a zealous friend.
If the known merits of the scenic band
Demand the tribute of a nobler hand,
Yet may she boast, nor partial nor severe,
Her strains the dictates of a mind sincere;
And should the ventrous boast be deem'd too high,
That all is seen with an impartial eye,
The muse at least can feel with honest pride,
Her bias must be charg'd on candour's side.

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ON

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni. HOR.

THERE are scarcely any, endowed with the least possible degree of sensibility, but feel the heart unusually dilated upon the return of Spring. The revival of nature, and the rennovation of those delightful scenes, which the rude hand of winter had concealed under one dreary uniform of devastation, present a prospect pleasing to every eye and gladdening to every heart. The daisied lawn, the budding hawthorn, the reviving grove, the carol of birds from every tree, and the bleat of lambs in the neighbouring pastures, excite in the mind most pleasing sensations, and tune every chord to harmony and love. The effect which the return of this genial season produces, is visible in every part of animated nature, which seems to receive a new and unusual vigour from its kindly influence. The powers of the human mind likewise, which appear to have been rendered torpid by the cheerless aspect of winter, acquire a considerable expansion, and the many poetical effusions which this "youth of the year" has excited, sufficiently indicate that it has a particular power of quickening the activity of the imagination, and strengthening the wing of genius. There has not been a poet whom it has not inspired, not a muse from whom it has not received tribute.

The most pleasing sensation ever felt in the human breast is hope. Scarcely any one after the raptures of enjoyment, can say that possession ever gave him the delicious satisfaction he has experienced in listening to the secret suggestions of this sweet enchantress. It seems to be owing to some reason like this, that the early promise of Spring, gives more pleasure than the maturity of Summer, or the fruits of Autumn. The mind has still something left to wish and to hope for, some new and untried enjoyment in reversion. Every morning some new blossom is expanded, some new object grows up, and the eye and the understanding are gratified with perpetual variety.

> When Heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
> To raise *man's* being and serene his soul;
> Can he forbear to join the general smile
> Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
> While every gale is peace, and every grove
> Is melody? THOMSON.

It must be a matter of surprize to every feeling mind, that while all around nature smiles delighted, man can yet seem untouched by the genial influence, and with a heart filled with projects of vengeance, he can whet his sword against his brother man. That while

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every gale breathes fragrance, and every prospect excites benevolence, contending armies are preparing the engines of destruction, and only wait the dreadful signal to "cry havock and let loose the dogs of war." That the kind season which diffuses happiness to every part of animated nature besides, should bring to man alarm, and apprehension, devastation, and distress. There is surely some strange perverseness and depravity in mankind, that thus disposes it to run counter to the great order of Nature, and to act so contrary to those principles, which from their being supposed peculiar to the human heart, are called the principles of humanity.

Perhaps it would be presuming to penetrate too far into the counsels of Providence, to examine whether wars do not form part of its secret system, or are necessary to the œconomy of the world; certain it is, that the history of the world is nothing more than the history of wars by which it has been agitated. The triumph, or downfal of ambition, the alternate successes and mutual ravages of contending armies, the rise and decadence of empire, factions, cabals, intrigues, and insurrections, form the principal subjects that engage the pen of the historian, while the sterile years of peace are passed over in oblivious silence, as affording no subject of entertainment, no agreeable narrative to engage the attention of posterity. Those happy years, in which it may reasonably be presumed that every useful heart, contributing to the advantage or embellishment of social life, was cultivated with industry, are left unrecorded, as not worthy of remembrance. Those halcyon days, when every man might "sit under his own vine, and under his own fig tree," and enjoy the fruits of his labour unmolested, when not a cloud was seen on any face, or anxiety felt in any heart, are hurried over as barren wastes, where a dreary uniformity of prospect fatigues and disgusts the eye of the traveller.

The turbulent passions and restless activity of ambition, can find no satisfactory employment in the enervating calm of peace, it must for its own peculiar gratification shake off the inglorious languor, and to find for its sword matter of argument embroil a world. But it is almost always the fate of this passion, that the wars it excites, seldom produce any substantial advantages, and setting aside the false glory of destroying thousands of our fellow creatures, and laying towns in ashes, the contending parties usually sit down exhausted just where they begun.

It is not unlikely that if this vicissitude which we observe continually to take place in the universe, was to be suspended, much of that pleasure which arises from variety must be annihilated. We might be brought by the constant recurrence of the same blessings, to regard with listless indifference, what we should embrace with rapture, after passing through difficulty and danger to obtain. The mariner who has been tempest-tost on a boisterous ocean, enters with more joy into his destined harbour, than he who has been wafted over a calm sea by favourable gales. Contrasted with the horrors of war, we certainly must estimate more highly the blessings of

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peace, and taste with more exquisite transport the joys it brings, as the rudeness of the storm causes the ivy to cling more closely to its supporting oak, and as the return of Spring is more gladly welcome, after the dreary and desolating reign of Winter.

Bridlington. LXS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

The following very singular and pathetic Anecdote was found among the papers of an Officer, lately deceased, who served in America during the contest between Great Britain and her Colonies, and was an eye-witness of part of the fact related. I have not the smallest doubt that it is literally true; and if you think it deserving a place in your valuable and entertaining miscellany, it is very much at your service.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Islington, April 13, 1796. L. M.

IN the confusion while part of the town of Charlestown was in flames, a Scotch soldier, belonging to the regulars, forced his way into one of the houses, where he found in one of the rooms a woman just coming out with her daughter, about five years old, in her hand, to go to her husband's chamber, where he was confined by illness, to assist him in his escape. The mother on her knees, and the little infant, who following the example of her mother, begged that the soldier would spare their lives, they conceiving he intended to murder them. The screams of the mother and daughter reached the room where the husband lay, and though he had been confined for a long time to his bed, he leaped up, and with a drawn sword in his hand, rushed into the apartment which was the scene of distress, and instantly run the soldier through the body; who, though mortally wounded, had just time to turn about to see from whom he received this condign punishment; when, to his astonishment and confusion, he discovered the person to be his brother, and died. The unfortunate husband had but just time to see his wife lying in a fit, his child running about in a frenzy, and his brother lying dead at his feet; and having cried out, "I have killed my brother!" fell down and died also. The nurse, who had followed her master, had just heard his last words, when she perceived the house in a flame, and running forth, in hopes to get assistance to save this unfortunate family, had just got out of the house, when the roof, which had first taken fire, fell. It was some days before the nurse recovered her recollection, sufficiently to give any account of this fatal event, but it was afterwards discovered, that the unfortunate husband had left Scotland seven years before, and gone to settle in New England, where he shortly after married much to his advantage, and soon after went to settle at Charlestown, where he lived with great credit, and in domestic happiness, till the day of that general confusion.

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THE

VANITY OF FAME.

[From the French of M. de VOLTAIRE.]

IN the year 1723, at the Hague, I accidentally fell into the company of a Chinese, who, to a perfect knowledge in trade, joined great learning, and an extensive skill in science, two points, which though they may seem inconsistent to an European taste, are no way incompatible in themselves. If we are wrong in this respect, we may thank the prevailing sway which money has obtained, and the little regard that merit is ever likely to find amongst our politer part of the world.

This Stranger, who spoke the Dutch tolerably, came into a Bookseller's shop, where several men of Letters happened to be. He asked for a book, and was presented with Mr. Bossuet's Universal History, but indifferently translated.——At so promising a title, the Chinese seem'd quite overjoyed.——I am too happy (he cried) I shall see what notions you have here, of our vast empire, of a nation that has subsisted as such for fifty thousand years, under a continued succession of Princes. I shall learn your sentiments of our religion, our sciences and learned men, and of that pure worship we offer to the supreme Being. With what pleasure shall I read your account of our arts, many of which are older with us, than most of your monarchies in Europe. I doubt your author is but ill informed of the war we had 22,552 years ago with the warlike people of Tonquin, and the Japaneze, or of the solemn embassy which the powerful emperor of India sent, to desire laws of us in the year of the world 500,000,000,000,791,234,500,000——Alas (interrupted a Gentleman present) your nation is not once mentioned in this book, you make too inconsiderable a figure: The principal subject here is the oldest nation in the world, the chosen people of the Jews.

The Jews! (cried the Chinese)——I suppose then that this nation at least possesses three parts of the globe.——He was answered that indeed they expected it, but at present their chief men were only the principal brokers in this country.——You mistake, surely (replied the Asiatic) have these people, ever had a large empire? I returned that for some ages they had been masters of a small territory; but that the antiquity of a nation was not to be estimated by the extent of a country, no more than the merit of a man by his riches——But (continued the stranger) are there no other people mentioned in this book?—Yes, (answered the virtuoso, who stood by me) you have it in a long account of a country called Egypt, about fourscore leagues in breadth, in which is a lake 150 leagues in compass.——Hold! (interrupted the Chinese smiling) that is good! ——all the world in this kingdom was learned—said the virtuoso!

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Excellent things! answered the Chinese,—but is that all you have to tell me? No, resumed the European, you next have an account of the celebrated Greeks. Who are these?——The inhabitants of a province about two hundred times less than China (said the other) who have been famous all over the world.——I never (replied the Chinese, with a pleasant air) heard of these people in all my travels, either in India, Japan, or Great Tartary, through most of which countries I have been. Strange ignorance (cried the virtuoso) unaccountable barbarity!——I suppose then you have never heard of Epaminondas the Theban, nor the port of Piræum, you cannot tell the names of Achilles's Horses, nor how the ass of Silenus was called. You know nothing of Jupiter, nor Diogenes, nor Lais, nor Cybele, nor ——

I am afraid (answered the philosopher) you are equally unacquainted with our history. I should, I fear, surprize you with the ever memorable accident which happened to the celebrated Xiofu Conco-chi Ganku, and that you are intirely uninstructed in the mysteries of the great Fi-si-hihu. But pray let me know what other strange matters are contained in this Universal History? Upon that my friend descanted learnedly for near a quarter of an hour on the revolutions of the Roman State, but when he came to mention Julius Cæsar, the Chinese stopped him, saying,——I think I have heard of this man, pray was not he a Turk?

How, (replied his antagonist with some heat) do not you know at least the difference between Pagans, Christians, and Mahometans? Did you never hear of Constantine, and the Popes? We have some confused account, (replied the Chinese) of a person called Mahomet.

Sure (said the virtuoso) you must at least know something of Luther, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, and Bellarmine,—I shall never remember such hard names, said the Asiatic, very gravely: And with these words he left us to sell a considerable Parcel of Peko Tea, and fine Geogram, with the profit of which he bought several European commodities, and returned to his country, adoring Tyen *, and imploring the protection of Confucius.

This conversation fully convinced me of the vanity of human glory, I could not help thus reflecting with myself. Since the names of the great Cæsar, and the deified Jupiter are unknown in the most ancient, most extensive, most beautiful, most populous, and best governed empire on earth; how ridiculous is it for even the princes of our little dynasties to hope for fame! O ye vain preachers of a small parish, ye doctors and heads of universities!——ye trifling authors, ye unweariedly stupid commentators, how *well* does it become you to boast a lasting reputation!

* This is the name the Chinese give to the Supreme Being.---See a full account of Tyen in the translation of Du Halde's China, Vol. I. page 661. Fol.

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ANECDOTES.

OF THE GREAT DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

This great man, it is generally known, was very fond of wit; and it frequently happened that men of wit and talents obtained great favours from him by a sprightly idea or saying, which could not be obtained by any other means. A certain author of that period, having been told his Grace's weak side, waited on him one morning early in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and having obtained admission, by stating his business to be of the utmost importance, addressed his Grace as follows:—"Having the honour of being *related* to your Grace, and knowing that you have many good things in your gift, I presume to wait on you to claim the relationship, and solicit your bounty in my behalf." "I beg your pardon," replied the Duke, "but as I have not the honour of knowing you, will you inform me how we are related?" "*I need not inform your Grace,*" said the stranger, "*that we are all related by* ADAM." "Very true," again replied his Grace, "I acknowledge the tie; and *in consideration of it, beg your acceptance of this halfpenny. And be assured, that if every one, who is as nearly related to you as I am, will give you as much, you will not have farther occasion to solicit my bounty.*" This conduct so confounded the man of wit, that he retired without uttering another word.

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "*I hope,*" replied the Duke, "*you except those who have had the honour of beating them.*"

OF THE LATE SIR PATRICK BLAKE.

Sir Patrick was once in company where a nobleman, since dead, was relating many wonderful accounts of Echos, which he had heard abroad; more particularly one in the ruins of a temple, on the Appian way, about twelve miles from Rome, which, he said, *repeated any words seventy times.* That, replied Sir Patrick, (who had listened with great attention to much more than he believed) is nothing wonderful. There is an echo on my brother's estate, near the lake of Killarney, in Ireland, to which I have frequently said, "*Good-morrow, Madam Echo!*" and it has immediately answered, "*Good-morrow, Sir Patrick Blake, how do you do?*" The nobleman never afterwards told his wonderful tales of Echos when Sir Patrick was present.

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OF HASSAN, CAPTAIN PACHA, A LATE CELEBRATED TURKISH ADMIRAL.

Hassan, captain pacha, was one of the greatest men that ever commanded the Turkish fleets. Though seventy years of age, his mental and corporeal faculties seemed not the least impaired by time. In an engagement, when his ship was boarded, he and his second were principally active in clearing the decks of the enemy. A Calmouk seized him by the garment, and drew the trigger of his pistol at him, but it missed fire, and he was instantly cut down by the valiant old Musselman. His second was almost as singular a character as he was. Their knowledge of each other arose from the following incident.—The captain being informed of a sudden tumult near the seraglio, ordered his caique, and on his arrival at the place saw a croud of riotous people, with a desperate fellow at their head. Though unarmed, he immediately rushed forward to seize him. "Stop," said the other, presenting his pistol, "I know thee, captain pacha, and know too that my life is in danger; a step farther, and thou diest." Astonished at his temerity, but not terrified by the menace, (for the heart of Hassan was insensible of fear) he drew up, and viewing his opponent from head to foot with a countenance in the act of changing from anger to admiration: "Bold fellow," said he, "yield then, and trust to me." At the word, the pistol dropt from the other's hand, and he threw himself at the pacha's feet, who raised him from the ground, and ever after employed him as his lieutenant. One brave man will always love another. It is said that Hassan was formerly a slave in Spain, having been taken on board an Algerine corsair. His partiality for the English nation was remarkable. In the last war, if he heard of any naval combat between us and our enemies, he never would believe we were vanquished. His high opinion extended from the nation to its representative, Sir Robert Ainslie, with whom he was very intimate.

OF DR. BENTLY.

When Dr. Bently was appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Fellows of that society did not approve the nomination; and determined, at all events, to resist his admission into his office. For this purpose, upon the Doctor's arrival at Cambridge, they ordered the College gates to be kept shut day and night, and on no account to be opened. These orders were so punctually obeyed, that the Doctor was forced to take up his abode for a time with the Master of St. John's. On the following Sunday he preached before the university at St. Mary's, and chose for his text the words of the Apostle, "*By the help of God, I will climb over the walls.*" This the Doctor, in the course of the night, *actually* did, by passing the wall between St. John's and Trinity, into the garden of the lodge of the latter, and by that means getting into the lodge itself. The next

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morning he called the Fellows together, and compelled them to proceed to the chapel, and swear him into his office.

OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

His Grace having a particular friendship for a young banker in Dublin, arising from his love of patriotism and general good character, returned him for one of his boroughs; and when the latter waited on him to thank him for his favour, his Grace addressed him in the following manner: "Sir, I have returned you for this borough, because I think you a good private character, and a man fit to serve your country. I have, however, one condition to make with you in return; which is, *that in every parliamentary discussion whatever, you never consider yourself in the least connected with me, or my interests.*" Such patronage, while it reflects the highest honour on the Duke, sets a noble example to men of his rank in the state.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF PUSILLANIMITY IN THE POPE's SOLDIERS.

A MAN, detected in stealing some stones lying near a dead wall, by a patrole of the Pope's soldiers, was desired by them to throw away the stones and surrender. The consequence he knew —an imprisonment for two or three weeks. He rallied the whole party, each abusing the other, till one of the soldiers said, "It does not signify, you must submit, or I shall shoot you." The man, with an almost incredible intrepidity, replied, "Fire;—but mark, should you miss, you are a dead man." Whether this intimidated the soldier or not, he levelled his musquet, and actually missed. The man sprung forward, caught the soldier by the shoulders, dashed his head against the wall, and killed him on the spot. His comrades, in surprize and wonder at the action, ran away; and the man very composedly walked home.

A GERMAN Prince (I think it was the Elector of Saxony) some time since being at Rome, was requested by his Holiness's nephews to review the troops. They were accordingly ordered out; the Elector gave the word; but when in the midst of the manuel, upon its beginning to rain, every soldier of them left the field, and ran to shelter. In a short time, the rain being over, they resumed their position. How great must have been the surprise of an officer, who, with composure, would have led his own troops to pass rivers up to their chin!

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SINGULAR INSTANCE,

OF

GENEROSITY.

THOUGH little detached pieces of history cannot be supposed to give us any important idea of the rise and fall of empires, the religion, customs, and manners, of great and powerful states; yet, in periodical publications, they perhaps answer, if properly selected, a more noble purpose: they improve the heart, regulate the passions, and, by exposing to our view pictures drawn from real nature, make us more inclinable, either to imitate the virtue, or despise the vice. One example will go further than an hundred precepts; and, in proportion as the examples of virtue and vice are predominant, in any age, among the great, so will the morals of the vulgar be.

While Rome was a growing state, her Generals were brave and virtuous, and they were imitated by the meanest citizens; but, when luxury, grandeur, and the thirst of power and partial distinction crept into the senate, men were held in consideration, only in proportion to the magnificence of their buildings, the luxury of their tables, and their external parade.

When time has established facts, when the corroborating testimony of succeeding ages has fixed its seal on them, and when they afford examples which come home to the bosom of every individual, we pay more respect to them, than we do to those fleeting objects, which daily present themselves to our view in our own times. From the ancients, we learn wisdom; from our own times to imitate the prevailing vices and fashions.

"During the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of the island of Ceylon, Thomas de Susa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian, who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth. The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his adorable nymph, who with transport caught him in her arms. Their sighs and their tears were mingled; and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At last, when they had a little recovered, they agreed, since their misfortunes left them no hopes of living together in freedom, to partake with each other all the horrors of a civil war.

"Susa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight. 'It is enough (said he to them) that you wear the chains of love; you shall not wear the chains of slavery. Go, and be happy in the lawful embraces of wedlock.'

"The two lovers fell on their knees. They could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero; and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation, who so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously to soften the calamities of war."

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BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE SIXTH SESSION OF THE SEVENTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 6, 1796.

HEARD Counsel on Jones's Divorce Bill. Christie's Divorce Bill was postponed, on account of Informality in the Affidavit.

THURSDAY, *April* 7.---On the motion of Lord LAUDERDALE, ordered accounts of the exports and imports, from April, 1792, to 1795, specifying the amount of each year.

Lord LAUDERDALE then moved for a copy of the contract, made in September, 1795, for the conveyance of troops and stores to the West Indies.

Lord GRENVILLE observed, that had intimation been previously given, he would have ascertained, whether the paper called for contained any matter respecting an expedition yet pending, which ought not to be generally seen; but that he was unprepared for the subject.

Lord LAUDERDALE said, he had been prevented giving his customary notice, by an opinion that the production of a contract made with a multitude of persons, could not contain any State secret, and would not, consequently, be opposed; but that he had not any objection to give such time as should be required.

FRIDAY, *April* 8.---Received and read several private Bills.

MONDAY, *April* 11.---Read the Bills on the table.

On the motion of Lord GRENVILLE, ordered accounts of the Imports and Exports for the last Ten years, distinguishing each.

TUESDAY, *April* 12.---Counsel appeared at the Bar in support of Morsam's Divorce Bill, which was read a second time, and ordered to a Committee.

Heard Counsel in an Appeal from Chancery, Lord Albemarle *versus* Rogers.

WEDNESDAY, 13.--- Heard Counsel on the Bill of Divorce, J. S. Briscoe, Esq. with J. H. Hope, his wife, who since the year 1794, had cohabited with Mr. Gordon.

THURSDAY 14.---- After a conversation of some length, between Lords Lauderdale, Sydney, and Grenville, and the Bishop of Rochester, the Legacy Bill was read a third time, and passed.

FRIDAY 15.---- Heard Counsel on the Scotch Appeal, Stein *versus* Stuart.

MONDAY, *April* 18.--- Referred back the Scotch Cause, Stein *versus* Stuart.

TUESDAY 19.--- Went through, and received the report on the Legacy Bill.

On the motion of Lord LAUDERDALE, ordered copies of the Bills purporting to have been drawn at Hamburgh, on Boyd and Co.

WEDNESDAY 20.---CHRISTIE'S Divorce Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

Heard Counsel in the Cause between the Corporation of London and Lynn.

THURSDAY 21.--- Heard Counsel in the Cause between the Corporation of London and Lynn.

The third reading of the Legacy Bill was moved for by Lord GRENVILLE, and opposed by Lord LAUDERDALE, who, among many other points, tending to shew the injurious tendency of the Bill, said, that had it been enacted a century since, the Estate of the Duke of Norfolk would in that period have been taxed 600,000l.

Lord Grenville, and the Bishop of Rochester replied; after which the Bill was read a third time without a division.

FRIDAY 22.--- Corporation of London *v.* ditto of Lynn. On the motion of the Lord CHANCELLOR, ordered, that the Judges be consulted, '*whether the original Plaintiffs were entitled to the Judgment of the Court of Common Pleas.*'

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HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, April 4, 1796.

MR. FRANCIS gave notice, that on the 11th he would bring forward a motion respecting slaves.

On the motion of General SMITH, ordered that such Members of the House, as were Members of the Privy-Council, should present an Address to his Majesty, praying that he would order a Copy of the sentence against E. Cawthorne, Esq. to be laid before the House.

On the motion of Mr. LECHMERE, the order for the Corn Committee was adjourned to the 12th; when he brings forward an enquiry into the adulteration of flour.

TUESDAY, *April* 5.—Read a third time, and passed, the *Tamer Navigation Bill. The Newspaper, and Votes of Parliament Conveyance* Bills, were deferred till the 13th, and the *Pewter Pot Bill* to the 15th.

LEGACY TAX BILL.—On the order of the day for the third reading of this Bill, Alderman NEWNHAM observed, though it was highly exceptionable, the Minister if he was determined, would carry it; in which case he should say, this was a good Country to *live*, but a bad Country to *die*, in.

Mr. RASHLEIGH opposed the Bill: as did General SMITH, alledging it was an inquisition into every man's property.

Mr. FOX said the Bill was not equitable, as it did not include landed property, which when taxed, ought to be included; though possibly it could not be subject to the same provisions.

Mr. PITT said he agreed in the propriety, though not to the necessity, of extending the tax to real property, which had not been included, though personal property had been taxed so long since as the year 1783.

Mr. GREY observed that the tax of 1783 had little resemblance to the proposed one; and that it was the established principle in all Governments, not to tax national capitals. On a division, those appeared for passing the Bill, 64.—Against it, 16.

DOG TAX.—The House in a Committee, Mr. DENT said, this was the first instance of the people of any Country having demanded to be taxed. He observed, that the friends of the Bill were actuated by a desire to diminish the difficulties of the poor. He expatiated on the consumption of provisions, which consequently added to their price; and said he was prepared to prove that in the Infirmary of Manchester, alone, thirty-three persons had in one month died of canine madness. Mr. Dent calculated the population of Great Britain at ten millions of persons, or two millions of families, and averaged one dog to each. He proposed to tax every other dog than those belonging to blind men, at half-a-crown, by which he supposed the number might be reduced one half, when the residue would create a revenue of 125,000l. Mr. Dent supposed the population of Britain had increased one fourth, since the year 1750. He said, that one Gentleman had paid 500l. and another, by contract, paid a mealman 800l. a year, for providing his hounds with flour; &c. notwithstanding which, the depredations of dogs destroyed 50,000. sheep annually. Mr. Dent concluded by moving a tax of two shillings and sixpence on every dog.

Mr. PITT agreed to the principle of the motion, but wished that it should not operate to the extirpation of dogs. He conceived there should be a discrimination between the opulent and the poor, whose dogs added to their society, and to their comfort. The poor, he thought, should not pay more than one shilling, to be collected by the parish for the use of the indigent; whilst persons whose houses were of a rental to be assessed, should pay three shillings, which should be collected, and applied like other taxes, to the purposes of the State. Mr. Pitt concluded by moving, that the words 'three shillings' be substituted for 'two shillings and sixpence.'

Mr. WILBERFORCE said the comfort the poor derived from the possession of dogs, was not equal to what they lost by keeping them.

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Mr. LECHMERE thought sporting dogs fair subjects for taxation; and that the duty should, in a pre-eminent degree, extend to Ladies' lap-dogs.

Sir GREGORY PAGE TURNER spoke on the same side; when the motion, as amended by Mr. PITT, was put, and carried.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 6.---There being but thirty-four Members, at four o'clock, adjourned.

THURSDAY, *April* 7.---Mr. PYBUS, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, presented a copy of a warrant, for arresting a Member of the House, Admiral Cornwallis, on a charge of disobedience of orders; and added, that the Marshall, in consequence of instructions from the Admiralty, had taken the Admiral's word for his appearance.

FRIDAY, *April* 8.---Read a third time and passed, the Corn Bounty Bill.

The Proceedings of the Court Martial on Mr. CAWTHORNE, were presented by Sir C. Morgan; when, on the motion of Gen. Smith, amended by Lord Tyrconnel, the entire were ordered to be printed.

The Committee on the Dog Tax reported, that they had "Resolved that it is the opinion of this Committee, that a duty not exceeding 5s. per annum, be imposed on all Dogs, without exception." Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dent were among the members appointed to bring in the Bill. On the motion of Mr. Grey, ordered accounts of arrears due to Generals, Staff and Field Officers, with the several sums of money paid, and whether by Exchequer Bills or not.

Gen. SMITH moved for a Committee to enquire into the expence of erecting Barracks, and by what authority that expence had been incurred. The principal speakers, in a long and highly animated debate, were, Gen. Smith, Mr. Windham, Mr. M. A. Taylor, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Courtney, Mr. W. Smith, and Mr. Grey. The motion was negatived, 98 to 24.

MONDAY *April* 11.---Read a third time, and passed, Ella Inclosure, Leominster Canal, Election Attendance, Lascelles's Sheffield's, and Hatton's Estates, and Ramsey Drainage Bills.

Mr. PITT gave notice that on the 18th he would submit to the House some taxes, in lieu of those he had relinquished; likewise a mode to assist commercial credit.

WEST-INDIA SLAVES.---Mr. FRANCIS made a strong appeal to the House, as the guardians of the national character, and its own consistency: he said, that in 1792, one of the fullest Houses that had ever debated the question, had resolved, "That the Slave Trade should be abolished in 1796." He observed, that the Public attributed to the want of candour in the Minister, the recent resolution for the continuance of the Trade; and instanced a declaration of a Member of that House, who to the enquiry of a friend observed, that though he had voted against the abolition, he had yet voted with the Minister. Mr. Francis, in a speech of considerable length, fraught with argument and feeling, recommended "that slaves should be universally secured in the possession of those advantages, which the advocates for slavery declared they generally possessed at present;" to accomplish which he moved for liberty to bring in a Bill.

SERJEANT ADAIR reprobated the Slave Trade, which he pronounced repugnant to every thing just and humane, but he conceived, less than a total abolition of the traffic could not ameliorate the situation of the slaves.

Mr. FOX observed that the violent opposition of some Gentlemen, and the only nominal support of others, precluded all hope that a traffic, injurious to every principle of justice, policy, and humanity, would be this session abolished; that the question therefore was, whether it would be better to make use of a partial remedy, which may in some respects be exceptionable, or permit the evil in its full extent?

Mr. PITT said, no amelioration of a system, fundamentally wrong, could satisfy him; and that he trusted the House would persevere till it had effected the total abolition of the Slave Trade.

Mr. WINDHAM conceived, if the proposed Plan could be properly matured, it would be preferable to abolition.

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Mr. W. Smith, and Mr. M. Robinson, supported the motion; which was opposed by Mr. Dundas.

Mr. Francis replied: when the question was put, and negatived without a division.

Tuesday 12.---Mr. D. Scott took the oaths and his seat.

On the motion of Mr. Rose, ordered that an Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will direct an account of all monies, issued in consequence of Addresses of the House, since the 4th of December, 1795, and which have now been made good by Parliament.

Wednesday 13.---Mr. Sheridan made his promised motion, for the production of papers respecting the War in the West Indies; which was opposed by Mr. Dundas and Mr. Pitt. After some debate, the question was adjourned to the 21st.

General Tarleton moved for a copy of a letter written by M. Sombreuil to the Secretary at War; which, after a debate, in which Mr. Fox, Mr. Windham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Sheridan, were the principal speakers, was disposed of by the order of the day.

On the *Brewer's Tax Bill*, Mr. Dent apprehended that the poor, many of whom were without vessels to receive the beer, when brought to their habitations, would be induced to go to public-houses to drink it.

Mr. Fox stated, that it was in every respect better to remove the inducement, than encrease the punishment inflicted for the commission of offences: that during the last three years, 253 persons had been tried for stealing pewter pots, the loss of which to Publicans, exceeded 100,000l. annually.

Mr. Lechmere spoke in favour of the Bill; which on a division was carried, 31 to 9.---Read a first time.

Thursday 14---Read a third time and passed, the Weston Enclosure, and Congleton Road Bills. The Newspaper Bill was ordered to be printed, and to be considered the 21st; as was the Committee on the Slaves Carrying Bill.

Mr. Lechmere, in consequence of the thinness of the house, postponed his intended motion respecting flour and corn, till the 19th.

Friday 15.---The *Dog Tax* Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Pitt said, he should persevere in proposing, that for one dog, persons not liable to taxes, should pay one shilling, which should be received, and applied by the parish; and that each other person, who should keep a dog, should pay for it three shillings; but having more than one, should pay five shillings a year for each; one shilling for each dog being in every case to be applied to the use of the poor; when the surplus revenue, accruing to the State, would amount to 100,000l. per annum.

Mr. Dent wished the poor to receive the entire produce of the Tax.

The Bill was ordered to be printed, and read a second time on Wednesday the 20th.

The Westminster Police Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday the 25th.

The Committees of Supply, and Ways and Means, and Dutch Property, were ordered for the 11th, and City Militia Bill for the 19th.

Monday, *April* 18.---The Corn Bill was read a first time, ordered to be printed, and read a second time on the 25th.

Jones's Divorce Bill read a second time, and ordered to be committed the 27th.

Read a third time, and passed, Tilney Inclosure, and Lewen's Naturalization Bills.

Mr. Sheridan moved, that Copies of the Letters of the Count de Sombreuil to the Secretary of War, should be laid before the House.

Mr. Windham said, that as the House and the Public were already possessed of the letters he should oppose the motion, which implied a necessity that did not exist of their being officially brought forward.

General Smith said, the dying request of a gallant officer, solicitous for the preservation of his character, should be complied with.

Mr. Fox was very severe on Mr. Windham.

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Mr. Pitt defended the measures, the responsibility of which he took to himself. The question was disposed of, on a division, by the order of the day for the *Committee of Ways and Means*.

Mr. Pitt observed, that every circumstance which could tend to increase the burthens of the people, was to him occasion of extreme regret; but, adverting to the necessity of the War, he felt a confidence that the temporary inconvenience would be compensated by great and permanent advantages. He calculated a revenue of 100,000l. a year from the Tax on Dogs, and between 30 and 40,000l. a year on the amendment of the Duty on Hats, each of which should have the required stamp upon the lining; which sums united would equal the proposed tax on Cottons, which he had given up. Since the estimate in December, 1795, the Extraordinaries of the Army amounted to 535,000l. ditto Ordinance, 200,000l. erection of Barracks, 267,000l. advanced out of the Civil List, including sums to the suffering Clergy of France, and to be made good by Parliament, 100,000l. Balance due on Ways and Means, after the loan of eighteen millions, 137,000l. Total 1,279,000l, to which was to be added, exclusive of the Vote of Credit for two millions and a half, about 1,221,000l. Mr. Pitt went into a detail of Navy Debt, with four millions of which he proposed to charge himself up to December, 1796. He already had 1,200,000l. which would be increased by the proposed taxes, and leave not much more than two millions to provide for. To enable the Bank more essentially to assist the Merchants, he proposed by payment of cash to take out of the market 3,500,000l. of Exchequer Bills, and the million granted as premium on the importation of corn being no longer requisite, he would apply it, and the million of Exchequer Bills, which would be unpaid the 5th of April, to the same account. Mr. Pitt, after a long and particular explanation, stated 7,500,000l. to be the sum now required, the interest of which would amount to 555,000l. He forcibly expatiated on the resources of the Country, and its commerce, which, notwithstanding the War, was constantly encreasing; in proof of which he stated, that the exports of last year amounted to 27,270,000l. being more by three millions than at any former period. Mr. Pitt enlarged on the benefits resulting from the Sinking Fund, which, he stated, would in fifty-two years clear off the entire National debt. He observed, the taxes were productive, and would shortly afford a million surplus at the disposal of Parliament. He said, the last duties on wines, without diminishing the consumption, had produced a revenue of 600,000l. a year, which he proposed to double by another duty of 20l. a pipe, the produce of which he calculated at 30,000l. Mr. Pitt adverted to the insolence and distresses of France, with which he contrasted the flourishing state of this Country, in terms highly gratifying; and concluded by moving, "That the sum of 7,500,000l. be raised by way of loan."

Mr. Grey conceived the Minister had not been correct in his statement of our exports, which were encreased by the War, and often rated at more than their amount. With respect to the taxes that had been proposed, the first he had no objection to; but it was one which he thought would not be so productive as was stated; and he was impressed with that idea, from reading the curious Bill that had been introduced for raising that duty, which seemed, in its present stage, to be no less than one to authorize dog-stealing. The Bills might, however, be amended in the Committee, at which time he would move, that instead of one shilling a year on the dogs of poor cottagers, there should be inserted 'nothing at all,' as that appeared to him to be the most objectionable part of the Bill. He next entered into minute calculations upon the estimates made by the Minister, and contended that he was not correct in some respects, and that in others he had not acted with sufficient justice towards the country. It did not appear to him that the quantity of wine, would not be diminished in consequence of the encreased duty intended to be laid upon it. The Navy debt had been increasing each succeeding year beyond the estimates made by the Minister. Why, therefore, should he, when that was greater last year than ten millions, estimate it for the ensuing year at no more than four? If he had acted on his own principles, and according to what occurred hitherto, he should have estimated the debt at seven millions. Therefore he did not give a fair account of what the expences were likely to be. Nor did he state any means to provide for the arrears of the army or the Civil List. He followed Mr. Pitt in his calculations, and strongly animadverted upon each.

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Mr. Pitt replied.

Mr. Fox defended Mr. Grey's statement. He was happy to admit, our credit was infinitely superior to that of France; but wished to remind the House how often it had been deceived with statements of that Country, whose victories had kept pace with the accounts of its destruction. He said, France had disposed of its assignats, and might dispose of its mandats. That increase of commerce was the natural consequence of war, which increased consumption in a degree proportionate to the expenditure.

Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Steel, General Smith, and Mr. Dundas, spoke to the question, which was carried without a division.

Tuesday 12.---Read a third time, and passed the Miller's, Wilkinson's Estate, and Hambleton and Farnworth Inclosure Bills.

Mr. E. Pierrepoint took the oaths and his seat for Bossiney.

The Committee on the London Militia Bill was deferred to the 26th.

After a conversation between Mr. Grey and Mr. Steel, respecting the accounts of Barracks, Mr. Hobart brought up the resolutions of the Committee of Ways and Means, which were read a first time. On the motion for the second reading, Mr. W. Smith noticed the resolution of the 18th of February approving the last Loan, though by the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer 3 per cent. more had been paid for it than the present one; though circumstances were not now more favourable, and the sum borrowed so much less.

Mr. Pitt said, that in making the former Loan, he had calculated for a probable fall of stocks not at present to be apprehended.

Mr. Francis, Mr. Grey, and Mr. Pitt, spoke of the resolutions, which were agreed to, and Bills ordered.

The Committee on the High Price of Corn was deferred to the 26th: and, on the motion of Sir P. Stephens, accounts of the money expended in experiments to discover the longitude were ordered.

Wednesday 21.---Read a third time, and passed the Warwick and Braunston Canal Bill.

The second reading of the Pewter Pot Bill was opposed by Mr. Dent, General Smith, Sir. W. Younge, and Mr. Windham; and supported by Mr. Fox, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Courtney. On a division the Bill was thrown out, the numbers being 27 to 18.

Thursday.---Serjeant Adair presented a Petition from the Quakers, and stated, that seven of that persuasion were at present confined in the jail at York on account of the prosecutions.

General Smith gave notice, that he would on Monday move the consideration of the proceedings of Mr. Cawthorne.

The Committee on the Slave Carrying Bill was postponed till the 27th, and that on Newspapers till the 29th.

The adjourned debate on Mr. Sheridan's motion respecting the war in the West Indies, was opposed by Mr. Pitt, on account of the general ill consequences which would result from an implied opinion of the necessity of the enquiry.

Mr. Sheridan said, opinion could not be supposed to preclude the production of papers on which, alone, opinion should be founded.

A debate of some length was further adjourned to the 18th; Mr. Grey observing, his father, Sir Charles, was ready, and desirous to attend the Bar of the House, to explain his conduct.

Friday 22.---Read the 3d time and passed, Leacroft's Estate, Bolton Roads, and Tattershal Inclosure Bills.

Dog Tax postponed to the 25th; Election Writs Bill to the 26th; Game Laws to the 29th; and General Inclosure Bill to the 4th of May.

Wine Duty.---A motion that Auctioneers should not be permitted to sell Wine which had not paid duty, debated by Gen. Smith, and Messrs Sheridan and Rose, was carried, 38 to 20, and the Bill committed.

Mr. Grey gave notice that he would, on Tuesday the 3d of May, move resolutions respecting the Finances, in which he conceived there had been gross mismanagement of the public money, and a flagrant violation of the law; and that he would follow those motions, if granted, by *An Impeachment against his Majesty's Ministers.*

(TO BE CONTINUED REGULARLY.)

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REVIEW

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Academical Contributions of original and translated Poetry. Lunn, *Cambridge, and* Cawthorn, *Strand, London, royal* 8vo. *Price* 3*s.* 6*d. Pages* 111.

WE are free to own that, after the trite nonsense which has lately come from the University of Cambridge, under the titles of SCRAPS, the TINEUM, &c. we took up this small volume with very great prejudices against it; but we feel a pleasure in saying, we never have been more agreeably disappointed. The generality of the pieces in this collection, are truly *clasical* and *elegant*; and highly *honourable* to the abilities of the gentlemen concerned. Nor do we think it can with justice be said, that any of them are below mediocrity. We should presume from the style, that the whole were written by not more than three or four persons; though all are published without a name: *Stant nominum umbræ*: each performance is distinguished by an initial letter. The advertisement which follows is prefixed to the volume:

"The following Poems were written, at different times, and in various places, by some junior Members of the University of Cambridge; several of them, previously to the commencement of the academical residence of the authors. Some few have already appeared in a periodical publication; but, as they have since been revised, and, we trust, considerably improved, it is hoped the insertion of them among so many pieces, never before published, will not be deemed improper. The whole is now, with becoming deference, submitted to the candid acceptance of the public; in the full confidence, that, if the ACADEMICAL CONTRIBUTIONS possess any merit, the praise, due to that merit, will not be denied them."

Cambridge, April 10, 1795.

We congratulate the University of Cambridge on this performance; since it affords an undeniable proof, that the study of the severer sciences has not banished poetry from "Cam's smooth margent green," and that the muses are still wooed "in the cloister's haunts."

The following stanzas are selected from an Ode entitled "CARACTACUS." The British hero, in captivity, is supposed to bewail the miseries of his country:

"Proudly o'er her heroes slain,
"See! the Roman drives his car;
"While on every bloody plain
"Sounds the dreadful din of war.

"O'er the gloomy scene around
"Horror spreads his empire wide;
"From the blood-embrued ground
"Floods of carnage stain the tide.

"While the bleak winds whistle round,
"Lonely wand'rers o'er the heath,
"In the midnight tempest's sound,
"Hear the dreadful voice of death."

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The following lines in the Ode to Despair are exquisitely beautiful:

"And there—while DANGER's giant form
Stalks through the horrors of the hurtling storm,
Whose voice what mortal unappall'd can hear?
Shivers aghast the phantom FEAR.
There MADNESS too, whose shatter'd hair,
Wildly streaming, mocks the air;
His blood-shot eye-balls sparkle fire,
And burst with ineffectual ire;
While still by fits he shakes his hundred chains,
Loud laughs with ghastly grin, or roars along the plains."

Did our limits permit, we would willingly extract more; though we should perhaps be at a loss what flowers to cull, from so *extensive* and *elegant* a parterre.

Experimental Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin, Count of Rumford, F. R. S. *Essay* IV. *On Chimney Fire-Places, with Proposals to save Fuel, and prevent Chimnies from Smoking.* 8vo. *Price* 2s. Cadell and Davies.

COUNT RUMFORD, the author of these Essays, though by birth an Englishman, has passed a great part of his life in the service of the elector of Bavaria, by whom he has been employed to regulate the economy of the poorer part of his subjects; and it is said, that the Count's different plans for their relief, have been attended with so much success, that Bavaria, from being almost the worst, is now become the best managed State in Germany. Through all his Essays, the Count writes as a scholar and philosopher; and we take up the present Essay with peculiar satisfaction, since it relates to a part of domestic economy, which is of the first importance to the health and comfort of the inhabitants of this country. The general outline of his plan seems to be to lessen the consumption of fuel, to prevent smoke, and to obtain an air in our apartments, free for respiration, and of course healthful.

After enumerating the various ills, arising from the present defective state of chimnies and fire places, the Count proceeds to point out the chief of the defects as follows:

"Although the causes, by which the ascent of smoke in a Chimney *may be* obstructed, are various; yet that cause which will most commonly, and I may say almost universally be found to operate, is one which it is always very easy to discover, and as easy to remove,—the bad construction of the Chimney *in the neighbourhood of the Fire-place*.

In the course of all my experience and practice in curing smoking Chimnies,—and I certainly have not had less than five hundred under my hands, and among them many which were thought to be quite incurable,—I have never been obliged, except in one single instance, to have recourse to any other method of cure, than merely reducing the Fire-place and the throat of the Chimney, or that part of it which lies immediately above the Fire-place, to a proper form, and just dimensions."

In the second chapter are pointed out the means of remedy, which for the most part consists in contracting the throat of the chimney, or that part which is immediately over the Fire-place. A variety of directions are given, by which bricklayers may alter Fire-places, according to the Count's inten-

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tion: for these we must refer our readers to the work itself, extracting only the outline of the plan in the Count's words.

"The bringing forward of the fire into the room, or rather bringing it nearer to the front of the opening of the Fire-place;—and the diminishing of the throat of the Chimney, being two objects principally had in view in the alterations in Fire-places here recommended, it is evident that both these may be attained merely by bringing forward the back of the Chimney.—The only question therefore is, how far it should be brought forward?—The answer is short, and easy to be understood;—bring it forward as far as possible, without diminishing too much the passage which must be left for the smoke. Now as this passage, which, in its narrowest part, I have called the *throat of the Chimney*, ought, for reasons which are fully explained in the foregoing Chapter, to be immediately, or perpendicularly over the Fire, it is evident that the back of the Chimney must always be built perfectly upright."

Upon the whole we consider this Essay as extremely conducive to public utility, and think the Count is in general accurate and just in his observations. Though at the same time we cannot allow him all the merits of *Originality*: for his principles of contracting, by means of covings, and reflecting the heat into the room, have been made use of in several houses at the west end of the town with great success more than twelve years ago.

The remarks on *combined and radiant* heat, in pages 312 and 313, are very ingenious. In page 302, he is not perhaps quite right, when he says, "that the warm air in a room rushes out at an opening made for it at the top of the window, when colder air from without is permitted to enter at the door:" for though this may be strictly true, when applied to a cottage whose door opens immediately to the air; yet in large houses, the current along the passages cannot be so cold as the external air at the window; and we think that unless the air on the outside of the door of the room be colder than the air on the outside of the window (which can hardly ever be the case) the air will not rush out at the opening made for it at the top of the window. If the contrary of this be contended for, how shall we be able to account for the elasticity of condensed air.

There seems to us a contradiction between the method of ventilation recommended in page 301, and the German method mentioned in page 303; but it is possible, we may not fully comprehend these passages.

We are sorry our limits will not permit us to enter into a fuller examination of this excellent little Essay; we hope, however, at some future opportunity to be able to treat of it more at large.

Angelina. A Novel. In a Series of Letters. By Mrs. Robinson. 3 *vol.* 12*mo. About* 900 *Pages. Price* 10*s.* 6*d.* Hookham and Carpenter. 1796.

THE talents of Mrs. Robinson, as a Novel writer, have long been stamped by public approbation; and we think the production, now before us, will not in the least detract from her well-earned frame. Unwilling by anticipation to diminish the pleasure which our readers may receive from the perusal of these volumes, we forbear to enter into a detail of the story. We shall only observe, that its principal object is to expose the folly and iniquity of those parents, who force the inclinations of their children in conjugal connections; and to hold forth to just detestation the cruelty of those, who barter a daughter's happiness for the splendours of title or fortune. The sentiments in these volumes are animated and rational. They breathe a ge-

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genuine spirit of independence; and a love of whatever is dignified, and excellent, among human beings. In the character of Angelina we find all that can adorn the female mind, breaking through the clouds of sorrow, and misery. The story, though it is not calculated to greatly rouse or agitate, is yet sufficiently interesting to excite and preserve the attention of the reader throughout; and the language is elegant, and appropriate. We cannot close this article without admonishing the fair authoress against confounding the active with the neuter verb; we observe too that she generally writes "laying" for "lying."

Adela Northington. A Novel. 3 *vol.* 12*mo.* Cawthorn. 1796.

THIS novel is, we understand, the first production of a Mrs. Burke; and it is so far above the generality of first attempts, as to be highly creditable to the talents of the authoress. The language is in general smooth and neat; the story well told; and the mind is throughout kept on the wing of expectation. If there be any fault, it is in the developement of the story in the last volume, which perhaps is not so well brought about, as more experience will enable Mrs. Burke to do in her future performances. She certainly writes with great strength of imagination, and as time corrects her judgment, she will no doubt rank in the first class of the Novelists of the day. At all events, Adela Northington affords us a good earnest of Mrs. Burke's talents, and will deservedly be placed far above the trash with which the press daily teems.

An Inquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers and Instruments, attributed to Shakespeare, *in a Letter addressed to the Right Hon.* James Earl of Charlemont. *By* Edmond Malone, *Esq.* 8*vo. Pages* 424. *Price* 7*s.* Cadell and Davies.

To follow Mr. Malone through the whole of this learned performance would be to extract the whole volume: there is so much ancient erudition throughout, that only those who are well versed "in such learning as was never read" (Vide Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare) can be competent judges of the truth and force of the arguments. The author in the beginning of this inquiry undertakes

"To prove, from 1. the Orthography; 2. the Phraseology; 3. the Dates given, or deducible by inference; and 4. the Dissimilitude of the Hand-writing, that not a single paper or deed in this extraordinary volume (*the volume published by Mr. Ireland*) was written or executed by the person to whom it is ascribed."

The arguments for his first objections, viz.—to the orthography—are ingenious and forcible; and we think, that unless the advocates for the authenticity of the MSS. can produce other examples of the use of the method found in them, the point may almost be determined from this single objection. Time, however, must determine, whether fair answers can be given by Mr. Ireland, or not.

There is much ingenuity in the investigation of the "Phraseology;" but we cannot think the reasoning by any means *conclusive*. That a word, not to be found in Minshen and the old Lexicographers, might be in use, is not only possible, but probable; more especially in words in use in the familiar intercourse of life. For not to insist on the variety of words we daily hear

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and read, which are not to be found, even in Johnson; it is a known fact, that dictionary writers have not always inserted words, established by long custom, and almost coeval with the period when our language began to throw off the rust of barbarism, and assume an elegant and polished appearance. In the first edition of Johnson's Dictionary, the substantive "Ocean" was omitted; nor is the verb "embolden" to be found in any of the subsequent editions. Shall we from hence deny the existence of these words? Besides, that numberless omissions of the same kind might be shown. The English language, at the period when the papers here investigated were written, was in a very rapid state of improvement; and 'tis more than probable new uses were daily given to old words, and new words introduced. Every one arrogated to himself the privilege of enriching the language; and vindicated the innovation in the language of the poet,

"——————Cum lingua Catonis et Enni
"Sermonem patrium ditaverit,——————
"Cur ego invideor"——————

And it is almost certain, that any affected novelty would be eagerly sought after, and used, by a queen (we mean this to apply to the word "complemente" in queen Elizabeth's letter) whose very virtues were affectation.

[We could wish our plan would admit us to dwell longer upon this objection of Mr. Malone's; but we have, as it is, rather exceeded our limits. We shall, however, next month take up the consideration of the two remaining objections.]

A Letter to George Steevens, Esq. *containing a critical Examination of the Papers of* Shakespeare, *published by* Mr. Samuel Ireland. *By* James Boaden, Esq. *8vo. Pages 72. Price 2s. 6d.*

THOUGH Mr. Malone, in his Inquiry, has all the arguments which are made use of in this ingenious little book; yet Mr. Boaden has the merit of having first published his objections to the authenticity of the Shakespeare MSS. The pamphlet now before us is drawn up in a very pleasing manner; and the arguments given with a great deal of force and perspicuity. We need not enter into a detail of its contents, since they will in substance be contained in our review of Mr. Malone's work. We would, however, recommend this letter to the perusal of those, who may not chuse to enter so much into abstruse black-letter learning, as that gentleman has done; and who may prefer the expence of two shillings and six-pence, to seven shillings. It would be unjust to close this article without acknowledging the pleasure we received in the perusal of the imitations of Shakespeare, which are subjoined.

Remarks on Conversations occasioned by Mr. Burke's *Letter, in a Letter to a Professor on the Continent. 8vo. Price 1s. Pages 31.*

THIS Letter, though published without the author's name, is dated from "Lincoln's Inn," and is altogether a very temperate and conciliatory performance. The attempts to vindicate Mr. Burke are sometimes successful; and there is, throughout, a great deal that shows the writer to be a man of humanity and good sense.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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A Journey from Prince of Wales Fort, in Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Ocean. By Samuel Hearne. 4to. Price 1l. 7s. *Cadell and Davies.*

Travels into different parts of Europe, in 1791 and 1792. By John Owen, A. M. 2 vol. 8vo. Price 14s. *Cad. & Dav.*

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An Apology for the Bible. By Robert, Lord Bishop of Llandaff. 8vo. Price 4s. *Cadell and Davies.*

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A preservative against Infidelity. By John Evans, A. M. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. *Symonds.*

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Reports of Cases in the Courts of Common Pleas, and Exchequer Chamber. By Henry Blackstone. Vol. II. Part V. 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. *Butterworth.*

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A Compendium of Practical and Experimental Farriery. By W. Taplin. 8vo. Price 5s. *Robinsons.*

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POETRY.

The Paradise of Taste. By A. Thompson, Esq. 4to. Price 6s. *Cadell and Davies.*

The Influence of Local Attachment. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. *Johnson.*

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An Enquiry into certain Papers and Instruments attributed to Shakspere. By Edmond Malone, Esq. 8vo. Price 7s. *Cadell and Davies.*

NOVELS.

Agatha. 3 vol. 12mo. Price 12s. *Allen and West.*

Matilda and Elizabeth. 4 vol. 12mo. Price 12s. *Law.*

The Pavillion. 4 vol. 12mo. Price 12s. *Lane.*

The Hermit of Caucasus. By Joseph Moser. 2 vol. 12mo. Price 6s. *Lane.*

Adela Northington. 3 vol. 12mo. Price 9s. *Cawthorn.*

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Angelina. By Mrs. Mary Robinson. 3 vol. 12mo. Price 10s. 6d. *Hookham and Carpenter.*

DRAMATIC.

The Battle of Eddington, a Tragedy. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. *Elmsley.*

The Sicilian Lover, a Tragedy. By Mrs. Robinson. 8vo. *Hook. & Carp.*

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Remarks on Conversations occasioned by Mr. Burke's Letters. 8vo. Price 1s. *Cawthorn.*

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POETRY.

MASONIC PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT EXETER,
JANUARY 7, 1771.

THO' Slander follows wheresoe'er I go,
To villify the Art she does not know,
Undaunted (guilt alone has cause to fear)
Cloath'd with this honour'd badge, I now appear,
Owning myself a Mason;—at the name,
No guilty redness dyes my cheek with shame:
Let Slander follow;—I her darts defy;
And laugh at sneering Folly's oft-told lie.
But what our Order teaches I will shew;
The lessons you *must* love—when once you know.
It always bids us, humbly to adore
Th' Almighty Architect;—by whose great pow'r
The Universe was built;—to his decree,
Which Wisdom ever guides, resign'd to be.
It makes us zealous in our country's cause,
True to its prince, and faithful to its laws;
Forever bids us, with the strictest care,
To act with all the world upon the square;
Never to publish a frail neighbour's shame,
Or filch away a brother's honest name;
To be sincere;—his secrets ne'er reveal,
And him to serve, with fervency and zeal.
With true philanthropy it warms our breast,
With useful zeal to succour the distrest;
Bids us shew mercy when we have the pow'r,
And to the houseless stranger ope the door;
The naked with warm vestments to infold,
And guard the shiv'ring wand'rers from the cold;
To feed the hungry—bid them *eat* and live,
And to the thirsty lip the cup to give;
To visit wretches tortur'd by disease,
Make smooth their bed, and pour the balm of ease.
The widow's tale, the orphan's cry to hear,
And from their eyes wipe off Affliction's tear;
" To know each office, each endearing tye,
" Of soft-eyed, Heaven-descended Charity."
Upright it bids us walk;—to put a rein
On sensual appetites,—and pride restrain.
It roots out narrow notions from the mind,
And plants a gen'rous love for all mankind;
Regards not modes of Faith, but cries, " Unite
With ALL, who work by the nice rule of right;

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All have one father;—all good men and true,
In diff'rent roads, the same great end pursue."
When to the Lodge we go—that happy place,
† *There*, faithful Friendship smiles in every face.
What tho' our joys are hid from public view,
They on *Reflection* please, and must be true.
† The Lodge, the social virtues fondly love:
† *There*, Wisdom's rules we trace, and so improve;
There we, (in moral architecture skill'd)
Dungeons for vice—for virtue temples build;
† Whilst scepter'd reason from her steady throne,
† Well pleas'd surveys us all, and makes us one.
There concord and decorum bear the sway,
And moral music tunes th' instructive lay:
There on a pleasing level all appear,
And merit only is distinguish'd *there*.
Fraternal love and friendship *there* increase,
And decent freedom reigns, and lasting peace.
Secrets we have—but those we gladly shew
To proper persons,—who apply to know.
Be not offended, lovely, beauteous fair,
That you from Mason's rites excluded are;
'Tis not because we think you would disclose
Whate'er within your breasts we might repose;
But we're afraid (and sure our fears are true)
Were you admitted, Love would enter too;
That Jealousy might then our hearts inflame,
And to a rival's, turn a brother's name;
Break all our bonds, annihilate our joy,
And soon our ancient Order quite destroy.
Be not offended! we your sex adore,
And pay true homage to your sov'reign pow'r.
Thus I, the lessons which we're taught, have shewn,
Which surely *must* be lov'd, as soon as known;
If e'er with these, our actions disagree,
Censure the Men—but blame not Masonry:
We do not blame, when Christians go astray,
The Light that came from Heav'n, to shew their way.

THE MASON'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all! omnipotent
In Heav'n and Earth below;
Through all Creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow.

The Lines marked with this reference † are closely imitated from the Freemason's beautiful and well-known Anthem.

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Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd;
No private aims let me propose,
Since link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair Virtue's voice,
May all my thoughts incline:
'Tis Reason's law, 'tis Wisdom's choice,
'Tis Nature's call and thine.

Me from our sacred Order's cause,
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
Nor Friendship false misguide.

Teach me to feel a *Brother*'s grief,
To do in all what's best;
To suff'ring man to give relief,
And blessing to be blest.

ELEGY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WRITTEN IN 1782.

PERAZA*, let our maids deplore,
As help from God they seek:
On sea-girt Palma's fatal shore,
The roses left his cheek.

Thou, isle, no longer Palma art:
Where flow'rs were wont to blow,
Sad Cypress now appalls the heart;
Thou direful spring of woe!

Thy plains may raging tempests spoil!
Volcanoes rend each plain!
Among thy wretched sons the while,
May sorrows only reign!

Where, youth, is now thy warlike might?
Alas! 'tis now no more.
Thy sun is set in endless night,
Thy race of glory o'er.

* Peraza was a valiant young Spaniard, who was killed in 1482, in an attempt to subdue Palma, one of the Canary Islands, and this Elegy is sung there to this day by the inhabitants.

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TO THE MOON.

HAIL Orb refulgent! Heav'n's benignant queen!
Beneath th' influence of thy silver ray,
The anxious bosom feels a sweet serene,
Chasing the bickering bustlings of the day!

Let not th' unjust attempt thy tranquil reign—
For—to his mind—no peace thy presence brings:—
His heart malignant hugs the direful *stain*,
And secret anguish to his conscience clings!

I love to wander 'midst th' silent shade,
Where meditation quits the pensive soul;—
There pride, ambition, envy, ne'er invade—
Each wayward passion meets thy just control.

'Tis here that mis'ry's tear forgets to flow—
'Tis here that sad misfortunes cease to live;
No ardent tumults in the bosom glow,
Nor poverty's dread fangs can torture give.

Save the sad loss of him, by love endear'd,
A *parent* tender, sensitive, and kind;—
Or *she*, whose memory is still rever'd
By ev'ry virtuous—ev'ry feeling mind!—

Now o'er th' vast concave spreads thy gentle light,
And "tips with silver ev'ry mountain's"—brow;
Now opes the curtain of the sable night;
Now opes the landscape on the trav'ller's view!

Welcome—thrice welcome are thy cheering beams,
To guide the weary pilgrim to his cave;
Sublime thou tremblest o'er the lucid streams,
And warn'st the forder from a *wat'ry grave!*

The grateful pilot, too, beholds thy blaze,
Whilst o'er the vast expanse he glides secure;
Reflection oft, and oft the wistful *gaze*,
Anticipate the pleasures of the shore.

How bless'd the youth who courts thy soothing aid,
Freed from the anxious fetters of restraint,
Supremely bless'd, who meets his darling maid,
Of soul congenial—"*mingling true content!*"

Come then, Angelia—rouse my humble lay;
Come, sweetest damsel, my fair theme inspire;
Ere *Phœbus* whirls his chariot on the day—
—In vain!—thy graces render mute the lyre!

Sunderland, April 18, 1796. T——t.

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PROLOGUE
TO
VORTIGERN.

WRITTEN BY SIR J. BLAND BURGES.

SPOKEN BY MR. WHITFIELD.

NO common cause your verdict now demands;
Before the Court immortal SHAKESPEARE stands—
That mighty master of the human soul,
Who rules the passions, and, with strong controul,
Thro' ev'ry turning of the changeful heart
Directs his course sublime and leads his pow'rful art.

When on his birth propitious Nature smil'd,
And hung transported o'er her fav'rite child,
While on his head her choicest gifts she shower'd,
And o'er his mind her inspiration pour'd;
"Proceed," she cry'd, "the high decree fulfil!
"'Tis thine to rule, with magic sway, the will;
"On Fancy's wing to stretch o'er boundless space,
"And all Creation's varied works to trace;
"'Tis thine each flitting phantom to pursue,
"Each hidden pow'r of verse to bring to view;
"To shed o'er British taste celestial day,
"And reign o'er Genius with unrivall'd sway."
Such was the high behest—The sacred choice
Long has been sanction'd by your candid voice:
The favour'd relicks of your Shakspeare's hand
Unrivall'd, and inimitable stand.

If hope of fame some modern Bards have led
To try the path where Shakspeare wont to tread;
If, with presumptuous wing, they dar'd aspire,
To catch some portion of his sacred fire,
Your critic Powers the vain attempt repell'd;
The flimsy vapour by your breath dispell'd,
Expos'd the trembling culprit to your sight,
While Shakspeare's radiance shone with doubled light.

From deep Oblivion snatch'd, this Play appears;
It claims respect, since Shakspeare's name it bears;
That name, the source of wonder and delight,
To a fair hearing has at least a right;
We ask no more—with you the judgment lies,
No forgeries escape your piercing eyes;
Unbiass'd then, pronounce your dread decree,
Alike from prejudice and favour free.
If, the fierce ordeal pass'd, you chance to find
Rich sterling ore, tho' rude and unrefin'd,
Stamp it your own; assert your Poet's fame,
And add fresh wreaths to Shakespeare's honour'd name.

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EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

YE solemn Critics! wheresoe'er you're seated,
To grant a favour may you be entreated?
For which I'll pay you proper adoration,
And strive to please you—that is my vocation.
Then do not frown, but give due share of praise,
Nor rend from Shakspeare's tomb the sacred bays.
The scatter'd flow'rs he left, benignly save!
Posthumous flow'rs! the garland of the grave!
What tho' he liv'd two hundred years ago,
He knew you very well, as I will show:
His pencil sketch'd you, and that seldom errs;
You're all, whate'er you think, his characters.
How?—do you doubt it?—cast your eyes around,
In ev'ry corner of this house they're found.
Observe that jolly Grazier in the Pit,
Why, he is FALSTAFF, fat, and full of wit;—
In fun and feasting places his delight,
And with his DOLLY emulates the Knight.
Look at that youth, whose countenance of woe
Denotes a tender-hearted ROMEO;
He only wishes, though he dare not speak,
To be a glove to touch his JULIET's cheek;
While she from yonder terrace smiles serene,
And longs with him to play the Garden Scene.
But oh! I tremble now—there sits a man,
Rugged and rough—a very CALIBAN!
He growls out his displeasure—'tis a shame!
Do, dear MIRANDA! make the monster tame.
And you, my pretty BEATRICE, don't fret,
Your BENEDICK is fond of a Coquette:
For though he vows he'll think no more about you,
He means to marry—he can't live without you.
Kind, faithful IMOGENS are here to charm us,
Mad EDGARS, ancient PISTOLS to alarm us;
And HOTSPURS, too, who seek the glorious boon,
"To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon."
Besides, we have our TOUCHSTONES, SHYLOCKS dire,
IAGOS false, and many a SHALLOW 'Squire.
Nay, here are Ladies, who, in their own houses,
Are DESDEMONAS, plagu'd with jealous spouses.
'Tis true, there is some change, I must confess,
Since SHAKESPEARE's time, at least in point of dress.
The ruffs are gone, and the long female waist
Yields to the Grecian more voluptuous taste;
While circling braids the copious tresses bind,
And the bare neck spreads beautiful behind.
Our Senators and Peers no longer go,
Like men in armour, glitt'ring in a row;

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But for the cloak and pointed beard, we note
The close-cropt head, and little short great-coat.
Yet is the modern BRITON still the same,
Eager to cherish, and averse to blame;
Foe to deception, ready to defend,
A kind protector, and a gen'rous friend.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

April 2. THE long expected Play of *Vortigern* was brought forward at this Theatre. Public curiosity had been raised so high, by the expectation of the supposed relics of our *immortal Bard*, that the avenues to the Theatre were crowded, at a very early hour; and it is probable, that not more than one in four, who went for that purpose, could obtain admission. From the great noise in the Theatre before the Curtain drew up, it was evident, that the Audience was entirely composed either of the friends of Mr. Ireland, and the advocates for the authenticity of the Piece, or of those who went predetermined to resist the performance of what they conceived to be an attempt to impose upon public credulity. During the first three acts, there was a considerable majority in favour of the play; but in the fourth and fifth acts, the opposition was so strong that very little of the performance could be heard; and after the play this opposition had so much increased, that, after half an hour's tumult, (brought on by an attempt to announce it again for Monday evening) the Manager gave it up to the almost unanimous verdict of *condemnation*, found by the audience.

The story is as follows:

Constantius, king of Britain, finding the cares of royalty too great for his age, joins Vortigern with him in the government of the kingdom. The ambitious Vortigern, eager to reign alone, murders his patron and benefactor, and is shortly after, by the nobles, declared king. Aurelius and Uther, then in Rome, are informed of these events; and being determined to punish the usurper, they league with the Scots, and invade England. Upon this, Vortigern, despairing of success through his own means, calls in to his aid Hengist and Horsus, two Saxon chiefs; through whose means he is at first successful; but in the event is defeated, and dethroned by Aurelius. But prior to this, Hengist and Horsus, anxious to cement their alliance with Vortigern by the ties of blood, introduce Rowena, whom he marries, after repudiating his wife Edmunda. Flavia, the daughter of Vortigern, loves and is beloved by Aurelius, whom in the event she marries. From this episode the poet has wrought some very good scenes.

Such is the outline of the story of this play.

The Dramatis Personæ were

Vortigern		Mr. Kemble.
Constantius		Mr. Bensley.
Vortimerius, Catagrinus, Pascentius	Sons of Vortigern.	Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Trueman, Mr. C. Kemble.
Aurelius, Uther	Sons of Constantius.	Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Caulfield.
Fool		Mr. King.
Hengist		Mr. Benson.
Horsus		Mr. Phillimore.
Rowena (Daughter of Hengist)		Miss Millar.
Flavia (Daughter of Vortigern)		Mrs. Jordan.
Edmunda (Wife of Vortigern)		Mrs. Powell.

Barons, Attendants, &c.

The MSS. attributed to Shakespeare, have been so general a topic of conversation, and are likely to meet with so ample a discussion from those who have en-

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tered into an enquiry concerning them, that we forbear here to make much comment. We cannot, however, but think, that the play of Vortigern may be the production of the pen of Shakespeare, for any thing in the internal evidence of the piece itself; though it certainly never could be meant by him for representation. And, if it be his, it must have been written at a very early period of his life, and laid on the shelf, as unworthy to be produced. That this may have been the case, is evident from the best parts of it having been made use of in *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, and *As you like it*. Besides, that there is throughout a want of polish; and the scenes and even speeches are not so artfully connected as more labour in the finishing must have made them. The Bard, therefore, abandoning Vortigern as his subject, made use of the materials as he had occasion for them, in subsequent pieces.

Condidit et composuit quæ mox depromere posset.

We do not pretend to decide either for, or against, the authenticity of the papers in the possession of Mr. Ireland; but we are nevertheless convinced there is no evidence to be drawn from Vortigern that is *conclusive* against their being the performance of the great poet: for not to dwell upon the unconnected and unfinished state of several of his other performances, we think that there are several parts of the present play, that are equal to any thing he has written. The characters of Edmunda and Flavia are very ably drawn; and the Oraison of the latter, in the second act, is extremely beautiful. This was delivered by Mrs. Jordan with a "honied sweetness" that "might charm stern murder." The words of Vortigern in the last act---

Give me another sword:
For this is so slippery-clogg'd with gore,
It mocks my grasp.

are surely not unworthy of Shakespeare. Many more passages might be brought worthy, and certainly many very unworthy, of the poet; but as Mr. Ireland is about to publish the play, the public will be able to judge for themselves, whether it is upon the whole worthy of him, or not.

We cannot omit mentioning the great disadvantages under which the piece laboured on the night of representation, from the indisposition of Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Siddons, and from the parts of Hengist and Horsus being allotted to such performers as Mr. Benson and Phillimore. We mean not to say any thing against these gentlemen; they have their line of acting, and should not be put out of it. The fault rested with the manager; whose conduct in attempting to lead the judgment of the audience in the two last acts, by "grinning horribly" at any objectionable passage, was highly *improper*.

In our observations on Vortigern we have thus fairly stated our opinion; but we do not wish it to be understood that we are advocates either on one side, or the other: for notwithstanding the learned book of Mr. Malone, we consider that at present *sub judice lis est*.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Saturday, April 9. A new Opera, under the title of the "*Lad of the Hills*," or "*The Wicklow Gold Mine*," the avowed production of Mr. O'Keefe, was represented at this Theatre.

The plot of this Piece is grounded on the late discovery of the Gold Mine, in the county of Wicklow. Yemman, a peasant, has been some time in possession of the secret; and his being able to live himself, and relieve the needy, without labour, draws on him the suspicions of the country people, particularly of Grannaham, a schoolmaster, who determines, in order to discover the source of his wealth, to intercept his letters sent by the post. Yemman, being informed of this, resolves to stop the Mail Boy, and take out a letter which he knows to be coming, relative to some Ore he had sent to Dublin; this, however, is effected by Maunus, his brother, a desperate character, and a defender. But Yemman is found with the bag in his possession, and committed as a robber to the mass house for safety; from whence, after attempts made in vain for that purpose, by his lover Sheiah, he is rescued by a gang of defenders. Meanwhile he is visited by Grannaham, who, by accident, possesses himself of the letter taken from the

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mail bag, and by that means discovers the whole secret of the *Gold Mine*. Devereux, the owner of the land, on which the mine is, comes into the country on a love expedition after Jesse, the daughter of Mr. Tinnyhinch, his steward, and by this means a very pleasant scene is brought about between him and Grannaham, who mistakes him for a goldsmith and refiner, come about the Ore. Having found Jesse all he can wish her, he promises, at her request, his interest to obtain Yemman's pardon; and the piece closes with his union with Jesse, and that of Yemman with Shelah. There is another character, Tady O'Rourke, who seems to have little connection with the story, but is persuaded that he is beloved by Jesse. This introduces some pleasant equivoque.

This piece, like most of Mr. O'Keefe's, should rather be called a musical Farce, than a regular Opera; since it relies more on the humour of the incidents and situations than on its fine poetry or fine writing. There is throughout a great deal of pleasantry, though the dialogue in general is but indifferent. It, however, compels us to *laugh*; and we are not too scrupulous in our enquiries why. The scene between Devereux and Grannaham, in which the former is mistaken for a goldsmith, is truly comic; but the joke of "let us all start fair," in the last Act, is too stale for the stage. The piece was throughout tolerably well received.—We think that with some alterations it may become a great favourite. The music was upon the whole very good. Incledon's song in the first Act, and Bowden's "Heart of Steel," in the second, do great credit to the talents of Mr. Shield; and were extremely well sung. The scenery was very beautiful, and reflects honour on the liberality of the manager.

The Characters were

Grannaham	Mr. Johnstone.
Yemman	Mr. Incledon.
Tady O'Rourke	Mr. Fawcett.
Devereux	Mr. Townsend.
Phelim	Mrs. Martyr.
Maunus	Mr. Bowden.
Tinnyhinch	Mr. Richardson.
Jesse	Mrs. Clendining.
Shela	Mrs. Mountain.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

April 20. A new Tragedy, under the title of *Almeyda, Queen of Granada*, was brought forward at this Theatre, said to be from the pen of Miss Lee, authoress of the popular comedy of the Chapter of Accidents, the novel of the Recess, &c.

The story of the play is laid during one of the most splendid Æras of the Moorish kingdom in Granada. Almeyda, just restored from captivity in Castile, takes possession of the throne of her father. Abdalla, her uncle, who has been regent of the kingdom, ambitious to aggrandize himself and his posterity, determines to marry his son Orasmin to Almeyda, and, by that means, to secure the crown and its inheritance to his family. But during her captivity, Almeyda has set her affections on Alphonso, a noble Castilian; and refuses the offer of Orasmin's love. Alphonso, in disguise, obtains access to Almeyda; but is discovered, and confined in a dungeon by Abdalla. From this confinement he is relieved by the generosity of Orasmin. Almeyda, meanwhile, obtains admission into the dungeon; and not finding Alphonso, conceives he has been murdered by the tyrant; who, finding himself foiled in all his ambitious views, resolves to destroy his niece by poison. This he effects, by declaring that he has already secretly administered it to her, and offering a remedy to prevent its operation. This remedy is in reality the poison itself; which Abdalla drinks of, and afterwards gives to Almeyda. The piece then concludes with the death of both of them.

Great as is Miss Lee's fame as a writer already, we think this Tragedy will deservedly add very much to it. The language is in general polished; and the sentiments just and virtuous. She has chosen a good subject for her plot, and has worked it up with a great deal of art. If we may be allowed to point out any defect, we would point out the mad scene of Almeyda, in the fourth Act, which, notwithstanding the fine acting of Mrs. Siddons, was somewhat tedious.

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MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Sunday the 10th of April, a sermon was preached at the parish church of St. George, Bloomsbury, for the benefit of the ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREE-MASON's SCHOOL, by the *Rev. Brother*, ARCHER THOMPSON; who took his text from the 5th Chapter of St. John's Gospel, 7th verse.

"The impotent man answered him, 'Sir, I have no man, when the water "is troubled, to put me into the pool; but, while I am coming, another "steppeth down before me."

The story was told in a most pathetic and impressive manner; and his application of its meaning to the exigencies of the society, was truly happy. *Artis est celare artem*; and Mr. Thompson evinced the fullness of his literary wealth throughout a glowing composition, without disgusting his attentive auditors with apparently laboured description, or over-strained metaphor. The best eulogium a preacher can possibly receive, is *silence*; and our poet's "*deathful stillness*," was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified, than during the delivery of the hortatory peroration.

The Rev. Brother Weedon Butler, Senior, morning preacher of Charlotte Chapel, read the previous service with peculiar propriety; and the collection at the doors amounted to 45l. 16s. 8d.

On the following day, the Governors and a numerous Company of Friends to the Institution, dined together at Free-masons Hall, the EARL OF MOIRA in the Chair; when that benevolent Nobleman addressed the Company in a speech of such pathos and persuasion, that the happy result of it was a collection from the Company to the amount of upwards of FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

It is with the greatest pleasure we are able to state to the Masonic Body, and the public at large, the flourishing condition of this laudable and excellent charity. From the accounts brought forward by the Governors at the Anniversary Dinner, it appears, that they have, at an expence of upwards of 2000l. erected a School House, in St. George's Fields, sufficiently capacious to receive one hundred children. It appears also, that the number admitted at the period of its Institution, FIFTEEN, has been increased to THIRTY-SIX; and that the liberal contributions of several of the Royal Family, the Nobility, Gentry, &c. embolden the Governors to hope they will soon be enabled still farther to augment the number. We congratulate our Brothers on the prospect of the ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREE-MASONS' SCHOOL being likely to become as universal, in *doing good*, as the Society which first established it.

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FROM

THE LONDON GAZETTES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

HORSE-GUARDS, *March* 31, 1796.

DISPATCHES from Major-General Stuart, commanding His Majesty's and the East-India Company's troops in the Island of Ceylon, dated Trincomale, October 10, 1795, have been received by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State; by which it appears that the fort of Batticaloe, in that island, surrendered on the 18th of September to a detachment under the command of Major Frazer of the 72d regiment. That on the 24th of the same month, General Stuart embarked from Trincomale, with a considerable detachment of troops and artillery, on board of the Centurion man of war, the Bombay frigate, the Bombay store ship, and the Swallow and John packets, and on the 27th disembarked the troops at Point Pedro, about twenty-four miles from Jaffnapatam, of which important place he took possession on the following day. That on the 1st of October, Captain Page, of his Majesty's ship Hobart, with a part of the 52d regiment under the command of the Honourable Captain Monson, on their return from Point Pedro to Trincomale, took possession of the factory and military post of Molletivoe; and that on the 5th of the same month, the fort and island of Manar surrendered to Captain Barbut, whom General Stuart had detached on that service, with the flank companies of the 72d regiment, and two companies of Sepoys, immediately on his having obtained possession of Jaffnapatam.

A letter from Colonel Brathwaite, dated Madras, October 17, 1795, announces the surrender of Malacca, and its dependencies, on the 17th of August, to the troops sent on that service, under the command of Major Brown.

By dispatches from Bengal it also appears, that Chinsurah and its dependencies have been taken, and that the Dutch forces at those settlements are prisoners of war.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *April* 5.

Copy of a Letter from Rear Admiral Rainer, dated on board his Majesty's ship Suffolk, in Madras Road, the 15th of October, 1795, to Evan Nepean, Esq.

SIR,

Yesterday, on the point of Sailing, I received the inclosed letter and papers from Captain Newcome, giving an account of his proceedings, and particularly of the success of the expedition under his own and Major Browne's orders, of the Honourable Company's Infantry, against Malacca; this place being now in the possession of the British troops.

I feel a more than ordinary satisfaction in announcing this event for their Lordship's information, as, on account of the original force destined for that service being reduced, my expectations were less sanguine; and also of its great importance, from the security thereby afforded to the trade of his Majesty's subjects in the Streights of Malacca and the Chinese Seas.

Being doubtful of the propriety of my conduct, in not having corresponded with the Right Honourable Henry Dundas on the subject of the late expeditions, in which I co-operated in Council and execution, in obedience to the King's orders

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by him transmitted, and as therein prescribed, (not having then even received their Lordships directions so to do, and which are also silent on that head) I have to request you will please to intercede with their Lordships to use their influence to remove any culpability that may reflect upon my conduct for this omission; in which, if I have erred, it has been through defect of instructions, and my inexperience in the receipt of such kind of orders.

On the success of his Majesty's arms at Trincomale and Fort Oostenburg, and on receiving the account of the same from Malacca, I took upon me to order salutes to be fired by his Majesty's ships then in port; and on the 13th instant, at the suggestion of my Lord Hobart, I directed Captain Lambert, of his Majesty's ship Suffolk, to fire seventy-eight guns, funeral wise, on the melancholy occasion of the death of his Majesty's faithful ally, his Highness the Nabob Wallajah, late Nabob of the Carnatic, (the forts of St. George, by his Lordship's orders, paying the same honours) that particular number of guns being appointed as corresponding to those of the years of his late Highness's age; which I trust their Lordships will approve, and notify to the Board of Ordnance, to be allowed in the several Gunners monthly expences.

Please to acquaint their Lordships, that the Presidency here have just received accounts of the surrender of Manar, in the Gulph of the same name.

I have the honour to be, &c.

PETER RAINER.

To Peter Rainer, Esq. Commodore and Commander of his Majesty's ships employed in the East Indies.

Sir,

I arrived here on the 15th inst. with his Majesty's ships under my command, the Ewer and Carnatic transports, and a part of the Convoy, having parted company with his Majesty's ship Resistance, in the night of the 13th, between the Sandheads. Captain Pakenham joined company again in Malacca Road on the 17th in the morning.

By the inclosed letters you will see that we were obliged to commence hostilities, which began by the Resistance firing a few guns at the Constantia (a Dutch Indiaman run into the mud) which she returned by firing two guns, and then striking her colours. From the great assistance afforded me by the boats from the China fleet, &c. I was enabled to land all the troops, with two six-pounders at the same time. They left the ships at seven P. M. on the 17th; and reached the shore by nine P. M. At half-past nine P. M. an Officer came on board the Orpheus from the Governor, to surrender the place on our terms; they then delivered over St. John's Post, a commanding work, well furnished with cannon, about 1300 yards from the fort, and 200 from the place of conference, to a subaltern, with a party of our grenadiers, and we entered the fort with the remainder of the British detachment. The garrison being thus completely in our power, and unconditionally, further than the securing of property, the Dutch guards were permitted to remain armed at their posts, until the Governor, whom we then accompanied to his house, gave, in his own hand-writing to Major Browne, a detail of the guards, which were then relieved by the British troops. From the anxious desire of complying with his Majesty's orders we have agreed to the inclosed capitulation, and every thing now appears perfectly quiet, and all parties reconciled.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

(Signed) HENRY NEWCOME.

Orpheus, Malacca Roads, August 25, 1795.

PRELIMINARY ARTICLES.

The measures adopted by the Dutch Government of Malacca subsequently to the amicable proposals tendered by the Naval and Military Commanders of the British forces, by the agency of Mr. Forbes Ross McDonald, appointed by Commodore Peter Rainer, commanding the British squadron in India, and Colonel

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John Braithwaite, commanding the land forces on the coast of Coromandel, having rendered it necessary to debark the troops, towards which the possession of the Constantia, a Dutch armed ship, which lay between the English squadron and the Fort, becoming indispensable, actual hostilities commenced by his Majesty's ship the Resistance firing upon, and, after exchange of some guns, taking possession of her; and, having been followed up by the discharge of several guns from the Dutch Battery upon the British troops after they had gained the shore, are circumstances which, together with the invitation subsequently given to the British Commanders to take possession of the Fort, cannot be considered in other light than ultimately placing the Dutch garrison in the predicament of having surrendered as prisoners of war, and which has been since acknowledged by the Dutch Government to have been their expectation. Agreed---A. Couperus.

Nevertheless, in obedience to the commands of his Britannic Majesty, requiring us to cultivate the alliance, which has so long and so happily subsisted between the two nations, we dispense with the unparticipated control, which the foregoing circumstances would warrant our taking upon ourselves, and hereby accede and confirm to the Dutch government its establishment and authority in all civil matters, to the full extent as heretofore; reserving however to ourselves, and those who have been in immediate connection with us upon the service, a claim to the public property in Malacca, and the shipping in the Roads, to the extent which his Britannic Majesty may be graciously pleased to determine; and for this purpose the value of the public property ashore and in the Roads, is to be estimated and placed in deposit, promising on our part to give protection to public and private property under the above reservation, and to defend the interests of the ancient Dutch Government against their enemy the French, to the utmost of our power, under the following conditions. Agreed---A. Couperus.

The commanding Officer of the British troops to be acknowledged Commandant of the fort and garrison of Malacca, and military posts thereupon depending, with a seat as Second in Council. Agreed. A Couperus.

The keys of the fort to be lodged with him, and the military stores of every description to be delivered over to him. Agreed. A. Couperus.

The Parole to be given by him. Agreed. A. Couperus.

The disposal of the Dutch garrison to be wholly at his discretion. Agreed. A. Couperus.

A fund to be assured to him in monthly payments, for the subsistence of the troops, and for the defence of the fort and its dependencies; and that provision for this fund be made in the first instance. Agreed. A. Couperus.

This article to be understood as agreed to, so far as the resources of the Dutch Government of Malacca and its dependencies extend.

N. B. This paragraph by Mr. Couperus.

In consideration of the extraordinary expence incurred by the British Government, in sending their troops for the protection of their allies the Dutch at Malacca, the Governor and Council of that settlement will represent these circumstances to the Governor-General and Council of Batavia, and in forwarding an account of the monthly expence of the British troops, they will make application to the Governor General, that he may provide for it. Agreed. A. Couperus.

The English and Dutch flags to be displayed, when occasion requires, upon the two flag staffs which are already erected. Agreed. A. Couperus.

The armed vessels belonging to the Malacca Government shall be put under the orders of the British naval Commander. Agreed. A. Couperus.

Order shall be sent by the Dutch Government to their Officers commanding at Rhio and Peru, to put themselves and their garrison under the orders of the Officer commanding the British forces. Agreed. A Couperus.

The above Conditions being drawn up in general terms, as the basis of connection with the Protecting Power, the illustration which any of them may require will be arranged and detailed in a subsequent paper, subject, howevar, in whole or in part, to the future regulation of the British Government in India.

A true Copy, (Signed) H. NEWCOME.

DAN. INCE, Dep. Sec.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

HORSE GUARDS, *April* 13.

A letter of which the following is an Extract, dated Calcutta, December 15, 1795, has been received by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State from Major-General Sir Robert Abercromby, K. B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's and the East-India Company's Forces in Bengal.

" I have the honour to inform you that Major Petrie, soon after the surrender " of Cochin, detatched a force against the Dutch Fort of Quilon, and their Fac- " tories of Porca and Quilon in the Travancore country. They were delivered " up without resistance; and we are now in possession of all their Settlements " on the Continent of India.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *April* 16.

Extract of a letter from Sir Edward Pellew, *Bart. Captain of his Majesty's ship Indefatigable, to Mr.* Nepean, *dated off Quiberon, the 9th of April*, 1796.

On the 20th ultimo, we chased three Corvettes, one of which, La Volage of 26 guns, we drove on shore under a battery in the mouth of the Loire, and dismasted her, but she was afterwards got off. In this affair the Amazon had four men wounded; the other two ships got into the Loire. We have also captured and destroyed the vessels as per inclosed list.

List of ships and Vessels referred to in the above Extract, viz.

Favorite Sultana, Brig, laden with salt---captured.
Friends, Brig, laden with flour, &c.---captured.
Name unknown, Brig, in Ballast---sunk.
Name unknown, Chasse Maree, empty---sunk.
Providence, Chasse Maree, laden with wine and brandy---captured.
Name unknown, Brig, laden with empty casks---sunk.
Four Marys, Brig in ballast---captured.
Amiable Justine, Brig, in ballast---captured.
La Nouvelle Union, Brig, in ballast---captured.

Ships of War from L'Orient to Brest.

La Sagesse and la Eglatant, driven into the Loire.
La Volage, driven on shore and dismasted, but was got off again.

EDWARD PELLEW.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

HORSE GUARDS, *April.* 23, 1796.

Letters, of which the following are a copy and an extract, have been received by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Major-General the Earl of Balcarres, Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Jamaica.

SIR, CASTLE WEMYS, *January* 30, 1796.

I had the honour to inform you, by my dispatch of the 30th of December, 1795, that I had entered into a Treaty of Peace with the Trewlaney Maroons. Two of the articles were very important, namely the surrender of themselves and arms, and their giving up all the runaway slaves who had joined them in rebellion, Notwithstanding the Treaty I had not the smallest confidence in their sincerity, and every preparation was made to continue the War with unabated vigour.

Three weeks having elapsed without any apparent intention, on the part of the Maroons, to fulfil the Treaty, I ordered the Honourable Major-General Walpole to move forward, on the 14th instant, with a strong column of regular troops.

He had only advanced some yards when a message was delivered from the Maroon Chief, begging that no further hostile step should be taken.

As we had experienced much duplicity and evasion, it was judged expedient to move slowly on, and the line of march was so arranged as to give the Maroons an opportunity of coming in with safety. This had the desired effect. The Maroons, to the number of five hundred, surrendered themselves, and were conducted within our posts. Including those whom I had formerly secured, I have in my possession near six hundred.

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Thirty Maroon men and one hundred women and children still remain out; of this number several men are severely wounded, and others sick. I do not compute the effective Maroon warriors now in rebellion to exceed fourteen, and these are afraid to come in from a consciousness of their crimes.

The Maroon rebellion I think is drawing to a close; and a substantial proof of my assertion is, that public credit, which was destroyed by this revolt, is now completely restored. The general opinion is, that property has acquired a degree of security which it never heretofore had in this Island.

His Majesty's forces, Regulars and Militia, have fought the rebels in more than twenty actions. They have been impelled by one sentiment, that of crushing a most daring, unprovoked, and ungrateful rebellion.

I should indeed find it a most arduous task to detail individual merit. The efforts of the whole community have been directed to shew their attachment to his Majesty, and to maintain his Government and their own happiness against all banditti whatsoever. I must, however, recommend to his Majesty's notice the Honorable Major-General Walpole; and I am proud to say, that much is owing to his personal activity, and excellent conduct. Our success though great, is not without its alloy. The Maroon rebels, like to other rebels, have found it easier to raise rebellion than to quell it. The runaway slaves are still in the woods, ill armed, and with very little ammunition. Their reduction may take some time, and create further expence and uneasiness to the country; but they merit the less consideration, as I am happy to give the most unqualified assurances of the excellent and peaceable disposition of the negroe slaves throughout the Island.

I have the honor to be, &c.

BALCARRES.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Balcarres to Mr. Dundas, dated February 15, 1796.

My letter of the 30th of January apprized you, that thirty Maroon men and one hundred women and children remained out in rebellion.

I have now the honour to inform you, that, after having ineffectually searched for them, from four different points, forty-three more have surrendered themselves, of which six are stout, able Maroon men. The Maroons now out consist of twenty-four men and sixty-three women and children.

HORSE-GUARDS, *April* 23.

Dispatches have this day been received by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Major-General Leigh, dated at Martinique, January 27, and Barbadoes, March 10, 1796: by the former of which it appears, that on the 20th of January, the enemy at St. Vincents made an attack on the British Post at Millar's Ridge, which they continued with great violence from day light until it was quite dark, but were finally repulsed with considerable loss, after twice attempting to carry the redoubt. At the commencement of the action Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, having advanced with a view of surprising an advanced picquet of the enemy was twice wounded, but is not thought to be in any danger. The behaviour of this Officer, of Major M'Leod, of the 59th, who commanded at Millar's Ridge, and of the other Officers, is mentioned by General Leigh, in the strongest terms of commendation. The total loss of the British during the action was 2 serjeants and 22 rank and file killed, 1 Lieutenant-Colonel (Prevost) 2 serjeants and 31 rank and file wounded.

By the dispatch of the 10th of March it appears, that Major Wright of the 25th regiment who commanded at Pilot's Hill, in the island of Grenada, was obliged to abandon that position, and fall back to the post of Sauteur, on the night of the 29th of February. It is stated, that the want of water, of which the supply had been entirely cut off by the enemy, rendered this retreat necessary, and that it was effected in good order, with the loss of only two privates badly wounded. Previous to the retreat, Major Wright had been frequently attacked by the enemy without success. His loss on these occasions was:

25th regiment.---2 rank and file killed; and 2 ditto wounded.
Black Rangers.---8 rank and file killed; 10 ditto wounded, 2 ditto missing.

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ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *April* 23.

Extract of a Letter from Admiral Peyton, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Downs, to Evan Nepean Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty, dated on board the Savage sloop, April 21, 1796.

I have received a letter from Captain Roe, of his Majesty's sloop Racoon, acquainting me he had taken, on the coast of France, a French lugger privateer, with thirteen men, armed with blunderbusses and musquets, which had been out from Dunkirk five days, but had taken nothing.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *April* 23, 1796.

Extract of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels at Jamaica, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated Swiftsure, at the Mole, 29th of February, 1796.

I beg leave to acquaint you, for their Lordships information, that the Honourable Captain Carpenter, of his Majesty's ship Intrepid, being stationed to cruize off old Cape Francois for the reinforcements expected from Cork, fell in with a French frigate, which, after ten hours chace, (the latter part being very light airs of wind,) first anchored, and afterwards, by their cutting her cables, drove on shore, in a cove a little to the eastward of Porto Plata, when the crew abandoned her, and she was taken possession of and got off, without damage by Captain Carpenter.

It appears by the log-book that she is called La Percante, commanded by the Citoyen Jacque Clement Tourtellet, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, mounting twenty 9-pounders, and six brass 2 pounders, and had on board near two hundred men, dispatched by order of the Minister of Marine and Colonies, and sailed from Rochelle the 6th of December last, with orders not to be spoke with, nor to speak with any thing.

STATE PAPERS.

The following STATE PAPERS, which *Ministers* have *officially* delivered to all the Foreign Ambassadors on the proposed, and rejected Overtures for a *General Pacification*, will be found of a most extraordinary, as well as important nature.

NOTE.

Transmitted to M. BARTHELEMI, *by* Mr. WICKHAM, *March* 8, 1796.

THE undersigned, his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Cantons, is authorized to convey to Monsieur Barthelemi, the desire of his Court to be made acquainted, through him, with the dispositions of France, in regard to the object of a general pacification. He therefore requests Monsieur Barthelemi to transmit him in writing, (and after having made the necessary enquiries) his answer to the following questions.

1. Is there the disposition in France to open a negotiation with his Majesty and his allies for the re-establishment of a general Peace, upon just and suitable terms, by sending, for that purpose, Ministers to a Congress, at such place as may hereafter be agreed upon?

2. Would there be the disposition to communicate to the undersigned the general grounds of a pacification, such as France would be willing to propose; in order that his Majesty and his Allies might thereupon examine in concert, whether they are such as might serve as the foundation of a negotiation for Peace?

3. Or would there be a desire to propose any other way whatever, for arriving at the same end, that of a general pacification?

The undersigned is authorized to receive from Monsieur Barthelemi the answer to these questions, and to transmit them to his Court, but he is not authorized to enter with him into negotiation or discussion upon these subjects.

(Signed) W. WICKHAM.

Berne, March 8, 1796.

NOTE.

Transmitted to Mr. WICKHAM, *by* M. BARTHELEMI, *March* 26, 1796.

The undersigned, Ambassador of the French Republic to the Helvetic Body, has transmitted to the Executive Directory the note which Mr. Wickham, his

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Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Cantons, was pleased to convey to him, dated the 5th of March. He has it in command to answer it by an exposition of the sentiments and dispositions of the Executive Directory.

The Directory ardently desires to procure for the French Republic a just, honourable, and solid Peace. The step taken by Mr. Wickham would have afforded to the Directory a real satisfaction, if the declaration itself, which that Minister makes, of his not having any order, any power to negotiate, did not give room to doubt of the sincerity of the pacific intentions of his Court. In fact, if it was true that England began to know her real interests; that she wished to open again for herself the sources of abundance and prosperity; if she sought for peace with good faith; would she propose a Congress, of which the necessary result must be to render all negotiation endless? Or would she confine herself to the asking in a vague manner, that the French Government should point out any other way whatever, for attaining the same object, that of a general pacification?

Is it that this step has had no other object than to obtain for the British Government the favourable impression which always accompanies the first overtures for Peace? May it not have been accompanied with the hope that they would produce no effect?

However that may be, the Directory, whose policy has no other guides than openness and good faith, will follow in its explanations, a conduct which shall be wholly conformable to them. Yielding to the ardent desire by which it is animated to procure Peace for the French Republic and all nations, it will not fear to declare itself openly. Charged by the Constitution with the execution of the laws, it cannot make, or listen to, any proposal that would be contrary to them. The Constitutional Act does not permit it to consent to any alienation of that, which, according to the existing laws, constitutes the territory of the Republic.

With respect to the countries occupied by the French armies, and which have not been united to France, they as well as other interests political and commercial, may become the subject of a negotiation, which will present to the Directory the means of proving how much it desires to attain speedily to a happy pacification.

The Directory is ready to receive, in this respect, any overtures that shall be just, reasonable, and compatible with the dignity of the Republic.

(Signed) BARTHELEMI.

Basle, the 6th of Germinal, the 4th year of the French Republic (26th of March, 1796.)

NOTE.

The Court of London has received, from its Minister in Switzerland, the answer made to the questions which he had been charged to address to Monsieur BARTHELEMI, in respect to the opening of a negotiation for the re-establishment of general tranquillity.

This court has seen, with regret, how far the tone and spirit of that answer, the nature and extent of the demands which it contains, and the manner of announcing them, are remote from any disposition for Peace.

The inadmissible pretension, there avowed, of appropriating to France all that the Laws actually existing there may have comprised under the denomination of French Territory. To a demand such as this, is added an express declaration, that no proposal contrary to it will be made, or ever listened to; and this under the pretence of an internal regulation, the provisions of which are wholly foreign to all other Nations.

While these dispositions shall be persisted in, nothing is left for the KING but TO PROSECUTE A WAR equally just and necessary.

Whenever his Enemies shall manifest more pacific sentiments, his Majesty will at all times be eager to concur in them, by lending himself, in concert with his Allies, to all such measures as shall be best calculated to re-establish general tranquillity, on conditions just, honourable, and permanent, either by the establishment of a Congress, which has been so often, and so happily the means of restoring Peace to Europe; or by a preliminary discussion of the principles which may be proposed on either side, as a foundation of a general Pacification; or lastly, by an impartial examination of any other way which may be pointed out to him for arriving at the same salutary end.

Downing Street, April 10. 1796.

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MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, *February 6.*

GREAT objections are made in Congress to the mint establishment, on account of the expence attending it. The benefit which the commercial part of the community would derive from the abolition of the different nominal values of coin, is manifest, and will ultimately impress its due weight.

The Assembly of this State, this morning, decided against the expediency of adopting resolutions for amending the constitution of the United States, similar to those from Virginia. The bill for amending the Criminal Law of New York is yet before the legislature.

The exports from the United States, for last year, exceeded the one preceding 14,963,000 dollars. The export of the seven Northern States was 31,000,000. The difference chiefly arises from the excessive price provisions bear in Europe.

CADIZ, *March 4.*

THIS place is in a state of commotion and phrenzy, with the presence of the Royal Family, who arrived two days ago from Seville. There are no bounds to their joy and exultation in having, within their walls, this superior order of beings. The balconies are hung with curtains; obelisks, statues, and triumphal arches are erected; bands of music play in the squares; bull feasts are exhibited in the day, and illuminations at night. The people parade in their best clothes. The Monks decorate their convents with variegated lamps; and forsake their cells, to join in the carnival. The men of war in the bay, Richery's and all, fire Royal salutes, and make a fine shew with their flags displayed. The Royal party went on board the Santissima Trinidad, of 132 guns, the four decker, from whence they viewed a very pretty sham sea-fight in the bay.

COPENHAGEN, *March 8.*

CITIZEN Grouvelle, Minister from the French Republic, went, on the 4th instant, in a magnificient carriage, to the Royal palace at Amalienburg; where, in his acknowledged quality of French Minister, he was honoured with the first audience from his Majesty and the Royal family.

Count Bernstorff, our Minister of State, has thought necessary, before this decisive step, to address the following official note to the Danish Ministers, who reside with the different powers of Europe.

"That the system of his Danish Majesty, being perfectly free from all passions and prejudices, founding itself, in all cases, upon the principles which are offered by prudence and truth, he regulates his conduct according to the modifications, which become as just as they are indispensible, by the alterations occasioned by circumstances; that as long as there existed in France no other than a Revolutionary Government, his Majesty thought himself obliged to refuse to admit a minister from that Government; but at present, since the French Constitution is organized, and become regular, the said obligation is vanished, and therefore, in a short time, Mr. Grouvelle will be publicly acknowledged: declaring besides, that this step means nothing more than a natural result of circumstances, and an additional proof of his Majesty's perfect and impartial neutrality."

PARIS, *April 1.*

THE day before yesterday the Marquis Del Campo, Ambassador from Spain to the French Republic, presented his letter of Credence to the French Directory, and had his first audience. Preparations had been made at the Luxemburg for giving to this ceremony a suitable degree of splendour and solemnity.

25. Accounts are just received from our armies in Italy. The campaign is opened; and our troops, under the command of General *Buonaparte*, have defeated the Austrians, under General Beaulieu, in two decisive actions, near Monte Lezino. The Austrians, in the two actions, have lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners taken, 15,000 men, together with forty pieces of cannon, their colours, waggons, &c. &c.

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HOME NEWS.

EXETER, *April* 1, 1796.

ON Thursday, an apprentice to a dyer, doing something to an immense cauldron of boiling water, fell in, and continued immersed for half a minute; on being taken out, although scalded and burned to a shocking degree, he appeared in full possession of all his faculties, received the sacrament, and for about four hours, the time he survived the accident, appeared free from that pain our horror annexes to that description of death.

Taunton, April 1, A servant maid, at our assizes, received 400l. damages from her master, Mr. Higgins, of Shepton Mallet, for a violent and unprovoked assault.

Chester, April 1. At the Conway Assizes, the Grand Jury found a Bill of Indictment against the Bishop of Bangor, his Agent, Chaplain, and two other divines, for a riot; and also another Bill against the Bishop for an assault!

8. Yesterday came on, at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, before Mr. Mainwaring and several other Magistrates, the trial of Mrs. Phipoe, who stood indicted for an assault on Mr. Courtois. The particulars of this case will immediately recur to the minds of our readers, when we mention that Mrs. Phipoe is the same person who was tried and convicted some months ago at the Old Bailey, on a charge of feloniously and forcibly obtaining from the said Mr. Courtois a promissory note for 2000l. but her case being left for the opinion of the twelve Judges, it was given in her favour, a promissory note not being considered as a thing of value; the Court however ordered her to be detained for the assault, but which she gave bail to answer. On her trial yesterday, the same circumstances were adduced in evidence against her as at the Old Bailey, and on which the Jury found her Guilty.

The Chairman said the Court would take time to consider the sentence, and ordered her to be brought up on the last day of Sessions.

The sentence of the Court afterwards was that she be confined one year in Newgate.

8. Tuesday last came on the election of a Governor and a Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, for the year ensuing, when

Daniel Giles, Esq. was chosen Governor, and
Thomas Raikes, Esq. Deputy Governor.

And Wednesday came on the election of twenty-four Directors, when the following Gentlemen were chosen.

Samuel Beachcroft, Esq.	Joseph Nutt, Esq.
Tho. Boddington, Esq.	John Pearse, Esq.
Roger Bohem, Esq.	George Peters, Esq.
Samuel Bosanquet, Esq.	Charles Pole, Esq.
Bicknell Coney, Esq.	John Puget, Esq.
Edward Darell, Esq.	James Reed, Esq.
Tho. Dea, Esq.	Edward Simeon, Esqr.
N. Bogle French, Esq.	Godfrey Thornton, Esq.
William Manning, Esq.	Samuel Thornton, Esq.
Job Mathew, Esq.	B. Watson, Esq. and Ald.
Wm. Mellish Esq.	Mark Weyland, Esq.
Sir R. Neave, Bart.	Benj. Winthorp, Esq.

10. This day the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when fifteen prisoners received sentence of death; one to be transported for fourteen, and eighteen for seven years, twelve to be confined in Newgate, ten in the House of Correction, nine to be publicly and six privately whipped and discharged. Six of the Convicts sentenced the last Session to death, received his Majesty's pardon on condition of being transported for life.

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TRIAL OF VICE-ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.

PORTSMOUTH, *April* 9. Yesterday the COURT MARTIAL for the Trial of VICE ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS met on Board the ORION, of 74 guns, laying in our Harbour.

The members were as follows:

ADMIRAL EARL HOWE, *President.*

Admirals Sir Peter Parker	Admirals H. Harvey.
Lord Bridport	R. R. Bligh
G. Vandeput	C. M. Pole
Sir A. Gardner	Captains E. E. Nugent
J. Colpoys	C. P. Hamilton
Sir R. Curtis	E. Dod.

Judge Advocate, SIR G. JACKSON, Bart.

The charges stated, that the Admiral, after having proceeded part of the way to the West Indies, did return contrary to the orders he had received; that instead of shifting his flag, as he ought when the Royal Sovereign had been disabled, he gave the command of the convoy to another Officer; and that after his return, he disobeyed a second order, by not hoisting his flag on board the Astrea frigate, and proceeding to the West Indies. As the charges originated with the Admiralty, a prosecutor did not appear.

To substantiate these Charges, the order given to Admiral Cornwallis, in February, to proceed in the Royal Sovereign, to the West Indies, was read, as was the Admiral's letter, mentioning his return and the cause of it. The order of the Board, to proceed in the Astrea, was then read, with the Admiral's reply; in which he stated his precarious health, which would be destroyed if he went out in a frigate, and requesting permission of the Board to wait the repair of the Royal Sovereign.

Sir Charles Cotton proved the delivery of the first order at sea. Mr. Tebbet, master ship builder, of Portsmouth Yard, proved his having examined the damages the Royal Sovereign had received, which could not be repaired either at sea or in the West Indies, and which made it requisite she should return to Dock.

The evidence for the prosecution being closed, Admiral Cornwallis was called upon for his defence; when having a weakness in his eyes, he obtained leave for Mr. Erskine to read a paper, which stated, that his health, injured by a long and laborious life of service, would have justified his having declined the situation offered to him, which he understood was to act under Sir John Laforey; that under this impression, his principal solicitude was for the safety and expedition of the convoy; that the Royal Sovereign being compelled to return, and part of the ships that sailed with him having been separated from the others, he was prevented shifting his flag on board any of those others, by a knowledge that they were not intended to be a part of his squadron, but that each had distinct and secret orders; that had the good of the service required him to interfere with these secret orders, he should not have hesitated to have done so, though at the certainty of that Court Martial to which he knew the act would make him liable; that he trusted it would be believed, his health, or his life, could not, in his estimation, weigh with the good of the service; but that it would have been unworthy the honest pride of a British seaman to have given up his real duty for the appearance of an ostentatious and fruitless zeal; that in the state of his health, he should have been inexcusable in giving up Officers, in whom he knew he in every situation could rely, for others, of whom he was wholly ignorant; but that had he been so inclined, not one of the ships into which he could have gone, was provided, or in any respect fit, to go to the West Indies; that the command he had accepted was not compulsory; his health would have justified its refusal had he disliked it; but the reverse was the case; and it would be absurd to impute to him a deliberate purpose to sacrifice the credit acquired by a long and laborious life; that it was one thing to decide under the difficulty and embarrassment of immediate and pres-

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sing necessity, and another to decide after the event had actually taken place; that acting from his judgment, he had a right to a fair discretion was evinced by fresh marks of confidence from the Admiralty, after his arrival at Spithead; that on receiving the order to go out in the Astrea, convinced that his doing so, would render him more fit for an Hospital than a command, he had written to Lord Spencer, not to say he would not go, but that he requested to be permitted to wait till the Royal Sovereign was repaired; that he conceived this proposal would have been acceded to, or refused; and that it was impossible to accuse him of disobedience to the order, till the reply to his request should be received: but no reply having been given, he did not stand in the situation of an Officer justifying the disobedience of orders; that the expressions of sailors should least of all men be subject to criticism; that the system of British law was calculated, not to entrap, or entangle in snares, but was built on justice tempered by humanity.

Captain Whitby proved that Admiral Cornwallis had consulted him on the possibility of repairing the Royal Sovereign in the West Indies, and had expressed great concern on examining the Charts &c. to find it could not be done: he likewise swore, from his knowledge of the Admiral's health, that he thought it would have been injured by his going out in the Astrea: Mr. Alexander, the Master, and Mr. Kaine, the Surgeon of the Royal Sovereign, gave their testimony to the same effect.

This day *(April 9)* the Court being assembled, delivered its sentence as follows.

SENTENCE.

"The Court is of opinion, that misconduct is imputable to the Vice-admiral, "for not having proceeded to the West Indies, in the Mars, or Minotaur, after "the damage the Royal Sovereign sustained; but in consideration of the circum- "stances of the case, do acquit him of any further censure thereupon.

"And the Court is also of opinion, that the charge of disobedience of the order "of the Admiralty, of the 15th of March last, declining to proceed to Barba- "does, in the Astrea, is not proved; they therefore, acquit him thereof accordingly."

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS's flag was flying on Board the *Royal Sovereign*, during the whole of the *Court Martial*.

Exeter, April 10. A few days ago Thomas Wilson, alias Mountain, was executed at the Drop over the Lodge of the new County gaol, pursuant to his sentence, for robbing the house of Norman M'Caslin, at Plymouth Dock, of three pair of silver knee-buckles, and sundry other articles. Since his confinement he has several times attempted to break prison; and (after his condemnation) he made a hole through a brick-and half-partition, large enough for him to pass into the chapel gallery, from which he astonishingly ascended into another ten feet above, with fetters nearly weighing 50lb, and so formed as not to permit one foot to step six inches before the other. Here he broke through a plaister partition, and thus got over the brick cieling of all the cells, and immediately under the roof of the whole building, where he was overheard and soon secured. Searching him, a hooked nail and a bit of tin plate were found. The bit of plate he had whetted to a very keen edge, as a knife to cut up the stout canvas cover of his straw-bed into long strips. These he had twisted and strongly tied together, so as to form a very stout rope nearly forty feet long, whereby he intended to have made his descent from the roof into the surrounding yard. He was afterwards confined in a room on the ground-floor so chained that he could reach no wall, and a guard constantly with him---since which his conduct has been a mixture of rage and disappointment, very unbecoming his unhappy situation. He was brought on the platform about twelve o'clock, where he spent some time in addressing the crowd; after which he twice called out aloud, "God save the King!" threw aside his book, and was launched into eternity.

21. The Admiralty received accounts, that the gallant Sir Sydney Smith followed, in his boats, a French lugger privateer which he had driven into the Port of Havre, and which he there boarded and took; but by a combination of events,

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the lugger getting aground, he was attacked by a corvette, and some gun boats, by which he, with Messrs. W. More, R. Kenyon, P. Burrowes, and five other inferior Officers, and 24 privates, the entire of his force, were taken prisoners. Lieutenant Ferson, on whom the command of the Diamond devolved, sent a flag truce, which brought information from the Governor of Havre, that Sir Sydney was well, and should experience the respect due to so distinguished an Officer. Sir Sydney, after being examined by the commander of Havre, was sent to Rouen, under an escort.

14. This day Henry Weston, the person who stands charged with forgeries on the Bank to the amount of 17,000l. was brought to town from Liverpool, where he was apprehended on Tuesday night, by two of the Bow-street runners, who found him in bed at Bates's hotel.

Soon after he was taken into custody, he made an attempt to put an end to his own life with a razor, which induced the officers to take every instrument of offence from him, and watch him as narrowly as possible. At Hounslow, however, where they stopped to change horses, being permitted to go into the yard, accompanied by one of the officers, he turned his back upon him, and cut his throat with a knife, which he, afterwards, acknowledged he took from a house where they had stopt for refreshment. It being dark at the time, and getting into the chaise immediately, without returning into the house, this circumstance was not perceived till they got to Mr. Addington's house, in Vine-street, before whom the prisoner was immediately taken, when he appeared all covered with blood: a surgeon being sent for, the wound (which at present has no very dangerous symptoms) was sewed up, and he was ordered to remain in custody at the house of an officer in Bow-street, until sufficiently recovered to undergo an examination.

It appeared that he went to Liverpool with an intention of going to the West-Indies, having engaged a passage on board the ship Hector, bound for St. Vincent's which put to sea on Tuesday, but was obliged to return, on account of the wind having changed. All the money found on his person was 160 guineas which, with twenty paid by him for his intended passage, was the whole sum he was possessed of, though he had received 15,000l. out of the 17,000 for which he had forged on the Bank. He has lately lost considerable sums at a gaming-house.

On Friday, April 15, he underwent an examination before Mr. Addington, the solicitor of the Bank, and others, at *Carpmeal's* House, in Bow-street. He ingenuously confessed all the various forgeries of which he stood charged, except that of his aunt, Mrs. Harris, which he solemnly denied, declaring, in her presence, that she herself signed both the warrants and assignments for transferring her Stock, which that lady, on her part, as positively contradicted. At the close of the altercation, he burst into a flood of tears, and said, this extraordinary and ill-founded charge from one of his own relations, was the only thing that affected him. He is to be re-examined to-morrow.

After being again examined on the 16th, he was fully committed for trial at the next sessions.

REGRATING.---At the Quarter Sessions, held at Aylesbury, Bucks, Thomas Battams was indicted for regrating. The offence alledged against him, was buying, in Olney Market, fourteen quarters and a half of oats, and selling the same again at sixpence per quarter profit (whereby he gained seven shillings and three pence) in the same Market. The Marquis of Buckingham in the chair, and a Bench of Justices, mostly clergymen, tried the cause. The prisoner acknowledged the fact; but had no intention by such act (which we understand is too common in most Market Towns in the kingdom) to raise the price of corn, and submitted himself to the mercy of the court.

After the Court broke up, each Magistrate was to give in his judgment in writing; some were for a fine of one thousand pounds, and six months imprisonment, others for less, and some few for a trifling fine only proportioned to the offence. The Noble Marquis urged, in mitigation of punishment, the Prisoner's zeal in enrolling his sons in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry, and then pronounced the sentence of the Court. viz. To be confined in the common gaol fourteen days, to pay a fine of two hundred pounds, and to remain a prisoner till paid.

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April, 22. The Attorney General prayed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench on Kidd Wake, who had been tried and convicted for insulting his Majesty during his passage to the House of Peers, on the first day of the present Session of Parliament, by running after the carriage, and crying, "No War; down with George, &c."

An affidavit was produced on the part of the Prisoner, stating, that he went to see the King go to the House of Peers merely from curiosity; that he was not connected with any party or body of men, nor did he speak to any person in the crowd, or intend in any respect to insult his Majesty; that his principles were perfectly in favour of the Constitution and Government of this Country, and that the reason of his running so near the King's coach was, because he was very short-sighted, and anxious to see his Majesty.

Thirteen persons swore to the prisoner's being short-sighted, and bore testimony to his being a young man of good character.

Mr. Erskine addressed a few words to the Court, in mitigation of punishment. He dwelt upon the circumstance of the prisoner not going to the procession in company with any disaffected persons, but his being a casual spectator, totally unconnected with any association or conspiracy formed for any disloyal purposes.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd followed on the same side.

The Attorney General felt it his duty to observe, that the offence of which the prisoner stood convicted, was the highest misdemeanour on which the Court could be called upon to pronounce a punishment. It was an outrage on the person of the King, while he was in the discharge of one of the most important duties to the country.

The Court considered the offence to be of a very serious nature, and therefore would take time to consider of the punishment. In the mean time the prisoner was remanded to Newgate.

PROMOTIONS.

GENERAL F. Dundas, to be Commander, in Chief at the Cape of Good Hope. General Clarke to be Commander in Chief in Bengal. General Stuart to be Commander in Chief at Bombay. The Rev. Mr. Nasmith of Snailewell near Newmarket, to the Rectory of Upwell, in Norfolk. The Rev. George Hay Drummond, Brother to the Earl of Kinnoul to the Rectory of Rawmarsh, with that of Tankersley, both in the West Riding of the County of York.

MARRIAGES.

IN October last, at Calcutta, Captain Kennard Smith to Miss Frances Pierce. In October last at Arcot, C. D. Dent, Esq. of Madras, to Miss Harriet Neale. March, 26. Mr. Charles Lashbrook, of Cannon Street, to Miss Thompson. At Ixworth, Benjamin Cobb, Esq. to Miss Cartwright. 27. Rev. John Richards of Grange Con. Wexford to Miss Paul. 29. Major F. Slater of the 60th Regiment to Miss Rebow. J Upstone Esq. to Miss E. Cafe. 30. At St. John's Clerkenwell, Mr. John Maberly, of Lincoln's Inn Fields to Miss Leader. The Rev. John Collins, Vicar of Cheshunt to Miss Smith. Charles Higgs Esq. of Cheltenham, to Mrs. Brownie. Mr. Farquhar, of Norton Street to Miss Nancy Deas de Faria. The Rev. H. Wynne, of Killucan, Ireland, to Miss Eckersal. April 1. B. Sullivan, Esq. to Miss Sage. 3. In Dublin W. Farran, Esq. to Miss E. Smith. 4. Thomas Maude Esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne, to Miss Roxby. J. Heather Esq. to Miss M'Dowell. 5. At York Sir R. Wilmot, Bart. to Miss Grimstone. Mr. Francis Wilson, of Stockport, to Miss Browne. 6. Mr. Pringle, of Ely Place, to Miss Tutt. 9, W. Barnett, Esq. of York to Miss E. C. Markham. 10. W. Armitage, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn to Miss Haistwell. 11. Major Thomas, of the 18th Regiment, to Miss M. Bulmer. 11. T. Askew Esq. to Miss E. Cary. 14. At Leominster, Mr. C. H. Hebb to Miss Weaver. 15. N. Best, Esq. of the Middle Temple to Miss E. Wood. 16. The Rev. Mr. Jolliffe, of Poole, to Miss Ann Carpenter. Earl Temple to Lady Anne Elizabeth Bridges. 19. Edward Wilbraham Bootle Esq. M. P. to Miss Taylor.

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OBITUARY.

IN October last, his Highness the Nabob Wallajah, Nabob of the Carnatic. At eleven o'clock, the Fort and his Majesty's ships in the roads began to fire minute guns, and continued to the number of years his Highness had completed, which was seventy-eight. At twelve o'clock the body was removed from the palace, at Chepauk, under a canopy of state, to the place of interment, the Grand Mosque, at Treplicane.

His Highness had ever been regarded and esteemed as the firm and sincere Ally of the English Nation. His Highness will be succeeded on the Musnud by his illustrious eldest son, his Highness the Nabob Umdut ul Omorah.

March 21. William Benson Earle, Esq. of the Close, Salisbury, who has by Will left the following bequests:---To the Matrons of Bishop Seth Ward's College, in the Close, Salisbury, he has bequeathed the sum of 2000 guineas. To St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner---to Hetheringham's Charity for the relief of the Blind---to the Philanthropic Society---and to the Fund for the Relief of Decayed Musicians, a contingent legacy of 1000 guineas each. To the three Hospitals established in Winchester, Salisbury, and Bristol, 100 guineas each. To the respective parishes of the Close, St. Edmund, St. Thomas, and St. Martin in Salisbury, 50 guineas each. For different charitable purposes, in the parish of Grately, Hants, the sum of 400 guineas; and to the poor Cottagers in Grately, his tenants, the fee simple of their cottages. To the parish of North Stoke, in Somersetshire, 30 guineas. To the Royal Society, 200 guineas---to the Society of Antiquarians, 200 guineas---and to the President of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, &c. 200 guineas, for the purchase of Books for the Public Libraries of those three respectable Societies. To the Bath Agricultural Society, 100 guineas. He has bequeathed the sum of 400 guineas for erecting a window of painted glass, in the great West nave of Salisbury Cathedral; and an annual subscription of five guineas for ten years, towards the support of the Salisbury Concert; and a further sum of 150 guineas for the three next Triennial Musical Festivals at Salisbury, after his decease. Besides the above public legacies, he has amply remembered his friends, and has bequeathed many others, with a view to encourage merit, and to reward industry and goodness.

March 26. Mr. Currey, Apothecary at Littlehampton, in Sussex, and Surgeon of the Royal William Man of War. He was seized whilst at dinner, at his house in Littlehampton, by a paralytic paroxysm, which instantly deprived him of the use of all his faculties. He languished till Tuesday last, without discovering the least knowledge of his nearest relatives, and then expired.

April 1. In the Parish of Humbrie, Scotland, Donald Cameron, Farmer, who brought up a family of twenty-five children, whom he had by two wives. By his first wife he had five; by his second he had twenty. This second wife, at four births, brought him nine children, and seven of these in less than twenty-two months; for she had first two; three in less than eleven months after; and two in the like space of time. All the twenty-five children lived to be useful members of society; and many of them are alive at present, and opulent in their station as farmers.

In Westminster, Lieut. Col. H. Minchin, M. P.

Lately, in the South of France, the Marchioness Puibusque, Daughter of Governor Holwell.

The Rev. J. Bennett, Rector of Sunningwell, Berks.

Lately, Peter Paulus, President of the Dutch National Assembly.

Lately, at St. Andrew's Scotland, the Hon. Mrs. K. Anstruther.

2. John Hatton, Esq. of Shropshire.

At the Hague, Countess de Welderen, sister to Lord Howard.

At Wedmore, Somerset, by a church bell falling on him, Mr. J. Richards, School-master.

Last month, at Pisa, Capt. Leicester of the Navy.

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3. Mrs. Herbert, late mistress of the White Horse Inn, Baldock, Herts.

Lately, at Falmouth, on her way to Lisbon, the Hon. Mrs. C. H. Hutchinson.

Lately, at Inverness, Major Munro, of the 68th Regiment.

4. The Reigning Dutchess of Deux Ponts, in her 31st year.

5. At Kilmarnock, Scotland, Mr. Muir, aged 86.

6. At Aberdeen, in the 77th year of his age, George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh, late Principal and Professor of Divinity in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, and one of the Ministers of Aberdeen.

7. Mrs. Lewis, wife of Percival Lewis, Esq.

Mrs. Price, relict of Jonathan Price, Esq. of Salter's-hill, London.

8. Hon. Dr. Wenman, fellow of All Souls' College, his body was found drowned in the River Charwell, at Water Eaton, near Oxford. The manner of the accident is variously accounted for. Dr. Wenman was brother to Lord Viscount Wenman.

9. At Kedwelly, in South Wales, aged 79, the once musical and celebrated Morelli, who for many years led the Band at the Opera.

10. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, the Hon. Miss Langton, daughter of B. Langton, Esq. and the Countess Dowager of Rothes.

In St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin, Nanny M'Daniel, at the advanced age of 106. She possessed her faculties to the last moment, and through life enjoyed an uninterrupted health. This Woman, when young, married a soldier, and attended his fortune in the field; where, on the plains of Fontenoy he fought for honour, and fell, leaving her a widow with two children. The humanity of her deceased husband's Colonel, enabled her and her children to reach Ireland. Here another soldier was her lot, who fell at the battle of Preston Pans, where she was present, and had a son also killed in the field, whose wife and child were in the camp. On her return to Dublin, she was appointed by the Governors a Servant in the Foundation of Dean Swift, and was the first person that ever slept in that Hospital, where she had remained ever since. The Governors had superannuated her some years, and supported her with decency and comfort to her final close.

11. Mrs. Ann Collins, of Hampstead, aged 63.

Mrs. Elizabeth Filcox, of Merriman's-hill, aged 91. Her husband died lately of the small pox, aged 72.

Mr. Huttley, formerly of the Bath Theatre.

12. At Clapham, J. Corneck, Esq.

13. The Lady of the Hon. Everard Arundel, Uncle of Lord Arundel of Wardour.

The Lady of Sir A. Edmonstone, Bart. of Argyle-street.

14. At his house on St. James's Parade, Bath, Major-General Hughes, one of the Colonel Commandants of his Majesty's Marine Forces, at an advanced period of life, after rather a lingering illness, universally respected, not only as a private character in society, but as a good officer, having served his country upwards of forty years. The General received his first commission from the late Admiral Forbes himself, when one of the Lords of the Admiralty, being a particular friend of the family.

At Hemmingford, Hunts, Mrs. Lucas, wife of C. Lucas, Esq. aged 32.

15. Suddenly, Mr. Bond, of Islington.

Suddenly, Mr. Thomas Bagnold, Jun son of ----- Bagnold, Esq. late Brewer, of Westminster.

16. The Rev. Dr. Pengrove, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.

John Eld, Esq. of Sleighford Com. Stafford, at the age of 92.

17. Lately, Dangeville, the celebrated French Actress.

18. At Church Linch, Worcestershire, Mrs. Turner, aged 110.

19 At his house in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, John Fryer, Esq.

At Southampton, E. Lilly, Esq. aged 82.

20 Lord Somerville, one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland.

At Bridgewater, on her way to Bristol Hot-wells, in her 19th year, Lady A. M. Montague, sister to the Duke of Montague.

21. At Pimlico, Mr. Yates, the celebrated Comedian. aged 83. He is said to have died worth 30,000l.

22. Dr. Harris, of Doctors Commons, the celebrated Civilian. He has left 40,000l. to St. George's, and 10,000l. to the Lying-in Hospitals, besides other great and similar bequests.

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LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

April 2. ANTHONY Jeffery, late of Thornford, Dorsetshire, dealer. Richard Waring, of Bridlington, Yorkshire, grocer. Thomas Boardman, of Manchester, tallow-chandler. Thomas Lowe, of Shernyford, Lancashire, dealer. Edmund Godsall, the younger, of St. Dunstan's Hill, Tower-street, London. William Wright, of the New Road, St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, coachmaker. Joseph Bell, of Bunhill-row, Middlesex, watchmaker. Joseph Lythall, the elder, and Richard Lythall, both of Coventry, woolstaplers. April 5. Thomas Corbet, of Minchampton, Gloucestershire, clothier. William Parker, of Hereford, joiner. Edward Cashin, of London-Wall, merchant. April 9. Elizabeth Staples, Christopher Shaw, Moses William Staples, and Henry Guy, of Cornhill, London, bankers. Samuel Staples, of Cullum-street, Fenchurch-street, London. Christopher Shaw, and Thomas Shaw, of Southampton, bankers. William Thomas, of Stonefield, Oxfordshire, horse-dealer. John Cheltnam, of Brook-street, Holborn, liquor-merchant. John Smart, of Watling-street, London, warehouseman. John Cock, late of Deptford, Kent, cheesemonger. April 12. William Barker, of Rye, Sussex, wool-stapler. Foljambe Wood, of Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. Edward Rutt, of Bermondsey-street, Southwark, wool-stapler. John Duce, of Birmingham, snuff maker. John Downing, of Shad Thames, Surry, sail-maker. John Everingham Harrison, of Nottingham, hatter. John Frushard, of the Strand, Middlesex, broker. Samuel Wodley, of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, dealer. William Worrall, of Manchester, Lancashire, innkeeper. Walter Pingo, of Tottenham, Middlesex, scrivener. John Lincoln, of St. George's Fields, Surry, baker. James Shaw and John Young of Newgate-street, London, hatters. April 16. Elizabeth Bennett, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent, carrier. Mathew Judkin, of Leadenhall Market, London, salesman. James Kirk, of Gravesend, Kent, cooper. William Stewart, of Sloane Square, Chelsea, merchant. William Kerr, of Shepherd-street, May Fair, Middlesex, bit maker. George Bailey, of Bristol, dealer. John Lindsey, of Hoxton, Middlesex, tallow-chandler. Henry Lee, of Shoreditch, Middlesex, silversmith. April 19. W. Bent, of Paternoster-row, bookseller. W. Chapman, of Oxford street, stationer. T. Reeve, of Epsom, surry, taylor. G. Sinkler, of Kingston upon Hull, merchant, E. Harrison, the younger, of Leicester, money scrivener. C. Dalrymple, of Tower Royal, London, money scrivener. J. Kerr, of Bunhill Row, Middlesex, carpenter. T. Neale, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, dealer. R. Dimels, of Nottingham, hatter, April 23. J. Filby, S. Terry, and T. Filby, of St. Paul's Church Yard, Haberdashers. T. Knibbs and J. Hickson, of Ropemakers'-street, Moorfields, London, iron founders. J. Panton, of Newgate-street, woollen-draper. J. W. Ward, of Temple Mills, Essex, callico-printer. J. Sequeira, the younger, of Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, London, merchant. R. Tyrrel, of Enfield, Middlesex, currier. J. Mellor the younger, J. Mellor, and E. Mellor, of Wooldale Town End, York, clothiers. T. Jones, of Maid-lane, Southwark, grocer. J. Turmeau, of villiers-street, Strand, jeweller. J. Merrifield, of Worcester, glover, A. Garland, of Bath, vintner. W. Wilkinson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, money scrivener. J. Ranken, of Soho Square, Westminster, wine merchant. April 26. Richard Hewlett, of Walcot, Somersetshire, builder. G. Fry, of Tottenham Court Road, Middlesex, hawker. Thomas Barker, of Lane End, Staffordshire, potter. Thomas Robert Bach, late of Worcester, glover. Thomas Cheshire, late of Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. John Davies, late of Wapping High-street, Middlesex, man's mercer. Antoine George Eckhardt, late of Sloane-street, Chelsea, Middlesex, paper stainer. Frans Frederick Eckhardt, late of Sloane-street, Chelsea, paper stainer.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR MAY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE

JUNIOR WARDEN'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE *NINE MUSES.*

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

OUR worthy and esteemed Brother Somerville will see, that, in the "DECLARATION," we have followed the Document he so kindly favoured us with *exactly*, unless in a few words, where we have left Blanks, which we could not decypher. We regard the printed papers he sent us as very curious pieces, and beg our Readers to understand that they are printed *literatim* from the Originals with which we were furnished. We hope soon to be favoured with No. 2 of the State of Freemasonry in Scotland.

If *S.* will oblige us with the whole of his BIOLOGY, we shall be better able to judge of its claim to a place in the Freemasons' Magazine.

Our valuable Correspondent *M.* will see that we have paid attention to his communications: we shall insert more of his favours next month.

We beg our sincere thanks to the different Bretheren who furnished us with the Masonic Intelligence, inserted this month; and hope, that the Craft throughout Great Britain and Ireland, will favour us with accounts of their Anniversaries, of the Institution of New Lodges, &c.

The account of the Grand Lodge Dinner, which is detailed at length, unavoidably prevents the insertion of the Gazettes; but we shall nevertheless continue them in a regular series.

It is hoped that Correspondents will oblige us with their favours for the body of our Miscellany, before the 20th of each month. Articles of Masonic and other Intelligence, will be received a few days after that time.

This Magazine may now be had Complete in FIVE VOLUMES, bound according to the Taste of the Purchaser. A very few complete Sets remain on hand; so that an early application is recommended to such Persons (Brethren or others) as desire to possess themselves of the most elegant and entertaining Miscellany hitherto published under the denomination of Magazine.

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The Jewel of the II.W.
of the Lodge of
The Nine Muses.

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FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

FOR MAY 1796.

PRESENT STATE OF FREEMASONRY IN SCOTLAND.

No. I.

THE LODGE OF BIGGAR FREE OPERATIVES.

[N° 222]

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

By JAMES SOMERVILLE, *R.A.M. & K. T.*

Secretary of the Lodge Roman Eagle, No. 21, and Honorary Member of the Lodge of Biggar Free Operatives, No. 222, both of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, &c. &c.

IN THE LORD IS ALL OUR TRUST.

DECLARATION.

THE LODGE OF LINLITHGOW TO THE MASSONS IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN OF BIGGAR, 11th JULY 1727.

BE IT KNOW'N to all men by these presents US James M'Calpin, Deacon, John Coubrugh, warden, James Farbet box-master, Alexander Gillies and William Meckle, keye-keepers, with advice and consent of the remanent members of the Massons of the honourable Lodge of Linlithgow hereto subscryveing FOR AS MUCH AS Sir Anthony Alexander master of work to his devise Majesty King CHARLES the First obtained ane gift under his Majesties great seal of the date att Whitehall the thirteenth day of December one thousand six hundred and thirty-four years giveing and granting to him full power libertie and priviledge of presenting of all tradesmen within the kingdome of Scotland and particularly as to what is relative to building such as Massons Smiths Wrights Painters Coupars Glazen-wrights Plumbers Sclaiters Plaisterers Ship-wrights Makers of Speers and Lancets Calsey makers and all other artificers of buildings qutsor WITH FULL POWER to him to joyne the saids respective crafts into societies and to appoint and laye down laws and statutes whereby the saids crafts shall be governed in tyme comeing as the said gift of the date forsaid containing several other powers and priviledges in it selfe more fully bears LIKEAS the said Sir Anthony Alexander master of work by his commission in virtue of the foresaid gift of the date the fourth day of March one thousand six hundred thirty-seven years for the causes therein specified gave full power and commission to John Ritchie then present Deacon and William Aitkin then warden of the honourable Lodge of Massons of Linlithgow and to all such as they should associat to themselves to see the whole laws and statutes relative to the forsaid craft of Massons put to due execution and for that effect to call all the tradesmen thereof before them and to enact them and every one of them to the due observance of the haill laws and statutes made by the said Sir Anthony Alexander and delivered to the said John Ritchie and William Aitkin and to hold courts and either in the bodies or means of the delinquents to punish and to do

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every other thing anent the premises as fully and freely as the said Sir Anthony Alexander could do himself by virtue of the forsaid gift granted by King Charles the First to him as the said Commission of the date forsaid in itself more proports And now seeing Robert Scott Daniel Aitkin Alexander Baillie John Aitkin and William Brown for themselves and several others Massons in and about the town of Biggar have by a petition instantly given in humbly supplicat us to receive them as a pendicle of our said honourable lodge of Linlithgow that so they may be defended from the insults or incrdachments of any other lodge within this kingdom of Scotland THEREFORE and for the love and favour which wee have and bear to the forsaids persons and by virtue of the powers and priviledges granted to us by the said Sir Anthony Alexander master of work WILL YE US to have of this date called and received the forsaids Robert Scott Daniel Aitkin Alexander Baillie John Aitken and William Brown Massons with such others as they have or shall hereafter associat to yourselves either as entered apprentices or fellow craftsmen as a just and true pendicle of our said honourable Lodge of Linlithgow WITH FULL POWER to them to choose their own deacon warden box-master keye-keepers and all other members of trade and to punish delinquents and keep good order amongst the entered apprentices and fellow crafts and that from tyme to tyme as the same shall fall out PROVIDEING alwise LIKEAS it is hereby specially provided and declared that the forsaids persons and those whom they have alreadie or shall associat to themselves be bound and obleidged to keep perform and observe the whole laws acts and statutes alreadie made or that shall be made by the honourable Lodge of Linlithgow conform to an extract thereof to be given unto them from tyme to tyme under the hand of the clerk of the Lodge And that they shall pay yearly into the box of the said Lodge of Linlithgow the soum of twenty-shillings Scots money as ane acknowledgement and duty payable to us by them as a pendicle in manner above writen And particularly it is grounded that they nor their associats shall no time hereafter either enter or pass any person or persons who already is or shall be entered or past in the honourable Lodge of Linlithgow and that under the penalty of fifty-pounds sterlong money and ffurder we the saids deacon warden box-master and keye-keepers bind and obleige us and our successors in office to deliver or cause be delivered to the forsaid persons or their associats taken or to be taken in sufficient extracts of all our authenticks when the same shall be requyred and that under the hand of our clerk of trade upon their own proper charges and expenses in witnes whereof writen upon stampt paper by James Smith writer in Edinburgh and clerk to the forsaid Lodge wee have dated these presents consisting of this and the two preceeding pages ATT Queensferry the eleventh day of July one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven years.

JAMES SMITH, Clk.

JAMES M'CALPIN.
JOHN COUBRUGH.
WILLIAM MECKLE.
JOHN ANDERSON.
ROBERT RAMSAY.
ANDREW CHRISTIE.
WILLIAM JOHNSTON.
JAMES GRINLLEY.
JOHN BLAKIE.

THE Right Worshipful LODGE OF BIGGAR was constituted by a charter from that of *Linlithgow*, as appears from the following extracts of the records, the former, dated Biggar, December 27, 1725. —"The which day, the Masons living in and near the town of Biggar met, and after due consideration of their loss, in not having a Lodge in this place, and the many irregular entries that were made here, unanimously condescended, that they would erect one, and therefore made choice of Robert Scott for deacon, Alexander Bailie, warden, Mr. Andrew Aikman, key-keeper."

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At a meeting, December 27, 1726.—It is recited, that "the deacon, &c. taking it into their consideration, that their authority for erecting a Lodge, and defending themselves against the incroachments of others, ought to be strengthened, and being certainly informed of the power and privilege of the honourable Lodge of Linlithgow, did think fit to make application to it; therefore, they nominate Robert Scot, and a competent number of their members to go and wait upon the meeting of the said Lodge at Queensferry, July next, the eleventh day, 1727 years, in order to associate themselves and the other members of this Lodge with them, and to obtain such rights, powers, and privileges, as should be thought necessary, and get extracts of their laws, &c."

By a minute of an after-date (July 18, 1727) it appears, "that a deputation from the Masons at Biggar waited upon the Lodge of Linlithgow, at Queensferry, on the 29th of May preceding, and made application to them, to be made part and pendicle of the said Lodge, and to be incorporated therewith, &c.;" "which accordingly they obtained, and gave in a declaration, granted by the Lodge of Linlithgow, on stampt paper." The expence of this was 58l. 17s. Scots, or 4l. 18s. 1d. Sterling.

At this time, it appears from the minutes of the Lodge, that the entry money was only 4l. Scots, or 6s. 8d. Sterling. Nothing remarkable occurs in the course of their transactions for some time after the erection of the Lodge.

St. John's Day (December) 1730, they elected Mr. Laurance Bowe, deacon *.

At the election on St. John's day, 1733, they made choice of George Muirhead, laird (proprietor) of Whitecastle, for deacon.

May 27, 1734.—The Lodge received a visit from the deacon and wardens of the Lodge of Linlithgow, "who came to demand their annuity." They received a bill for 7l. Scots, (11s. 8d. Sterling) as payment of their seven years annuity.

At a meeting of May 29, 1735,—The members "considering that there was a bill granted by James Brown, dated January, 16, 1735, upon ane *famæ clamosae*, going upon him, that he had not duly behaved as became a Mason, "but finding that nothing appears against him, do therefore think fit to give him up his bill, and free him from the said *famæ clamosae;* and appoint their clerk to insert this, *ad futuram rei memoriam.*"

On the 24th of December 1736, a committee of the Lodge being met, and considering "the necessity of a flag or standard against St. John's day, they bought silk and wattens for the said flag. The price of the whole being 4l. 2s. Scots," (or 6s. 10d. Sterling.)

St. John's Day, 1736, "the Lodge marched through the town in five men ranks, all in blue bonnets, white aprons and gloves, yellow cockades, and hand-rules."

Although the Lodge of Biggar appears in the list of Lodges at the resignation of the Grand Mastership into the hands of the Craft, in

* The Master of a Lodge was called Deacon in these times.

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1736, yet nothing appears in their possession to show that they ever got a regular charter, notwithstanding which, they have been acknowledged by the Grand Lodge as regular, for many years after, as appears by their minutes.

It appears from a minute of March 5, 1737, that they had a promise from Sir William Baillie, (I suppose of Lamington) to represent them in the Grand Lodge; but he having failed to fulfil his promise, they appointed Brother Thomas Simpson to act as proxy in his room on the 4th of April following. On the 12th of the said month, they gave him a full double of their charter from Linlithgow, with instructions how to regulate the Lodge business with the Grand Lodge.—The above proxy appears to have attended the quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge on the 13th; from a copy of the proceedings found among the old papers belonging to the Lodge, and in which Biggar is marked as one of the thirty Lodges who were present. Seven Lodges are marked as absent.

On St. John's Day, in December 1737, the members of the Lodge had a procession, in the same manner as last year.

The Lodge was at this time represented by Brother William Gray, as appears from a petition among the papers of the Lodge.

For the long period of upwards of twenty years nothing occurs, but elections, money matters, &c. The Lodge seems to have been then in a prosperous condition.

At a meeting of the date of January 21, 1765, the members having considered "the frequent letters they had received from Linlithgow Lodge, of which they are a pendicle, did, *nemine contradicente*, resolve to send three of their Lodge according to desire, also they appoint each man his day's wages, and necessary charges, till his return." Thus, they seem to have acknowledged, at this time, two superiors.

[Here occurs another period of twenty-three years, in which nothing material happened†.]

November 28, 1782.—At a meeting, called to consult about matters of the Lodge, a letter was wrote to the Grand Lodge at Edinburgh, requesting information relative to the expences of a charter.

On the 27th of December following, the members met, and "voted the offices all vacant, as none of the office-bearers attended." The funds of the Lodge were now reduced to 1*l.* 19*s.* 4½*d.* sterling.

December 27, 1783.—At a meeting of the Lodge, five of the members bound themselves to advance the money necessary to defray the expence of getting a charter from the Grand Lodge. These were, George Murray, in Thankerton; John Barclay, Schoolmaster, in Culter; John Lawson, Mason, in Skirling; and John Inglis, in Wolf-Clyde. On the 27th of December 1785, the members, at last, "unanimously agreed to have the charter from the Grand Lodge."

A regular charter was accordingly obtained from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in the month of October 1786.

† At a meeting, held December 16, 1766, the funds of the Lodge were reduced to the low ebb of nine shillings and one penny halfpenny.

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Nothing material in the history of this Lodge occurred; only, at this time, they began to hold meetings under their new charter.

But in the month of September 1794, a petition was presented from the Masons in and about Carluke, praying, that a deputation from the Lodge of Biggar would attend on the 27th current, to constitute them into a regular Lodge (they having previously obtained a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland). The Lodge of Biggar took the same into consideration, and appointed the following members to attend, *viz.* D. BLACK, R. W. M.; J. STODDART, D. M.; J. LINDSAY, S. M.; G. NICOL, S. W.; J. TWEEDIE, J. W.; J. GLADSTONE, T.; A. FORREST, Sec.; J. BROWN, and R. LIGHTON, Stewards, with J. HILSTONE, Tyler. The above brethren accordingly went, and constituted the said Masons into a regular Lodge, with the usual formalities. Brother D. Black presided over the whole ceremonies.—The business being over, the procession took place, the Lodges walking according to seniority.

On St. John's Day, December 25, 1795, the brethren of the Lodge of Biggar elected their office-bearers, who were as follow:—JAMES BOWE, M. D. R. W. M.; D. BLACK, D. M.; J. LINDSAY, S. M.; J. INGLIS, S. W.; J. ROBB, J. W.; J. TWEEDIE, T.; the the Reverend W. STRACHAN, Minister of Coulter, Chaplain; R. BLACK, Secretary; J. LINDSAY and A. BLACK, Deacons; G. INGLIS, Clerk; J. BROWN and R. LITHGOW, Stewards;—and J. HILSTONE, Tyler. They then proceeded to church in procession, where an excellent discourse was delivered to them, and a numerous audience of other hearers, by the Reverend Mr. JAMES GARDNER, Minister of Tweedsmuir, from PROV. xi. 13: "He that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter †." After returning to the lodge-room, they partook of an elegant dinner, and spent the evening in a manner which, it is hoped, will ever continue a distinguishing feature in the conduct of the craft.

Notwithstanding the low state of matters, both with respect to the funds and number of members, when the new charter was obtained in 1780, this Lodge is now prospering in a manner almost beyond example. It consists of 120 members, all of whom are in the prime of life. The society, or charity fund, inclusive of an excellent inn, a room of which is appropriated to the meetings of the brethren, may be valued at upwards of 260*l.* sterling. They have jewels, and all the necessary appendages of a Lodge in the greatest taste of elegance and value*.

May not only the brethren of this Lodge, but every member of the ancient fraternity, experience the like success in all their undertakings, in this, our temporary Lodge, and at last be received into the Lodge of the Supreme and Grand Architect of the Universe, which shall never be shut!

* Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, encampments of Knights Templars, &c. are frequently held here.

† We should be happy to be favoured with a copy of this Sermon for insertion. EDITOR.

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THE TWO FOLLOWING

PIECES OF ANTIQUITY

WERE FOUND IN THE

CHARTER CHEST OF THE OLD LODGE OF BIGGAR.

They were without date or title, only, on the *first*, "December 1583," was marked with a pen, and "1628" on the *second*, in like manner.

[No. I.]

BE IT KNOWN to all Men, be these present Letters, Us Deacons, Masters, and Freemen of the Masons within the Realm of *Scotland*, with express Assent and Consent of *William Shaw* Master of Work to our soveraine Lord, FORASMEIKLE AS, frae Age to Age, it has been observed among us, that the Lairds of *Rosline* has ever beine Patrons and Protectors of us and our Privileges. LIKEAS, our Predecessors has obeyed and acknowledged them as Patrons and Protectors, quhill that within thir few Years, through Negligence and Slouthfulness, the samyn has past forth of Use, whereby not only has the Lairds of *Rosline* lyen out of their just Right, but also our haill Craft has been destitute of an Patron and Protector and Overseer, whilk has genderit many false Corruptions and Imperfections both amongst ourselves and in our Craft, and has given Occasion to many Persons to conceave Evil amongst us and our Craft, and to leave off great Interpryses of Policie, by Reason of our great Misbehaviour without Correction, whereby not only the Committars of the Faults, but also the honest Men, are disappoynted of their Craft and Profit: As likewise, when divers and sundry Contraversies falls out amongst ourselves, there follows great and manyfold Inconveniencies through the want of - - - - - - - - - we not being able to wait upon the ordinary Judges and Judgment of this Realm, through the Occasion of our Poverty and Langsomness of Process: FOR REMEID whereof, and for keeping of good Order amangst Us in all Time coming, and for Advancement of our Craft and Vocation within this Realm, and furthering of Policie within the samyn, We for ourselves, and in Name of our haill Brethren and Craftsmen, with Consent foresaid, AGREES and CONSENTS, that *William Sinclair*, now of *Rosline*, for himself and his Heirs, purchase and obtain, at the Hands of our soverain Lord, Liberty, Freedom and Jurisdiction upon Us and our Successors, in al Time coming, as Patrons and Judges to Us, and the several Professors of our Craft within this Realm, whom of we have Power and Commission, swa that hereafter we may acknowledge him and his Heirs as our Patrons and Judges under our soverain Lord, without any Kind of Appellation, or declining from his Judgment, with Power to the said *William* and his Heirs to depute Judges under him, ane or mae, and to use such ample and large Jurisdiction upon Us and our Successors, als well in Burgh as Land, as it shall please our soverain Lord to grant to him and his Heirs. *Sic subscribitur*, *William Shaw* Master of Work, *Thomas Weir* Mason in *Edinburgh*, *Thomas Robertson* Warden of the Lodges of *Dumfermling* and *St. Andrews*, and taking the Burden upon him, for his Brethren of the Mason-Craft within the Lodges, and for the Commissioners aftermentioned, *viz. David Skougal*, *Alexander Gilbert*, and *David Spens*, for the Lodge of *St. Andrews*, *Andrew Alison* and *Archibald Angoue* Commissioners for the Lodge of *Dumfermling*, and *Robert Baillie* for the Lodge of *Haddingtoun*, with our Hands led at the Pen be the Notar underwritten, at our Commands, because we could not write. *Ita est* Laurentius Robertson *Notarius publicus ad præmissa requisitus de speciebus mandatis dictarum personarum scribere nescien. ut asseruerunt teste manu mea*

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propria. Ita est Henricus Bannantine *Co-notarius ad præmissa de mandatis antedict. personarum scribere nescien. ut asseruerunt teste manu mea chirographo. Andrea Simpson, John Robertson,* St. Andrews, Hadingtoune, *P. Campbell, R. Valance, William Aytoun,* Achieson's Haven, *George Atoun, John Rufener, Thomas Petticrew,* Dumfermling, *Robert Peers.*

[No. II.]

BE IT KEND to all men, be thir present letters, Us the Deacons, Masters and Freemen of the MASONS and HAMMERMEN within the Kingdom of *Scotland,* THAT FORASMEIKLE AS, from Age to Age, it has been observed amongst Us and our predecessors, that the Lairds of *Rosline* has ever been Patrons and protectors of Us and our Privileges, LIKEAS our Predecessors has obeyed and reverenced and acknowledged them, as Patrons and Protectors, whereof they had Letters of Protection, and other Rights granted by his Majesty's most noble Progenitors of worthy Memory, whilks, with sundry others of the Lairds of *Rosline* his Writs, being consumed in an Flame of Fire, within the Castle of *Rosline,* in *anno* the Consumation and Burning whereof being clearly known to Us, and our Predecessors, Deacons, Masters and Freemen of the said Vocations, and our Protection of the samen, and Privileges thereof, be Negligence and Slouthfulness, being likely to pass furth of Use, wherethrough not only would the Lairds of *Rosline* ly out of their just Right, but also our haill Crafts would have been destitute of an Patron, Protector and Overseer, whilk would engenner manifold Imperfections and Corruptions, both amongst ourselves and in our Craft, and give Occasion to many Persons to conceive evil Opinions of Us, and our Craft, and to leave off many and great Interprizes of Policy, whilks would be undertaken if our great Misbehaviour were not suffered to go on without correction: FOR REMEID whereof, and for keeping of good Order amongst in all Time coming, and for Advancement of our Craft and Vocation, within his Heines Kingdom of *Scotland,* and furdering of Policy thereintil, the most Part of our Predecessors, for themselves, and in name and Behalf of our Brethren and Craftsmen, with express Advice and Consent of *William Shaw,* Master of Work to his Heines umquhil dearest Father of worthy Memory, all in once Voice agreed, consented and subscribed, that *William Sinclair* of *Rosline,* Father to Sir *William Sinclair* now of *Rosline,* for himself and his Heirs, should purchase and obtain at the Hands of his Majesty, Liberty, Freedom, and Jurisdiction upon Us, and our Predecessors, Deacons, Masters, and Freemen of the said Vocations, as Patrons and Judges to Us, and the haill Professors thereof within the said Kingdom, whereof they had Power and Commission, swa that they and we ought thereafter to acknowledge him, and his Heirs, as our Patrons and Judge, under our soveraine Lord, without any Kind of Appellation or Declinations from their Judgments for ever as the said Agreement, subscribed by the said Master of Work, and our Predecessors, at more Length proports. IN THE WHILK OFFICE, Privilege and Jurisdiction over Us, and our said Vocation, the said *William Sinclair* of *Rosline,* ever continued till his going to *Ireland,* where he presently remains, since the whilk Time of his Departure furth of this Realm, there are very many Corruptions and Imperfections risen and ingenerit, both amongst ourselves and in our said Vocations, in Defect of an Patron and Overseer over Us and the samen, swa that our said Vocations are altogether likely to decay; and now for Saifty thereof, we having full experience of the afauld good Skill and Judgment whilk the said *William Sinclair* now of *Rosline* has in our said Craft and Vocations, and for Reparation of the Rewins, and manifold Corruptions and Enormities done by unskilful Persons thereintil, We all in one voice have ratified and approven, and be thir Presents ratifies and approves the foresaid former Letter of Jurisdiction and Liberty, made and subscribed by our Brethren, and his Heines umquhil Masterr of Work for the Time, to the said *William Sinclair* of *Rosline,* Father to the said Sir *Wil-*

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lium Sinclair, whereby he, and his Heirs, are acknowledged as our Patron and Judge, under our soverain Lord, over Us, and the haill Professors of the said Vocation, within this his Heines Kingdom of *Scotland*, without any Appellation or Declination from their Judgments, in time hereafter, forever. AND FARDER, We all in one Voice, as said is, of new, have made, constitute and ordained, and be thir Presents makes, constitutes and ordains the said Sir *William Sinclair* now of *Rosline*, and his Airs male, our only Patrons, Protectors and Overseers under our soveraine Lord to us and our successors, Deacons, Masters and Freemen of our said Vocations of Masons, Hammermen, within the hail Kingdom of *Scotland*, and of our hail Privileges and Jurisdictions belonging thereto, wherein he, his Father, and their Predecessors Lairds of *Rosline*, have been in use of Possession thir many Ages bygane, with full power to him and them, be themselves, their Wardens and Deputes to be constitute be them, to affix and appoint Places of Meeting for keeping of good Order in the said Craft, as aft and sua aft as Need shall requyre, all and sundry Persons that may be known to be subject to the said Vocation, to make be called absent, to amerciate Transgressors, punish Unlaws, Casualitys, and other Dewtys whatsomever pertaining and belonging, or that may befal to be payed be whatsomever Person or Persons subject to the said Craft, to ask, crave, receave, intromet with and uplift, and the samen to their own proper Use to apply, Deputes under them in the said Office, with Clarks, Serjands, Assisters, and all other Officers and Members of Court needful, to make, create, substitute and ordain, for whom they shall be holden to answer ALL and sundry Plents, Actions and Causes pertaining to the said Craft and Vocation, and against whatsomever Person or Persons Professors thereof, and to hear, discuss, decern and decide, Acts, Decreets and Sentences therenpon to pronounce, and the same to due Execution to cause be put; and generally all and sundry other Priviledges, Libertys and Immunitys whatsomever concerning the said Craft, to do, use and exerce, and cause be done, or might have done themselves in any Time bygane, freely quietly weel and in Piece, but ony Revocatione, Obsticle, Impediment or Again-calling whatsomever. IN Witness of the whilk Thing, to thir Presents written be *Alexander Ackbead* Servitor to *Andrew Hay* Writer, we have subscribed thir Presents with our Hands at, *Sic subscribitur*, The Lodge of *Dundee*, *Robert Strachan* Master, *Andrew Wast* and *David White* Masters in *Dundee*, with our Hands at the Pen led be the Notar under subscriband at our Commands, because we cannot write. *Thomas Robertsone Notarius Publicus asseruit*, *Robert Johnston* Master, *David Mason* Master. The Lodge of *Edinburgh*, *William Wallace* Deacon, *John Watt*, *Thomas Paterson*, *Thomas Fleyming* Wairdine in *Edinburgh*, and *Hugh Forrest*, with our Hands at the Pen led by the Notar under subscribing for us at our Command, because we cannot write, *Th. Fleyming Notarius Publicus*. I *Robert Caldwel* in *Glasgow*, with my Hand at the Pen led by the Notar under subscribing for me, because I cannot write myself, *J. Henryson Notarius Publicus asseruit*. The Lodge of *Glasgow*, *John Boyd* Deacon, *Robert Boyd* one of the Masters, *Hew Dick* Deacon of the Mason Craft and Wrights of *Ayr*, *George Lyddel* Deacon of the Squaremen, and was Quarter-master. The Lodge of *Stirling*, *John Thomson*, *James Ryne*, I *John Servito* Master of the Crafts of *Stirling*, with my Hand at the Pen led be the Notar under subscribing for me, because I cannot write, *J. Henryson Notarius asseruit*. The Lodge of *Dumfermling*, *Robert Alison* ane of the Masters of *Dumfermling*, I *John Burrock* ane of the Masters of *Dumfermling*, with my Hand at the Pen led be the Notar under subscribing for me at my Command, because I cannot write myself, *J. Henryson Notarius asseruit*. *David Robertsone* ane of the Master-Masons of St. *Andrews*, and *Thomas Persone* of the said Lodge of St. *Andrews*.

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COPY OF A LETTER

FROM

THE REV. DR. STURGES,

CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER, TO

JOHN WILMOT, ESQ.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERING CLERGY OF FRANCE, REFUGEES IN THESE DOMINIONS.

SIR,

IMMEDIATELY on my return home, I set about the enquiries I promised you to make, respecting the French Priests in this place and neighbourhood; and the result of them is such as I think will give you pleasure.

The unfavourable reports, both in conversation and in print, concerning the conduct of these unfortunate men, related chiefly to the following particulars:—Ordinations at the King's house—young Students, not Ecclesiastics, making a great part of the number there, or at least young Ecclesiastics of the Lower Orders—their activity in making Converts in this place and neighbourhood—their dispersing small English Tracts for the purpose, and having a Press at their command.

I will lay before you the information I have received with respect to all these particulars. The day after my return, I had a long conference with Mr. MARTIN, on the two first Ordinations, and the qualities of the persons in the King's house. He told me there had been (as we all knew) three Ordinations, but the last was two years ago. One was by the Bishop of ST. POL DE LEON, the only one he has holden in England. In all these three, the number of persons ordained was thirty-three from seven French Dioceses; thirty-two of these were before irrecoverably fixed in the Ecclesiastical profession, and the remaining one was appointed to a Low Order, which did not fix him, but left him at liberty to betake himself to any other way of life. This account of the Ordinations seems to me to do away the offensive part of them; which was, "that without necessity, there being no function for such persons, when ordained, to perform, *fresh men* should be engaged in the Ecclesiastical profession, and be made to subsist as such, on the Charity of this Country, being precluded thereby from gaining their subsistence by any other means. As to the Students, not Ecclesiastics, Mr. MARTIN assured me there was only one person of that description in the King's house, and who was to leave it in the course of this week. This person has not lived on the charity, but his board is paid by the Grand Vicaire of Baieux, who lives in London, and is brought to account. All besides are Ecclesiastics, and as to their age and ranks as such, I have before me a

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note from Mr. MARTIN himself, in which he says, there are only *twenty-nine* who are not Priests; so far is it from being true, "that at least two thirds of the whole number are improper objects of the Charity."

I cannot hesitate a moment in giving Mr. MARTIN full credit for the truth of this account. Not only his character and situation, but his whole manner and expression, while we were talking over these things, could not fail to give any one a strong impression of his sincerity and openness.

I have enquired personally of all the Parochial Ministers of this place, and they all agree in assuring me, that, to their knowledge, no cause of complaint has arisen since COUVET's case, about a quarter of a year ago: and it should be remembered, that in the course of a year preceding, this was the single case discovered which admitted of proof, in a place where there are between 800 and 1000 French Clergy. COUVET was treated as he deserved, by being sent out of the kingdom; and as every person should be treated who could so far abuse the Benevolence of this Country.

It has been said that the neighbouring villages are full of French Priests. I have made it my business within these two or three days to visit most of them, and have made personal enquiry of almost every Parochial Minister. The villages which encompass this place are Weeke Sparsholt, Headborne Worthy, King's Worthy, Martyr Worthy, Itchin Abbas, Easton, Chitcombe, Marested, St. Cross and Littleton, Twyford, Compton, and Horsley; none of them, except the three last, have ever known or seen any of the French Priests, unless in their occasional walks, nor have they been admitted (as far as is known) into any house; indeed a general dislike to them prevails in most of these places. At Twyford there is a Mr. MARGIN, a most respectable inoffensive man, well known to Mr. WILLIAMS, Prebend of Canterbury, and Rector of Compton; he is esteemed by him, and teaches his daughter French. In the same house with him lodge two Ecclesiastics of an inferior class, equally inoffensive. At Compton there is a poor man, who received a blow on his head from some villain while he was reading in a field, and was forced to retire from the noise and crowd of the King's house to this place, where he is not yet recovered from the effects of the blow; and at Horsely there is one who lives with a School-master, and assists him; a worthy man, well respected by the better part of the neighbourhood, and in high estimation, as I am informed, with Dr. GAUNTLETT, Warden of *New College, Oxford*, and Vicar of the parish.

Otterborne, about four miles off, I have not enquired at. I have heard it said there are French Priests *there*, but they are not likely to frequent this spot, because just by is the seat of an old Catholic family (Mr. SMITH's) which has always had a resident Priest of it's own, and now has Mr. WALMESLEY, who is (I believe) a Titular Roman Catholic Bishop and an Apostolic Vicar. With respect to their getting and dispersing *English* controversial Tracts, Mr. BURDON, the principal Bookseller of the place, tells me that he had frequently ap-

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plication for such Tracts, but that considering them as likely to be employed improperly, he had declined procuring or selling any for a considerable time, and knows nothing now of any thing suspicious or offensive of this sort. Mr. ROBBINS, a Bookseller and Printer, says the same as Mr. BURDON about Tracts. He had formerly applications to procure them, but on it's being represented that an improper use might be made of them, he has also declined having any in his hands, and has actually not had any for a twelvemonth.

This circumstance of *English* Tracts carries with it more presumptive evidence of a desire to make converts than any other. His press is (I believe) that supposed to be at their command. He has only printed for them three or four works, and those in French (see the end of this letter) which he apprehended could only be for their own use, and therefore unexceptionable, and which (taking them to be such) he printed in the common course of trade, declaring he would not print any thing that had a suspicious tendency.

I have now gone through the particulars I mentioned; the truth of what I have told you, must rest with the persons who have given me this information; but on their evidence I am perfectly satisfied, *that what I have told you is true.* In a place where so many priests are assembled, of a communion so different from our own, and in some respects so hostile to it, it is natural and commendable for us, to be vigilantly on our guard against any aggressions by which the religious profession of our own people may be shaken. But while we are thus on our guard, it is surely but justice to these unfortunate men, sufferers for that religion which they professed and administered under the ancient laws of their country, not to give a ready admission to all complaints against them, without proper information or proof; or if there were any real ground for complaint, not to exaggerate it beyond its just dimensions, and thereby to increase the popular dislike towards them. The general prejudice of Englishmen against their Church and Nation---their long stay---their maintenance by this Country---and the excessive price of the necessaries of life concurring with it, have already raised this dislike to an alarming degree; a degree by which they are continually exposed to insults, and their personal security often endangered.

It surely becomes the wiser and more temperate part of the community, at the same time that we take all proper precautions not to suffer by our kindness to them, rather to soften the public disposition; not to turn suspicions into proofs, and apprehensions into actual injuries; even to consider the infirmities of our common nature, and to reflect how unreasonable it is (supposing causes of complaint to exist) to expect that a thousand men will, for a considerable length of time, *all* act properly, and *all* do what their superiors, from motives of interest, if not of virtue, would wish them. I confess I have considered their general conduct apart from the particular subjects of this letter) as exemplary in the highest degree. I have upon all occasions, and to all persons, borne this testimony of them, and bear it still with pleasure, that during their continuance here,

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which is now, I think, above three years, I have never known any of them accused of any behaviour immoral or unbecoming; and have heard all those, with whom I am well acquainted, express, in the strongest terms, their gratitude for the protection, the relief, and the humanity they have experienced from us.

To be unjust to them at this period of our kindness would be casting a shade on the brightest instance of national benevolence, by which, in my opinion, any Christian country ever was distinguished.

I am, Sir, &c.

H. STURGES.

JOHN WILMOT, Esq.

The titles of the two last books printed by Mr. ROBBINS are:

REFLEXIONS CHRETIENNES pour tous les Jours de l'Annee puisees dans les Peres, dans l'Histoire de l'Eglise et dans les Auteurs des livres de Piete, par un Pretre Francois du Diocese de Rennes---Exile pour la Foi.---1796. [555 Pages.]

INSTITUTION CATHOLIQUE; par demands et par reponses, sur les Droits de l'Autel et du Trone ou l'on prouve la verite des Principes combattus par les Auteurs de la Revolution Francoise.---1795. [112 Pages.]

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE FOLLY OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN PAYING THEIR DEBTS.

IT must give every Englishman infinite satisfaction, when he considers what a progress arts and sciences, and politeness of every kind, has made among us since the days of honest Queen Bess; nay, it would not a little add to his satisfaction, to look back even upon the reign of King Charles II. which has been so much celebrated for one continued scene of wit and gaiety, and reflect how superior we are, through every rank of men, to our ancestors of the last century. But among all the improvements we have made, there is one, which, while it distinguishes our country from the rest of Europe, sets proper bounds at the same time between the well-bred patrician and the mechanic multitude; I mean, that admirable invention, of being supplied with the necessaries and superfluities of life, without the expence of a single farthing. This is a thing which many a great man has long sighed after; for though it has been approved of in theory many ages, yet a certain obselete custom, and prejudice of education, has, till within these few years, preventedso noble a scheme from being put in execution. But as all things, from the most essential to the most minute, are regulated by fashion, this admirable art is at length established by the general consent of the nobility and gentry; and that it may not be debased like other fashions, by descending to the mob, the legislature has very prudently taken care to reserve it as a peculiar privilege to themselves by Par-

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liamentary authority*. But as innovations of all kinds, let them be ever so productive of public utility, generally meet with opposition, so there are at present a few among the quality, who either through a tenacious disposition of habit, a stubborn opposition to the court, or an unaccountable frenzy that has seized them, still persevere in the old road of paying; and annually fling away vast sums in the unnecessary discharge of what is commonly called lawful debts. However, as the number of these is very small, and daily decreases, I hope no inconvenience will accrue from their obstinate dissension; yet, lest vulgar error should invest such people with characters to make them the objects of admiration, and consequently imitation, to the young nobility, I think it the duty of one who wishes well to that body, to expose the absurdity of such a proceeding, and to warn the unexperienced against this enthusiasm. I call it enthusiasm, because these schismatics plead conscience, and an inward calling, that instigates them to these ungentleman-like, as well as unsociable, actions.

In the first place I must deviate a little from my subject, to make a proper distinction between two things which have been confounded of late on purpose by this party to advance their doctrine, viz. Honour and Honesty. Now they have long argued in vain, and used many sophistical reasons, to prove that the punctual observance of one, constitutes the other; whereas, a little insight into the present age, will clearly demonstrate, that they not only can, but do actually exist separately and independent of each other. For instance, Honour is not that little pitiful thing it has long been taken for, of servilely keeping a promise, paying debts, &c. No, 'tis of a more high and aerial extraction. Honour runs in the blood, nods under the coronet, and is enrolled in the patent; and in that shape is transmitted unalienable down to posterity, from generation to generation. My Lord's ancestors had titles, and he and his offspring are persons of Honour, in spite of any dirty mechanic's uncross'd shop-book among them. This is Honour, and appears at Court in the greatest lustre; whilst Honesty, the paltry inhabitant of a Cottage, has no manner of business in a palace; and if by chance any of the above-mentioned faction invite her there, they are looked upon as men who delight in low company, and are stigmatized and avoided accordingly.

I would have, therefore, our young people of quality, who are desirous of being esteemed polite, persons of honour and high breeding, be particularly careful not to be influenced by the precepts or examples of such antiquated bigots: for paying debts now-a-days, is looked upon as a great mark of honesty, which, I dare say, people of their rank and education would industriously fly from, if they knew it, as it is become in some measure incompatible with honour. Long bills and no receipts ought to be as an inseparable mark of a patrician, as the coronet upon the coach; and the different degrees of

* Alluding to the privilege of the Members of either House, from being arrested for their debts.

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dignity should be distinguished, by the number of duns at his lordship's doors, as they are, by the spots in the ermine upon the parliamentary robes. But there is a farther advantage accruing from this honourable art, more than ornamental, which has hitherto been entirely overlooked; that is, the vast power that it will by degrees place in the hands of the aristocracy, by making so many dependents upon them: for in case of an invasion, every Baron may by this means be enabled to raise a regiment or two in twenty-four hours, by calling his creditors about him; which service they would not so willingly enter into, if they were made rich and saucy by frequent payments.

As I have already said enough for the instruction of these illustrious debtors, I think it is my duty to give a word or two of advice to the plebeian creditors: for I have been informed that the progress of this art has lately been often obstructed, by their ill-timed impatience, ill-conducted manner of dunning, and want of mercantile faith. And since they have so far forgot their duty, I shall take upon me to remind them of it, and prescribe proper rules for their behaviour, in this respect, for the future. Faith, silence, and patience, should be the characteristics of a tradesman, and every one ought to write the names of these three virtues in golden letters over his counter: the one will dictate to him to give proper credit; the second will prevent him from making use of any impertinent expression, when he attends the levee; and the third will inure him to the disappointments of 'Mr. Such-a-one, I'll pay you to-morrow:' for procrastination is now a constant attendant on the great, and with them, as Shakespear says,

> To-morrow, and To-morrow, and To-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty Pace from Day to Day;

and tradesmen ought no more to expect their money, than my lord or my lady intends to pay it. 'Tis sufficient honour to be employed by them, and the name of a Right Honourable should stand for no more in their day-books, than the arms upon the sign-post, to draw in other customers. If shopkeepers and mechanics would practise this part of their duty, I dare say, a perpetual harmony would be established between the court and city, and those opprobious names with which they brand each other would be entirely abolished; but while the dirty shoes of Ludgate-Hill and Covent-Garden presume to pollute the stairs at St. James's, the citizens can never reasonably expect to be countenanced; nay, perhaps, if they carry their impertinence a little further, that useless thing they live by, called 'Trade,' may, in a second improvement of politeness, be banished the kingdom.

PHILARETES.

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SKETCHES

OF THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE *NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.*

[From "A Journey to the Northern Ocean from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, in the Years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772."]

(CONTINUED FROM P. 236.)

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

IN our last number, we gave a sketch of the respect in which females are held, among the American Indians. The following instances will prove, that there is no part of the world in which they are treated with so much cruelty.

"Having finished suchwood-work as the Indians thought would be necessary, and having augmented our stock of dried meat and fat, the twenty-first was appointed for moving; but one of the women having been taken in labour, and it being rather an extraordinary case, we were detained more than two days. The instant, however, the poor woman was delivered, which was not until she had suffered all the pains usually felt on those occasions, for near fifty-two hours, the signal was made for moving, when the poor creature took her infant on her back, and set out with the rest of the company; and though another person had the humanity to haul her sledge for her, (for one day only,) she was obliged to carry a considerable load beside her little charge, and was frequently obliged to wade knee-deep in water and wet snow. Her very looks, exclusive of her moans, were a sufficient proof of the great pain she endured, insomuch that although she was a person I greatly disliked, her distress at this time so overcame my prejudice, that I never felt more for any of her sex in my life: indeed her sighs pierced me to the soul, and rendered me very miserable, as it was not in my power to relieve her.

"One of the Indian's wives, who for some time had been in a consumption, had for a few days past become so weak as to be incapable of travelling, which, among those people, is the most deplorable state to which a human being can possibly be brought. Whether she had been given over by the doctors, or that it was for want of friends among them, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that no expedients were taken for her recovery: so that, without much ceremony, she was left, unassisted, to perish above-ground.

"Though this was the first instance of the kind I had seen, it is the common, and indeed the constant practice of those Indians: for when a grown person is so ill, especially in the Summer, as not to be able to walk, and too heavy to be carried, they say, it is better to leave one who is past recovery, than for the whole family to sit down by them,

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and starve to death; well knowing that they cannot be of any service to the afflicted. On those occasions, therefore, the friends or relations of the sick generally leave them some victuals and water; and, if the situation of the place will afford it, a little firing. When those articles are provided, the person to be left is acquainted with the road which the others intend to go; and then, after covering them well up with deer skins, &c. they take their leave, and walk away crying.

"Sometimes, persons, thus left, recover; and come up with their friends, or wander about till they meet with other Indians, whom they accompany till they again join their relations. Instances of this kind are seldom known. The poor woman above mentioned, however, came up with us three several times, after having been left in the manner described. At length, poor creature! she dropt behind; and no one attempted to go back in search of her."

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"Take them in a body, the women are as destitute of real beauty, as any nation I ever saw, though there are some few of them, when young, who are tolerable; but the care of a family, added to their constant hard labour, soon make the most beautiful among them look old and wrinkled, even before they are thirty; and several of the more ordinary ones, at that age, are perfect antidotes to love and gallantry. This, however, does not render them less dear and valuable to their owners, which is a lucky circumstance for those women, and a certain proof that there is no such thing as any rule or standard for beauty. Ask a Northern Indian, what is beauty? he will answer, a broad flat face, small eyes, high cheek-bones, three or four broad black lines a-cross each cheek, a low forehead, a large broad chin, a clumsy hook-nose, a tawney-hide, and breasts hanging down to the belt. Those beauties are greatly heightened, or at least rendered more valuable, when the possessor is capable of dressing all kinds of skins; converting them into the different parts of their clothing; and able to carry eight or ten stone in Summer, or haul a much greater weight in Winter. These, and other smilar accomplishments, are all that are sought after, or expected, of a Northern Indian woman."

METHOD OF WAR, AMBUSH, &c.

On the banks of the Copper River, Mr. Hearne was witness to a scene of warfare, so fraught with cruelty and horror, that the polished European will perhaps hardly credit the relation of it. We extract it, however, as containing a more exact picture of the warlike manners of the Northern Indians, than has been given by any former traveller.

"At this time (it being about noon) the three men who had been sent as spies met us on their return, and informed my companions that five tents of Esquimaux were on the west side of the river. The situation, they said, was very convenient for surprising them; and, according to their account, I judged it to be about twelve miles from

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the place we met the spies. When the Indians received this intelligence, no farther attendance or attention was paid to my survey, but their whole thoughts were immediately engaged in planning the best method of attack, and how they might steal on the poor Esquimaux, the ensuing night, and kill them all while asleep. To accomplish this bloody design more effectually, the Indians thought it necessary to cross the river as soon as possible; and, by the account of the spies, it appeared that no part was more convenient for the purpose than that where we had met them, it being there very smooth, and at a considerable distance from any fall. Accordingly, after the Indians had put all their guns, spears, targets, &c. in good order, we crossed the river, which took up some time.

"When we arrived on the West side of the river, each painted the front of his target or shield; some with the figure of the Sun, others with that of the Moon, several with different kinds of birds and beasts of prey, and many with the images of imaginary beings, which, according to their silly notions, are the inhabitants of the different elements, Earth, Sea, Air, &c.

"On enquiring the reason of their doing so, I learned that each man painted his shield with the image of that being on which he relied most for success in the intended engagement. Some were contented with a single representation; while others, doubtful, as I suppose, of the quality and power of any single being, had their shields covered to the very margin with a group of hieroglyphics quite unintelligible to every one except the painter. Indeed, from the hurry in which this business was necessarily done, the want of every colour but red and black, and the deficiency of skill in the artist, most of those paintings had more the appearance of a number of accidental blotches, than 'of any thing that is on the earth, or in the water under the 'earth;' and though some few of them conveyed a tolerable idea of the thing intended, yet even these were many degrees worse than our country sign-paintings in England.

"When this piece of superstition was completed, we began to advance toward the Esquimaux tents; but were very careful to avoid crossing any hills, or talking loud, for fear of being seen or overheard by the inhabitants; by which means the distance was not only much greater than it otherwise would have been, but, for the sake of keeping in the lowest grounds, we were obliged to walk through entire swamps of stiff marly clay, sometimes up to the knees. Our course, however, on this occasion, though very serpentine, was not altogether so remote from the river as entirely to exclude me from a view of it the whole way: on the contrary, several times (according to the situation of the ground) we advanced so near it, as to give me an opportunity of convincing myself that it was as unnavigable as it was in those parts which I had surveyed before, and which entirely corresponded with the accounts given of it by the spies.

"It is perhaps worth remarking, that my crew, though an undisciplined rabble, and by no means accustomed to war or command, seemingly acted, on this horrid occasion, with the utmost uniformity

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of sentiment. There was not among them the least altercation or separate opinion; all were united in the general cause, and as ready to follow where Matonabbee led, as he appeared to be ready to lead, according to the advice of an old Copper Indian, who had joined us on our first arrival at the river, where this bloody business was first proposed.

"Never was reciprocity of interest more generally regarded among a number of people, than it was on the present occasion by my crew: for not one was a moment in want of any thing that another could spare; and if ever the spirit of disinterested friendship expanded the heart of a Northern Indian, it was here exhibited in the most extensive meaning of the word. Property of every kind that could be of general use now ceased to be private, and every one who had any thing which came under that description, seemed proud of an opportunity of giving it, or lending it those who had none, or were most in want of it.

"The number of my crew was so much greater than that which five tents could contain, and the warlike manner in which they were equipped so greatly superior to what could be expected of the poor Esquimaux, that no less than a total massacre of every one of them was likely to be the case, unless Providence should work a miracle for their deliverance.

"The land was so situated that we walked under cover of the rocks and hills till we were within two hundred yards of the tents. There we lay in ambush for some time, watching the motions of the Esquimaux; and here the Indians would have advised me to stay till the fight was over; but to this I could by no means consent: for I considered that when the Esquimaux came to be surprised, they would try every way to escape, and if they found me alone, not knowing me from an enemy, they would probably proceed to violence against me, when no person was near to assist. For this reason I determined to accompany them, telling them at the same time, that I would not have any hand in the murder they were about to commit, unless I found it necessary for my own safety. The Indians were not displeased at this proposal; one of them immediately fixed me a spear, and another lent me a broad bayonet for my protection, but at that time I could not be provided with a target; nor did I want to be encumbered with such an unnecessary piece of lumber.

"While we lay in ambush, the Indians performed the last ceremonies which were thought necessary before the engagement. These chiefly consisted in painting their faces; some all black, some all red, and others with a mixture of the two; and to prevent their hair from blowing into their eyes, it was either tied before and behind, and on both sides, or else cut short all round. The next thing they considered was to make themselves as light as possible for running; which they did, by pulling off their stockings, and either cutting off the sleeves of their jackets, or rolling them up close to their arm-pits; and though the muskettoes at that time were so numerous as to surpass all credibility, yet some of the Indians actually pulled off their

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their jackets, and entered the lists quite naked, except their breech-cloths and shoes. Fearing I might have occasion to run with the rest, I thought it also adviseable to pull off my stockings and cap, and to tie my hair as close up as possible.

" By the time the Indians had made themselves thus completely frightful, it was near one o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth; when, finding all the Esquimaux quiet in their tents, they rushed forth from their ambuscade, and fell on the poor unsuspecting creatures, unperceived till close at the very eves of their tents, when they soon began the bloody massacre, while I stood neuter in the rear.

" In a few seconds the horrible scene commenced; it was shocking beyond description; the poor unhappy victims were surprised in the midst of their sleep, and had neither time nor power to make any resistance; men, women, and children, in all upward of twenty, ran out of their tents stark naked, and endeavoured to make their escape; but the Indians having possession of all the land-side, to no place could they fly for shelter. One alternative only remained, that of jumping into the river; but, as none of them attempted it, they all fell a sacrifice to Indian barbarity!

" The shrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches were truly dreadful; and my horror was much increased at seeing a young girl, seemingly about eighteen years of age, killed so near me, that, when the first spear was stuck into her side, she fell down at my feet, and twisted round my legs, so that it was with difficulty I could disengage myself from her dying grasps. As two Indian men pursued this unfortunate victim, I solicited very hard for her life; but the murderers made no reply till they had stuck both their spears through her body, and transfixed her to the ground. They then looked me sternly in the face, and began to ridicule me, by asking, if I wanted an Esquimaux wife? and paid not the smallest regard to the shrieks and agony of the poor wretch, who was twining round their spears like an eel! Indeed, after receiving much abusive language from them on the occasion, I was at length obliged to desire that they would be more expeditious in dispatching their victim out of her misery, otherwise I should be obliged, out of pity, to assist in the friendly office of putting an end to the existence of a fellow-creature who was cruelly wounded. On this request being made, one of the Indians hastily drew his spear from the place where it was first lodged, and pierced her through her breast near the heart. The love of life, however, even in this most miserable state, was so predominant, that though this might justly be called the most merciful act that could be done for the poor creature, it seemed to be unwelcome: for though much exhausted by pain and loss of blood, she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow. My situation and the terror of my mind, at beholding this butchery, cannot easily be conceived, much less described; though I summed up all the fortitude I was master of on the occasion, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from tears; and I am confident, that my features must have feelingly expressed how sincerely I was affected at the barbarous scene I

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then witnessed; even at this hour I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears.

"Among the various superstitious customs of these people, it is worth remarking, and ought to have been mentioned in its proper place, that immediately after my companions had killed the Esquimaux at the Copper River, they considered themselves in a state of uncleanness, which induced them to practise some very curious and unusual ceremonies. In the first place, all who were absolutely concerned in the murder were prohibited from cooking any kind of victuals, either for themselves or others. As luckily there were two in company who had not shed blood, they were employed always as cooks, till we joined the women. This circumstance was exceedingly favourable on my side: for had there been no persons of the above description in company, that task, I was told, would have fallen on me; which would have been no less fatiguing and troublesome, than humiliating and vexatious.

"When the victuals were cooked, all the murderers took a kind of red earth, or oker, and painted all the space between the nose and chin, as well as the greater part of their cheeks, almost to the ears, before they would taste a bit; and would not drink out of any other dish, or smoke out of any other pipe, but their own; and none of the others seemed willing to drink or smoke out of theirs."

METHOD OF CURING DISEASES BY THEIR CONJURERS.

"Several of the Indians being ill, the conjurers, who are always the doctors, and pretend to perform great cures, began to try their skill to effect their recovery. Here it is necessary to remark that they use no medicine either for internal or external complaints, but perform all their cures by charms. In ordinary cases, sucking the part affected, blowing, and singing to it; haughing, spitting, and at the same time uttering a heap of unintelligible jargon, compose the whole process of the cure.

"When a friend for whom they have a particular regard is, as they suppose dangerously ill, beside the above methods, they have recourse to another very extraordinary piece of superstition; which is no less than that of pretending to swallow hatchets, ice-chissels, broad bayonets, knives, and the like; out of a superstitious notion, that undertaking such desperate feats will have some influence in appeasing death, and procure a respite for their patient."

DISCIPLINE.

A CENTINEL at Maker Tower was interrupted in his watch by a Lady of the very first breeding—"Who goes there?" said the Centinel; "you cannot pass." "Not pass," exclaimed the enraged Fair—"do you know who I am, fellow! do you know that I am the Colonel's own *Lady!*" "That's neither here nor there," returned the honest military watchman; "if you was the Colonel's own *Wife*, you should not walk here."

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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.*

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

JUST PUBLISHED

BY JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 232.)

WE resume with pleasure the continuation of this article; convinced that an account of the Life and Writings of a character, so high in the republic of letters, must be entertaining to our readers.

In the year 1758, during his residence in Switzerland, Mr. Gibbon became acquainted with Voltaire, then in his retirement near Lausanne.

"Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age; a poet, an historian, and a philosopher, who has filled thirty quartos, of prose and verse, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting, by his own misconduct, the friendship of the first of kings, he retired, at the age of sixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and resided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town, or neighbourhood, of Lausanne. My desire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was easily gratified. He received me with civility as an English youth; but I cannot boast of any peculiar notice or distinction, *Virgilium vidi tantum.*

"The ode which he composed on his first arrival on the banks of the Leman Lake, *O Maison d'Aristippe! O Jardin d'Epicure, &c.* had been imparted as a secret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my discretion was not equal to my memory, the author was soon displeased by the circulation of a copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wished to observe whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is still engraved in fresh and indelible characters. The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country-house at the end of the suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expence of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of Zayre, Alzire, Zulime, and

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his sentimental comedy of the Enfant Prodigue, were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years, Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature."

In the years 1764 and 1765, our author visited Italy; and his feelings on seeing the different places, once the seats of arts and of arms, in that country, are very elegantly described.

"I shall advance with rapid brevity in the narrative of this tour, in which somewhat more than a year (April 1764—May 1765) was agreeably employed. Content with tracing my line of march, and slightly touching on my personal feelings, I shall wave the minute investigation of the scenes which have been viewed by thousands, and described by hundreds, of our modern travellers. ROME is the great object of our pilgrimage: and 1st, the journey; 2d, the residence; and 3d, the return; will form the most proper and perspicuous division. 1. I climbed Mount Cenis, and descended into the plain of Piedmont, not on the back of an elephant, but on a light osier seat, in the hands of the dextrous and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. The architecture and government of Turin presented the same aspect of tame and tiresome uniformity; but the court was regulated with decent and splendid economy; and I was introduced to his Sardinian majesty Charles Emanuel, who, after the incomparable Frederic, held the second rank *(proximus longo tamen intervallo)* among the kings of Europe. The size and populousness of Milan could not surprise an inhabitant of London; but the fancy is amused by a visit to the Boromean Islands, an enchanted palace, a work of the fairies, in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men. I was less amused by the marble palaces of Genoa, than by the recent memorials of her deliverance (in December 1746) from the Austrian tyranny; and I took a military survey of every scene of action within the inclosure of her double walls. My steps were detained at Parma and Modena, by the precious relics of the Farnese and Este collections: but, alas! the far greater part had been already transported, by inheritance, or purchase, to Naples and Dresden. By the road of Bologna and the Appenine, I at last reached Florence, where I reposed from June to September, during the heat of the summer months. In the Gallery, and especially in the Tribune, I first acknowledged, at the feet of the Venus of Medicis, that the chissel may dispute the pre-eminence with the pencil, a truth in the fine arts which cannot on this side of the Alps be felt or understood. At home I had taken some lessons of Italian; on the spot I read, with a learned native, the classics of the Tuscan idiom; but the shortness of my time, and the use of the French language, prevented my acquiring any facility of speaking; and I was a silent spectator in the conversations of our envoy, Sir Horace Mann, whose most serious business was that of entertaining the English at his hospitable

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table. After leaving Florence, I compared the solitude of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Sienna to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October, 2. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached, and entered, the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus *stood*, or Tully *spoke*, or Cæsar *fell*, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr. Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste; but, in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art. Six weeks were borrowed for my tour of Naples, the most populous of cities, relative to its size, whose luxurious inhabitants seem to dwell on the confines of paradise and hell-fire. I was presented to the boy-king by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton; who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has elucidated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian. On my return, I fondly embraced, for the last time, the miracles of Rome; but I departed without kissing the feet of Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), who neither possessed the wit of his predecessor Lambertini, nor the virtues of his successor Ganganelli. '3. In my pilgrimage from Rome to Loretto I again crossed the Apennine; from the coast of the Adriatic I traversed a fruitful and populous country, which could alone disprove the paradox of Montesquieu, that modern Italy is a desert. Without adopting the exclusive prejudice of the natives, I sincerely admire the paintings of the Bologna school. I hastened to escape from the sad solitude of Ferrara, which in the age of Cæsar was still more desolate. The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment; the university of Padua is a dying taper; but Verona still boasts her amphitheatre; and his native Vicenza is adorned by the classic architecture of Palladio; the road of Lombardy and Piedmont (did Montesquieu find them without inhabitants?) led me back to Milan, Turin, and the passage of Mount Cenis, where I again crossed the Alps in my way to Lyons."

During the administration of Lord North, Mr. Gibbon (by the interest of Lord Eliot, who married his first cousin) was returned in parliament for the borough of Leskeard; and he has given a sketch of the talents and genius of the leading political characters who then sat in the House of Commons. This sketch, drawn by the pen of an historian, who could with equal accuracy delineate the characters of an Alexander Severus or a Caracalla, of an Augustus or an Antoninus, though brief, shews the hand of a master; and may afford materials to the future historians of that period.

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'I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America; and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice.' But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by *Lord North*, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could weild, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason, and of ridicule. He was seated on the Treasury-bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of *Thurlow*, and the skilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of *Barre*, the legal acuteness of *Dunning*, the profuse and philosophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of *Fox*, who, in the conduct of a party, approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament, were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian."

At the close of the sixth volume of the 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' we have an account of the circumstance which first gave our author the idea of beginning that great work. This account he has given in the Memoirs,; and has added a description of his sensations, on bringing it to a conclusion.

"It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the City, rather than of the Empire: and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of

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eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

"I cannot help recollecting a much more extraordinary fact, which is affirmed of himself by Retif de la Bretorme, a voluminous and original writer of French novels. He laboured, and may still labour, in the humble office of corrector to a printing-house; but this office enabled him to transport an entire volume from his mind to the press; and his work was given to the public without ever having been written with a pen."

When the first volume of the work was put to press, Mr. CADELL (as our author informs us) wished the number printed to be 500; but STRAHAN interfered, and the edition was made 1000. Which of the two was right, time has determined: near *four* editions of it were sold in a few weeks.

Mr. Gibbon continues his Memoirs as far as the year 1788. Some general observations on human life and manners, and a sketch of his own character and sentiments, conclude them.

"When I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overspread with barbarism or slavery; in the civilized world, the most numerous class is condemned to ignorance and poverty; and the double fortune of my birth, in a free and enlightened country, and in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit against millions. The general probability is about three to one, that a new-born infant will not live to complete his fiftieth year. I have now passed that age, and may fairly estimate the present value of my existence in the three-fold division of mind, body, and estate.

"1. The first and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

——— Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

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"I am endowed with a cheerful temper, a moderate sensibility, and a natural disposition to repose, rather than to activity; some mischievous appetites and habits have perhaps been corrected by philosophy or time. The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigour from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure; and I am not sensible of any decay of the mental faculties. The original soil has been highly improved by cultivation; but it may be questioned, whether some flowers of fancy, some grateful errors, have not been eradicated with the weeds of prejudice. 2. Since I have escaped from the long perils of my childhood, the serious advice of a physician has seldom been requisite. 'The madness of superfluous health' I have never known; but my tender constitution has been fortified by time, and the inestimable gift of the sound and peaceful slumbers of infancy, may be imputed both to the mind and body. 3. I have already described the merits of my society and situation; but these enjoyments would be tasteless or bitter if their possession were not assured by an annual and adequate supply. According to the scale of Switzerland, I am a rich man; and I am indeed rich, since my income is superior to my expence, and my expence is equal to my wishes. My friend, Lord Sheffield, has kindly relieved me from the cares to which my taste and temper are most adverse: shall I add, that since the failure of my first wishes, I have never entertained any serious thoughts of a matrimonial connection?

"I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson: twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my History; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe; but, as I was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land; that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn. I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

"The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our

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prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years. I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON

THE MASONIC JEWELS.

THIS Magazine having been embellished with engravings of the JEWELS of a LODGE, the illustration of those emblems requires attention.

Our JEWELS then, or ornaments, imply, that we try our affections by justice, and our actions by truth, as the workmanship is tried and adjusted by the SQUARE.

We regard our mortal state, whether dignified by title or not, whether opulent or indigent, as being of one nature in the beginning, and of one rank in its close. In sensations, passions, and pleasures, in, infirmities, maladies, and wants, all mankind are on a parallel; nature has given us no superiorities: for real superiority, only wisdom and virtue can constitute. From such maxims we make estimates of our brother, when his calamities call for our counsels, or our aid: the works of *charity* are from sympathetic feelings, and *benevolence* acts upon the LEVEL.

To walk uprightly before heaven and before men, neither inclining to the right nor to the left, is the duty of a mason, neither becoming an enthusiast nor a persecutor in religion, nor bending toward innovation or infidelity. In civil government, firm in our alliance, yet stedfast in our laws, liberties, and constitution. In private life, yielding up every propensity, inclining neither to avarice nor injustice, to malice, nor revenge, to envy, nor contempt, with mankind; but uprightly and with integrity should the mason carry himself toward the world, as the builder raises his column by the perpendicular, or PLUMB.

To rule our affections by justice, and our actions by truth, is to wear a *jewel* which would ornament the bosom of the highest poten-

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tate on earth; human nature has her impulses from desires, which are often too inordinate: love binds with prejudices, and resentment burns with fevers; contempt renders us incredulous, and covetousness deprives us of every generous or human feeling. To steer the bark of life upon the seas of passions, without quitting the course of rectitude, is one of the highest excellencies to which human nature can be brought, aided by all the powers of philosophy and religion.

Yet merely to act with justice and truth, is not all that man should attempt: for even that excellence would be selfishness: that duty is not relative, but merely proper: it is only touching our own character, and doing nothing for our neighbour: for justice is an indispensable duty in each individual: we were not born for ourselves alone, only to shape our course through life in the tracks of tranquility, and solely to study that which should afford peace to the conscience at home; but men were made as mutual aids to each other; no one among us, be he ever so opulent, can subsist without the assistance of his fellow-creatures. Nature's wants are numerous; our nakedness must be clothed, our hunger satisfied, our maladies visited. Where shall the proud man toil for sustenance, if he stands unaided by his neighbours? When we look through the varied scene of life, we see our fellow creatures attacked with innumerable calamities; and were we without compassion, we should exist without one of the finest feelings of the human heart. To love and to approve, are movements in the soul of man which yield him pleasure; but to pity, gives him heavenly sensations; and to relieve, is divine. *Charity* there has its existence; its rise is from the consciousness of our similarity in nature; the LEVEL on which morality was created in the beginning; its progress is in sympathetic feelings, from the affections of the heart, breathing love towards our brother, coupled with the touch of original estimation in our minds, which proves all our species to be brethren of one existence. Its conclusion is, from comparison producing judgment; we weigh the necessities of our suffering fellow-creatures by our natural equality, by compassion, our sympathy, and our own abilities, and dispense our gifts from affection. Pity and pain are sisters by sympathy.

To be an upright man, is to add still greater perfections to the *mason's* character: to do justice and to have charity, are excellent steps in human life; but to act uprightly, gives a superlative degree of excellence; for in that station we shall become examples in religious, in civil, and in moral conduct. It is not enough that we are neither enthusiasts nor persecutors in religion, neither bending towards innovation or infidelity; not to be in the passive only, but we should appear in the active character: we should be zealous practisers of, and stedfast members in, religious duties. In civil matters, we should not only submit to, but execute, the laws of our country; obey all their ordinances, and perform all their precepts; be faithful to the constitution of the realm, and loyal to our king; true soldiers in the defence of our liberty, and of his crown and dignity. In morality, it requires of us, not only that we should not err, by injuring,

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betraying, or deceiving, but that we should act unrightly in all things, in that station of life, wherein Providence has placed us.

By such tests let the *mason* be proved; and let him testify that his emblematical *jewels* are ensigns only of the inward man: thence he will stand approved before heaven and before men, purchasing honour to his *masonic profession*, and happiness to himself.

S.

ON

PRESENCE OF MIND.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is an observation of a celebrated French writer—"That great men, like great objects, appear best, when viewed at a certain distance:" for, in considering the general beauty of the object before us, the less important parts escape our notice; and in our wonder at the grandeur of the colonade or the porch, we forget the various inferior offices the mansion contains; but which are still necessary to the perfection of the whole. To apply this observation to human life;—Alexander the great did not, perhaps, appear so much of a hero to his valet, who saw him in his moments of privacy, and who knew every little foible and weakness of his nature, as he has since done to the many enthusiastic admirers of his character. Every man we meet is composed of mixed materials; and the love of fame may urge many to deeds of public valour, who in their chamber would tremble at the rustling of the wind, or the buzzing of an insect. Nay so true is this, that I have read (I cannot now recollect where) of a soldier, who, after marching up to a breach exposed to the enemies' fire, with the greatest coolness, stood aghast at his own shadow. In forming our estimate, therefore, of great men, we are not to judge of them altogether, from their public deeds: for vanity, may in them, urge them beyond themselves; nor from their private life: for, among their intimates, they bring themselves down to the level of their company. How then, it may be said, are we to form a true estimate of the human character? To this, I think, it may be replied —from the conduct of a man on occasions, where vanity did not exalt, nor circumstances debase him; where he could only act from—*himself*. Thus in forming my judgment of the hero I have just mentioned (Alexander the Great) I should entertain a higher opinion of him from his prompt and intrepid conduct, in the moment of danger, when his Macedonians had revolted, than I should from his exploits on the plains of Arbela, or the banks of the Indus.

The Arabian writers record of Mahomet, that having promised as a miracle, that a mountain should move to his followers; when it was discovered it remained fixed its base,—"*If*, said the Prophet, *the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go up to the mountain.*" This instance furnishes a stronger proof of the greatness

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of his character, than any other that is recorded of him: his active and ready genius, in a perilous moment, saved himself, and the religion he preached, from destruction.

Both ancient and modern history afford us many examples, from which to judge of men, whose names rank high on the roll of glory. The cool reply of the Athenian to his fellow-citizens, who were eager for his destruction, "*Strike, but hear me!*" saved his country from civil discord and foreign invasion, and immortalized his own name.

I have been led into these reflections by two uncommon instances of presence of mind, which I have lately met with; the one, in a polished European; the other, in an untutored savage. They are both so extraordinary, and I presume so little known, that I must beg you will give them a place in your valuable miscellany:

"Dr. C———, who for many years was the Munro of Paris, and had deservedly obtained great reputation for his treatment of maniacs, one day paid a professional visit to a private mad-house. A certain Nobleman, then confined there, followed him up to the garrett, where his patient lay; and when arrived at the last landing, insisted on his jumping over the bannisters from thence to the bottom of the house. To jump was certain death, as the house was six stories high; and resistance was altogether vain: for the madman was six feet two inches high, and strong in proportion, while the doctor was a very little, deformed man, of about four feet six. His presence of mind, however, saved him. "*I could*, says he, *jump with the greatest ease from hence to the bottom; but that would be nothing wonderful. If you will permit me to descend the stairs, I will jump from the bottom to this place.*" In this the maniac willingly acquiesced; and by that means the doctor preserved his life."

"A Hottentot, who lived in the service of a Dutch merchant at the Cape of Good Hope, had been sent by his master with a letter to one of the colonists, who lived at a distance up the country. On his return, about midway between the place he had been to and Cape Town, he found he was followed by a lion. Now it is a singular fact in the natural history of this animal, that he never attacks his prey, while it is day-light. But he has been frequently known to follow persons, at the distance of a few hundred yards, for many hours, while it was light, and to attack and destroy them, as night came on. When the Hottentot first discovered his danger, it was within a short time of sun-set; he knew, therefore, that he could neither return to the colonist, or arrive at the Cape Town before dark. In this perilous situation, with a famished lion gazing on him, and growling with satisfaction at the prospect of a good repast, he had recourse to an expedient, which might do honour to a more enlighted being. In passing the chain of mountains, which are not far from Cape Town, he took of his clothes, consisting merely of a thin jacket, trowsers, and a cap, and stuck them on a walking stick, so as to appear like something human. He then let himself a few yards down the edge of a precipice, and set the stick with his clothes on

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it, just above the edge of it; while he remained on a small shelf of the rock. The king of the forest was deceived: for when it was near dark, he sprung eagerly forward on his supposed prey, and was dashed to pieces by his fall down the steep. We need hardly add, that the Hottentot arrived at Cape Town in safety.

L.

THE

DOG-TAX;

A

FRAGMENT.

"YES, dearest Pompey, I will pay the *tax!*"

Hearken to my motive, ye snarling cynics of the day, who vilify the nature of the *dog*, and, in the time of taxation, rashly call aloud for the halter and the gibbet!——

In the morning, I arise from sleep, and dress myself. Pompey anticipates my purpose. He instantly leaps from off his little snug cushion, near my bed, and fawningly approaches me; he watches my most trivial actions. I prepare to go out. Pompey stares me wistfully in the face, wagging his tail. *May be come with me;* or, *must be stay behind?* His anxiety and whining impatience are extreme. I take up my sword, my hat, and my cane; whilst Pompey's sparkling eyes are steadfastly fixed upon mine. I tantalize, and keep him in doubt; every joint, every muscle trembles. At length, I exclaim: "Come on!" and each feature beams with tenfold animation. He darts forward, like a flash of lightning, licking whatever comes in his way, and barking forth to every passenger his triumph and exultation.—But, should the poor fellow meet with a denial, he hangs down his head, and slinks away, betaking himself to some remote corner, to sulk and pine in silence.—

I quit the house. The door is hardly shut, before my unfortunate cur creeps up close to it, listening attentively to hear if, perchance, I be not on the return. He springs up into the hall-window-seat; investigates what passes out of doors; and, then, sadly paces back again, to sit by my old morning-gown, which he licks all over; making, at the same time, piteous moans and lamentations.—Hark! He fancies he has heard my voice!—Ha! he pricks up his dappled ears in haste, and rushes back to the window—fumes—frets—hesitates—*Yes! yes! It is, it is his master, his much-loved master!*—— Heavens! how lively are his transports! How insupportable his pleasing emotions! He hurries backward and forward, here and there, to and fro, turning round and round, every minute. Anon, he rustles close about my legs, sheds tears, and affectionately throws his shaggy paws upon my knees and feet.

And now, see the obsequious rogue fetches my slippers, and my morning-gown; he frisks, and bounds again in the air, or blithely

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rolls along upon the ground, unable sufficiently to evince his joyous zeal. Every gesture betokens mirthful extravagance; every sound is expressive of empassioned fondness.——

Ah! tell me, ye modern philosophical sages, profound disciples of Descartes, to what happy combination of matter and motion do ye attribute all these wonderful effects? What secret springs, think ye, actuate a machine, thus differently working in exact conformity to varying circumstances, thus with amazing pathos communicating the alternate ebullitions of sensibillity? Were Pompey, indeed, a creature destitute of intelligence; were his attachment indeed, produced merely by the force of intricate machinery; could I, when travelling in a foreign land, and ignorant of surrounding probabilities, could I dare to entrust my life to his protection and safeguard, amidst solitary plains and gloomy forests—But now, I carelessly lay me down to rest under the ample foliage of a wide-spreading oak; and sleep most soundly, secure in the tried fidelity of my dog: for, I well know that Pompey will bark amain, in case of surprize, and intrepidly defend me; till fully awakened from repose, I can myself engage in the contest.

Placid, honest Pompey! Inseparable companion in my toils and dangers! Witness both to my unmerited troubles, and to my fortitude under them! Oh! may this hasty tribute of gratitude and affection consecrate thy good qualities; and may future times record thy humble eulogy: *thou continuedest faithful to thy poor master, when intimate friends and acquaintances either betrayed, or forgot, or forsook him; when those, to whom he applied for succour, cruelly united to oppress him.*

"Yes, dearest Pompey, I will pay the tax!"

W. B.

Chelsea, May 12, 1796.

CIVIC ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Lord Mayor of London, whose name we conceal, for the honour of that high station, being seated at the Old Bailey in all the form and state of Chief Judge, but forgetting where he was, and the character he had to sustain, called out to one of the attendants, in waiting, whom he personally knew, and in a familiar tone of voice, "*Loades! Loades!*"—"My Lord"—"Put that candle "out; it makes such a d——d stink in court, there's no bearing *on't!*" Soon after, perceiving a man with his hat on, he called again upon *Loades* to turn that *feller* out *a court*, who had his hat on; but upon the man refusing to comply, he was called by my Lord to *the Bar!* "Sirrah," said his Lordship, "what is the reason you wear your hat *on* in court, and would not go out when I ordered you?" "Why, my Lord, no more I won't," replied the fellow, "for this here *chap* "has got my *backer* box." My Lord made the man return it. When the stink was out, the man's hat in his hand, and the box in his pocket, the court proceeded to *other* business.

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EXCERPTA ET COLLECTANEA.

HÆC SPARSA COEGI.

ALEXANDER LAINEZ.

LAINEZ was born at Chimay; where, after various voyages and travels, he had retired. As he was very poor, he led a solitary life for the space of two years; and was then drawn from it by a very singular adventure. Mr. DE FAUTRIER, a man of great knowledge, was Intendant of the Province of Hainault; and, at that time, received an order from Mr. DE LOUVOIS to find out, and arrest, the authors of certain libels then circulated throughout Flanders. Mr. De Fautrier, hearing that there was a man at Chimay, who was always shut up in his house, and employed in writing, went thither with a detachment of fifty men; and found Lainez in a dirty night-gown, surrounded by papers. These were searched; and nothing found in them but pleasant stories, and elegant verses. The perusal of them gave the Intendant great delight; and he told the poet, he was not circumstanced as his merit deserved; and made him an offer of conducting him to his own house, as a more proper abode for him. Lainez told him frankly, he had no other clothes than his night-gown. "Never mind that," replied the Intendant, "go into my coach, and I will take care that you have clothes, and every thing necessary."

When Lainez was at Paris, he hired a room in the environs of St. Germains; a place no person of rank was acquainted with. Whenever he had an invitation to dine, he had a coach to carry him home, if he chose; but his constant orders to the drivers were, to set him down on the *Pont-Neuf*, opposite to the Brazen Horse; from whence he went on foot to his obscure lodgings.

He divided all his time between the table and his books. His monstrous appetite surprized every one he dined with. One day, after having been at table five or six hours, he was asked by a person who saw him sit down again a few minutes after, *if he had not dined? Is my stomach*, replied he, *endowed with memory do you think?* One of his friends seeing him enter the King's library, after a debauch of eight hours, there to remain till bed-time, expressed great astonishment at his conduct. Lainez, seeing his wonder, repeated the following Latin distich, which he composed on the instant:

Riguat Nocte Calix, volvuntur Biblia mane:
Cum Phœbo Bacchus dividit Imperium.

Lainez never gave any copies of the verses he recited; and, as they could not be perfectly remembered, he used pleasantly to say —*I shall certainly be obliged to build an Invalid Hospital for all my lame verses.*

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Lainez was once told, that an acquaintance of his had composed a volume, on the subject of two short lines, in one of his poems; where, speaking of himself under the character of an agreeable epicurean, he says:—

La Debauche le fuit,
La Volupte le suit.

Debauch flies him,
Voluptuousness follows him.

Finding the use this person had made of these two lines—*He is a comical fellow*, said he: *he has taken a drop of my essence to mix in a gallon of water.*

When Lainez had received the sacrament in his last illness, his confessor ordered a box full of licentious verses to be carried off, while he was asleep. This was not done without a great deal of opposition on the part of the servant, which awakened the poet; who, finding what they were about, cried out—*Thieves! thieves!* and ordered a Commissary to be sent for, to whom he made his complaint, and the box was ordered to be replaced by his bed-side. After this he conversed some time with his priest with great vivacity, and desired to be carried in a chair to the parish of St. Roch, where he died. He had intended to be carried to the plain of Montmartre, to behold the rising sun once more before his death; but in this he was prevented.

CLOWNISH SIMPLICITY.

In a village in France, an old farmer was dying. The son was dispatched to the Cure to confess him. He remained three hours at the Cure's door, knocking very softly. The door was at length opened by the Cure himself, who asked him, why he had not knocked louder? 'I was afraid to waken you,' answered the peasant. 'What is the business, however, you come about?' said the priest. 'My father was dying,' replied he, 'when I left him four hours ago.' 'He is by this time then certainly dead; and I have no occasion to go to him,' said the priest. '*Oh no, Sir,*' replied the fellow, '*our neighbour Pierrot promised to keep him alive till you should come.*'

BON MOT OF THE DEVIL.

[From Quevedo, a Spanish writer.]

A wretched miser in Salamanca being on his death-bed, his infernal majesty dispatched his messenger Moloch to convey his soul to the shades to meet its due reward as soon as it should leave its mortal frame. Moloch, however, returned very shortly after, and informed his majesty, that he had found the bed of the miser so encompassed with trustees and executors (for the miser was willing all his wealth to charitable purposes) that he could not get near it. '*That is very unfortunate,*' said the Devil; '*the wretch has, it is true, been too cunning for us; but his immense fortune, left for* CHARITIES, *will insure us all the trustees and executors.*'

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ORIGINALITY IN
DR. ROBERTSON AND MR. GIBBON.

It is a maxim of the wise man, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' Ingenious and novel as many things appear to us, we frequently find others who have known them before; and the condition of the human mind is such, that it is hardly to be wondered at, that different people should have the same ideas, at very remote periods.

Dr. Robertson, in his History of America, dwells a great deal on an hypothesis, which he thinks to be original, viz. that America was peopled from the *North-West* part of *Tartary*. And Mr. Gibbon, in his Roman History, has decked, in all the beauty and elegance of language, his comparison of the irruptions of the northern nations into Europe, to the waves of the sea impelling each other along. Now both these ideas, applied to nearly the same subjects, are to be met with in a work, published at the beginning of this century, from which the extract that follows is taken:

"We say then, that the world was *first peopled from the East*, as holy writ assures, and history and reason persuades; arts and arms first flourished there, almost innumerable armies appearing in early times; whence repeated swarms or inundations still issuing in the same course with the sun, *thrust on one another* from place to place, and island to island, we mean those less remote from the continent, and which in clear weather might be seen from it, and ships easily get thither: for whatever other authors say, we are sure there was *shipping as early as* Noah; but what's this to those more remote, as *America*, when the compass was not invented; first let that be proved an island, and then we'll dispute further on it; in the mean time we shall take the liberty to suppose on, that 'twas peopled from the *North-West* part of *Tartary*, which, if not a continent, must yet be much nearer to those parts than our side of the world."

"As to the second enquiry, beasts might pass the same way, and perhaps easier than men: if 'tis all land, through *inaccessible snows* and woods; if only some strait and narrow sea separates, nothing more common than for sailors, in that part of the world, to find great numbers of living beasts floating upon the ice; and this way, as well as others, *wild beasts* might be driven over, or be there without so much trouble, if we admit this following hypothesis, wherein I can foresee no absurdity. That there were *islands before the flood* can't be proved by history or reason: Let's suppose, therefore, there were none, but some actually made by its fury and violence; other parts of the continent, only disposed or prepared for islands, continuing joined by a very small *isthmus*; while that remained, there was a bridge large enough for the beasts to go over, which being in process of time worn away, whereof tradition, observation, and history give us instances, those *peninsulas* were thereby transformed into compleat islands."

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SOME ANECDOTES OF
HENRY PRINCE OF WALES,
ELDEST SON OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

[From Doctor Birch's Life of that Prince, published in March 1760.]

THIS Prince (says the Doctor) was of a comely stature, about five feet eight inches, of a strong, strait, well-made body, with shoulders somewhat broad, and a small waist; of an amiable and majestic countenance; his hair was of an auburn colour; he was long visaged, and had a broad forehead, a piercing eye, and a most gracious smile, but a terrible frown.—

He was (adds the Doctor) courteous, loving, and affable; naturally modest, and even shame-faced; most patient, and slow to anger*. He was merciful to offenders, after a little punishment to make them sensible of their faults. His sentiments of piety (continues the writer) were strong and habitual, and his great aversion to swearing, is evident from the following anecdote:—His Highness being once hunting the stag, it happened that the stag, being spent, crossed the road, where a butcher and his dog were travelling. The dog killed the stag, which was so large that the butcher could not carry it away; when the huntsmen and attendants came up, they expressed great resentment, and endeavoured to incense the Prince against the butcher. But the Prince answered coolly: "If the dog killed the stag, how could the butcher help it." They replied, "that if his father had been so served, he would have sworn intolerably. "Away," rejoined the Prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

His courage and intrepidity shewed themselves from his earliest years.—Being asked, when very young, what instrument of music he liked best, he answered "a trumpet;" in the sound of which, and of drums, and of small and great pieces of ordnance, shot off near him, he took great delight. He was scarce seven years of age when a boy of good courage, and almost a year older, falling by accident to blows with him, and exerting his whole strength, his Highness not only had the superiority in the contest, but loved his antagonist the better ever after for his spirit.—While a child, he wept much

* Perhaps this character will not be found altogether consistent with the following anecdote, which the author has related concerning his Highness's behaviour on the accusation of Mr. Pett, his favourite servant.---Mr. Pett having been unjustly accused, and his innocence made clear before the king, who heard the cause in person, attended by the prince, his highness on his servant's being cleared, expressed his resentment against the accusers, by calling out in a low voice, "Where be now these perjured fellows, who dare thus to abuse his majesty by false informations! Do they not worthily deserve the gallows!" This impetuous resentment which his highness, who was then but fifteen years old, shewed in the presence of his royal father, is a proof, that he was not altogether so patient and slow to anger as the above character represents him.

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less than others of his age. Having at one time severely bruised his hands by a fall, which bled very much, yet the pain only drew a few drops from his eyes: he rose up with a smile, and dissembled what he suffered.—Being asked whether he was as fond of hunting as his father, he answered, "Yes; but there is another kind of hunting which I love better." Being asked again what that was, replied, "The hunting of thieves and rebels with brave men and horses;" then turning to one of his pages descended of Highland parents, who were reported to have been thieves, he added, "and such thieves as I take shall be hanged, the great ones higher than the rest; and you, sirrah, if you prove a thief, highest of all."—He was scarcely ten years of age, when being desirous to mount a horse of prodigious mettle, and refusing the assistance of his attendants, who thought it too hazardous an undertaking, he mounted him from the side of a bank, and spurred the animal to a full gallop, in spite of the remonstrances of those who stood by; and at last having thoroughly exercised the horse, brought him in a gentle pace back, and, dismounting, said to them, "How long shall I continue to be a child in your opinion."—Such of our readers, as are desirous of obtaining other anecdotes of this young Prince, may peruse the Doctor's history of the royal youth, as published in 1760. To relate any more of them might be deemed prolix, and not very entertaining.

M.

SOME PARTICULARS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN RESPECTING *MONSIEUR BAILLY.*

LATE MAYOR OF PARIS.

A PAMPHLET has been published at Paris, and is much sought after; it is entitled *Memoires d'un Detenu, pour servir a l'histoire de la Tyranni de Robespierre.* (Memoirs of a prisoner, serving as additional proofs of the tyranny of Robespierre.) That pamphlet is said to contain the most curious particulars about some personages famous in the history of the Revolution, and whom different factions led to the scaffold. We shall quote only the following passage concerning the unfortunate BAILLY, the first Mayor of Paris.

"Towards the same period was brought in a companion to our sufferings, Bailly, the man who was the happiest in former honours, and whose agony was now the greatest. He suffered all the ferocity of the rabble, whose idol he had been, and was basely abandoned by the people, who so highly esteemed him. He died in the midst of ignominy: his face was spit on; the *drapeau rouge* was burnt before his face; men, transported with fury, went by him to strike him, in spite of the executioners, who themselves shuddered at so many outrages; he was covered with dirt; he remained three hours at the place of execution, and his scaffold was erected on a heap of filth. A cold rain that poured down, added still to the horror of his situation.

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His hands tied behind his back, he sometimes demanded when would be the end of so many hardships? but these words were uttered with a calmness worthy of one of the first philosophers of Europe. He answered to one, who said to him, 'Thou tremblest, Bailly,'—'My friend, it is from the cold.'

"If we were asked, how we were so well informed, let it be known that it was by the channel of the executioner, who, during the whole year, has not been a single day, without being called for in our execrable residence, and who related to our gaolers those shocking, but wonderful circumstances.

"Were I to abandon myself to the painful task of naming individually all the interesting beings sacrificed in so long a butchery, to speak in due terms of their virtues and courage, I should pile volumes on volumes. I confine myself to say, that death was become a trivial thing, and that Socrates himself, in the midst of 4000 persons of every age and sex, that I have seen murdered in less than a year, could not have surpassed them, except by his eloquence and his sublime speeches on the immortality of the soul."

In addition to these particulars, we find the following in another Paper; and as any thing relative to a man who fills so great a place as Bailly, either in the literary or in the political world, cannot but be interesting and gratifying to our readers, we give them without apology.

"Bailly wrote in his dungeon a *Memoire Justificatif* on all the facts he was indicted for, and especially on the affair of the Champ de Mars. That memoir was printed under the modest title of, *Bailly to his Fellow-citizens;* but it is very little known: for though it was written with the greatest moderation, and inculpated nobody, and was only confined to the defence of a single accused person, no bookseller or hawker dared to sell it. This is not one of the least striking features of the universal oppression under which a whole people groaned, who spoke of nothing but of liberty.

"Bailly communicated his Memorial to some of the companions of his captivity; and especially to a man of great sense, who, by the distinguished talents, and the wise principles he had displayed in one of our National Assemblies, deserved well to be included in the *Grande Conspiration* plotted by Roberspierre against all kinds of merit.

"The friend of Bailly was strongly impressed with the evidence of the proofs that attested his innocence—'if your Memorial is perused,' said he, 'it is impossible they should condemn you.' 'They 'will not read it,' answered Bailly, 'and were they, they no less would condemn me. They wish to have my head; they shall have it; and I think,' he added, 'that such is their animosity, that they will change the nature of my punishment; they will not deem the ordinary execution cruel enough.' Then, after a moment of reflection, he pursued, 'That thought hangs heavy upon my heart, for the sake of the unfortunate victims who will fall after me, for the death by the guillotine is a very mild one."

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REVIEW
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Paradise of Taste. By Alexander Thomson, *Esq. author of Whist, a Poem.* Cadell and Davies. 1796. *4to. Pages* 124. *Price* 6*s.*

NEVER were *disjecti membra poetæ* more glaringly exhibited than in this motley composition. Avowedly written in defiance of established authorities, it maintains a claim to originality by extravagant methods; and this, at least, is certain, that the daring independence asserted in Mr. T.'s preface, is preserved with unabating spirit throughout his poem. To intimate the writer's age, were needless; abundant marks of youth are discoverable: felicity of expression, however, bursts forth occasionally, rolling along such majestic floods of imagery, that, overwhelmed with the unexpected torrent, criticism becomes lost in admiration.

The work being *unique*, we shall grant unusual latitude to its review. It divides itself into seven Cantos, viz. the *Library*; *Vision*; *Garden of Beauty*; *Vale of Pity*; *House of Ridicule*; *Mountain of Sublimity*; and *Island of Fancy*. We would here gladly close our remarks; with advising Mr. T. to ride Pegasus with shorter reins in future; but ours is a sacred office: we must not deal merely in loose, general observation. Examples are wanting to corroborate applause and censure.

We object to a *wanton change* of *versification* in a *continued* poem. Poor, indeed, is the performance that requires stage-trick to fix attention. The profit and loss of such process are lamentably disproportionate. We are surprized—we expect—we examine—we are disappointed. Irregularity and variety are *not* synonimous.—Our strictures in this respect are pointed; because attempts are made at justification.

The personification, Canto II. page 19, forcibly reminds us of Cowley's *Gabriel*. Johnson's celebrated sarcasm upon that description, is equally applicable to the portrait of *Taste**. The celestial employments of Mr. T.'s bards are, for the most part, insipid and ridiculous. Ovid, Ariosto, and Spenser, are huddled together upon a *joint-stool*; whilst Virgil and Pope sit in chairs, *to hear birds sing*. Euripides and Otway skulk *perdus* in a cave. Fontaine either apes *Narcissus* of old, or makes eddies in the water. Racine and Rowe turn galley-slaves. Richardson lolls on a coffin. Statius and Young are puny sprites *squatting on the apex of a pyramid*. Fielding tipples *ale*, Moliere *Champaine*, Cervantes *Madeira*; they then *mix* their beverage. Lucian and Swift gobble down beef-steaks. Plautus, Aristophanes, and Rabelais, bespatter themselves with *porridge*. Sterne rests propped up by two tombs, like a maudlin bacchanal—a leer in one eye, and a tear in the other. In fine, Shakespeare (the author's favourite) stands perched upon a cragged rock, "*like eagle chained*," and carelessly vibrates a vast club, too ponderous for other hands.

Canto VII. page 117, presents a passage that we strove in vain to understand:

> " ——————there of dazzling moons an army bright
> " Still broke the silence of the midnight air,
> " With many-shap'd and many-colour'd light,
> " With azure beams and purple splendors rare,
> " And many an oval green and many a scarlet square."

* See Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. I. page 84.

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Were we to transcribe the stanza that concludes the piece, we are convinced Mr. T. would never forgive our malignity.

But, of reproof enough. Let us resume the tone of panegyric. The description of Ossian is pathetic; and the characters of Lucan and Corneille highly appropriate: The close——

" And stern Horatius, whose heroic mind
" Wish'd that his son had *rais'd the shield of death*
" To save his honour——"

——is sublime. Plato, Demosthenes, and Longinus; Pindar, Dryden, and Gray; Homer also, and Milton; are well depicted, The contrast between the last is grand:

" ——Both, as they sate,
" Appear'd of equal size; but I could well
" Perceive, delighted, that when each uprear'd
" His mighty stature, Britain's giant son
" Would proudly rise, and leave the Greek below."

We shall not particularize more minute blemishes and graces;—Mr. Thompson has certainly, with all his defects, very strong claims to approbation; and the present poem is a strong earnest of what we may expect from his muse. His originality ranks him very high; and his beauties, as well as his faults are all his *own*. He has boldly soared an unknown flight, and though the sun may have *dazzled*, it has not *blinded* him.

An Apology for the Bible, in a Series of Letters, addressed to Thomas Paine, *&c. By* R. Watson, D. D. F. R. S. *Lord Bishop of Landaff, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge.* 385 *Pages. Price* 4*s.*

THIS is a masterly performance; and were alone sufficient to place its writer in the fairest light, independent of his other celebrated tracts. The misguided object of his censure is well known. " Landaff's good bishop " reproves with gentleness, and chastises with a smile. Partial extracts would but faintly demonstrate the splendid talents, the critical acumen, the caustic raillery, the extensive erudition, the sweet benevolence, the Christian charity, which alternately enrich, whilst they diversify, the *Apology*.

Pages 207, 208, 209, present a fine specimen of Dr. W.'s powers of imagination. To follow the excursive flight of metaphor with ardour, to soar sublimely above it, and to pounce with resistless force upon the prey, is one of the most arduous efforts of genius. Paine's allusion is apposite; his reverend adversary's amplification is replete with awful grandeur.

We shall rejoice to peruse a translation of this treatise. The *French* clergy may gloriously vindicate their character from obloquy, by uniting in the accurate selection of similar works, and clothing them in such a garb as shall attract notice from their deluded countrymen.

Lastly, we recommend the adoption of worse paper, and of an inferior type; that, if possible, the antidote may be as widely disseminated as the corosive poison against which it is directed. *Four shillings* is, indeed, too high a price: it constitutes full half the weekly stipend of many thousands in that industrious portion of our fellow-creatures, who

" Live but to labour, labouring but to live!"

who, yet, possess good understandings, and eagerly long to ascertain sound principles of morality and religion.

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Three Dialogues on the Amusements of Clergymen. *London*, B. *and* J. White, *Fleet-Street*, 1796, 12*mo*. *Pages* 224. *Price* 3*s*. 6*d*.

THIS elegant tract, we can assure our readers, is written by Mr. Wilberforce, M. P. for Yorkshire; and adds fresh laurels to the ample wreathe that encircles the brow of our philanthropist. It is composed in a strain of colloquial diction, admirably adapted to keep attention awake; whether we consider the importance of its doctrines, in general, or the more particular delightful sentiments of benevolence it inculcates. We will not press the many advantages resulting from the introduction of *dialogues*. Spence, in his preface to *Polymetis*, has fully anticipated us.

Mr. W's speakers are *Dr. Josiah Frampton*, and *Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, dean of St. Pauls*: the latter performs the office of mentor to his young friend, then curate of Wroxal in Warwickshire. The *scene* is laid in *Sir Roger Burgoin's* hospitable mansion, where the good dean is supposed to be confined with the gout.

Although no frivolous merriment intervenes, delicate touches of good-natured raillery occasionally appear, which, while they *play round the imagination*, cannot fail, we trust, to affect and to *amend the heart*. The limits of our publication permit us not largely to expatiate, even in the fair fields of panegyric: but, to review the productions of cotemporaries, is too often so invidious a task, that we are most happy whenever we can conscientiously apply "*the amaranthine end of the sceptre.*" [See Rambler, No. 3.] Might we venture to suggest an improvement, it would be the insertion of *fixed rules* for the economy of a married clergyman's *family*; together with *temperate strictures* upon the sadly dependent state of the *inferior* clergy. SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPREST!

An Inquiry into the authenticity of certain Papers and Instruments, attributed to Shakespeare, *in a Letter addressed to the Right Honourable* James, Earl of Charlemont. *By* Edmond Malone, *Esq*. 8*vo*. *Pages* 424. *Price* 7*s*. Cadell and Davies.

(CONTINUED.)

IN our last Month's Review, we made some cursory observations on the two first of Mr. Malone's objections to the authenticity of the MSS. produced by Mr. Ireland. We shall now proceed to the consideration of the two that remain.

The first of these is to "the dates given, or deducible by inference." One of the grand points on which Mr. Malone seems to rest here, is the mention of the Globe Theatre, when it did not exist; and the proofs of its non-existence are drawn from—1st. Its being mentioned in some authorities (which are quoted) as the "*New Play-house*," in the year following that in which it is mentioned in the MSS. and—2dly. On the Globe Theatre not being mentioned in several accounts and documents of the theatrical affairs, of that period in which the MSS. state it to have been the property of Shakespeare. Now that a theatre, which had existed many years, might be called the "New Play-house," is not only *possible*, but *probable*. In the beginning of this century, we had for *thirty years* the "New Theatre, in Lincolns Inn fields;" and more recently we have had the "New Theatre royal, Covent Garden," and the "New Theatre royal, DruryLane;" yet we cannot deny that they are both very *old* Houses. Nay a place that has once been called NEW, always continues to be called so: thus we have the "*New* Church, in the Strand," the *New* Street, Covent Garden, and the *New* Exchange in the Strand. As to the second point, it is a very fair presumption; but it can only become

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positive proof by the silence of the advocates for the authenticity of the papers in question. There is a very long investigation of several other dates "deducible by inference;" more particularly of one, which arises from the mention of the Earl of Leicester in the letter of Queen Elizabeth; but our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. M. in the diffuse investigation.

The *fourth* and *last* objection is "the dissimilitude of the hand-writing to the real writing of the person to whom it is ascribed." In support of this objection *Fac similes* of the hand-writings of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Southampton, John Heminges, &c. &c. are produced. To make any observations on these is almost unnecessary, since ocular demonstration alone can be satisfactory. We cannot, however, but think, that the objection to the hand-writing has not all the force Mr. M. wishes it to have: for it is perhaps not too bold an assertion to say—*that there is not a man existing, who would be positive of his own for 7 or 10 years* together. The variation or dissimilitude of hand-writing is so great, from various accidental circumstances. Besides that some of the *Fac similes* produced in the "Inquiry," seem to stand as much in need of proof, as those produced by Mr. Ireland. We wish not to espouse either one side or the other; we are neither over *credulous*, nor altogether *infidels*; but we are quite of opinion that the hand-writing of Elizabeth, as given by Mr. Ireland, does not vary more from that given by Mr. Malone, than the difference of a good, or bad, pen might occasion.

We have thus cursorily considered the principal objections of Mr. Malone to the authenticity of the MSS. in Mr. Ireland's possession; and upon fairly summing up the evidence on both sides, we give, as our decided opinion—that the arguments contained in the Enquiry, however ingenious, are not conclusive; and that it is only the silence of Mr. Ireland, and his friends, that can make them so.

When Dr. Farmer wrote his "Essay on the learning of Shakespeare," a great critic of that time upon reading it, observed, "that whatever opinions might have before existed on the subject, the point was then put beyond all doubt, and settled for ever." We could almost wish to say the same of the present performance, but truth will not let us. Perhaps, hereafter, the learned doctor just mentioned, who is still in the full vigour of intellect, may favour the world with his thoughts on this mysterious subject.

The style of Mr. Malone's book, taken altogether, is but indifferent: he affects to be *elegant*, and is *puerile*. Politics and criticism are things *generically* different; yet politics are here dragged in with all the rage and fire of Edmund Burke; and Mr. M. is as violent against the rulers in France, as against the supposed forgers of the MSS. We could wish he had pursued his inquiry with more temper and less egotism: he is constantly telling us of the "bungling impostors" and of "the hundred authentic documents in his possession, from which he is composing his life of Shakespeare." This somewhat resembles Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood in the farce, who, on every occasion, informs us that "*his benefit is fixed for such a day.*" We know not whether Mr. M. be an Irishman or not; but he is very fond of bulls; thus we have frequent doubts—"whether any one of the *decisive* proofs of forgery which have been produced, are *valid*." (*Page* 346) and many other doubts equally *rational*. We cannot close our observations without a smile at the folly of Mr. Malone in introducing himself unasked among the celestials. (*Pages* 356, 357.) He seems to think a seat on Parnassus as easy to be obtained, as a seat in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre. It has been very frequent with poets to introduce their patrons, and heroes, among the Gods; but we believe Mr. Malone to be the first critic, poet, or other person, who has written his own apotheosis, and introduced himself there. This is a very curious proof of his modesty, and of that regard for strict propriety, which he so strongly recommends.

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An Essay on the Maranta, or Indian Arrow Root. By Thomas Ryder, 8vo. *Pages* ——. *Price* 1*s.* Bell, *Oxford Street.*

THE author of this pamphlet is one of the many speculators, who, in the present time of scarcity, comes forward to propose his plan for the public relief. This plan relates to the making of Starch from a root called the "Maranta," which grows in Jamaica. This wonderful secret it seems was communicated to Mr. R. in the course of his business, as an apothecary. He states, that he has received a letter of thanks from the Society in the Adelphi for his communications relative to it; and after some flowery and tedious digressions on the *Pyramids of Egypt*, and *Perry's Wet Docks, at Blackwall*, concludes by informing us, that the starch prepared from the Arrow Root, is worth about 1 5d. per lb. in Jamaica, which would, of course, be doubled before it could be sold in England, by duty, freight, profits of the merchants, &c.; but that nevertheless it would be cheaper and better than English made starch, which, on the average of the last seven years, has not been more than ten pence per lb. *Risum teneatis! This is an age of speculation indeed!*

Bagatelles of original and translated Poetry. By Weedon Butler, B.A. 8vo. *Price* 3*s.* Cadell and Davies.

Mr. BUTLER comes before the world partly as an original writer, partly as an editor. We cannot from his book, however, distinguish the Bagatelles he has written, from those he has edited. The collection consists of every lesser species of composition; many of them possessing *great merit*, some of them below *mediocrity*. We sometimes travel over a few pages of waste, and are suddenly surprised at the beauty of the landscape that rises before us; and at other times, after passing a rich garden, we are almost prevented from proceeding by a ditch, or a swamp, that threatens to arrest our progress. Most of these trifles we think are the efforts of very young men; there is nevertheless strong marks of genius; and we doubt not that they may continue successfully and improve.

A Reply to the Letter of Edmund Burke, *Esq. to a noble Lord.* By Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. *late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.* 8vo. *Pages* 52. *Price* 2*s.* Kearsley.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD, who is too good a man himself to let vice pass without a lash, and too blunt to deck his opinions in any but a plain garb, is one among the many who have attacked Mr. Burke and his pension. The present pamphlet has a great deal of merit: the arguments are clear, satisfactory, and convincing; and we are of opinion that Mr. Burke will have much trouble to answer them. The quotations are in general well chosen, and well applied. The language is throughout *forcible* and so etimes *elegant*; and we believe what the writer says, because he appears to be always in *earnest*, and to wish to investigate not WORDS, but FACTS.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DIVINITY.

An Essay on the Biblical Hebrew. By Gerald Fitzgerald, D. D. 8vo. Price 6s. *Robinsons.*

An Essay on the Necessity of Revealed Religion. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. *Rivingtons.*

A Sermon preached at Saint Paul's Church, May 7, 1796. By C. P. Layard, D.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. 8vo. Price 1s. *Rivingtons.*

LAW.

A Treatise by Lord Chief Justice Hale, entitled "the Jurisdiction of the Lords' House, or Parliament considered according to ancient records," including a Preface. By Francis Hargrave, Esq. 4to. Price 1l. 7s. *Cadell and Davies.*

PHYSIC.

Chemyco—Phisiological Observations on Plants. By M. Von Uslar. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. *Robinsons.*

HISTORY and TRAVELS.

Collections for the History of Hampshire, and the Bishopric of Winchester. By the Rev. Richard Warner. 6 vol. 4to. Price 5l. 5s. *Faulder.*

POETRY.

Specimens of Arabian Poetry. By J. D. Carlyle, B.D. F.R.S.E. 4to. Price 16s. *Payne.*

Sketches in verse, with prose illustrations. 8vo. Price 4s. *Cadell and Davies.*

The Lamentation of a Dog on the Tax, with Notes. By Scriblerus Secundus. 8vo. Price 1s. *Symonds.*

The Dog Tax, in verse. 4to. Price 1s. *Low.*

Leonore, a Tale. By H. J. Pye. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. *Low.*

Bagatelles of original and translated Poetry. By Weedon Butler, B.A. 8vo. Price 3s. *Cadell and Davies.*

NOVELS.

Consequences, or Adventures of Raxhall Castle. By a Gentlemen. 12mo. Price 6s. *Bossey.*

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The Smugglers, a Musical Drama. By Samuel Birch. Price 1s. *Dilly.*

The Dramatic works of Shakespeare. By James Rann, A. M. 6 vol. 8vo. Price 2l. 2s. *Rivingtons.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Geographical Extracts. By John Payne. 8vo. Price 8s. *Robinsons.*

The ancient Bee Master's Farewell. By John Keys. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. *Robinsons.*

Dialogues on the Amusements of Clergymen. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. *White.*

A General and Introductory View of Professor Kant's Principles concerning Man, the World, and the Deity. By F. A. Nitsch. 8vo. Price 5s. *Downes.*

Anecdotes of some distinguished persons, chiefly of the present and two preceding centuries. Vol. IV. 8vo. Price 8s. *Cadell and Davies.*

A Treatise on the Discipline of the Light Cavalry. By Captain L. Neville. 8vo. Price 4s. *Egerton.*

Letters to Archdeacon Paley, containing some strictures on his Moral and Political Philosophy. 8vo. Price 3s. *Johnson.*

PAMPHLETS.

Dispassionate Observations on the Death and Succession to the late Nabob of Arcot and the Carnatic. 8vo. Price 1s. *Stockdale.*

The substance of a Speech made by Lord Auckland on the 2d. of May, 1796. 8vo. Price 1s. *Walter.*

Observations on the Expediency of making Bye-Laws to prevent the Sale of the Commands of East India Ships. By Richard Twining. 8vo. Price 1s. *Cadell and Davies.*

An Examination of Jones's English System of Book-keeping. By James Mill. 4to. Price 2s. 6d. *Vernor and Hood.*

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BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE SIXTH SESSION OF THE SEVENTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, *April* 25, 1796.

RECEIVED several private Bills from the Commons, which were read, and laid upon the Table.

Tuesday 26. The Assent was given by Commission to fifty-five private and public Bills. The Commissioners were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Chief Justice.

Marquis of LANSDOWNE said, that as the majority of the Papers he had moved for were now on the Table, and the rest, as he understood, in forwardness, he would move that their Lordships be summoned for Mondy next.---Ordered.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR BILL.

The Order of the Day being read for the second reading of this Bill,

Earl MOIRA introduced the business with a few general remarks, and stating the difference between the present and a former Bill which he had submitted to the House upon the same subject.

The Lord CHANCELLOR left the Woolsack, in order to oppose the Bill in its present Stage, and prevent its going farther. He disliked the Bill in general, on the principle of Innovation, and the danger of Political Experiment. In particular he objected to a clause intended to impower Justices of the Peace, in certain cases, to arbitrate between the Debtor and Creditor; a power very different from any entrusted with the Legal Judges.

Lord MOIRA replied to the Noble Lord, that if the Bill were suffered to go into a Committee, he doubted not but the wisdom of the House would remedy any objectionable clauses; and as to the principle of the Bill, so far from being founded on doubtful speculation, he was willing to rest its fate on their experience of the insufficiency of the present code of Laws; which had obliged the House repeatedly to pass Acts of Insolvency, and other Bills of temporary relief.---He then stated several instances, in support of the necessity of his proposed Bill; and particularly observed, that as it was intended only to be temporary in its duration, no danger could result from the experiment, except it were in some cases to lessen the extent of Credit, which he rather considered as an advantage, than otherwise, to the community. The plea of Innovation his Lordship endeavoured to render ridiculous, by mentioning that, some years since, it was the custom in Madrid for the inhabitants to deposit all their filth and ordure in the streets, and that when a proposal was first made to remedy this by the erection of Privies and Drains, the same cry of Innovation was raised against it; and some persons went so far as to assert, that the exhalation of this filth was necessary to correct the sharpness of their air.

Lord THURLOW said, if the Bill had gone to the *Cessio Bonorum* [the surrender of the Prisoner's property] and the reform of Prisons, it would have met with his concurrence and support; for he thought it extremely unjust, that a fraudulent Debtor should possess a suit of rooms, and enjoy the comforts of a domestic man. But to the present Bill his Lordship objected *in toto*, because he thought it a dangerous innovation, that would tend to the benefit of nineteen fraudulent Debtors, for the relief of one who might deserve commiseration.

Lord KENYON, beside disapproving the general principle of the Bill, thought its provisions impracticable, because he saw no method by which a Magistrate could judge of the honesty of a Debtor, but by his looks; and unjust, because, in some cases, it would relieve a Prisoner from fines imposed by Courts as the punishment of crime.

Lord MOIRA replied, and the House divided---Contents 2---Non Contents 9.

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Wednesday 27. Heard Counsel on a Scots Appeal, Cameron v. Cameron. The Bills on the Table were read in their different stages.

Thursday 28. The Lord CHANCELLOR came soon after five, and after the usual accounts being received from the East India House, the House Adjourned.

Friday 29. Received the Loan Bill, and several others, from the Commons. Read the Bills on the table and adjourned till Monday.

Monday, May 2. The order of the Day being read, that the Lords be summoned, the Marquis of Lansdown rose in consequence of a notice which he had given. His Lordship went at great length into the report of the Commissioners appointed to examine into the public accounts, and enumerated a great variety of places held by patent and other grants from the Crown, which his Lordship contended ought to be greatly diminished in number, the savings of which would benefit the public 200,000l. a year. His Lordship concluded with a long motion, in substance as follows:

"That the House saw with great regret the several proposed plans of commercial reform, as stated in the Report of the Committee for Enquiry into the Taxes, and that during the time of a war, so destructive and bloody as the present, such œconomical reform was called for."

A debate then ensued, after which the House divided, for the motion 12, against it 104.

Wednesday 4. Heard counsel on a cause wherein the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward was appellant, and Anna Maria Ward and others were respondents. After which their Lordships ordered the decree to be affirmed, and that it be referred to the Master to whom the cause was originally referred, to tax the costs of all the parties in the same manner as if the cause was determined by the decree, &c.

Friday 13. The Earl of Lauderdale made his promised motion on the Finances of the Country, which after a debate of considerable length, was got rid of by Lord Hawkesbury's successfully moving the previous question.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, *April* 25, 1796.

THE Bank Annuity Bill read a first time.

Mr. AMYATT brought up a Bill for Regulating the Wages of Paper-Manufacturers, which was read a first time; as were also the Billinsgate Market, Croydon Road, Bromley Inclosure, and CHRISTIE'S Divorce Bills.

Alderman ANDERSON moved leave for a Bill for the Relief of the Coal-heavers on the Thames.---Granted.

The Curate's Maintenance Bill was read a second time and committed.

Account of Money issued for Temporary Barracks presented, and ordered to be printed.

The Hay and Straw Bill reported. Ordered to be printed.

The SPEAKER informed the House that an Index to the last Eleven Years Journals of the House was finished, and a Committee was appointed to examine it.

POWELL'S Estate, Fawke's Estate, Grimsby Harbour, Eveton Drainage, and Hampton Poyle Inclosure Bills read a third time and passed.

Mr. ROSE presented the Account of Monies paid to American Sufferers.---Ordered to lie on the Table.

Mr. ROSE stated an error of the Clerk in inserting a Clause in the Wine Duty Bill without authority, and moved for leave to withdraw it, and bring in a new one.---Agreed to.

SMALL DEBTS BILL.----Alderman LUSHINGTON moved the third Reading of the Bill for the Recovery of Small Debts in the City of London.

Mr. JEKYLL opposed the principle of the Bill, as infringing on the Rights of Trial by Jury in Debts not exceeding 5l. and thought there was less occasion for such a measure in the City of London, than in most other parts of the kingdom. He therefore moved to postpone the Bill for three months.

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Mr. M. Robinson opposed the Bill on the same grounds.

Mr. Pitt felt the importance of the Bill, and wished some plan could be devised for trying causes of this description, and at the same time retaining Juries, and diminishing the delay and expence of the proceedings: he therefore recommended to delay the Bill till another Session.

Alderman Lushington acquiesced, and the Bill was postponed for three months.

Dog Tax.---Mr. Dent moved the Commitment of the Dog Tax Bill.

Mr. Sheridan went through the Bill, and reprobated the several clauses with his usual irony and wit, and with no small severity. The encouragement the Bill gave to the massacre of dogs, Mr. Sheridan considered as very ill-timed. It was a very unhandsome compliment to the military part of the species, which the Hon. Gentleman had defended with great earnestness on a former occasion. These animals had distinguished themselves in the present glorious war, in the maintenance of religious order, and civilized society, in our West-India Islands! To tax them would be shocking ingratitude to such worthy allies! He believed the Hon. Gentleman did not mean to tax *Puppies*. Nothing was to be paid till the animal was of the age of-------[*blank*.] How was this blank to be filled up? Were the Parish-Officers to attend all the bitches when they puppied, and keep a register of the births? Mr. Sheridan argued more seriously on the tendency of the Bill to distress the poor Cottager, and harden the feelings of the lower classes; and concluded, that if any tax of this nature were to take place, he could wish it to be confined to a particular description of persons.

Mr. Wyndham was against the Bill, though he disapproved the manner in which the last Gentleman had treated the subject. He thought if *Acteon* himself were revived, he could not shew a greater dislike to dogs than the Mover of this Bill. He disliked the idea of taxing the poor Cottager for the harmless luxury of keeping a dog; nor could he approve of the hint that had been suggested, that a poor man should receive no relief from his parish till he had hanged his dog.

Mr. Penton agreed with Mr. Wyndham, and thought the Bill inhuman.

Mr. Buxton supported the Bill, and objected to the exemption of Cottagers from the Tax, as he thought scarce any truly industrious poor man would keep a dog. He vindicated the humanity of the Bill, as tending to the preservation of mankind.

Mr. Dent insisted much on the alarming increase of the Hydrophobia, of late years. He also complained of Mr. Sheridan's wit, and endeavoured to answer him in his own way.

Mr. Courtenay opposed the Bill in a manner similar to Mr. Sheridan, and endeavoured to ridicule Mr. Dent as an enemy both to *Dogs* and *Wit*. He told a ludicrous story of the Turn-spit-Dogs of Bath, which some years since roasted all the dinners of the inhabitants; and concluded with moving an adjournment of the Bill for three months.

Mr. Pitt never was for an indiscriminate tax, and now thought it would be better to exempt the poor altogether, except in two cases:---where a Cottager kept more than one dog, or a dog of a particular kind, as a Pointer, Greyhound, &c. As to taxing the Proprietors of dogs having assessed houses, he was an earnest friend to the measure, and meant to move in the Committee of Ways and Means, a tax of 3s. for one dog, and 5s. for more.

Sir R. Salusbury spoke for the Bill, and Mr. Lechmere against it. Mr. Dent explained, and on Mr. Sheridan's Motion the Bill was postponed for three months.

Army Extraordinaries----Mr. Grey moved for an account of all Sums issued from October 29, 1795, to April 5, 1796. Ordered.

Westminster Police Bill.----The House in a Committee went through this Bill, and the Blank for limiting the time of the Magistrates.

Supply.----The House in a Committee voted 885,673l. 19s. 10d. for the Extraordinaries of the Army, unprovided for by Parliament, from November 15, to December 24, 1795. Also 210,194l. 15s. 4d. for the Extraordinaries of the Ordnance in the same Interval.

India Budget.----Mr. Dundas moved that the several Accounts submitted relative to the East India affairs be referred to a Committee of the whole House on Thursday se'nnight.---Ordered.

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Tuesday 25. The SPEAKER having returned from attending the Royal Commission in the House of Peers, on a motion of Mr. CANNING, it was agreed, to allow 1000l. per annum to be divided between the Clerks in the Secretary of State's Office, in case the new regulations should take place with respect to the conveyance by Post, of the Votes of Parliament and Newspapers, by which their perquisites would be injured to that amount, or more.

The Wine Duty-Bill read the first time.

The Bill for a New Duty on Black-Lead---the City Militia Bill---and Ferrer's Divorce-Bill, went through a Committee.

Several Reports of Committees brought up and agreed to.

CORN.----Mr. C. DUNDAS moved the order of the Day, for the Second Reading of the Bill for regulating the Sale of Corn by Weight.

The Lord MAYOR proposed an exception for the Port of London, where he thought the regulation impracticable. The Bill was referred to a select Committee.

QUAKERS.----Serjeant ADAIR (agreeably to notice) moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the farther Relief of the people called Quakers, as to the imprisonment of their persons for tythes, when they had sufficient property to pay; and also for making their solemn affirmation receivable in Criminal cases, as it is in Civil. The Motion was seconded by Mr. WILBERFORCE, and leave given.

SLAVE-CARRYING-BILL.----The House resolved itself into a Committee, Sir W. DOLBEN in the Chair.

Mr. WILBERFORCE stated to the House, that what he now meant to propose, went merely to make some alteration in the number of Slaves that were to be carried, in order to prepare the Islands for Abolition, which was so great an object with many. He wished to render the Slaves somewhat dearer, in order to encourage the good treatment of them, and to prevent any new settlements of them being formed. By this means a Total Abolition might be effected in the manner most desired by many Gentlemen. The clause he wished to move was, that the proportion of the Slaves to the tonnage should be limited, in the proportion of one Slave per ton for ships of 200 tons, and four Slaves for every five tons above that number; also that no more ships than those now employed in the Trade should engage in it.

General TARLETON opposed the Motion as unnecessary, and affecting the interest of the West-India Planters, as did Messrs. JENKINSON, DUNDAS, and BARHAM.

Mr. PITT stated, that notwithstanding all the regulations hitherto made, still the average number of deaths was very great, and required some farther provisions. It was about one half, which was infinitely greater than the number on board our Transports, in which troops were embarked for distant expeditions, or even than in those which conveyed Criminals to Botany Bay. Farther in the Debate, Mr. Pitt trusted the House would think with him, that measures should be put in train for the insensible and gradual Abolition of the Trade. It had been urged, that when the sexes were proportioned so as to maintain a population in the Islands, the Trade itself should be abolished. He hoped the House and the Planters themselves were sincere in that proposition; and that the horrid commerce was not to continue, and be daily and yearly extended; that they would even see the policy of giving up partial and temporary considerations, for future and solid advantages; and that they would not, for any motives of lucre, pursue measures that would sully the glory of our Commercial and Territorial Interests.

Mr. ROSE moved, that Accounts be laid before the House of the number of Slaves imported from Africa to the West Indies from 1789 to 1795, both inclusive; stating the number which had died in the Passage.---Ordered.

HAT TAX.----The day of the commencement of the New Hat Duty was fixed for July 5, 1796.

Mr. MARTIN asked whether, as the Stamp was to be on the Hat-lining, it could be evaded by wearing Hats without lining?

Mr. PITT said that was provided against.

Wednesday 27. Sir W. LEWES moved for leave to bring in a Bill to license the Royalty Theatre in Well-close Square, as a *Summer Theatre*. After some conversation, the subject was adjourned till Monday.

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Mr. C. Lowe asked leave to introduce a Bill for the Prevention of Landing Goods without the inspection of the proper Officers, &c.---Granted.

The Report of the Committee with respect to allowing 1000l. to the Clerks of the Secretary of State's Office, approving such allowance was read, and, after some debate, agreed to.

The Reports of several Committees read, and agreed to.

The Mackarel Fishery Bill read a second time.

The House in a Committee voted certain allowances to Subaltern Militia Officers.

Several private Bills read a third time, and passed.

WAYS AND MEANS, AND NEW DOG TAX.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. PITT proposed a tax of 5s. each for every Hound, Pointer, Greyhound, Setting-Dog or Spaniel, kept by any person whatever.---Also that persons living in assessed houses pay 3s. for one dog they keep (not of the above description) and 5s. for every other, annually.

Mr. DENT objected strongly to the exemption of unassessed houses, and greatly apprehended this measure would rather increase the evil he wished to remedy than otherwise, since it would encourage the Poor in keeping dogs, and tempt the rich to quarter their dogs among their poor tenants, in order to evade the tax.

Mr. JOLLIFFE opposed the exemption, from the principle, that the luxuries of the Poor ought to be taxed, as well as those of the Rich.

Mr. PITT could not admit that the luxuries of the Poor ought to be placed on a par with those of the Rich. As to evasions of the Rich, these he thought might be provided against in the progress of the Bill. He thought there was no danger of Ladies putting out their Lap-Dogs, and if Gentlemen put out their Sporting-Dogs, they would pay the same at a poor man's house as at their own.

C. BERKELEY proposed to include Lurchers and Terriers, and to exempt *Puppies*.

Mr. COURTENAY complimented the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the adoption of this measure, and ridiculed the fears of Mr. Dent, particularly as to the danger of the Hydrophobia; it reminded him of the celebrated Baron Munchausen, in whose absence a mad-dog got into his wardrobe, and having bit his fur-cloak, this infected all the other articles of his dress, and produced a commotion beyond his power to quiet! [*An universal laugh*].

Mr. DENT thought the Hon. Gentleman a very fit rival of the Baron; and that with the assistance of another Gentleman (Mr. Sheridan) for his Merry-Andrew, he might exhibit very successfully at Bartholomew-Fair.

Mr. COURTENAY retorted, that if he and the Hon. Gentleman were reduced to the necessity of making such an experiment, he thought the one might live while the other starved.

After some farther conversation the Committee divided on Mr. Pitt's Motion---Ayes 53---Noes 29.

QUAKERS.----Serjeant Adair brought in the Bill for the Relief of Quakers, mentioned in yesterday's Debate.

Mr. Hawkins BROWNE feared that some persons might improperly assume the character of Quakers.

Mr. ADAIR thought the inconvenience under which the Quakers would still labour, sufficiently obviated this; but had no objection to any cautionary hints that Gentlemen might suggest.

The Bill was ordered to be printed, and read a second time on Monday, next.

Thursday 28. Several Inclosure Bills reported, and ordered to be engrossed.---Agreed to the Lord's Amendments in that of Old Malton.

The Succession to Estates Bill went through the Committee, and was ordered to be printed.

The Resolutions of the Committee of Ways and Means reported, and agreed to.

The Resolutions of the Committee on the Dog Tax reported, and agreed to; as were those of the Committee on the Hat Duty.

CURATE'S RELIEF BILL.----Mr. JODRELL observed, that being a Money Bill it ought to have originated with the Commons, and not the Lords.

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The SPEAKER understood it to be no infringment of Privilege, because it laid no new impost on the People, but only made certain regulations to enable the Bishops to make a distribution of certain funds in a manner more favourable to poor Curates.

Deferred till Monday.

WAR IN THE WEST-INDIES.

The order of the Day being moved for the adjourned Debate on Mr. SHERIDAN's former motion for Papers relative to the West Indies, Mr. Dundas said, he should not be against the production of many of those papers; but, in agreeing to this, he thought it necessary to enter into a detail of circumstances, to shew (what he felt himself conscious of) that in the whole conduct of the West Indian War no neglect was imputable to the Executive Government. He then entered into a circumstantial history of that War, from its commencement to the present time, very ably justifying his own conduct, and that of his Colleagues in Office, as well as of the Officers employed.---Mr. Dundas added, that if he had at any time expressed himself warmly against any of the Public Boards, (as those of Ordnance and Transports) he begged it to be understood, that those expressions arose only from the feelings of the moment, and that he was now perfectly satisfied with their conduct. He concluded by saying, that he was now happy to announce, that of the last Fleet for the West Indies, notwithstanding all its disasters, only four transports were missing, and that 67 ships had arrived at Barbadoes, with more than 7000 men, and a complete artillery.

Mr. SHERIDAN thought the Hon. Gentleman's defence rather ill-timed and unnecessary, as well as (to him at least) very unexpected; nor did he think some of his excuses such as would have been given by an able War-Minister. He only wished at present to move for Papers.---These being moved for, several were granted, and others added on the motion of Mr. Dundas himself.

Friday 29. Christie's Divorce, Billinsgate Fish, and Paper Manufacturers Bills, read a second time.

The Loan Bill read a third time, and passed.

The Hay and Straw Bill recommitted for Tuesday.

Mr. ROSE moved 5000l. for the Board of Longitude.---Granted.

GAME LAWS.

The Order of the Day being read for the second reading of the Game Bill.

Mr. CURWEN stated, that from being called upon to bring forward the Bill sooner than he at first intended, he was apprehensive it might contain some defects and inaccuracies which would require the correction of the Committee; the leading principle of the Bill, however, he flattered himself would meet with general approbation, as it only went to give every Land-holder a right to kill Game on his own grounds, a principle founded in justice, and such as, in every other case, the Legislature recognized, as just and proper.

Capt. BERKELY, though he admitted the general principle of the Bill, that every man might kill Game on his own ground, as harmless, strongly objected to the clause which allowed a person who started Game on his own ground to pursue it farther; this, he thought, left an opening for dangerous abuses, since any one pursuing Game, might say he started it at home.---Some other clauses were ridiculous, or worse. Another clause authorized any man to seize another carrying a gun to destroy Game between sun-set and sun-rise, and to wrest it violently from him, even to the endangering the loss of life or limbs; allowing the person maimed, or *killed*, to seek redress at the next Quarter Sessions!!! For these and other reasons he assigned, Capt. B. moved to defer the Bill to that day three months.

Sir R. SUTTON defended the principle of the present Game Laws, as making a proper distinction between Landed Proprietors and others, and affording an inducement to Gentlemen to reside in the Country, which he thought, a consideration of importance. He was willing, however, to allow Game to be brought openly to market by those who had a right to it; but to Poachers he would shew no mercy.

Mr. BUXTON approved the general tendency of the Bill; nor did he think it liable to the ridicule thrown on it by Capt. B.

Mr. FOX professed himself a warm friend to the leading principle of the Bill, though some of its clauses might be exceptionable. He thought the Game itself

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would be increased by giving the Landholder an interest in its protection; and that without some such alteration there was little prospect of any quantity being brought to market. To shew his approbation, he should vote for its commitment, though he had no objection to its being deferred till next Session, to give Gentlemen longer time for reflection.

Mr. PITT thought the preservation of the Game an object of considerable importance. He admitted it would be very desirable to allow the landholder to *amuse* himself in killing Game; but to render this article marketable, he thought a dangerous expedient, as tending to encourage Poachers, and destroy the Game. For these reasons he wished the Bill to be deferred.

Mr. FRANCIS thought, that to give the tenant a property in his Game, and make it marketable, would be the surest method to increase it.

Mr. SHERIDAN strongly reprobated the present Game Laws, as highly iniquitous and unjust, and thought their repeal would have the happiest effect in reducing the victims of the penal law.

Mr. HARRISON supported the Commitment of the present Bill.

Mr. JENKINSON had no objection to some mitigation of the Game Laws, or to giving farmers a liberty of sporting on their own land, without giving them a right to sell their Game; they might then share in the amusement without any temptation to abuse their privilege.

Sir R. SALUSBURY agreed with Mr. Jenkinson.

Sir J. ROUS and Mr. COX spoke against the Bill.

Mr. CURWEN concluded the debate with observing, that even in *Russia* the privilege of sporting was to be obtained by a small pecuniary consideration, which was exactly his idea.

The House divided, and the Bill was postponed for three months.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.----Mr. PITT proposed the Funding Navy Bills to the amount of 4,321,000l. Resolved.

Mr. ROSE moved various resolutions for sums of money for purposes not hitherto provided for; which were all agreed to.

COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.----Mr. PITT stated, that he had disposed of the Lottery for next year, consisting of 60,000 tickets, for 780,000l. The Prizes amount to 500,000l. so that the public will gain 280,000l. Approved.

The Bills for an Allowance to subaltern Officers, and that to prevent the Illicit Landing of Goods, read a first time.--- Adjourned.

Monday, May 2. The ATTORNEY GENERAL moved for leave to bring in a Bill to renew the Alien Act for a time limited. Leave given.

Sir P. STEPHENS brought up the report of a resolution passed in the Committee of Supply, granting 5000l. annually, for seven years, to the Board of Longitude, to be given to persons making improvements in navigation.

General SMITH moved the Order of the Day, for taking into consideration the proceedings of the Court-Martial in the case of Colonel Cawthorne.

He next moved that copies of the said proceedings be read; a few sentences of which being read *pro forma*,

Colonel CAWTHORNE then being in his place, was informed by the Speaker, that if he had any thing to say in his defence, this was the proper time.

The Colonel then rose, and having claimed the indulgence of the House, proceeded to read a written defence from a paper he held in his hand.

General SMITH moved, "That Colonel Cawthorne having been found guilty on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 13th articles of the charges brought against him, be now expelled this House.

Mr. WIGLEY entered into a defence of Colonel Cawthorne; he could not see that he had acted corruptly or fraudently; he concluded by moving an amendment to the motion, "That the further consideration of the debate be adjourned till that day six weeks."

General M'LEOD seconded the amendment, on which a division took place, when there appeared against it 108, for it 12; majority 96; the Colonel was consequently expelled by the vote of the House.

Tuesday 3. The House resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider the propriety of the exempting Dairies, where cheese and butter are

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made, from paying the Window Tax. A resolution was moved to that purpose, the House resumed, and the report ordered to be received on the morrow.

Mr. HOBART brought up the resolution of the Committee of Supply of the preceding day, granting 200,000l. to his Majesty, to make good his engagement with the King of Sardinia.

Mr. FOX opposed it; if he was, he said, to give credit to public rumour, the King of Sardinia had very lately manifested an intention of negociating a separate peace with the French; if so, it would be for our advantage; but still he thought it material for us to know how far it would be right or prudent for us to grant the subsidy under these circumstances; if on the other hand he intended a separate peace, it was necessary for us to know how far this was done with the approbation of Ministers; but if no such measure could be taken by the King of Sardinia without the consent of this country, it became necessary to know how far it had been consulted; if lastly, he intended to continue the war, how he was to carry it on under existing circumstances. This he would wish Ministers to explain.

Mr. PITT said, that, if any new circumstances had arisen, for this very reason we were the more called on to keep our engagements with that Monarch. The conduct of the King of Sardinia had been of such a nature, and so honourable, as to afford a most laudable example to all the allied powers. It was true that he had attempted to negociate, and had consented to an armistice, not for himself alone, but for the Emperor; but the terms proposed by the enemy were such as he could not, consistent with his honour, agree to; and therefore he thought it better manfully to face the danger than yield to such ignominious conditions; he submitted it, therefore, to the House, whether they were not bound in honour to continue the subsidy, and whether it was not our interest to do so? As to the other point, that it would have been better for this country that he had made a separate peace, the only way to enable him to make one, which would be advantageous, would be not to withdraw our aid: for if we did, it was manifest that he would not obtain better terms than those proposed at first by the enemy.

Mr. FRANCIS said, if he should be found in such a situation as not only to make a separate peace with the French, but join his arms to theirs to make conquests in Italy, our own subsidy would be turned against us.

Mr. WINDHAM said, that if the King of Sardinia was found to be in the situation described, it would put an end to all, but the only way to prevent this was to enable him to make a stand against the French.

General SMITH and Mr. HARRISON were for voting the money, but retaining to ourselves a power of conducting ourselves according to circumstances, and not to transmit the money, if what had been reported was true. The resolution was carried in the affirmative without a division, and the Bill ordered thereon.

The report of the Committee of Ways and Means was brought up, the resolutions read, and Bills ordered on the said resolutions.

A motion was made for a Committee of the whole House, on the Bill that originated in the Lords for the Relief of Curates. It had been called in question whether it was not an infringement of the privileges of the House, that Bills of such a nature should originate there.

The Speaker informed the House that any Bills of a private nature might originate there, but no money Bills, or Bills of a public nature. It was carried without a division to go into a Committee. Adjourned.

Thursday 4. The Lottery Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Pitt moved, that the Land Succession Bill be recommitted.

Mr. Fox said if the principle of this Bill was once admitted, a precedent might be laid by Government for the most wanton acts of despotism. Here the Hon. Member entered into a recapitulation of the various kind of heirs whom this Bill would materially affect; and concluded by declaring that the Bill was pregnant with the most pernicious consequences to the present generation and posterity.

Several other Members spoke, and then the House divided, for the recommitment 65, against it 24.

The House went through the several clauses of the Curates Bill.

*** *The Debates in both Houses of Parliament will be regularly continued in each Number.*

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THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus, et in picturis, et in signis, et in aliis operibus, recta ac prava dijudicant."
Cicero de Oratore, lib. 3. l. 50.

"Most have the seeds of judgment in their minds." POPE.

AFTER twenty-seven successive and annual exhibitions of the fine arts of this country, we look in vain in the present for that general and splendid display of genius, which it was once thought the royal bounty, in founding the Academy, would produce. A variety of causes have contributed to check the progress of this noble institution; and to prevent its being so generally useful as it might be. Among these causes is to be ranked —*first*—the dissensions of some of the members, which unhappily began before the death of the late President; and—*second*—by a want of that patronage to the *higher branches* of the art, which can alone bring them to perfection. Painting, like poetry, has always flourished in proportion to the meed that has been bestowed on it. The generosity of Augustus was, perhaps, the first and chief cause that produced the Æneid of Virgil; and it is to the bounty of Elizabeth that we are, probably, indebted for some of the sublimest effusions of the muse of Shakespeare; nor can it be denied, that it is to the refined, though luxurious, taste of LEO, and his extensive encouragement of the arts, we are indebted for the best productions of the pencil of Raphael. If we apply this observation to the state of the arts in this country, we shall find that the great patronage given to portrait painting, has produced a degree of excellence in it, which leaves all competition far behind; while Historical painting, and sculpture (the *higher* branches of art) have improved very little within the last twenty years: for what artist will paint that which produces only fame? Or who has sufficient resolution to look, in his performances, only to posterity? After these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed to a short review of the present exhibition, under the respective heads of Historical Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Portrait Painting, and Landscape.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

FOREMOST (or at least most conspicuous from situation) in this branch stands the picture of the president, "Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh," (No. 175.) painted for his Majesty's Chapel at Windsor. This certainly does not add in the smallest degree to Mr. West's reputation. When he was a younger man, we were accustomed to admire the harmony of his groups, the softness and richness of his colouring, and the chaste grandeur and correctness of his whole design; but the present performance has not, in our opinion, one of these requisites. In most artists, age, while it mellows and ripens the judgment, checks the exuberance of the fancy; but Mr. West is so far an exception to this rule, that it is only in his later compositions we find the *unnatural wildness* of fancy which is so manifest here; he aims at sublimity, and becomes either monstrous, or ridiculous. The scene in this picture is in a watch-house, Pharaoh is the constable of the night, Aaron is a watchman bringing in Moses drunk, and the attendants are, in appearance, the usual attendants on such a place.

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We are glad to pass from Mr. West to Westall; this year, he carries away the palm from every other artist. The fervid glow of his fancy, and the boldness of his conceptions, begin now to be chastened by the maturity of judgment; and we may hope soon to see him leave every rival behind. His picture, or rather drawing, of "Hesiod instructing the Greeks in the arts of peace," (No. 106.) is, we think, the best in the exhibition. The calm and exalted dignity expressed in the countenance of Hesiod and the mute attention of the surrounding Greeks, leave us hardly any thing to wish for. The poet is more than mortal, yet he is not a God; he is uniting poetry and legislation, and instructing his countrymen in their true interests and happiness; nor do they seem insensible of the blessing. Every countenance, every attitude, is strictly *Grecian*; and lost in admiration, at the whole we are prevented noticing particular parts. This picture, and that of Mr. West, are, we think, the two most remarkable exhibited this year; and we have, therefore, noticed them as such. There is, however, a picture by Downman of "the Angel and Hagar" which has much merit, if we except the indecency of the angel's pointing with his finger in the way he does.

SCULPTURE.

In this branch of art there are very few productions; the only ones which deserve notice, are the two models of figures, intended for the new Trinity House, by Mr. Bacon. *jun.* which give good earnest of his future success.

ARCHITECTURE.

This seems to have made a more rapid progress in this country, than any of the fine arts. The talents and exertions of Adam and Wyatt have raised a degree of emulation, which must be attended with the happiest consequences. Upon the whole, the architectural part of the exhibition is the best we have ever seen. Were we to point out particular excellence, we should refer to the design for a triumphal bridge (No. 733.) by Mayhew—the design for the entrance to an arsenal (No. 726.) by J. Kay—and the designs for a mansion (No. 832, and No. 844) by Bonomi. The design for an entrance to Hyde Park (No. 731.) by Soane may perhaps rank next.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

In this department, where there is such general excellence, it is perhaps an invidious task to point out individual merit. Lawrence still improves; and his portrait of serjeant Shepherd (No. 183.) is equal to any one in the room. He has caught the exact expression of his countenance (which we have been so much used to admire in our Courts of Law) when he pleads the cause of innocence against oppression, or endeavours to bring down law to the standard of reason. In the minitaures all is done that art can do; and that, by many of its professors; we shall not, therefore, attempt to select *even one* from the many.

LANDSCAPE.

In this division, there is one performance by the President, (No. 189.) which is *stiff* and *hard* indeed! An honorary exhibitor, Sir George Beaumont, however, leaves the regular members far behind. His landscapes (No. 152, and No. 192.) whether we consider the correctness of their composition, or the richness of their colouring, deserve great praise. There are several other landscapes, that are much above mediocrity.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

April 13. A NEW Comic Opera, in two acts, entitled "The Smugglers," was performed for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, junior. This piece is, we believe, the production of Mr. Birch, author of the "Adopted Child," &c. and is upon the whole a very pleasing little performance. The music is by Atwood; and does the highest credit to his muse. The duet of Miss Leake and Master Welch, is one of the most exquisite compositions we have heard for some time past. The piece was throughout favourably received; and will, no doubt, become a great favourite with the public.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

April 22. A Farce, under the title of "the Doldrum, or 1803," was brought out at this theatre, the avowed production of Mr. O'Keeffe. This gentleman has here soared a higher flight than he has ever done: for the whole plot depends on Brummagem, an old dotard, being persuaded, that he has slept *seven years*—from 1796 to 1803. This attempt upon the old man's credulity is made, in order to induce him to consent to the marriage of his son, which he has sworn shall not take place for seven years.

This Farce will less bear to be tried by the rules of criticism, than any Mr. O'Keeffe has ever written; it is however, throughout, irresistibly laughable, and was received with the loudest applause.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

April 30. A new opera, from the pen of Mr. HOARE, under the title of MAHMOUD, or the PRINCE OF PERSIA, was brought forward at this theatre, in order (as we believe) to introduce to public notice a new singer of the name of Braham, a pupil of Mr. Leoni, who for so many years charmed the frequenters of Covent-Garden with the melody of his voice.

The fable of this Opera is taken from the *Contes Persannes*; and is briefly this:—The Sultan dooms his elder son, Mahmoud, from his infancy, to imprisonment; in order to raise his younger son, Noureddin, to the throne. The fierce spirit of Mahmoud, however, breaks forth; and he determines to assert his natural right. In this he meets no opposition from Noureddin, whose mind is more given to the sports of the field, than to the cares of royalty.—Mahmoud, at first sight, falls violently in love with Gobeide; and love, in some degree, tames the fierceness of his nature. Abdoul Cassan, who has been elevated from his former humble situation of a manufacturer of carpets, to a place of more consequence, is buried alive (according to the custom of the country) with his deceased wife, a Princess of the Blood Royal; but his life is preserved by the contrivance of Zebia, his former lover. The piece ends with the marriage of Noureddin to his favourite Balsora—of Mahmoud to Gobeide—and of Abdoul Cassan to Zebia.

Slender and trifling as this fable is in itself, it is made still less interesting by the conduct of it, and the general dullness, and want of point and force, in the dialogue. Mahmoud, the hero of the piece, is a bad attempt at what in itself is unnatural. The characters throughout are brought on the stage, without our being able to guess how they came there, or indeed, without their being able to tell us themselves. The incidents are a *jumble* of we know not what; nor can we distinguish the *opening*, in point of time, from the *catastrophe*.

——Nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.——

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If there be any merit, it is in the parts of Abdoul Cassan and of Barakka; both of which were ably performed by Mr. Bannister, junior, and Mr. Suett, who, too often, make us laugh where we ought to censure. The great subject of expectation, however, was Mr. Braham's Noureddin, which was so excellent as to be the salvation of the opera. His uncommon powers will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the stage; and we hope soon to see that period, when the people of this country will not be able to insist upon the necessity of an Italian opera, from the want of the first musical talents, in our English theatres.

The music was by poor Stephen Storace; (to the memory of whose sweet strains we were glad to hear so just a tribute delivered previous to the opera by Mr. Benson) and gave us only farther reason to lament the loss of that genius, which all must deplore. The scenery, and all the managerical department, was as splendid as possible.

The Characters were as follows:

The Sultan,	- -	Mr. Aikin.
Mahmoud,	- -	Mr. Kemble.
Noureddin,	- -	Mr. Braham.
Helim,	- -	Mr. Packer.
Barakka,	- -	Mr. Suett.
Abdoul Cassan,	- -	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Mossufer,	- -	Mr. Kelly.
Makouk,	- -	Mr. Sedgwick.
Hassam,	- -	Mr. Dignum.
Aladdin,	- -	Miss Menage.
Balsora,	- -	Miss Leak,
Gobeide,	- -	Miss Miller.
Zebia,	- -	Signora Storace.
Desra,	- -	Mrs. Bland.

The piece was in general (certainly on account of the music *only*) favourably received by a very crouded audience.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

A new Comedy, in five acts, called CELADON and FLORIMEL, was performed, for the first time, at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, for the Benefit of Mrs. Kemble. Like many other plays, produced on benefit nights, this Comedy does not rank very high either for its fable or language. Manifestly written in imitation of the style of Congreve, and the other libertine, though elegant, comic writers of that period, it, in many places, arrests our attention by the brilliancy of its wit, while, in others, it disgusts the ear of modesty by double entendres and indecent allusions. We have not the least doubt that the piece was written in great haste, and left by its author in an unfinished state; and we will venture to predict that, if reduced to three acts, and more polished in its language, it will become a very popular Comedy.

The plot, in its present state, we will not attempt to relate. All the pleasing incidents in it are produced from the *universal* gallantry of Celadon, a gay young Sicilian, and the coquetry of Florimel, whom in the event he takes "to have and to hold, for better for worse." These two characters were very ably supported by Mr. Palmer and Miss Farren.

The play was, throughout, received without *any censure*, and without much applause. We cannot close our strictures without mentioning the solecism, in the second act, of a *Sicilian* Lady quoting the *Macbeth* of SHAKESPEARE.

After the play, Mrs. Kemble, in a short address, took her leave of the audience for ever, with the tear glistening in her eye; and it was not without regret that we witnessed the secession of modest worth from public notice.

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MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT THE

GRAND FEAST

OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE

SOCIETY OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND,

HELD AT FREEMASONS' HALL, LONDON.

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1796.

PRESENT,

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK

PRINCE OF WALES, &c. &c. &c.

GRAND MASTER.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS.
Right Hon. the EARL of MOIRA, A. G. M.
Right Hon. the EARL of HARRINGTON.

JOHN MEYRICK, Esq. S. G. W.
GEORGE CORRY, Esq. J. G. W.

P. S. G. W.

JAMES HESELTINE, Esq. G. T.
M. J. LEVY, Esq.
GEORGE SHUM, Esq.
HENRY CRATHORNE, Esq.
THOMAS THOMPSON, Esq.
JOHN DAWES, Esq.

P. J. G. W.

GEORGE HARRISON, Esq.
CHARLES MARSH, Esq.
THEO. TOMPSON TUTT, Esq.
JAMES GALLOWAY, Esq.
Sir LIONEL DARELL, Bart.
NATHANIEL NEWNHAM, Esq.
WILLIAM TYLER, Esq.
ARTHUR TEGART, Esq.

Hon. and Rev. F. H. EGERTON, Prov. G. M. for Shropshire, &c.
SAMUEL HULSE, Esq. Prov. G. M. for Sussex.
Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, G. P. P. Prov. G. M. for Lincolnshire.
Doctor J. M. HAYES, Prov. G. M. for Oxfordshire.
SHERBORNE STEWART, Esq. Prov. G. M. for Hampshire.
Sir JOHN THROCKMORTON, Bart. Prov. G. M. for Buckinghamshire.
Mr. WILLIAM WHITE, G. S.
Chev. BARTH. RUSPINI, G. S. B.

The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, of the STEWARDS LODGE, the Master and Wardens of sundry Lodges, and a great number of other Brethren.

The Most Worshipful GRAND MASTER acquainted the GRAND LODGE, that his Royal Highness PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS was initiated into Masonry this day, at a Special Lodge held for that purpose, at the house of the Right Hon. the Earl of Moira. It was thereupon

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

That, in testimony of the high sense the Grand Lodge entertains of the great honour conferred on the Society by the initiation of PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS, his Royal Highness be presented with an Apron lined with blue silk, and, in all future processions, do rank as a Past Grand Master.

In consequence of the re-election of the PRINCE of WALES to be Grand Master, his Royal Highness was installed in ample form, and re-invested

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with the ensigns of that high office. He was then pleased to appoint and invest the Officers for the year ensuing, viz.

The Right Hon. the EARL of MOIRA, Acting Grand Master.
Sir PETER PARKER, Bart. Deputy Grand Master.
GEORGE PORTER, Esq. Senior Grand Warden.
R. BRETTINGHAM, Esq. Junior Grand Warden.
Mr. WILLIAM WHITE, Grand Secretary.
Rev. A. H. ECCLES, Grand Chaplain.
Chev. BARTHOLOMEW RUSPINI, Grand Sword-Bearer.

JAMES HESELTINE, Esq. P. S. G. W. was unanimously elected Grand Treasurer at the Quarterly Communication, held the 25th of November last.

The Grand Stewards having received the Thanks of the Grand Lodge for their elegant entertainment, presented to the Grand Master, for his approbation, the following Brethren as their successors for the next Grand Feast, who were approved of:

	presented	
Sir John Eamer, President,		R. H. Bradshaw, Esq.
L. R. M'Intosh, Esq. Treasurer,		Baily Heath, Esq.
James Duberly, Esq. Secretary,		John Bullock, Esq.
William Veel, Esq.		Charles Turner, Esq.
Joseph Denison, Esq.		Robert Harper, Esq.
Mr. Robert Sutton,		Mr. T. A. Loxley.
Mr. Thomas Harper,		Mr. Charles Millett.
Mr. Thomas Caulfield,		Mr. John Pearch.
Mr. William Greening,		Mr. Joseph Heath.
Mr. John Hunter,		Mr. John French, jun.
Mr. Thomas Parkes,		Mr. George Eves.
Mr. William Bridgeman,		Mr. Samuel Roberts.

GRAND LODGE, April 13, 1796.

THE GRAND LODGE being acquainted, by the GRAND MASTER in the Chair, that his Royal Highness PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER had been initiated into Masonry in the Britannic Lodge, No. 27; it was thereupon

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

That, in testimony of the high sense the Grand Lodge entertains of the great honour conferred on the Society by the initiation of PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER, his Royal Highness be presented with an Apron lined with blue silk, and, in all future processions, do rank as a Past Grand Master.

ORDERED, That No. 124, the St. David's Lodge, Brook-street, be erazed from the list of Lodges, for having, contrary to the laws of the Grand Lodge, initiated twelve persons into the Society, at one meeting, and for unworthy considerations.

Ordered also, That the said persons, viz. JOHN READ, JOSEPH TORIN, JAMES PAINE, BENJAMIN PAINE, PETER SYMONS, SAMUEL SMITH, GEORGE ROBERTSON, CHARLES JONES, THOMAS WALLACE, HENRY BAILEY, JAMES CARY, and JOSEPH PLETHRON, are not to be considered as regular Masons, or to be received or admitted into any Lodge, although the smallest blame or censure is not im-

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putable to them, the Lodge, and not the individuals admitted, being culpable.

ORDERED, That No. 330, Lodge of Rural Friendship, be discontinued on the list of Lodges, being *united* to No. 330, the Lodge of the Nine Muses, at the Thatched-House-Tavern, St. James's Street.

ORDERED, That the following Lodges be erazed out of the list, having ceased to meet, or neglected to conform to the laws of the Society, viz.

207 Star Lodge, Chester.
336 Impregnable Lodge, Sandwich.
393 St. Margaret's Lodge, Dartmouth-street, Westminster.

N. B. A COMMITTEE OF CHARITY will be held on Friday the 5th of August, another on Friday the 18th of November, and a QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION on Wednesday the 23d of November, 1796.

ANNIVERSARY OF
THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

[BY A BROTHER.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1796.

THIS day the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS of England, held their annual GRAND FEAST, at their Hall, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, which was very numerously attended. The society, on this occasion, was honoured by the presence of their illustrious and princely brother, his Royal Highness GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES, G. M. accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince ERNEST, who had been previously initiated into the mysteries of the Order, at the house of the Earl of MOIRA, A. G. M. the ceremony of which prevented the Royal Brothers arriving at an apartment in the hall, where the Grand Officers were in waiting to receive them, before six o'clock. Upon being informed that the Brethren had been waiting some time, the Prince expressed much anxiety, and politely requested Brother HESELTINE, G. T. to enter the hall, and apologize, in his name, for the unexpected cause of the delay. No sooner was this apology made (which reflects the highest honour on the affability and goodness of heart of the ROYAL GRAND MASTER) than the most unbounded plaudits echoed through the hall, and every countenance bespoke the pleasing feelings of the heart.

In a few minutes after, Brother WHITE, G. S. desired the Duke of York's band to play the Prince's March; the customary procession formed; and the Royal Brethren entered the Hall with the Earl of MOIRA, A. G. M. the rest of the Grand Officers, past and present, and several other noble and distinguished characters; amongst whom was BARON HOMSPACH, an officer in the Prussian service, and member of the Lodge of *Perfect Union* at Vienna, who appeared highly gratified with the reception he met with.

Never did Masonry receive such great honour as on this occasion; never were the effusions of loyalty and attachment more strong; never was the pleasing condescension and affectionate dignity of a Prince more manifest. Hap-

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pliness beamed in every face, while the benevolent principles of the Order cheered the heart.

The procession being ended, the Royal Grand Master and his Brother, with the different Officers, and the Brethren, sat down to dinner, which was served up with every luxury the season afforded, in the greatest profusion, and with that regularity which gave general satisfaction to the company, who were not less than 500; a greater number than we believe ever assembled there before.

After the cloth was removed, and the ladies had withdrawn from the gallery, which was graced with the first beauty and fashion, the ROYAL GRAND MASTER gave:—

"The King and Constitution; and may he long reign over, and in the hearts of, his faithful subjects."

The burst of applause that succeeded this toast far exceeded any thing of the kind we ever heard. "God save the King!" was unanimously called for; and sung by Brother PAGE, accompanied in the repetitions by every person in the Hall.

The truly affectionate acknowledgments of the Prince, the condescension, courtesy, and affability, which no one else so well knows how to display, and which marked his whole demeanour, gave force to an observation of his Royal Highness, that, "of the ordinary circumstances of his life, no one "had been so truly gratifying to his mind, as his reception in the Fraternity "over whom he had then the happiness to preside; and in whatever station, "or under whatever circumstances his future days should be spent, on the "loyalty, the exemplary concord, and the universal benevolence of Masons, "he should reflect with pleasure; and ever be proud of the duties of an "office, which he then deemed it an honour to hold."

His Royal Highness PRINCE ERNEST, in a short but pertinent address, assured the Brethren of "the happiness he felt in his new connection; and "that no sentiment was more strongly impressed on his mind, than that of "veneration for an institution founded on such universal principles of civil "and political perfection."

The EARL OF MOIRA, in a speech of considerable length, (evidently delivered under some restraint from the presence of the Royal Personage to whose virtues he wished to pay the tribute of his eloquence) entered briefly into the recent history of the institution, and dwelt with fine effect on "the "period when, departing, under a pardonable (nay he would say, a laudable) fervour, from the strict letter of Masonic Regulations, the Fraternity had stepped forth, and testified, in common with all good men, "their determination to support a system of government strongly constructed and mildly administered for the security of the country, and for "the preservation of all that was dear to Britons. An Address to his Most "Excellent Majesty, expressive of the most profound respect for his virtues, "and most implicit confidence in his wisdom, was at that time framed, and "by the hands of the Royal Grand Master (who could vouch for the sincerity which dictated it) presented to his SOVEREIGN and FATHER.—"Was not this then a patronage truly flattering and highly honourable "to the Brethren? For his own part, he considered it of the utmost importance to the welfare of the Craft, that his Royal Highness should declare (as he had been pleased to do) his high opinion of the beneficial "tendency of the institution, and of the loyalty and general rectitude of its "members, a body of men so very numerous, and forming, perhaps, a "majority of those over whom, by the course of nature, he would at a future period (and none more sincerely prayed for its protraction than the "Personage most nearly concerned in such an event) be called to reign."

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Though we have not room to enter more at length into the excellent Speech of the noble Acting Grand Master, and are restrained by obvious considerations from touching on some admirable remarks appropriate to the occasion, we trust that the more the knowledge of our principles becomes extended, the more will Masonry be venerated; and if we may be allowed a prediction—the time will come, when monarchs, in every country of the world, shall protect, not persecute,—shall patronize, not proscribe, a body of men, the tenets of whose union must be in all exigencies the firmest supports of their thrones.

The lateness of the hour at which the dinner was served, in a great degree abridged the vocal exertions of the company; a few excellent glees were, however, well performed by Messrs. Page, Dignum, Leete, Sedgwick, &c, previous to the Grand Master's departure, shortly after whom the greater part of the company withdrew.

DARTFORD, MAY 17, 1796.

YESTERDAY the Anniversary meeting of the FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS was held here, and afforded one of the grandest spectacles ever exhibited in this town. WILLIAM PERFECT, Esq. Provincial Grand Master, and CLEMENT TAYLOR, Esq. Deputy Provincial Grand Master, arrived soon after ten o'clock, accompanied by upwards of fifty of the craft. About eleven, the Brethren of the Lodges from *Deptford*, *Woolwich*, and *Lewisham*, preceded by colours flying, and an excellent band of music, entered the town; and in about half an hour after, the whole procession formed, in number about three hundred, and headed by the Provincial Grand Master, who, in honour to the PRINCE OF WALES, wore in his hat three beautiful feathers with the motto of *Ich Dien*, on an enamelled plate with the arms of Kent. In addition to this uncommonly brilliant, numerous, and respectable procession, much beauty and elegance was derived from the LADY MASONS, who assembled in great numbers, dressed in white and purple, and after joining the procession, were politely conducted into the church by the Provincial Grand Master, whose presence and conduct was accompanied with every possible mark of approbation and respect. Soon after, the service began; and an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. INWOOD, Provincial Grand Chaplain, from 14th chap. of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, v. 16. "*Let not your good be evil spoken of*," which, at the request of the society, he consented should be printed. An Oration * of considerable merit was delivered in the most impressive manner by the Provincial Grand Master, and received with reiterated applause; after which the society partook of an elegant dinner, and the afternoon was spent with that harmony and good humour, so peculiar to the fraternity of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS.—In the evening a ball was given to the ladies, which was opened by the Provincial Grand Master, and concluded a Festival, that will be long remembered with pleasure by every one who shared in its mirth and festivities.

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* This Speech, says a correspondent, was distinguished by neat and polished eloquence, and was very impressive.

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POETRY.

A
MASONIC SONG.

*** *We have obtained from a Brother, who was present at the* GRAND LODGE *Anniversary, May* 11, *permission to lay before our Readers the following Song, written for that occasion; but which for want of opportunity (or, as we rather believe, from his own diffidence) was not sung.*

(TUNE, "HEARTS OF OAK.")

A SYSTEM more pure ne'er was modell'd by man,
Than that which we boast as the Freemason's plan;
It unites all the world by the strongest of ties,
And adds to mens' bliss, while it makes them more wise.

From the prince to the boor,
Be he rich, be he poor,
A MASON is a BROTHER,
And each will help the other,
So grateful the tie is of FREEMASONRY.

That hence flow the purest enjoyments of life,
That banish'd from hence are dissension and strife,
That the lessons are good which we practice and teach,
Are truths that our foes vainly strive to impeach.
From the prince, &c.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest, and best
Have Masons become, and been true to the test;
And still with that SANCTION our rites are pursu'd,
Admir'd by the wise, and approv'd by the good.
From the prince, &c.

"The King and the Craft" having claim'd our applause,
The guardian the one, t'other firm to the laws,
In union, my Brethren, assist me to sing,
"Ever true be the Craft to a patriot King!"
From the prince, &c.

To George Prince of Wales our affections we owe,
To his health let libations with due honours flow;
With zeal let our Royal Grand Master be given,
And the blessings of Masons be sanction'd by Heav'n.
From the prince, &c.

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His Consort may health and enjoyment attend,
The Craft are assur'd that she's firmly their friend;
For her offspring we crave but this boon from above,
"Be the meed of her virtues a whole nation's love!"
From the prince, &c.

Of York and of Clarence (while o'er land and sea
The toils of the brave serve to keep Britain free)
May the deeds furnish subjects for many a lay,
And their memory never die till all nature decay!
From the prince, &c.

Yet let not the "Man of our hearts" be unsung,
Nor forgot the effects of his well-pleading tongue *;
May the pray'rs of our orphans to Heaven ascend,
And secure its best blessings for MOIRA their friend!
From the prince, &c.

The task were too tedious the deeds to record
Of the great and the good, that our annals afford;
In a word let us utter this truth to mankind,
There's no temple more pure than the true Mason's mind.
From the prince, &c.

S. J.

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF

STEPHEN STORACE, THE COMPOSER.

BY T. P.

SWEET peace shall, for ever, the shade
Of the mouldering Corydon greet;
The cypress shall droop o'er his head,
And murmur the rill at his feet!

All day shall the red-breast be there,
And plaintively pour his soft moan;
At night Philomela repair,
With strains—but less sweet than his own!

The lads and the lasses shall come,
With the sweets of the field and the grove,
And scatter them over his tomb—
Whose music was pity and love.

Yet wherefore at fortune repine?
Ah! surely the Gods having giv'n
A mortal a soul too divine,
Again have recall'd it to Heav'n!

* Alluding to a collection of upwards of 500l. being made for the Cumberland School, after a Speech of the Earl of Moira's in its behalf, at a Public Dinner, (See our last, p. 280.)

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A NEW OCCASIONAL

LYRIC, MASONIC EULOGIUM,

SUNG BY MESSRS. DAVIS, HELME, AND BLANCHARD,

AT JONES's ROYAL CIRCUS, St. GEORGE's FIELDS.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1796, FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.—THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

THO' my voice can't enchant like the Syrens of old,
I'll venture your ears to assail:
The attempt do not deem too intruding or bold,
Good-humour 'tis meant to exhale.
Of the compact which binds proud ambition and pow'r,
My poor simple lays never dream;
But that which for ages true Friendship has wore,
FREEMASONRY's Compact's my theme.

Then join my song, BROTHERS! *the sentiment pass,*
No harm's in an honest endeavour,
Fill higher—Affection presides o'er the glass,
" *May* FREEMASONRY *flourish for ever.*"

Their pillars of Rectitude ne'er will decay;
Honour's temple's erected on high,
And Architect Truth does a building display
Of virtue, can't moulder or die.
I Flattery scorn, it to falsehood gives birth;
But rapture the deed must impart
Which bids soft humanity patronize worth,
And light make the sad orphan's heart.
Then join, &c.

Let sensual drones to rich viands invite,
Or tempt to gay Bacchus's board,
One moment of feeling will give more delight
Than ages of mirth can afford:
To wipe from the eye the big tear of distress!
Infant gratitude view fondly shewn!
To blessings bestow, sure the donor must bless,
Whose heart is humanity's throne!
Then join, &c.

LINES TO DAPHNE,

BY DR. PERFECT.

DAPHNE, hear the lines I send,
Damon must be Daphne's friend;
Town amusements are polite,
Balls and concerts every night;
Unexhausted stores of bliss,
Sure must centre in all this!

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Daphne whispers Damon Nay!
Then, my Daphne, hear my lay;
Don't forget with haughty scorn,
When the vernal op'ning morn,
Like your eyes, with mildest ray,
Softly usher'd in the day;
And the birds in mingled lays
Music-warbled from the sprays.
Does the morn appear less bright?
With less beauty chear the sight?
Do the choicest of the wing
Less sweetly warble, sweetly sing?
Did you not admires the groves,
Envied scenes of sylvan loves?
Are the groves more gloomy grown?
'Tis because their Daphne's flown.
You with pleasure oft have seen,
Sporting o'er the merry green,
Little lambkins, Damon's care;
Happy Damon, Daphne there!
Do the lambkins sport it less?
You the cause, my fair, can guess:
My bleaters saw their mistress near,
Now she ceases them to chear;
In wanton play, as heretofore,
Daphne fled, they're seen no more:
You forget the merry dance,
Often urg'd by lucky chance.
Is the rural dance all o'er?
Daphne's absence we deplore.
Streams that used to purl along,
Joining Philomela's song,
Now in harsher accents brawl,
Waking sorrows as they fall.
Philomela's songs no more
Enchant the evening as before;
My complaints wouldst thou remove,
My petition too approve,
In town no longer, Daphne, stay,
Cottage scenes more bliss convey.

WRITTEN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[FROM PUTTENHAM'S ART OF ENG. POESIE, 4to. 1589.]

(QUOTED by MR. MALONE.)

THE doubt of future woes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

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For falshood now doth flow
And subject faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,
Or wisdom wev'd the webbe.

But clowdes of tois untried
Do cloake aspiring mindes,
Which turne to raigne of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
The root of Ruth will be,
And fruitlesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazelid eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shal be unseel'd by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reap no gaine, where former rule
Hath taught still peace to growe.

No forreine banisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no stranger's force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change,
And gape for (such like) joy.

M.

TO DELIA.

WITH envious stroke, let Fortune still cut down
The sweetest hope, the fondest love can frame,
Constant in nought but her capricious frown;
Fortune may change, but DELIA is the same.

Let Absence, clad in darkest garb of Woe,
Press the torn heart with pangs it cannot name,
While sad Remembrance doubles ev'ry blow;
Joy may be lost, but DELIA is the same.

Let fell Despair rush eager for its prize,
And mark my bosom for it's certain aim;
Firm and unconquer'd by the dart I rise;
Despair must fly, while DELIA is the same.
Thus, Love! through Fortune, Absence, and Despair,
Assert thy pow'r, and guard a faithful Pair.

C.

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MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

TRINCOMALE, (*East-Indies*) *January* 26, 1796.

THE King of Candy has entered into a treaty of amity and commerce with the East India Company, and dispatched ambassadors to Madras to ratify it.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, *March* 12.

Every thing remains tranquil, and nearly in the same state when I last wrote. We have had rumours here of a French fleet having left the Mediterranean to pay us a visit; if they come they will meet with a warm reception: the garrison is in excellent health, and capable of resisting a greater force than it is probable France will, or Holland can send against us.

We have accounts from Fort St. George, of the 24th November last. They mention the Paishwa to have been drowned by falling into a pond. There are strong suspicions entertained of his death not being altogether the result of accident. The minister, Fomavere, governs during the *inter-regnum*, and it is imagined will, to prolong his power, either by the murder or advancement of the son of the late Paishwa, who is at present a child. A son of the celebrated Rogoba is a candidate for the succession, and is supported by several Mahratta Chiefs.

Tippoo regards with jealousy our encreasing dominion in this hemisphere, but, he is too weak to offer impediments. The intercourse between him and Lord Hobart has the appearance of cordiality and friendship.

The Mahrattas had nearly overun the Deacan and fomented a civil war, at the head of which was the Nizam's son; but for the contest which is now about to take place amongst those mauraders, it is more than probable that the Decan would have been united to the Mahratta Confederacy. The rebellion is at an end.

The Dart packet arrived here from Europe a few days since.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 9.

The Porte continues its naval operations, under the direction of the famous marine architect, Le Bron. He has constructed them a very fine 64 gun ship with which the Admiral is so contented that he makes it the flag ship. The crew of this vessel are chiefly Europeans, chosen by himself and dressed in a very well fancied uniform.

The new Beglerbeg of Romelia, who commands in the camp of Adrianople, sends daily various *heads* to Constantinople, which he says are those of the rebels of Bulgaria, whom he incessantly pursues. That, however of Passovan Oughu, the Arch-rebel, he has not yet found it convenient to send.

HAGUE, *May* 1.

The Batavian National Assembly, in the sitting of the 28th ult. approved a Resolution which had been taken by a General Committee, by which it is ordered that a circular letter shall be written to the respective Provinces, for the purpose of raising the sum of sixty millions of florins, to provide for the service of the army and marines during the current year. It is to be paid at three different payments, the first on the 1st. of June, the second on the 1st. of September, and the 1st of December next.

The Deputy Scheemer then called the attention of the Assembly to the refusal made in the preceding year by the English minister to make any remittances to Holland, a refusal by which the inhabitants of the Republic had been deprived of the sums due as interest upon their money in the English Funds. He proposed in consequence, to decree a reciprocal refusal to pay any money to the subjects of Great Britain or Ireland, or on their account, whether for Bills of Exchange drawn from the Baltic on account of the English, or for Bills drawn on the Republic by way of Hamburgh, &c.

Citizen Vackenaer moved in addition, that the interest due on sums in the English Funds shall not be laid out in those Funds. Both the motions were referred to a Committee of five members.

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VIENNA, *May* 7.

The British Minister has communicated here the whole of the negociation which has passed between Mr. Wickham and M. Barthelemi, and the necessity for rejecting the unacceptable conditions of the French Directory. The result, which throws Peace at so great a probable distance, has caused here the most lively emotion. For the general good, humanity must wish that these differences could be composed.

The last intelligence received here from Russia states, that the affair of the King of Sweden's marriage, negotiating at Stockholm, was terminated amicably, that is to say, every thing went conformably to the good pleasure of the Empress.

His Sweedish Majesty consequently will espouse the Grand Dutchess Alexander Pawlowna.

The Princess Louisa Charlotte of Mecklenbourgh Schwerin is to receive a pension from the Empress; and the Hereditary prince, her brother, is to espouse another Grand Dutchess of Russia.

PARIS, *May* 7.

The Executive Directory has received intelligence of an Armistice concluded between the Commander in Chief of the Italian Army Buonaparte, and the King of Sardinia.

Besides Coni, Ceva, and Tortone, we are masters of all that part of Piedmont on the other side of the Sture and the Tenaro. The Courier arrived by the way of Turin.

CONDITIONS OF A SUSPENSION OF ARMS

Agreed between the French *and* Piedmontese Armies, *by the Commander in Chief of the French Army in Italy*, Buonaparte, *and M. the Baron* De la Tour, *Lieutenant General of Cavalry in the service of the* King *of* Sardinia, *and the Marquis* De Costa, *Colonel Head of the Staff, charged by the* King *of* Sardinia *to treat with the General of the French Army.*

Head-Quarters of Cherasco, 9. Floreal (April 28th*)* 1796.

Art. I. All hostilities shall cease between the French Army in Italy and the Army of the King of Sardinia, dating from the day whereon the conditions below shall be fulfilled, until five days after the end of the negociations set on foot to bring about a definitive peace between the two powers. To wit:—Coni shall be occupied by the French, the 9th Floreal or 28th April of the present year—Alexandria shall also be occupied by them; in the mean time Tortone, as soon as possible, and at the latest on the 11th Floreal, 30th of April. Alexandria however shall only be occupied by the French until they shall be put in possession of Tortone.

Art. II. The French Army shall remain in possession of what it has conquered—namely, all the Country lying beyond the right bank of the Sture, as far as its confluence in the Tartano, and from thence following the course of the river until its discharge into the Po, for the time the French Troops occupy Alexandria.—But when that place shall be rendered to the King of Sardinia for the possession of Tortone by the French, the limit shall continue from the confluence of the Sture and the Tartano to the height of Asty, on the right bank of the said river; thence, the high road leading to Nizza de la Paille, and from that last place to Cassigny shall serve for demarcation; from thence passing the Bormida below Cassigny, the French Army shall be in possession of the right bank of the Bormida, until it joins the Tartano, and finally thence to the confluence with the Po.

Art. III. The town and citadel of Coni shall be put into the hands of the French troops, as well as the town and citadel of Tortone, with the artillery, amunition, and provisions which many be therein, and of which an inventory shall be taken—this shall also be done at Alexandria, provisionally to be occupied by the French, until they are in possession of the place and citadel of Tortone.

Art. IV. The French troops shall be at liberty to cross the Po below Valence,

Art. V. Passage shall be accorded by the shortest routes to the extraordinary couriers, aides de-camp, or other officers, whom the French General may chuse to send to Paris, as well as on their return.

Art. VI. All the troops, officers, and their suite, in the pay of the King of Sardinia, making part of the Austrian army in Italy shall be comprised in the said suspension.

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Art. VII. The citadel of Ceva shall be given up with its artillery, ammunition and provisions. The garrison shall retire into Piedmont.

Art. VIII. There shall be drawn up, in Coni and Tortone, or Alexandria, provisorily occupied in case Tortone cannot be instantly put in possession of the French, a statement of the artillery, arms, utensils, ammunition, and provisions, for which the French Republic shall be accountable to the King of Sardinia; that is to say, to restore the artillery, and to pay according to estimate for the ammunition and provisions which they may have consumed.

The same shall be done with those in Ceva.

The troops in these places shall retire into Piedmont, with their arms, baggage, and all the honours of war.

(Signed) LIEUT. GEN. DE LA TOUR,
COLONEL COSTA.
BUONAPARTE.

HOME NEWS.

AT the Quarter Sessions for this borough held on Monday last, a butcher of the name of Robert Okey, of Little Dean in Gloucestershire, was indicted for regrating and forestalling. It appeared that he had bought of a butcher in Monmouth market, fifteen pounds of beef, at threepence per pound, and sold it to the prosecutor, an inhabitant of the town, after the rate of four-pence half-penny.---The defence was, that Okey had purchased this meat for the use of his own family, but, at the request of the prosecutor, had spared it to him, after much urgent intreaty.---The Justices, however, would not listen to any extenuation, but sentenced him to pay a fine of 20l. and to stand committed till the same was discharged; but being a man of property, the fine was immediately paid into court. The Justices presented the prosecutor with a guinea and returned him their thanks for his conduct; which they hoped would at the same time, stimulate others to be alike vigilant in bringing to justice all similar offenders, against whom that Court were determined to inflict the most exemplary punishment the law justifies.

Oxford, May 4. On Thursday evening last the following melancholy accident happened:---Mr. William Badcock, a respectable Farmer of Sheepstead, in the Parish of Marcham, near Abingdon, returning in a one-horse-chaise with his wife from Highworth, were they had been attending the funeral of Mr. Badcock's mother, on the road from Faringdon, near Pusey Furse, the horse took fright, and ran away with the carriage, when the reins and shaft both breaking, Mr. and Mrs. Badcock were thrown out with such violence as to occasion the death of the former immediately, and his wife survived him a few hours only. They have left five children to lament their unhappy loss.

Exeter, May 5. Thursday night, a Mrs. Levy, her sister, daughter, and son, were apprehended and committed to Exeter bridewell, on suspicion of being concerned in endeavouring to set fire to that city in different parts. On Thursday night between eight and nine o'clock, the woman was observed to be loitering about St. Peter's church yard, and frequent sparks of fire were perceived, to drop from her, which awakening suspicion she was followed into the Globe passage, where she dropped a tinder-box, containing a quantity of tinder then in a livid state. Some peace officers proceeded immediately to search her house and shop in Westgate-street, where they discovered in the back yard a quantity of the same combustibles that had been found in different parts of the city. What were their view in the undertaking, conjecture itself is at a loss to determine, except it was for the purpose of plunder.---Combustibles were discovered two nights adjoining the premises of Mr. Pim, fuller, in Westgate-street.

Leeds, May 10. On Tuesday last the grand Tunnel, or subterraneous Aqueduct, on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, at Foulridge, between Coln and Burnley, was opened. At twelve o'clock the unmooring of five vessels at the East end of the tunnel, filled with ladies, gentlemen and others, with colours flying, was announced by firing several rounds of cannon, and the shouts and acclamations of an innume-

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rable concourse of people. The tunnel was passed in forty minutes by the heaviest sailing vessel, and the company proceeded to the first lock, where a very elegant cold collation was prepared for them, and from thence to Burnley, attended by an encreasing and applauding multitude. At some distance from this place, the company in the first boat were surprized with the instantaneous and unexpected appearance of fifteen youths, the sons of the most respectable tradesmen in and about Burnley, smartly and uniformly dressed, who seizing the hailing line, drew that boat to the bason there: pleasant as that circumstance was, its effects were much encreased by the presence of a number of ladies who came on board the vessel.---The landing of the company was announced by the discharge of the cannon.---From the bason, the procession to the Bull Inn, was in the same order as from Coln to the tunnel.---At this Inn, and the Thorns Inn, dinners were prepared for the committee and the gentlemen attending.---On Tuesday evening there was a most splendid and numerous ball at Coln: and on Thursday evening the like at Burnley, to celebrate so beneficial an event.---This great tunnel, which is 1630 yards in length, begins about one mile from Colne, and ends at about six miles from Burnley, has been upwards of five years in completing, and some idea of the expence in the making thereof may be formed from the circumstance of one guinea an inch having been offered to any company that would have undertaken it. It is universally allowed to be the most complete work of the kind in England, if not in Europe.

Hull, May 14. The lamentable effects of terror have been frequently recorded. We are sorry to add another instance of its fatal power:---On Friday morning a girl living at a public-house in Mill-street in this town, was seized with an illness which threatened the most alarming consequences; to remove which, means were used without effect, for which she died early on Saturday morning.---Thursday evening, being what is called St. Mark's eve, the above girl, in company with two others, sat up to observe a custom of the most dangerous and ridiculous nature, which they called watching their suppers; in doing which it is supposed this girl heard some noise, or fancied she saw some object, which had such a terrible effect on her mind, as to produce the fatal consequences above-mentioned. We hope her awful example will be a warning to the thoughtless observers of such superstitious and impious practices.

On Monday last a servant girl, living with a respectable family in this town, on hearing that a soldier, her sweetheart, had been taken back and flogged as a deserter, when coming to this place to marry her, was afflicted with the most violent madness, and solicited a boy to cut her throat. She was secured; but remains still in a most deplorable state.---She is only nineteen years of age.

COURT OF KING's BENCH, May 7.

Kydd Wake, tried and convicted last term, for hissing his Majesty on the 29th of October, on his return from the Parliament, and crying, "No war, down with George," &c. was brought up to the Court of King's Bench, on Saturday, for judgment---his sentence, five years imprisonment, and kept to hard labour in Gloucester house of correction---within the first three months to stand in the pillory in Gloucester, and at the expiration of five years, to give 1000l. security for his good behaviour for ten years.

Judge Ashurst, in passing sentence upon him:---

"If there had been any wish to stretch the laws to their utmost rigour, it may be doubted, whether the crime of which you have been found guilty might not have amounted to a crime of a much deeper die; for it has a manifest tendency to withdraw the affections of his Majesty's subjects from their lawful Sovereign, to excite the mob to disaffection and rebellion. This is the return you have made for the protection you have enjoyed under the auspicious Government of the best of Kings, and under the mildest and most excellent system of laws. I would have you remember, that there is perhaps no other kingdom in the world where for such an offence the offender's life would not have paid the forfeit."

OLD BAILEY, May 11.

Wednesday, at the Old Bailey, came on the trial of R. T. Crossfield, charged with conspiring, with others, to assassinate the King, by shooting at him a pol-

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soned arrow from an air-gun.---Le Maitre, Higgins, and Smith, were also arraigned.

The Attorney General, after briefly stating the law in the present case, stated the substance of the indictment, and the evidence he had to produce. John Dowding would prove, that on the 8th of September, 1794. the prisoner, together with Upton, a lame man (the original informer, and since dead), went to several brass founders to enquire for a tube three feet long, of a certain bore and thickness; and that at last they agreed with one Flint for such a tube, and with Hill, a Turner, for some models in wood, which they said were for an electrical machine. Drawings also would be produced both of the machine and arrow, which was to be made with two spicæ, or forceps, with a hole to conceal any sort of poison.---He also stated, that the Prisoner had fled to France to escape justice, had changed his name, and had even boasted, while abroad, that he had attempted the King's life.---That when he returned and was taken, he tampered with the officers of justice for his escape.

After examining the witness for the Crown, Mr. Adam opened the prisoner's defence, and called a number of witnesses in his favour, whose testimony went both to invalidate the charges against the prisoner, and to attest the general loyalty of his character.

Mr. Gurney followed on behalf of the prisoner, and the Attorney General replied; after which Judge Evre summed up the evidence.---He stated, that the overt acts charged in the indictment must be proved each by one witness. Those acts were---1st, for conspiring to make a certain instrument to discharge a poisoned arrow; the 2d, for procuring Hill to fashion two pieces of wood as models, and for delivering him certain written instructions and drawings; the 3d, for employing Upton to make the instrument. He then reviewed the evidence produced, and the decree of credit due to them respectively. The Jury withdrew for two hours, and brought in a verdict---*Not Guilty.*

May 14. Henry Weston was indicted for forging a certain deed, purporting to be a power of attorney, and executed by General Tonyn, with intent to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. A second count charged the same offence as being intended to defraud General Tonyn.

The case was rather complex; it occupied the attention of the Court a considerable time, and a variety of evidence was necessarily adduced:---however, the following is the outline of the case. It appeared that General Tonyn was possessed of 16,000l. stock in the three per cent. consols; the prisoner was acquainted with the General, and in the habits of doing business for him. In the month of February last, it appeared that the prisoner forged a power of attorney, as signed, &c. by the General, in the month of January last, (at which time General Tonyn was at Ipswich) authorising him to sell the above property in the funds. In the beginning of last month, General Tonyn wishing to transfer his property, took the necessary steps for that purpose; he sent a friend to Mr. Weston to the Bank, to desire him to be prepared to make the transfer on the following day---this was the 7th; Mr. Weston wished to have the matter postponed, as the 8th would prove an inconvenient day for transacting the business. In consequence of which the General agreed to postpone the affair until the following Monday, when it appeared that the General's property had been sold, and Mr. Weston fled.---He was pursued and taken not far from London, on the Northern Road.

Mr. Sylvester, who tried the case, summed up the evidence, of which the foregoing is the effect;---the case appeared to him to admit of very little doubt; but if any obtained on the minds of the Jury, they were bound to give the unfortunate gentleman the benefit of them, and of the very good character which he bore until the unhappy transaction.

A moment determined the Jury---Verdict---*Guilty.*

Mr. W. is a handsome young man, aged 25, of fashionable appearance, and elegantly dressed. After conviction, he addressed the Court; said he was resigned to his fate; hoped it would be a warning to every young man entrusted with property, and a caution to monied persons how they trusted young men with an unlimited power over their properties.

(See Page 292 of our last Number.)

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Lord Kenyon in a Trial relative to a gambling transaction observed "The prevalence of these practices is deplorable in the extreme, and calls for the utmost exertion of Magistrates to correct. I have seen the case of the unfortunate young man, Mr. Weston. It was laid before me by a learned Divine, to whom he had submitted it. In this he declares, that he had received 50,000l. and paid upwards of 40,000l. without any means, but gambling!

Tisbury, Wilts, May 12. Two brothers were lately drowned here, in the following manner: they were the sons of a poor man of the name of Odbury, in Tisbury, and one of them had been confined some time on account of his being disordered in his senses: the father at length thinking him better, set him at liberty, when he ran out of the house, and threw himself into the river Nader, which runs near it. The father jumping in to save his son, was near drowning, when his other son a young man aged twenty-two, ran to his father's assistance, but jumping in too precipitately was the first drowned. Two men at a distance saw the transaction, and came to the spot just in time to save the father, who was with difficulty prevented jumping in again to share the fate of his two sons.

May 21. A person, said to be an American Captain, having imprudently ventured himself into a house of ill fame in Dean street, East Smithfield, near the May-pole, was robbed and murdered. The body was found concealed, the hands tied behind the back. It appears he had been hanged to a bed-post, as the cord was also hid among the feathers of the bed. Several women of the house are taken up, on whom the property of the unfortunate deceased was found. His coat was pledged for eleven shillings. A child was the principal instrument in discovering this horrid business..

LAMENTABLE DEATH OF LORD CHARLES TOWNSEND.

May 27. This morning Lord Charles Townsend, who with his brother, Lord Frederick, was returning to town from Yarmouth, was killed by the discharge of a pistol. While at Yarmouth, during the Election, their Lordships' conduct was so extraordinary as to induce Sir Edward Layton, the Mayor, to follow them to town with a view of overtaking them on the road, and to prevent that danger which the very deranged state of their minds threatened. The servant of the deceased, in his examination at the Marlborough street Police Office, stated his master to have shewn strong marks of insanity while at Yarmouth. The chaise-drivers deposed, that when the chaise stopped at Ilford, about four o'clock to change horses, they only saw Lord Frederick, who did not alight, but ordered them to drive on to Hanover-square; at Mile End they heard the report of a pistol, which they observed Lord Frederick afterwards throw out of the window; thinking no other person was in the carriage they drove on, until they reached Oxford-street, and then drew up to know which side of the square the Bishop of Norwich lived: on this Lord Frederick d---d them for their ignorance, and leaping out of the chaise struck one of them on the face, and insisting that he would fight stripped to the skin: a crowd being soon collected, the body of Lord Charles was discovered, warm, but no pulse; it was immediately taken to a chymist's close by, and Lord Frederick conducted to Mary-le-bone watchouse, where he said that his brother had shot himself on account of some religious dispute that took place between them on the road, and that he had endeavoured to do the same, but the pistol would not go off; a pistol which appeared to have been recently discharged, was found in the chaise. The Coroner's inquest, after a minute investigation, at twelve o'clock on Friday night, returned the following verdict: "Upon the view of the body, and from the evidence obtained, that Lord Charles Thomas Townsend's death was occasioned by the pistol shot, they have no proof by whose hand the pistol was fired." Lord Frederick, about two years since, was for nine or ten months under the care of Dr. Willis; drinking to excess during the Election, it is supposed has caused a return of this malady. Lord Charles, while at Yarmouth, threatened to go on board a vessel under way, he said to put an end to all his troubles.

Lord Charles Townsend was twenty-seven years of age, and remarkably handsome. Lord Frederick is again placed under the care of Dr. Willis.

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PROMOTIONS.

MILITARY.

Lieutenant Colonel Harry Calvert, of the Coldstream Guards, to be Deputy Adjutant-General to the Forces in South Britain, *vice* Amherst. Colonel Jeffery Amherst, Deputy Adjutant-General, to be Governor of Upnor Castle, *vice* Irving deceased. Lieutenant James Nagle, to be Commissary of Musters at the Cape of Good Hope. Captain Bryce M'Murdo, of the 8th Foot, to be Major of Brigade to the Forces. Captain ------ Williamson, of the 46th of Foot, to be Major of Brigade to the Forces. Major F. Erskine, to be Colonel of the 50th Regiment of Foot. Major George Smith, to be Commandant of Bonifaccio, in Corsica.

CLERICAL.

The Rev. ------- Tringham, to be Chaplain to the Garrison at the Cape of Good Hope. The Rev. Claudius Buchanan, to be Chaplain to Fort William, Bengal. The Rev. John Smith, A. M. Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, to be master of that society, *vice* Dr. Seagrove deceased. The Rev. Augustus Bullmer, M. A. to be Rector, Sall, Com. Norfolk. The Rev. H. Cooper, M. A. to be Vicar of Saxthorpe, Com. Norfolk. The Rev. W. Baker, L.L.B. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to be Rector of Lyndon, Com. Rutland. The Rev. W. Benwell, to be Rector of Chilton, Com. Sussex.

NEW TITLES.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain unto the following gentlemen and to their heirs male, viz. John Cox Hippesley, of Warfield Grove, Com. Berks, Esq. Wharton Amcotts of Kettlethorpe Park, Com. Lincoln, Esq. Edmund Cradock Hartopp, of Freeby, Com. Leicester, Esq. Thomas Turton, of Starborough Castle, Com. Surry, Esq. Robert Baker, of Upper Dunstable House, Com. Surry, Esq.

May 11. The King was pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on Francis D'Ivernois, Esq.

MARRIAGES.

May 2. The Rev. Mr. Dixon of Humbleton in Holderness to Miss Raines, of Flinton. 5. At Swansea, Glamorganshire, A. Page, Esq. to Miss Prance. 6. In Dublin Major Stark to Miss Boulton. 7. At Bristol, J. Olive Esq. to Miss Ames. ---- Stokes, Esq. of Dartmouth, to Miss Pickerd, eldest daughter of the late Col. Pickerd of the 13th Dragoons. 10. At St. Martin's in the Fields, George Granville Marshall, Esq. of Charing, Kent, to Miss Hutchinson, eldest daughter of the late Norton Hutchinson, Esq. of Woodhall-park, Herts. Edward Dwett, Esq. of Lansdowne-place, to Miss Kensington, of New Bridge-street. At Bawtry, Mr. Wormald, of Leeds, to Miss Nettleship, only daughter of the late Jonathon Nettleship, of Mattersea Abbey, Com. Nottingham, Esq. The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Saint David's to Miss Penn, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Penn, Esq. proprietor of the Province of Pensylvania. 11. Sir Edmund Head. Bart. to Miss Western, of Cokethorp. Oxfordshire. 12. At Tooting, G. Kensington, Esq. to Miss Browne. 13. At Edmondthorpe, the accomplished Mr. P. Rippon, aged 60, to the agreeable Mrs. Judith Oralow, aged 74. Part of the Gentleman's attractions were lost on his Bride, as she had been deprived of her sight upwards of twenty years. Hugh Dillon, Massy, Esq. eldest son of Sir Hugh Massey, Bart. to Miss S. Hankey, second daughter of the late Thomas Hankey, Esq. of Bedford-square.

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OBITUARY.

ON the beginning of April, at Berne, in Switzerland, after a lingering illness of many years, the Right Hon. Spencer Compton, Earl of Northampton, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Northampton.

April 15. At Hamburg, the Rev. Sir George Molesworth, Bart. Vicar of Northfleet, Kent.

April 20. At his house in James-street, Dublin, Thomas Whitehouse. His body was found suspended from the bannisters; where it was supposed, from its putrid state, to have hung some time. Mr. W. was at all times a very singular character; and had met with some reverses of fortune, which induced him to live a very recluse life. Just before his death, he discharged his female servant, and shut up his house, giving out that he was going into the country.

April 21. At Hallow Park, in Worcestershire, William Weaver, Esq. upwards of eighty years of age. In 1748 he married Lady Mary Douglas, Baroness of Mordington, which Lady died June 22, 1791, by whom he left no issue. Capt. Weaver had formerly been of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, was with his late Majesty at the battle of Dettingen, and with the late Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, and had two brothers killed in the service.

April 26. Suddenly, John Pardoe, jun. Esq. M. P. His death was occasioned by his affliction for the loss of his amiable wife. Excessive grief urged him to put an end to his own existence. This rash action was perpetrated while the other mourners were gone to attend the funeral. He has left five young orphans, the heirs to very considerable property.

May 1. Alexander Fergusson, Esq. Advocate, of Edinburgh. He was unfortunately killed on the road from Dumfries to Craigdarrock, by the overturning of his carriage.

Lately at Sierra Leone, Mr. Watt, so celebrated for his travels and discoveries in Africa.

At Horncastle, Com. Lincoln, Miss Heald, of Wakefield.

2. At Hope Park, after a short illness, James Ogilvy, Esq. Deputy Receiver General of the Customs for Scotland.

The Hon. Wandesford Butler, brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Ormond, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Lately, at Port au Prince, St. Domingo, aged 23 years, Captain Joseph Longbotham, of the ship Ariel.

3. In Edinburgh, John Russel, Esq. Clerk to the Signet.

5. At Bolos, in Shropshire, ——— Higgins, Esq. father to the Countess of Exeter.

At Hull, Mr. Joseph Waite, a well-known gentleman, who not content with looking after the *money* of many people there, frequently borrowed their *persons*, in his profession as a sheriff's officer.

6. Lately, at Calcutta, Lieut. John Wittett, of the Artillery.

At Bradford, J. Shrapnell, Esq.

At Prescot, Com. Lancaster, J. Fazakerly, Esq.

7. At Norwich, aged 93, J. Wakefield, Esq.

At Chester, the Rev. J. Griffith, D. D.

At Chelmsford, aged 24, Mrs. Innes. Her husband was a Captain in the 24th regiment, and on the day of his marriage was ordered to Ireland, from whence he was sent to the West Indies, where he died; her solicitude for his safety, and subsequent distraction at his loss, literally broke her heart.

8. Mr. William Walker, surgeon to St. George's Hospital.

At the house of her father, in the Crescent, Bath, Miss Bathoe, daughter of John Bathoe, Esq.

At Llanarmon, Wales, the Rev. Mr. Williams; and on the same day, Mrs. Williams, his wife. His brother, Mr. Williams, of Llanvillin, died in his attendance on the funeral.

At Esher, Com. Surry, W. Moore, Esq.

9. After a long illness, at his house in Lombard-street, Mr. Matthew Raw.

At the palace of Hampton Court, in her 71st year, the Dowager Baroness du Tour.

10. At Norwich, Mrs. F. Gibbon, aged 85.

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At Shawbury Park, A Corbett, Esq.

In Cateaton-street, aged 18, Miss Cowley.

At Ardwick, Lancashire, Mr. Edward Smith.---As Treasurer to the Stranger's Friend Society, and a visitor of the sick, his uncommon philanthrophy is well known. To him the character given of Job is strictly applicable---"because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; the blessing of those that were ready to perish come upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

John Smith, of Chiddingly, in the county of Sussex. As he was removing some rubbish, preparatory to the opening of a chalk pit, near Berwick, the earth fell in upon him, whereby he was so terribly bruised, that he languished until Saturday evening, and then he died. This unfortunate man has left a widow and 13 children to lament his loss; he had scarce reached his 44th year, and was a sober, industrious labourer: his wife had been 19 times pregnant in 20 years, and this numerous family supported itself with moderate assistance. In times like the present, the late industry of the deceased and his wife's good management might truly be worthy the imitation of the cottager!

At Cambridge, Mr. Jonathan Lambert, of Jesus College.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Freeling, wife of F. Freeling, Esq. of the General Post Office. During a long and painful illness, she maintained that Christian fortitude and benevolence of mind which at all times distinguished her, and has left a numerous circle of friends to lament that happiness which they have so often known in her company and conversation.

12. At Saffron Walden, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Vicar of Henham, Com. Essex.

At Clough, near Rotheram, Com. York, John Hirst, Esq. aged 81.

13. In her 18th year, Miss A. J. Perkins, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

In his 54th year, Mr. John Binns, bookseller of Hull, Yorkshire, and formerly partner in the banking-house of Mess. Fenton, Scott, and Co. at Leeds.

14. At Neath, Com. Glamorgan, William Basset, Esq.

15. At Worle, Com. Somerset, Mr. Henry Banwell, master of the King's-head Inn, in that place.

16. At Ipswich, aged 66, Henry Gallant, Esq.

17. In his 24th year, William Jesup, Esq. only son of Daniel Jesup, Esq. of Leiston, Com. Suffolk.

18. Mrs. Arnold, wife of Aldous Charles Arnold, Esq. of Lowestoffe.

19. At her house in Hereford-street, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Finch, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Winchelsea.

20. At his house, Drumsheugh, near Edinburgh, the Hon. James Erskine, Lord of Alva, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. His Lordship was admitted an Advocate December 3, 1743; appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer May 27, 1754; and on the 20th of May 1761, was appointed to be one of the Lords of Session, and took the title of Lord Barjaro, which title he afterwards altered to that of Lord Alva.

Mrs. Tremmells, wife of Mr. Tremmells, of Northumberland-street, in the Strand.

21. At her house in Ipswich, Mrs. Hatley, relict of J. Hatley, Esq. of that place.

The Rev. William Blake, Vicar of Stockland Bristol, Com. Somerset.

22. In Bloomsbury-place, Thomas Weir, Esq.

24. In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mrs. Francklin, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Francklin, Translator of Sophocles, and author of many other literary works.

Mr. David Leathes, of George-street, Hanover-square, aged 81.

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LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

April 30. SIR James Cockburn, Bart. late of London, merchant. John Wylder, and Nathaniel Hall, of Sun-street, Bishopgate-street, watch-makers. Robert Davies, of Bearbinder-lane, London, Merchant. George Fawell, and John Ambrose, of Tichborne-street, Westminster, linen-drapers. George Byrne, late of Vere-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex, hatter. Thomas Pritchard, of King-street, Golden-square, ironmonger. William Pickman, of Fulham, Middlesex, malster. William Haslam, of Little Bolton, Lancashire, leather-cutter. Thomas Smith, late of Liverpool, Lancashire, dealer. William Coleburn, of Wavertree, Lancashire, wheel-wright. James Brown, of Brownlow-street, St. Giles's in the Fields, London, grocer. John Smith, of Esher, Surry, grocer. Robert Dowsberry, of Limehouse, timber-merchant. John Philpott, of Isleworth, Middlesex, Callico-printer. Thomas Dudley, of Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer. George Grayson, of South Cave, Yorkshire, grocer. Alexander Lindores, of Little Mary-le-bone-street, Middlesex, baker. May 3. Samuel Booth, of Adam-street, St. Mary-le-bone, painter and glazier. William Phelpes, of the Old South Sea House, insurer. J. Simpson, and Cornelius O'Bryan, of Bread-street, London, warehousemen. H. Ramsden, of Bethwin's-rents, Walworth, horse-dealer. May 7. Paul Woolley, of New North-street, St. Mary-le-bone, wine-merchant. William Howgate, of Bridge-street, London, haberdasher. Abraham Bellamy, late of Cannon-street, London, merchant. John Wright, of Stanhope-street, Clare-market, painter. Edward Rogers, and John Rodd, of Bread-street, Cheap-side, woollen-factors. John Taylor, of Swinton-street, Gray's-inn-lane, scivener. James Jex, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, linen-draper. William Pheasant, of Woolwich, corn chandler. Edward Slade, late of High-street, Southwark, Haberdasher. John Rhodes, and Michael Head, of Bridgnorth, Salop, builders. George Parry, of Long Acre, Middlesex, coach-maker. Josiah Roote, of Whitechapel, linen-draper. May 10. J. Palmer, of Thavies-inn, money scrivener. R. Busby, of Chiselhurst, Kent, dealer. G. Hassel, of Hanover-street, Hanover-square, dealer. Ash Bond, of Lynn Regis, cordwainer. Sarah Wells, of Lincoln, milliner. Timothy Harris, of Paul's-court, Wood-street, hosier. J. Philpot, of Great Badow, Essex, butcher. J. Garside, of Stockport, Cheshire, grocer. D. Lloyd, of Ely, in the isle of Ely, shopkeeper. Cæsar Andrews, of Green Hammerton, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant. May 14. Robert Lane, of Bermondsey, Surrey, Tanner. William Busby, of Chiselhurst, Surrey, Dealer. Richard Whalley Bridgman, late of Grocers Hall, London, Scrivener. George Parker of Fetter Lane, London, Baker, Thomas Jones, of King Street Covent Garden, London, Linen Draper. James Payne, of old Bethlem, London, Turner. Joseph Thomas, of Stone-house, Gloucester, Linen Draper. Benjamin Goodman, of Staverton, Southampton, Dealer. John Eskrick Leigh, of Bolton in the Moors, Lancaster, Cotton Manufacturer. 17 John Appleton, the younger, John Wilcock, and Benjamin Astley of Bootle Lancashire, paper-manufacturers. John Graves, of Nottingham, Joiner. John Martin late of Pershore, Worcestershire, Innholder. Jacob and Abraham Rimer, of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothiers. Edward Allen, of Great Hermitage, Cheesemonger. William Taylor, of Ball-Alley, Lombard Street, Taylor. William Wright, the elder, and William Wright the younger, and John Maud Wright, of Wellclose Square, Middlesex, Coal-merchants. William Raster of Bristol, money-scrivener. Thomas Berfe and John Alger, of York, button-factors. James Aspin, of Margate, Kent, linen-draper. William Hurt of Pell's Gardens, Ratcliff Highway, Middlesex, builder. Jonah M'Ewen of Castle-street, East Oxford-Market, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. 23. James Valentine Murray, late of Billiter Lane, London, Merchant. Joseph Strahan, late of Hanley, Staffordshire, Stationer. John Park, of Austin Friars, London, Merchant. James Hamilton, of Liverpool, Broker. Joseph Kirk, late of Rotheram, Yorkshire, Grocer. Thomas O'Reilly, late of Portsmouth Point, Woollen Draper, John Snook Amies. of Bath, Linen Draper. Thomas Radcliffe, late of Wigan, Com. Lancaster. John Peter Gassiot, of Union Street Bishopsgate Street, Merchant. Robert Troy, late of Greenwich, Taylor.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR JUNE 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE

SECRETARY'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE *NINE MUSES.*

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Lemuel Smith

The Secretaries Jewel,
of the Lodge of
The Nine Muses.

London, Printed by G. Cawthorn, British Library Strand July 1.1798.

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE Favour of a Past Master of the Foundation Lodge in our next.

Our esteemed Brother Somerville's Note, to be added to No. I. of the State of Freemasonry in Scotland, came to our hands too late for insertion in its proper place; it shall, however, appear next month.

The Verses on Sun Rise, from Durham, with all their *Juvenility*, deserve insertion; and shall appear in our next.

In the Elegy to the Moon, inserted in our Magazine for April, in stanza the second, line the fourth, for *quits* read *greets*.

We beg again to request, that our Correspondents will oblige us with their favours by the 15th of each month. Articles of Masonic and other Intelligence will be received a few days after that time.

This Magazine may now be had Complete in SIX VOLUMES, bound according to the Taste of the Purchaser. A very few complete Setts remain on hand; so that an early application is recommended to such Persons (Brethren or others) as desire to possess themselves of the most elegant and entertaining Miscellany hitherto published under the denomination of Magazine.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR JUNE 1796.

A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE TO A SKILFUL BUT OVER-ZEALOUS MASON.

QUI CAPIT ILLE FACIT.

SIR AND BROTHER,

NOT that I had any reason to suppose you would be disinclined to receive from me, in conversation, any suggestions which I might (from a heart filled with sentiments of real friendship) have been induced to offer, in the hope that they would redound to your benefit; not for this reason has it been, that I have adopted the epistolary form in the present application; but because words uttered are fleeting, and make generally a slighter (though perhaps a more immediate) impression on the mind, than when committed to paper; and these latter too have this advantage, that they can be recurred to at a future time, when the effect of oral communication has perhaps ceased.

I need not, I believe, ask if you have confidence in my brotherly zeal to serve you, though I ought certainly to beg excuse for my presumption in offering to advise you; but sincerity shall for once supply the place of ceremony, while I take leave to call your attention a little aside from that very laudable pursuit, Masonry, to that very necessary one, of your own immediate profession.

It is almost unnecessary for me to recal to your memory, that our general regulations contain this salutary precept, that though a regular attendance on the duties of the lodge of which you may be a member is recommended, yet the same sentence contains the admonition, that you are never to suffer the business of Masonry to interfere with the more necessary vocations or duties of life, *which are on no account to be neglected.*

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I now draw near to the point at which I aim. That you have zeal for the promotion of the influence of Masonry (and therein of the best code of piety and morality, truly considered, that ever was inspired by heaven, or conceived by man) I am well convinced; that from the attention you have paid to the investigation of various points of the institution, you are well qualified to assist materially in the illustration of its excellent tenets, I also know: but you have other objects of more essential necessity; your family have claims which, though your native goodness of heart acknowledges, and your professional talents are competent to satisfy, I should fear might, by a too sedulous pursuit of masonic distinction and fame, be hereafter less attended to.

I will not conceal that I have frequent and uneasy reflections on what *may* be the consequence of your increasing (or indeed of your not discontinuing some of) your engagements of the nature alluded to. The calls upon your purse must be frequent, yet those you may supply; *but the time drawn from business never can be redeemed. Your* time, however, and the *money* actually disbursed by *yourself* in these meetings, are among the least of the ill consequences that result;—the proverb, though ancient, is not the less true, that "when the cat is away, the mice will play;" and it is in the neglect among your dependents, who will naturally take advantage of the absence of him whose interest it is (and whose only care it ought to be) to keep them employed, that you must look to discover the most baneful effects of the conduct from which I am endeavouring to dissuade you.

As you are a zealous, active, and intelligent member of our antient and respectable fraternity, I would also have you a prudent one. There is a degree beyond which zeal becomes madness; and I am strongly inclined to depict it.

Thus then: when a man becomes a Mason, he sees, if he be a sensual man, the pleasures of the table to indulge his appetite, and the splendor of decoration to gratify his sight; if, on the other hand, he be a thinking man, he enters an ample field for contemplation, he receives the lesson of morality and of virtue, and is taught, by an easy and pleasant process, to diffuse its blessings among mankind; if he be a good man, he will illustrate the precept by his own conduct in life. But mark! to do this, it is not necessary that he should enroll his name among the members of I know not how many lodges and chapters, to shine a Z in one, a R. W. M. a P. M. a S. W. a J. W. a T. and heaven knows what in others: distinction, to be sure, is flattering, but it can only have charms for weak minds. Is your knowledge increased, or your power of doing good to your fellow-creatures enlarged, in a just ratio with the number of offices you fill, or the number of societies to which you belong? Are not the sage tenets and maxims transmitted to us from our ancestors, by oral tradition, all comprehended in one regular series of doctrines, made memorable by the ancient simplicity of their style, universally prevalent, and adapted alike to the minds of all nations and sects?

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What is there new, that is not innovative? What fanciful, that is not corrupt? If then one general system comprehends all that is valuable, all that is genuine, and *that* system is to be attained, in its primitive purity and perfection, in *one* lodge, whence results the need of attending others? I will whisper to your ear, that your attending more than one, under these circumstances, is an impeachment either of your understanding, or of your virtue; it savours too much of sensuality on the one hand, and of vanity on the other. The world, I mean those who know you not so well as I do, would be apt to attribute such motives to such a conduct. Turn for a moment your mind's eye on a man, who, without suffering any emergencies of business to impede him, obeys the call of perhaps eight or ten different lodges or chapters: if he be a member of so many, he has a twofold inducement to attend regularly; in the first place, as a yearly or quarterly subscriber, he considers that he must pay his share of the expences of the evening, whether he attend or not; and he thinks if he must pay, he may as well partake; again, he considers regularity of attendance on the duties of the society (particularly if he be in office) as praiseworthy, indeed as indispensable to his farther promotion. We see him, then, devoting to one or other of them, four or five evenings, sometimes whole afternoons, in a week: for, though the regular meetings may not amount to so many on the average of the year, yet when committees, councils, lodges of emergency, of instruction, visits, &c. &c. are taken into the calculation, the account, I believe, will not be found very much exaggerated.

To return to a point before under consideration: when a set of workmen see their employer periodically (perhaps daily) quit his post of observation, they adopt his example, and profit by the opportunity afforded them, to relax from their labour, and most likely to indulge in the pleasures of the tankard; in the measuring of which recess, prudence seldom has much concern. After this indulgence, it becomes necessary to redeem in some measure their lost time, and in the hurry consequent on this attempt, the work generally suffers by being slightly or negligently performed. Now it cannot be supposed, that the master tradesman can inspect (at least in many professions he cannot inspect) all the work that is sent out of his house; and when the purchaser, or original employer, finds bad materials used, or an ill use made of good materials, or that his work is detained longer in hand than he can reasonably account for, where does the blame fall? Who is ultimately the sufferer by the neglect? Not the journeyman, who actually has done the wrong, but the master, by whose absence, or negligence, he has been enabled to do it.

Are these things not so? Is any part of this picture extravagantly heightened? Have I not stated probable facts, and deduced from those facts the natural consequences? If any thing I have written appear harsh, its truth, and the sincerity of friendship by which it is dictated, must be my apology. I saw a serious case before me, and I have only treated it with fidelity; stern fidelity indeed; but I have my hope that it may be salutary. I have not animadverted upon

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the baneful operation of late hours and occasional intemperance on the vital principal, considering that as too obvious to need remark: I shall only observe, that in convivial meetings, a pleasant man, a good-humoured *bon vivant*, a man, in short, of wit or humour, or other companionable talents, is, of all others the most exposed to danger. The churl, or the dolt, wanting the capacity or inclination to partake in the festivity, is permitted and, not unfrequently, incited to withdraw at an early hour from the table, while the other person alluded to, feeling and being able to communicate pleasure, is acted upon by a double force, that is, by his own inclination, strengthened by the entreaties of those about him. Hence late hours, debauches that impair the health of the body, and much more the faculties of the mind, create or increase family dissensions, and reflect a dishonour on the Institution, from which its intrinsic excellence cannot at all times redeem it in the public opinion.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your sincerely affectionate

Friend and Brother,

S. J.

June 1795.

HONOUR AND GENEROSITY.

A GENTLEMAN of the South of France was taken at sea by Pirates, and sold to an Algerine merchant called *Ibrahim*. The slave gained the good-will of his master in such a manner, that he obtained his permission to go into *Provence*, and to bring back five hundred crowns for his ransom. On his return to *Algiers*, he said to *Ibrahim*, 'My master, there are the five hundred crowns I have promised you; I give you two hundred more, as an acknowledgement for the confidence you reposed in me, in suffering me to go on my parole of honour.'—*Ibrahim* stood like one thunderstruck; surprised at the noble behaviour of the gentleman, he said, 'Your fidelity in preferring your word to your liberty, and the generosity of your farther proceedings, deserve not only your freedom without ransom, but a reward besides; I offer you one of my nieces in marriage.'—'I thank you, Sir,' replied the gentleman; but the difference of religion will not permit me to accept your kind intention; however, oblige me by receiving this ring.'—'I receive it, and will wear it for your sake,' replied *Ibrahim*, 'on condition that you receive this jewel in exchange, (presenting him a ring of great value) and the seven hundred crowns you have brought me, as a small reward for thy fidelity.'

M.

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HAPPINESS:

A

FRAGMENT.

Quin multis eget quamvis sit dives, egenus.
Contentus paucis, est opulentus, inops;
Sola fames auri, rerumque æterna cupido,
Non defectus opum, nos faciunt inopes.

PROSPERITY, adversity, poverty, riches, chagrin, or joy, affect us only in proportion to the manner in which we behave under them; and it may with propriety be said, that what is pronounced *good* or *bad* by the world, more frequently consists in imagination, than reality. A trifling misfortune often overwhelms us more than a great calamity; and, on the other hand, a trivial pleasure communicates more joy, than good fortune in a much greater latitude. Thus it is that the pure limpid stream with brown bread gives one man more genuine satisfaction, than another receives from the highest dainties, and the richest wines.

Lysander had one day a very elegant repast sent him; 'give it,' said he, 'to the *Helots* *,' and he contented himself with some coarse food, which was his usual diet. In like manner Agesilaus, when some dainties and curious liquors were offered him, took only a little meat, and refused all the rest. The sage Pittacus formerly said, 'He is rich who desires nothing but what is necessary for subsistence, and who is never in want of them.' It were ridiculous to have compassion for a person, who had none for himself; and it were folly to esteem him happy, who considers himself miserable. I call a man rich, who, in a state of poverty, seems to abound in every thing; and I esteem him happy, who knows how to accommodate himself to every possible misfortune; so, on the contrary, I look upon him as poor, who, in the midst of riches, never thinks he has enough, and as miserable as the man who is overwhelmed at every trifling cross of fortune. A man that is devoted to melancholy, will never become joyous in any prosperity; and he who is disposed to avarice, will ever live in a state of misery: as a glutton is never satisfied, and as an hydropical person is ever thirsty. 'Happiness,' says a modern philosopher, 'is of itself neither good nor bad; it is man alone that gives it this stamp; just as clothes do not in fact communicate heat, though they cover us, the warmth arising from our bodies.' Hence arose the adage, that every one was the architect of his own happiness: *Faber suæ quisquæ fortunæ.* If we were to hear that misfortunes shower down upon a man, we should lament his hard fate, throng in crowds to his house to pay him compliments of condolence;

* Lacedemonian slaves.

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but if we were there to find a contented man, whose courage had not deserted him, should we pity him? No, surely, we should rather consider him happy, and look upon him as one that escaped a cannon ball that whistled by his ears, and returned safe and victorious from the field of battle: for in fact misfortunes cannot have reached one that does not feel them; wherefore, instead of pitying, we should rather envy him, and view him as a man, who triumphs over his enemies, whom he tramples upon.

On the other hand, if we learn that some great good luck has happened to a man, or some very advantageous thing to a family, we flock thither to pay our compliments of felicitation, when we find a choleric man much displeased with himself. A servant, perhaps, breaks a drinking-glass; the dinner, perhaps, is over done; the coffee is not quite roasted enough. Such critical accidents are sufficient to make him forget the good fortune that has just befallen him. Compliments of felicitation should very justly be changed to those of condolence: for though the misfortunes he meets with, are in themselves of no great consequence, they are nevertheless very afflicting to him who takes them much to heart. Thus it is not always the thing itself that gives us pain; but the idea which we frame of it, as Epictetus hath very properly observed, in these words: Ταράσσει τὺς ἀνθρώπυς ὲ τὰ πραγματα, ἀλλ α τα περι πραγμαΐων δόγμαΐα.

When we arm ourselves against misfortunes, and resist them, we suffer much less; as when we courageously oppose the enemy, we frequently obtain an honourable capitulation, and terms that are at least more endurable, without taking into the consideration, that it is always consolatory and honourable to have bravely sustained misfortunes: for, as Seneca says, no one displays his virtues but in times of danger: *Avida est periculi virtus.* To illustrate this position, it is only necessary to cast one's eyes upon masters and their servants, and we shall find a far greater number of contented countenances among the latter than the former. Is there any thing more common than to see a master with a sullen brow, in an elegant sedan, carried by men whose countenances bespeak their chearfulness and gaiety? We must not seek for joy in palaces alone, it is as often found by rustic fire sides.

I remember some time ago to have paid a visit to two different persons in the same day. The first of these had a very magnificent house, with a very fine garden; I asked him 'if he thought he should have much fruit this year?' To this he replied, 'that he could say nothing about the matter, as he very seldom went out of his chamber.' I found the other person shut up in a very close room, that was obscure and badly furnished, and I therefore concluded he was very badly lodged; but he found in this closet, as it might be called, many conveniences which I did not discover. He informed me, that this apartment was very quiet; that he was not incommoded with the sun in summer, nor exposed to the bleak winds in winter; and that his chimney drew surprisingly well, so that he was never troubled with smoke. He then shewed me his pleasure-garden, which con-

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sisted of a few flower-pots ranged before his window; and he set forth to me some other trifles of the like nature: in asking my opinion of them, I replied, that he was lodged like a prince, and that I was just come from the house of a man of opulence, where I had not met with near so many accommodations, because he paid no attention to them. It may with much propriety be said, that such a man, in the midst of plenty, is in a state of indigence: for I must again make use of the words of Seneca, when he says, 'That riches without contentment, is the greatest of all wants:' *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egestatis gravissimum est.*

The grandeur or meanness of a thing must be estimated by the value that is conferred upon it; wherefore we may frequently congratulate a person more upon the possession of a thing of small importance, which he holds in high esteem, than for a thing of consequence, which he does not care for. A man, for instance, who has purchased simply a title, seems rather to solicit a compliment of condolence than congratulation, as he has deprived himself of what is considered to be of worth, in lieu of which he receives only a mere name, and consequently only the shadow of a thing; but when this ideal consequence, which it confers, communicates interior happiness, the shade is dissipated, and a reality supplies its place.

The accomplishment of a man's desire and wish frames a paradise to him. To illustrate this, when Theodore was betrothed to a girl, whose face was almost an antidote to desire, the world pitied him, and condemned his father for procuring such a match for him; but she passed for a beauty in her husband's eyes; and, *quisquis amat ranam, ranam putat esse Dianam;* that is, the man enamoured with a frog, considers her full as beautiful as a Venus: so that Theodore, instead of being pitied, may be envied by every husband who has a handsome wife he doth not like.

When a merchant is satisfied with his goods, let them be of what quality they will, he has made a good purchase; so again when an epicure likes his repast, though it may displease every other guest, it is to him an excellent regale; and to bring it still nearer to the point we had first in view, when a man patiently endures adversity, and says to himself, "Something still worse might have happened," it no longer continues a misfortune to him. This brings to mind the lively manner in which a Japenese afforded consolation to his friend, who was lamenting a burthen he had to bear. The emperor of Japan, being born under the dog-star, conceived so much friendship for this animal, that he ordered every man whose dog died, to carry him to a certain spot where he was to be buried. One man met another, who was sweating under the weight of a very large dead mastif, and was uttering his complaints at the toil imposed upon him; but the other very readily answered, 'We should thank God that the emperor was not born under the horse-star: for in that case the burthen would have been more insupportable.' No Grecian philosopher could have moralised more pertinently upon the occasion.

There is nothing more astonishing, than to meet with a man, who

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is desirous of regulating the taste of another according to his own; and yet nothing is more frequent: for we daily hear people criticising their neighbours' manner of living, because it is not conformable to their own; and yet, perhaps, it is a moot point to determine to which side the preference should be given. The truth is, he who lives according to his inclination, always lives well, though, in his neighbour's eyes, he appears to drag a life of misery. This was what gave rise to the saying *sequere naturam;* pursue nature and your own inclination, and you cannot err, because you thereby attain the highest pinnacle of mundane felicity.

To hear a man censure another with respect to his manner of living, either in regard to eating, drinking, solitude, study, or any other similar pursuit, is as if he were to say, 'Regulate your appetite according to mine, though your constitution be completely different; eat and drink those things for which naturally you have not the least inclination, but which I, and all sensible people, are fond of.' This would be perfect tyranny, whereby one man would become another's executioner: for to deprive a person of things which he relishes, is robbing him of his liberty, and reducing him to a state of slavery. Those who would thus pretend to regulate the taste and pleasures of others, according to their own, would imitate the child, who said to his bird, 'Poor little Dicky! you shall sleep with me, and eat and drink just as I do;' and thereupon took the bird into his bosom, when he went to bed, but found him next morning stifled; whereas had the poor bird been left to his liberty, it would have received no injury by lying upon the floor, or in the fresh air.

What farther evinces the impropriety of regulating the dispositions of others by our own, is the difference of our tastes at different ages: what we admire, nay idolize, in youth, we contemn and despise in an advanced age; and even the amusements of this period communicate no satisfaction to grey hairs. In fact, were we compelled to recur to our former pastimes, this would be the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon us. To do this successfully, we should recal past times, have different bodies, minds, and dispositions.

Were those considerations more attended to, much declamation and criticism might be saved; and whether vanity or affection excited the censure, we should not at least be rendered miserable by being taught how to become happy.

Titius pities Sejus, and considers him as a wretch, because he walks on foot when he might ride; and Sejus, on his part, pities Titius, and considers him as a paralytic, because he is carried in a sedan chair, when his limbs are still good and able to support him. It is, however, ridiculous to blame either of them, because the first finds a pleasure in walking, and the other is gratified by being carried. Neither do I condemn a Muscovite woman, who takes a pleasure in being beat by her husband; but, on the contrary, I esteem her for placing her happiness in such wholesome discipline.

Pleasure hath various effects with regard to taste, as medicines have with respect to the body. Some are fond of sweets, others

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acids; one is delighted with harmony, and another is fond of discord. The Pole does not consider fish in its perfection till it is almost rotten; and even the polite Frenchman eats cheese, that by its odour seems to have been a sacrifice to Cloacina. Many people prefer the croaking of toads to the melodious notes of the nightingale; and a certain Scythian general found more amusement in the neighing of horses, than in the warlike music of clarinets and trumpets. When a man meets with what gives him pleasure, he, in effect, meets with the summit of all good things: for it is the imagination alone that determines their value. An imaginary sick person is really out of order; and, on the other hand, whilst we fancy we have obtained an advantage, this advantage certainly exists. When I see a man transported at the acquisition of a mere title, I do not congratulate him with respect to the title, but upon the joy which he derives from it. Were a person to obtain a patent for the sole exclusive privilege of wearing a chamber-pot instead of a hat, and this singular grant was by him to be considered as the highest honour, which communicated to him unbounded felicity, I should doubtless, were he among the number of my friends, compliment him upon the occasion.

From what hath been said, it evidently appears that we should not condemn the opinions and dispositions of others, because they are not conformable to our own; but that we should assist our neighbours in the pursuit of their own inclinations, and urge them to follow their natural propensities. Our censures should be pointed only against those appetites that are criminal, and those amusements that corrupt the mind, and enervate the body. In other respects it were far better for general tranquillity and universal happiness, that every individual uninterruptedly pursued what gave him satisfaction. When Diogenes was contented with a tub for his mansion, he thought himself as commodiously lodged as Nebuchadnezzar in a superb palace. When a Lacedemonian finds as much relish in a soup of black meat, as Apicius does in the greatest delicacies, it may be said that they are equally well regaled: for the difference does not consist in the eating, but in the taste of those who eat.

Satisfaction confers equal wealth and equal happiness upon all men; from this source alone we can have a true relish of mundane felicity; without it riches are poverty, health disease, and every enjoyment of life is perverted into our greatest misery.

Z. A.

A PARABLE

ADDRESSED TO REPORT CATCHERS.

UPON the credit of a clerical sportsman, the following recipe was lately given for catching wild-geese:—"Tie a cord to the tail of an eel, and throw it into the fens where those fowls haunt; one of the geese swallowing this slippery bait, it runs through him, and is swallowed by a second, and third, and so on, till the string is quite filled."—A person once caught so many geese in this manner, that they absolutely *flew away with him!!!*

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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.*

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

JUST PUBLISHED
BY JOHN LORD SHEFFIELD.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 327.)

IN our last number, we concluded the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gibbon, as far as he had himself prepared them for publication. The remainder of the first volume is occupied by his epistolary correspondence with many of the first characters of the age. Dr. Robertson, David Hume, Dr. Watson, Dr. George Campbell, Dr. Adam Smith, the learned Gesner &c. Some of this correspondence is truly valuable; for, even in his Letters, Mr. Gibbon has all the elegance and depth of history. In October 1788, he had an interview with Mr. Fox at Lausanne; which he thus describes in a Letter to Lord Sheffield.

" The Man of the People escaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Westminster election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lyon d'Or. I sent a compliment; he answered it in person, and settled at my house for the remainder of the day. I have eat and drank, and conversed, and sat up all night with Fox in England; but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted spirits to appear, and has regretted it since. Our conversation never flagged a moment; and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt, as one great man should give of another his rival: much of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights: much about the country, my garden, (which he understands far better than I do) and, upon the whole I think he envies me, and would do so, were he minister. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk about the town and country, and invited some company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Bern and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he shews little inclination to converse with them, &c."

In his retirement on the banks of the Leman lake, our author was a very attentive observer of the various events of the French Revolution. In December 1789, he thus expresses himself on that subject.

" What would you have me say of the affairs of France? We are too near, and too remote, to form an accurate judgment of that won-

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derful scene. The abuses of the court and government called aloud for reformation; and it has happened, as it always will happen, that an innocent well-disposed Prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth, of the profusion of Lewis the Fifteenth. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and may lose their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy of a great country. How different is the prospect! Their King brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained with the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men; (in that light I consider Mirabeau;) and the honestest of the assembly, a set of wild visionaries, (like our Dr. Price) who gravely debate, and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five-and-twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age, and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money. How many years must elapse before France can recover any vigour, or resume her station among the Powers of Europe! As yet, there is no sympton of a great man, a Richlieu, or a Cromwell, arising, either to restore the monarchy, or to lead the commonwealth. The weight of Paris, more deeply engaged in the funds than *all* the rest of the kingdom, will long delay a bankruptcy; and if it should happen, it will be, both in the cause and the effect, a measure of weakness, rather than of strength."

In the Summer of 1790, Mr. Gibbon visited Monsieur Necker, the celebrated Financier, at the castle of Copet; and he has drawn a strong outline of the character of that great man, to which he has added his opinion of Mr. Burke's famous Book on the French Revolution.

"I passed four days at the castle of Copet with Necker; and could have wished to have shewn him, as a warning to any aspiring youth possessed with the dæmon of ambition. With all the means of private happiness in his power, he is the most miserable of human beings: the past, the present, and the future are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic amusements of books, building, &c. he answered with a deep tone of despair. "Dans l'etat ou je suis, je ne "puis sentir que le coup de vent qui m'a abbattu." How different from the careless cheerfulness with which our poor friend Lord North supported his fall! Madame Necker maintains more external composure, *mais le Diable n'y perd rien.* It is true that Necker wished to be carried into the closet, like old Pitt, on the shoulders of the people; and that he has been ruined by the democracy which he had raised. I believe him to be an able financier, and know him to be an honest man; too honest, perhaps, for a minister. His rival Calonne has passed through Lausanne, in his way to Turin; and was soon followed

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by the Princ of Conde, with his son and grandson; but I was too much indisposed to see them. They have, or have had, some projects of a counter-revolution: horses have been bought, men levied: such foolish attempts must end in the ruin of the party. Burke's book is a most admirable medicine against the French disease, which has made too much progress even in this happy country. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can forgive even his superstition. The primitive church, which I have treated with some freedom, was itself at that time an innovation, and I was attached to the old Pagan establishment."

In a subsequent letter, in the year 1792, he goes more at length into the character of Mr. Necker.

"Of that father I have really a much higher idea than I ever had before; in our domestic intimacy he cast away his gloom and reserve; I saw a great deal of his mind, and all that I saw is fair and worthy. He was overwhelmed by the hurricane, he mistook his way in the fog, but in such a perilous situation, I much doubt whether any mortal could have seen or stood. In the meanwhile, he is abused by all parties, and none of the French in Geneva will set their foot in his house. He remembers Lord Sheffield with esteem; his health is good, and he would be tranquil in his private life, were not his spirits continually wounded by the arrival of every letter and every newspaper. His sympathy is deeply interested by the fatal consequences of a revolution, in which he had acted so leading a part; and he feels as a friend for the danger of M. de Lessart, who may be guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins, or even of his judges, by those very actions and dispatches which would be most approved by all the lovers of his country."

We have been particular in the detail of Mr. Necker's character: it is the character of a man who has made a most conspicuous figure on the Theatre of Europe, drawn by the pen of "the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," who was for years in habits of domestic intimacy with him.

Our author's sentiments are sometimes very aristocratical. He is, at all times, a strong enemy to a reform in this country; and his arguments against it are certainly very specious.

"I shuddered at Grey's motion; disliked the half-support of Fox, admired the firmness of Pitt's declaration, and excused the usual intemperance of Burke. Surely such men as ***, ********, *******, have talents for mischief. I see a club of reform which contains some respectable names. Inform me of the professions, the principles, the plans, the resources, of these reformers. Will they heat the minds of the people? Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party stand firm to their own interest, and that of their country? Will you not take some active measures to declare your sound opinions, and separate yourselves from your rotten members? If you allow them to perplex government, if you trifle with

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this solemn business, if you do not resist the spirit of innovation in the first attempt, if you admit the smallest and most specious change in your parliamentary system, you are lost. You will be driven from one step to another; from principles, just in theory, to consequences most pernicious in practice; and your first concessions will be productive of every subsequent mischief, for which you will be answerable to your country and to posterity. Do not suffer yourselves to be lulled into a false security; remember the proud fabric of the French monarchy. Not four years ago it stood founded, as it might seem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion, supported by the triple aristocracy of the church, the nobility, and the parliaments. They are crumbled into dust; they are vanished from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England; if it does not open every eye, and raise every arm, you will deserve your fate. If I am too precipitate, enlighten; if I am too desponding, encourage me."

In the year 1793, Mr. Gibbon had some idea of writing a work, which we can only lament he did not realize. We shall give it in his own words, from a letter to Lord Sheffield.

"And now approach, and let me drop into your most private ear a literary secret. Of the Memoirs little has been done, and with that little I am not satisfied. They must be postponed till a mature season; and I much doubt whether the book and the Author can ever see the light at the same time. But I have long revolved in my mind another scheme of biographical writing: the Lives, or rather the Characters, of the most eminent Persons in Arts and Arms, in Church and State, who have flourished in Britain from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. This work, extensive as it may be, would be an amusement, rather than a toil: the materials are accessible in our own language, and, for the most part, ready to my hands: but the subject, which would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, would powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman. The taste or fashion of the times seems to delight in picturesque decorations; and this series of British portraits might aptly be accompanied by the respective heads, taken from originals, and engraved by the best masters. Alderman Boydell, and his son-in-law, Mr. George Nicol, bookseller in Pall-mall, are the great undertakers in this line. On my arrival in England, I shall be free to consider, whether it may suit me to proceed in a mere literary work without any other decorations than those which it may derive from the pen of the Author. It is a serious truth, that I am no longer ambitious of fame or money; that my habits of industry are much impaired; and that I have reduced my studies, to be the loose amusement of my morning hours, the repetition of which will insensibly lead me to the last term of existence. And for this very reason I shall not be sorry to bind myself by a liberal engagement, from which I may not with honour recede."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SKETCHES

OF THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE *NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.*

[From "A Journey to the Northern Ocean from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, in the Years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772."]

CONTINUED FROM P. 320.

THE following relation of an Indian Woman, who lived in the wilds of North America, seven months, without seeing any human face, is so extraordinary, that we are sure it must be entertaining to our readers; not only as it affords indubitable proofs, how wonderfully Providence has adapted the capacities of mankind to their necessities; but also, that the gentler sex are endued with as much perseverance and resolution, when circumstances call them forth, as man who boasts himself creation's lord.

"On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and, at a considerable distance, came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the Summer of one thousand seven hundred and seventy; and in the following Summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the Winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

"From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beaver, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to be in want was evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition; and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

"The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood, were truly admirable; and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer-sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her, were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but

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the sinews of the rabbits legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the Winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

" Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the Spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

" Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

" Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose, than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the Winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction, in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary."

We hope we shall not offend the delicate part of our readers by Mr. Hearne's account of a singular dish he met with among his Indian friends. The luxurious taste of a City Alderman might not much admire it; but it is certain, that the Indians hold it in very high estimation.

" The most remarkable dish among them, as well as all the other tribes of Indians in those parts, both Northern and Southern, is blood mixed with the half-digested food which is found in the deer's stomach or paunch, and boiled up with a sufficient quantity of water, to make it of the consistence of pease-pottage. Some fat and scraps of tender flesh are also shred small, and boiled with it. To render this dish more palatable, they have a method of mixing the blood with the contents of the stomach in the paunch itself, and hanging it up in the heat and

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smoke of the fire for several days; which puts the whole mass into a state of fermentation, and gives it such an agreeable acid taste, that were it not for prejudice, it might be eaten by those who have the nicest palates. It is true, some people with delicate stomachs would not be easily persuaded to partake of this dish, especially if they saw it dressed: for most of the fat which is boiled in it is first chewed by the men and boys, in order to break the globules that contain the fat; by which means it all boils out, and mixes with the broth: whereas, if it were permitted to remain as it came from the knife, it would still be in lumps, like suet. To do justice, however, to their cleanliness in this particular, I must observe, that they are very careful that neither old people with bad teeth, nor young children have any hand in preparing this dish. At first, I must acknowledge that I was rather shy in partaking of this mess, but when I was sufficiently convinced of the truth of the above remark, I no longer made any scruple, but always thought it exceedingly good."

CEREMONIES USED WHEN TWO PARTIES OF INDIANS MEET.

"When two parties of those Indians meet, the ceremonies which pass between them are quite different from those made use of in Europe on similar occasions; for when they advance within twenty or thirty yards of each other, they make a full halt, and in general sit or lie down on the ground, and do not speak for some minutes. At length one of them, generally an elderly man, if any be in company, breaks silence, by acquainting the other party with every misfortune that has befallen him and his companions, from the last time they had seen or heard of each other; and also of all deaths and other calamities that have befallen any other Indians during the same period, at least as many particulars as have come to his knowledge.

"When the first has finished his oration, another aged orator (if there be any) belonging to the other party relates, in like manner, all the bad news that has come to his knowledge; and both parties never fail to plead poverty and famine on all occasions. If those orations contain any news that in the least affect the other party, it is not long before some of them begin to sigh and sob, and soon after break out into a loud cry, which is generally accompanied by most of the grown persons of both sexes; and sometimes it is common to see them all, men, women, and children, in one universal howl. The young girls, in particular, are often very obliging on those occasions: for I never remember to have seen a crying match (as I called it) but the greatest part of the company assisted; although some of them had no other reason for it, but that of seeing their companions do the same. When the first transports of grief subside, they advance by degrees, and both parties mix with each other, the men always associating with the men, and the women with the women. If they have any tobacco among them, the pipes are passed round pretty freely, and the conversation soon becomes general. As they are on their first meeting acquainted with all the bad news, they have by this time, nothing left but good, which in general has so far the predominance over the for-

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mer, that in less than half an hour nothing but smiles and cheerfulness are to be seen in every face; and if they be not really in want, small presents of provisions, ammunition, and other articles, often take place; sometimes merely as a gift, but more frequently by way of trying whether they cannot get a greater present."

LAMENTATIONS FOR THE DEAD.

"The Northern Indians never bury their dead, but always leave the bodies were they die, so that they are supposed to be devoured by beasts and birds of prey; for which reason they will not eat foxes, wolves, ravens, &c. unless it be through mere necessity.

"The death of a near relation affects them so sensibly, that they rend all their cloths from their backs, and go naked, till some persons less afflicted relieve them. After the death of a father, mother, husband, wife, son, or brother, they mourn, as it may be called, for a whole year, which they measure by the moons and seasons. Those mournful periods are not distinguished by any particular dress, except that of cutting off the hair; and the ceremony consists in almost perpetually crying. Even when walking, as well as at all other intervals from sleep, eating, and conversation, they make an odd howling noise, often repeating the relationship of the deceased. But as this is in a great measure mere form and custom, some of them have a method of softening the harshness of the notes, and bringing them out in a more musical tone than that in which they sing their songs. When they reflect seriously on the loss of a good friend, however, it has such an effect on them for the present, that they give an uncommon loose to their grief. At those times they seem to sympathize (through custom) with each other's afflictions so much, that I have often seen several scores of them crying in concert, when at the same time not above half a dozen of them had any more reason for so doing than I had, unless it was to preserve the old custom, and keep the others in countenance. The women are remarkably obliging on such occasions; and as no restriction is laid on them, they may with truth be said to cry with all their might and main; but in common conversation they are obliged to be very moderate."

IDEAS OF THE ORIGIN OF MANKIND.

"They have a tradition among them, that the first person upon earth was a woman, who after having been some time alone, in her researches for berries, which was then her only food, found an animal like a dog, which followed her to the cave where she lived, and soon grew fond and domestic. This dog, they say, had the art of transforming itself into the shape of a handsome young man, which it frequently did at night, but as the day approached, always resumed its former shape; so that the woman looked on all that had passed on those occasions as dreams and delusions. These transformations were soon productive of the consequences which, at present, generally follow such intimate connexions between the two sexes, and the mother of the world began to advance in her pregnancy.

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"Not long after this happened, a man of such a surprizing height that his head reached up to the clouds, came to level the land, which at that time was a very rude mass; and after he had done this, by the help of his walking-stick he marked out all the lakes, ponds, and rivers, and immediately caused them to be filled with water. He then took the dog, and tore it to pieces; the guts he threw into the lakes and rivers, commanding them to become the different kinds of fish; the flesh he dispersed over the land, commanding it to become different kinds of beasts and land-animals; the skin he also tore in small pieces, and threw it into the air, commanding it to become all kinds of birds; after which he gave the woman and her offspring full power to kill, eat, and never spare, for that he had commanded them to multiply for her use in abundance. After this injunction, he returned to the place whence he came, and has not been heard of since."

RELIGION.

"Religion has not as yet begun to dawn among the Northern Indians: for though their conjurors do indeed sing songs, and make long speeches, to some beasts and birds of prey, as also to imaginary beings, which they say assist them in performing cures on the sick, yet they, as well as their credulous neighbours are utterly destitute of every idea of practical religion. It is true, some of them will reprimand their youth for talking disrespectfully of particular beasts and birds; but it is done with so little energy, as to be often retorted back in derision. Neither is this, nor their custom of not killing wolves and quiquehatches, universally observed, and those who do it can only be viewed with more pity and contempt than the others: for I always found it arose merely from the greater degree of confidence which they had in the supernatural power of their conjurors, which induced them to believe, that talking lightly or disrespectfully of any thing they seemed to approve, would materially affect their health and happiness in this world; and I never found any of them that had the least idea of futurity. Matonabbee, without one exception, was a man of as clear ideas, in other matters, as any that I ever saw: he was not only a perfect master of the Southern Indian language, but could tell a better story of our Saviour's birth and life, than one half of those who call themselves Christians; yet he always declared to me, that neither he, nor any of his countrymen, had an idea of a future state. Though he had been taught to look on things of this kind as useless, his own good sense had taught him to be an advocate for universal toleration; and I have seen him several times assist at some of the most sacred rites performed by the Southern Indians, apparently with as much zeal, as if he had given as much credit to them as they did; and with the same liberality of sentiment he would, I am persuaded, have assisted at the altar of a Christian Church, or in a Jewish synagogue; not with a view to reap any advantage himself, but merely as he observed, to assist others who believed in such ceremonies.

"Being thus destitute of all religious control, these people have, to use Matonabbee's own words, 'nothing to do but consult their

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'own interests, inclinations, and passions; and to pass through this 'world with as much ease and contentment as possible, without any 'hopes of reward, or painful fear of punishment, in the next.' In this state of mind they are when in prosperity, the happiest of mortals; for nothing but personal or family calamities can disturb their tranquillity, while misfortunes of the lesser kind sit light on them. Like most other uncivilized people, they bear bodily pain with great fortitude, though in that respect I cannot think them equal to the Southern Indians."

We have thus followed Mr. Hearne through his account of his Travels among the Northern Indians; and we are ready to confess he has throughout afforded us great pleasure. His style is not that of a finished scholar; but he is seldom verbose, never tedious; and he seems to possess one very great requisite in a traveller—a strict regard for TRUTH. The remainder of the Volume contains the natural history of some animals; but as these can only be entertaining to the naturalist, they are not noticed by us.

We cannot close this article without expressing our wishes that the Sketches we have extracted from this work, have afforded our readers general entertainment.

THE SECRECY IMPOSED ON *THE MYSTERIES OF MASONRY*, CONSIDERED.

THOSE who find a pleasure in endeavouring to traduce our excellent Order, take what they consider as a strong post, when they attack the secrecy under which all our rites are veiled from the vulgar eye.

We are condemned for keeping the essentials of our Institution from the knowledge of those who are not members of it; which, it is said, must prove them to be of a very bad nature and tendency: else why are they not made public for the satisfaction of mankind.

If *secrecy* be a virtue (a thing never yet denied), can that be imputed to us as a crime, which has always been considered as an excellence in all ages? Does not *Solomon*, the wisest of men, tell us, *He that discovers secrets is a traitor, but a man of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter?*

In conducting all worldly affairs, *secrecy* is not only essential, but absolutely necessary; and was ever esteemed a quality of the greatest worth.

Thus we find the great *Fenelon* makes *Ulysses*, in the system of education which he delivers to his friends for his son *Telemachus*, particularly enjoining them, above all, to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in *keeping secrets;* a precept that afterwards pro-

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duced the best of consequences to the young prince; of whom it is recorded, that, with this great excellence of taciturnity, he not only divested himself of that close mysterious air, so common to the reserved, but also constantly avoided telling the least untruth in support of this part of his character. A conduct highly worthy the imitation of every one to whom *secrets* are entrusted; affording them a pattern of openness, ease, and sincerity; for while he seemed to carry his whole heart upon his lips, communicating what was of no importance, yet he knew how to stop just in the proper moment, without proceeding to those things which might raise any suspicion, or furnish even a hint to discover the purposes of his mind.

If we turn our eyes to antiquity, we shall find the ancient *Egyptians* had so great a regard for *silence* and *secrecy* in the mysteries of their religion, that they set up the god *Harpocrates*, to whom they paid peculiar honour and veneration, who was represented with his *right hand placed near the heart*, and the left down by his side, covered with a skin before, full of eyes and ears, to signify, that, of many things to be seen and heard, few are to be published.

And among the same people, their great *Isis*, the *Minerva* of the *Greeks*, had always an image of a *Sphinx* * placed at the entrance of her temples, to denote that *secrets* were there preserved under sacred coverings, that they might be kept from the knowledge of the vulgar, as much as the riddles of that creature.

Iamblicus, in his life of *Pythagoras*, confirms the above opinion, by observing, that from the mysterious knowledge of the *Egyptians* that philosopher drew the system of his symbolical learning and instructive tenets, seeing that the principles and wise doctrines of this nation were ever kept *secret* among themselves, and were delivered down, not in writing, but only by oral tradition. And, indeed, so cautious and prudent were they in these matters, that every disciple admitted to their wise and scientific mysteries, was bound in the same solemn manner to conceal such mysteries from the vulgar, or those whose ideas were not sufficiently exalted to receive them. As a proof of this, we need only recollect the story of *Hipparchus*, a *Pythagorean*, who having, out of spleen and resentment, violated and broke through the several engagements of the society, was held in the utmost detestation, expelled the school as one of the most infamous and abandoned, and, as he was dead to the principles of virtue and philosophy, had a tomb erected for him, according to their custom, as though he had been naturally dead. The shame and disgrace that justly attended so great a breach of truth and fidelity, drove the unhappy wretch to such despair, that he proved his own executioner; and so abhorred was even his memory, that he was denied the rites and ceremonies of burial used to the dead in those times; instead of which, his body was suffered to lie upon the shore of the isle of *Samos*.

* The *Sphinx* was a famous monster in *Egypt*, having the face of a virgin and the body of a lion; it was hewn out of the rock, and about thirty feet high, and placed near one of the pyramids.

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Among the *Greek* nations, the *Athenians* had a statue of brass, which they awfully revered; this figure was without a tongue, by which *secrecy* was intimated.

The *Romans* had a goddess of silence, named *Angerona*, represented with her fore finger on her lips, as a symbol of prudence and taciturnity.

Anacarchus, who (according to *Pliny*) was apprehended in order to extort his *secrets* from him, bit his tongue off in the midst, and afterwards spit it in the tyrant's face, rather choosing to lose that organ, than to discover those things which he had promised to conceal.

We read likewise that *Cato*, the censor, often said to his friends, that of three things which he had good reason to repent, the principal was *divulging a secret*.

The *Druids* in our own nation (who were the only priests among the ancient *Britons*) committed nothing to writing. And *Cæsar* observes, that they had a head or chief, who exercised a sort of excommunication, attended with dreadful penalties, on those who either published or prophaned their mysteries.

Therefore, since it evidently appears from the foregoing instances (among many others) that there ever were *secrets* among mankind, as well respecting societies as individuals, and that the keeping these inviolable was always reputed an indispensable duty, and attended with an honourable estimation, it must be very difficult to assign a sufficient reason why the same practice should be at all wondered at, or less approved of among the FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS of the present age, than they were among the wisest men, and the greatest philosophers, of antiquity.

The general practice and constant applause of the ancients, as well as the customs of the moderns, one would naturally imagine, should be sufficient to justify MASONS against any charge of singularity or innovation on this account: for how can this be thought singular, or new, by any one who will but allow himself the smallest time for calm reflection?

Do not all incorporated bodies among us enjoy this liberty, without impeachment or censure? An apprentice is bound to keep the secrets of his master; a freeman is obliged to consult the interest of his company, and not to prostitute in common the mysteries of his profession; secret committees and private councils are solemnly enjoined not to publish abroad their debates and resolutions. In courts-martial, the members are bound to *secrecy*; and in many cases, for more effectual security, an oath is administered.

As, in society in general, we are united together by our wants and infirmities, and a vast variety of circumstances contribute to our mutual and necessary dependence on each other (which lays a general foundation for terrestrial happiness, by securing general amity and the reciprocation of good offices in the world); so, in all particular societies, of whatever denomination, the members are united by a sort of cement; by bonds and laws which are peculiar to each of them, from the highest assemblies to the lowest. Consequently the injunctions to *secrecy* among FREEMASONS can be no more unwarrantable, than in the societies and

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cases already pointed out: and to report, or even to insinuate, that they are, must argue a want of candour, a want of reason, and a want of charity. For by the laws of nature, and of nations, every individual, and every society, has a right to be supposed innocent, till proved otherwise.

Yet, notwithstanding the mysteries of our profession are kept inviolable, none are excluded from a full knowledge of them in due time and manner, upon proper application, and being found capable and worthy of the trust. To form other designs and expectations, is building on a sandy foundation, and will only serve to testify, that of such men, the discretion is always out of the way, when they have most occasion to make use of it.

S.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THAT ignorance is favourable to error and superstition, must be acknowledged: yet, as there are persons who still dispute the expediency of extending knowledge to the lowest ranks, our readers may receive entertainment and satisfaction from the sentiments of a writer, whose judgment on subjects of morality will always be listened to with respect.

EXTRACT FROM BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON, VOL. I. P. 486, 8VO EDIT.

"Some of the Members of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, had opposed the scheme of translating the Holy Scriptures into the Erse, or Highland, language, from political considerations of the disadvantage of keeping up the distinctions between the Highlanders and the other inhabitants of North-Britain, Dr. Johnson, being informed of this by his friend, Mr. Drummond of Edinburgh, wrote as follows:

"TO MR. WM. DRUMMOND.

"SIR,

"I did not expect to hear that it could be, in an assembly convened for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, a question, whether any nation, uninstructed in religion, should receive instruction? or whether that instruction should be imparted to them by a translation of the Holy Books into their own language? If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He, that voluntarily continues in ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him, that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good, but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree, who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit for a year, or for a day, the most efficacious

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method of advancing Christianity, in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side the grave, is, in my opinion, an atrocious crime.

"The Papists have, indeed, denied to the laity the use of the Bible; but this prohibition (in few places now very rigorously enforced) is defended by arguments, which have for their foundation the care of souls. To obscure, upon motives merely political, the light of revelation, is a practice reserved for the reformed; and, surely, the blackest midnight of popery is meridian sunshine to such a reformation.

"The efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the consequences expected.—Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn; and let the patrons of privation stand awhile aside, and admit the operation of positive principles.

"You will be pleased, Sir, to assure the worthy man who is employed in the new translation, that he has my wishes for his success; and if here, or at Oxford, I can be of any use, that I shall think it more than honour to promote his undertaking.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

Johnson's Court, Fleet-street, Aug. 13, 1776. "SAM. JOHNSON."

The opponents of this pious scheme being made ashamed of their conduct, the benevolent undertaking was allowed to go on.

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM

OF MAKING PERSONS, SUSPECTED OF MURDER, TOUCH THE MURDERED BODY, FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THEIR GUILT OR INNOCENCE.

THIS way of finding out murderers was practised in Denmark by King Christianus the Second, and permitted all over his kingdom; the occasion whereof was this. Certain gentlemen being on an evening together in a stove, fell out among themselves, and from words grew to blows, (the candles being out) insomuch that one of them was stabbed with a poniard. Now the murderer was unknown, by reason of the number; although the gentleman accused a pursuivant of the king's for it, who was one of them in the stove. The king, to find out the homicide, caused them all to come together in the stove, and standing all round the dead corpse, he commanded that they should one after another lay their right hand upon the slain gentleman's naked breast, swearing they had not killed him: the gentlemen did so, and no sign appeared against them; the pursuivant only remained, who, condemned before in his own conscience, went first of all, and kissed the dead man's feet; but as soon as he laid his hand on his breast, the blood gushed forth in abundance, both out of his wound and nostrils, so that, urged by this evident accusation, he confessed the murder, and was by the king's own sentence immediately beheaded.

Hence the origin of that practice, which was once so common in many of the countries of Europe, for finding out unknown murderers.

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EXCERPTA ET COLLECTANEA.

——HÆC SPARSA COEGI.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THE late King of Prussia, being asked one day, why he permitted so many libels to be printed against him, said, 'Myself and my subjects are come to a composition: I *do* as I please, and they *write* as they please.'

GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder, or, at least, a powder that had the same effect, seems to have been known to the famous Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk, of the thirteenth century, and was perhaps invented by him: for in a letter to John of Paris he says,

"In omnem distantiam quam volumus, possumus artificialiter componere ignem comburentem, ex Sale Petræ et aliis, viz. Sulphure, et Carbonum Pulvere. Præter hanc (scilicet combustionem) sunt alia stupenda, nam soni velut tonitus et corruscationes fieri possunt in aere, immo majore horrore quam illa quæ fiunt per naturam."

"By our skill we can compose an artificial fire, burning to any distance we please, made from Salt Petre and other things, as Sulphur and Charcoal Powder. Besides this power of combustion, it possesses other wonderful properties: for sounds, like those of thunder and corruscations, can be made in the air, more horrid than those occasioned by nature."

DESTRUCTION OF LEARNING.

The destruction of the Ptolomœan library by OMAR is well known. The books it contained served to heat the baths of Alexandria for seven months. This was the ravage of an infidel—of an avowed enemy to Christianity and learning; but it has sometimes happened that the rage of Christians themselves has been equally fatal. Mr. Gibbon, in his Decline and Fall, says, that the Franks, when they sacked Constantinople in the eleventh century, destroyed so many monuments of learning and arts, that Mahomet IV. found few to destroy.

JOHN BALE (in his Epistle upon Leland's Journal) gives us a shocking account of the destruction of books and MSS. at the abolition of religious houses by Henry VIII.

"If there had been in every shire of England but one solemn library for the preservation of those noble works, and preferment of good learning in our posterity, it had been somewhat; but to destroy all without consideration, is and will be unto England, for ever, a most horrible infamy amongst the grave scholars of other nations. They who got and purchased the Religious Houses at the Dissolution of

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them, took the libraries as part of the bargain and booty; reserving of those library books, some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots with; some they sold to the grocers and soap-boilers, and some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but, at times, whole ship-fulls, to the wondering of foreign nations. I know a merchant-man, who at this time shall be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings a-piece—a shame it is to be told. This stuff hath he used for the space of more than ten years, instead of grey paper, to wrap up his goods with, and yet he hath enough remaining for many years to come:—a prodigious example indeed is this, and greatly to be abhorred of all men who love their country as they ought to do."

An elegant method of paying a compliment is certainly not peculiar to any country: the following instance, in a *Russian*, is little known.

The celebrated General Romanzow, after his great successes over the Turks, wrote to Mouskin Pouskin, then ambassador at the Court of Great Britain, declaring his intention of retiring as soon as he had conducted the army home; and desiring that Pouskin would send him the best plan he could procure of an English gentleman's farm. In his answer, Pouskin promised to get it; but added, that, at the same time, he should send the Empress a PLAN OF BLENHEIM.

CONQUEST OF FRANCE BY THE ALLIES IN 1792.

[From a Letter of Mr. Gibbon, to Lord Sheffield. Vide Memoirs, vol. i. p. 247.]

"How dreadfully, since my last date, has the French road been polluted with blood! And what horrid scenes may be acting at this moment, and may still be aggravated, till the Duke of Brunswick is master of Paris! On every rational principle of calculation, he must succeed; yet sometimes, when my spirits are low, I DREAD THE BLIND EFFORTS OF MAD AND DESPERATE MULTITUDES FIGHTING ON THEIR OWN GROUND."

The history of the last four years has proved that the historian's dread was well founded.

CLERICAL SAGACITY.

That great divine, Dr. Smallridge, was once in company where he was asked to explain the miracle of the devils going into the herd of swine: this he engaged to do satisfactorily; but upon comparing the number of them with the number of the Roman legion, at different periods, (for the devils are said to be ως λεγεωι) he found he could not clear up the point without dividing them; and this he did, allowing devils and fractional parts to each swine. How far the Doctor's explanation might be just, cannot be determined; but certain it is, that, from that time, he obtained among his friends the name of Parson *Split-Devil*.

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For the Freemasons' Magazine.

A RECENT REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE,

WHICH OCCURRED IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN the month of September, last year, the body of a young woman, dressed in black silk, with a watch, a ring, and a small sum of money, was found floating near Spithead, by a lieutenant of the impress, and conveyed to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. As no person owned it, a parish officer, who was also an undertaker, took upon himself to inter it, for the property that was attached to it, which was accordingly performed.

One evening, about a fortnight after the event, a poor man and woman were seen to come into the village, and on application to the undertaker for a view of the property which belonged to the unfortunate drowned person, they declared it to have been their daughter, who was overset in a boat as she was going to Spithead to see her husband. They also wished to pay whatever expence the undertaker had been at, and to receive the trinkets, &c. which had so lately been the property of one so dear to them; but this the undertaker would by no means consent to. They repaired, therefore, to the churchyard, where the woman, having prostrated herself on the grave of the deceased, continued some time in silent meditation or prayer; then crying, *Pillilew!* after the manner of the Irish at funerals, she sorrowfully departed with her husband.

The curiosity of the inhabitants of Ryde, excited by the first appearance and behaviour of this couple, was changed into wonder, when returning, in less than three weeks, they accused the undertaker of having buried their daughter without a shroud! saying, she had appeared in a dream, complaining of the mercenary and sacrilegious undertaker, and lamenting the indignity, which would not let her spirit rest!

The undertaker stoutly denied the charge. But the woman having secretly purchased a shroud (trying it on herself), at Upper Ryde, was watched by the seller, and followed about twelve o'clock at night into the church-yard. After lying a short time on the grave, she began to remove the mould with her hands, and, incredible as it may seem, by two o'clock had uncovered the coffin, which with much difficulty, and the assistance of her husband, was lifted out of the grave. On opening it, the stench was almost intolerable, and stopped the operation for some time; but, after taking a pinch of snuff, she gently raised the head of the deceased, taking from the back of it, and the bottom of the coffin, not a shroud, but a dirty piece of flannel, with part of the hair sticking to it, and which the writer of this account saw lying on the hedge so lately as last month. Clothing the body with the shroud, every thing was carefully replaced; and, on a second application, the undertaker, overwhelmed with shame, restored the property. The woman (whose fingers were actually worn to the bone with the operation) retired with her husband, and has never been heard of since.

T. P.

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SKETCHES
OF
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

LOUIS VI.

SURNAMED LE GROS, KING OF FRANCE.

IN the reign of this Prince, the Sovereign of France possessed merely a portion of the kingdom: the rest of it was governed by the great vassals of the Sovereign, who were tyrants within their own domains, and rebellious against their Prince. One of the nobles of Louis, on going out to fight with his vassals against his Sovereign, said seriously to his wife, "Countess, do you give me the sword that "hangs up in my hall." On receiving the sword from the hands of his wife, he exclaimed, "He is a Count only, who receives it from "your noble hands; but he is a Sovereign, who will bring it back "again to you covered with the blood of his rival."

In an engagement in which Louis was, a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out, "the King is taken." "No, Sir," replied Louis, lifting up his battle-axe, with which he clave his head in two, "No, Sir, a King is never taken, not even at "Chess."

The last words which he uttered to his son before his death, were, "*Ne oubliez jamais, mon fils, que l'autorite Royale est un fardeau,* "*dont vous rendrez un compte tres exact apres votre mort:* My son, "always bear in mind that the royal authority is a charge imposed "upon you, of which, after your death, you must render an exact "account."

Louis was called "*le Gros*—the Great," on account of his size. Louis the Fourteenth was one day asking Boileau, whether there was any difference in the meaning of the epithets *gros* and *grand*. "Is there none, Sire," replied the satirist, "between Louis *le Gros* and "Louis *le Grand?*

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

This extraordinary person, like many men of great talents, shewed, in his early youth, none of that liveliness and vivacity of disposition, which is but too often mistaken for quick parts. He was called by his companions, "*Le bœuf muet*;" but his master, Albert the Great, more capable of distinguishing, used to say of him to those who gave him that odious appellation: "*Les doctes mugissemens de ce bœuf re-* "*tentiroient un jour dans l' Universe.*"

St. Thomas, possessing an ardent mind, devoted it to the studies then in vogue, scholastic philosophy and theology: in the latter, indeed, he was so eminently successful, that Bucer said of him: "*Tolle* "*Thomam, et ecclesiam Romam subverterem:* "Take away St. Tho-"mas, and I will effect the downfall of the Romish Church."

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St. Thomas was one day with Pope Innocent the Fourth in his closet, when an officer of his chancery came in with a bag of gold, procured by Absolutions and Indulgences. The Pope profanely said, "See, young man, the Church is not what it was in the times "when it used to say, Silver and gold have I none."—"Holy Father, "that is very true, indeed," replied St. Thomas, "but then it cannot "say to the poor afflicted with the palsy, 'Rise, take up thy bed and "walk."

SEIGNEUR DE BEAUMANOIR.

This French Nobleman, a partizan of the Count du Blois, went one day to confer with Richard Bembron, the English Commandant of Ploermel, a small fortress in Bretagne, for the Countess of that Province, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their respective soldiers committed upon the peasants. Soon, however, the rivality between the two nations burst forth, and interrupted the conference; each Commander spoke with contempt of the prowess of his rival's countrymen, and with veneration of the valour of his own. They grew warm, and a challenge took place. It was agreed, that the two Commanders should meet at a given spot with thirty on each side, and decide the dispute. Beaumanoir and Bembron appeared at the day appointed, armed *cap-a-pied*, and at the head of their respective soldiers. The enthusiasm that inflamed these modern Horatii and Curiatii, may easily be imagined. They charged most furiously man against man; but soon the fortune of war began to shew itself. Of the English, only twenty-five in a short time remained. Soon afterwards five are taken prisoners, killed, or incapable of fighting on account of their wounds. Beaumanoir changes the plan of battle. Bembron does the same. They form themselves into a little squadron. The Commander of the English is thrown down, and slain upon the spot. The Commander of the French, dangerously wounded, and ready to sink with heat and thirst, desires one of his remaining companions to give him something to drink. He exclaims, "Beaumanoir, drink "some of your own blood, and your thirst will go off. You must "persist to the very last extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by these words, persists, and remains master of the field.

GONSALVO,

SURNAMED THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

Previous to the celebrated battle of Gariglias, his friends advised him to retire from before the enemy, as his army was much weaker and less numerous than that of the French who were opposed to him. "Were I to take your advice," replied he nobly, "I should destroy "my own fame, and hurt the affairs of my master. I know but too "well the importance of the fate of the day, but we must either conquer or die. I had much rather meet with death in going an hundred paces towards it, than lengthen my life many years by going

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"ten steps backwards." The magnanimity he displayed on this occasion was crowned with success.

Being asked upon his death-bed what gave him the most satisfaction during the course of his long and glorious life, he said, "That it "was the consideration that he never drew his sword but in the service of his God and of his Sovereign."

COSMO DE MEDICI.

On the tomb of this illustrious citizen of Florence, the founder of the family of the Medici, is inscribed this short but honourable inscription.

COSMUS MEDICIS
Hic situs est;
Decreto Publico,
Pater Patriæ.

Here lie the Remains of the
GREAT COSMO DE MEDICIS
Who, by the unanimous Voice of his People,
Was declared the "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

LORENZO DE MEDICIS.

This great man, from his earliest years, exhibited that quickness of mind which so much distinguished his maturer years. His father Cosmo having one day presented him, when he was quite a child, to an Embassador, to whom he was talking of him with the foolish fondness of a parent, desired the Embassador to put some question to his son, and to see, by his answers, if he was not a boy of parts. The Embassador did as he was desired, and was soon convinced of the truth of what Cosmo had told him; but added, "This child, as he "grows up, will most probably become stupid: for it has in general "been observed, that those who, when young, are very sprightly "and clever, hardly ever increase in talents as they grow older." Young Lorenzo, hearing this, crept gently to the Embassador, and looking him archly in the face, said to him, "I am certain, that when "you were young, you were a boy of very great genius."

Lorenzo being asked, Who were the greatest fools in the world? replied, "Those, surely, who put themselves in a passion with "fools."

ROGER BACON.

This acute and learned Franciscan Monk was of a gentleman's family in Dorsetshire, according to Mr. Selden, and was born in 1214. He began his studies very early at Oxford, and then went to Paris, where he studied mathematics and physic; and, according to him, was made Professor of Divinity in the University of that city. He returned to Oxford soon afterwards, and applied himself to the study of the learned languages, in which he made so rapid a progress, that

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he wrote a Latin, a Greek, and an Italian Grammar. He makes great complaints of the ignorance of his times, and says, the Regular Priests studied chiefly scholastic divinity, and that the Secular Priests applied themselves to the study of the Roman law, but never turned their thoughts to philosophy. The learned Dr. Friend, in his history of Physic, very deservedly calls this extraordinary man "the miracle 'of the age in which he lived;' and says that he was the greatest mechanical genius that had appeared since the days of Archimedes. Roger Bacon, in a Treatise upon Optical Glasses, describes the Camera Obscura, with all sorts of glasses that magnify or diminish any object, bring it nearer to the eye, and remove it farther; and Dr. Friend says, that the telescope was plainly known to him. 'Some 'of these, and his other mathematical instruments,' adds that learned Writer, 'cost 200l. or 300l.' and Bacon says himself, that in twenty years he spent 2000l. in books and in tools; a prodigious sum for such sort of expences in his day.

Bacon was almost the only Astronomer of his age: for he took notice of an error in the Calender with respect to the aberration of the solar year; and proposed to his patron, Clement the Fourth, a plan for correcting it in 1267, which was adopted three hundred years after by Gregory XIII.

Bacon was a chymist, and wrote upon medicine. There is still in print a work of his, on retarding the advances of old age, and on preserving the faculties clear and entire to the remotest period of life; and with a littleness unworthy of so great a mind as his was, he says, 'that he does not chuse to express himself so clearly as he might have 'done respecting diet and medicines, lest what he writes should fall 'into the hands of the Infidels."

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

It is said in the Preface to a Grammar written by Mr. Haynes, the schoolmaster of Christ-Church, that Cardinal Wolsey made the Accidence before Lily's Grammar.

'The Cardinal was a short lusty man,' says Aubrey, 'not unlike 'Martin Luther, as appears by the paintings that remain of him.' A great writer observes, that few ever fell from so high a situation with less crimes objected to him than Cardinal Wolsey; yet it must be remembered, that he gave a precedent to his rapacious Sovereign of seizing on the wealth of the Monasteries, which, however, the Cardinal might well apply (supposing that injustice can ever be sanctified by its consequences) by bestowing it on the erection of seminaries of learning; yet that wealth, in the hands of Henry, became the means of profusion and oppression; and corrupted and subjugated that country, which it ought to have improved and protected.

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CURIOUS FACTS.

IT is to the luxury of the old Romans that we owe many of the delicacies now abounding in Europe. Lucullus, when he returned from the Mithridatic war, introduced cherries the first time into Italy, from Cerasus, a city near Sinope, on the Euxine Sea. There were also brought into Italy, about this period, many other curiosities of fruits, flowers, and plants, from Greece, Asia, and Africa; apricots from Epirus, peaches from Persia, the finest plumbs from Damascus and Armenia, pears and figs from Greece and Egypt, citrons from Media, and pomegranates from Carthage.

Turkey, or Guinea, cocks were first brought into England in the 15th year of Henry 8th. It was much about the same time that carp and pippins were brought from beyond sea, by Leonard Mascall, of Plumstead in Sussex. The same country gave England melon seeds, in the reign of James 1st. About the same period, the large fine pale gooseberry was brought from Flanders, with sallads and cabbages. It was not till the æra of the Restoration, that asparagrus, artichokes, oranges, lemons, and cauliflowers, were known in England.

It is somewhat remarkable that Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk stockings. They were presented to her by a Mrs. Montague; and thenceforth, says Dr. Howell, she never wore cloth ones any more. The art of knitting silk stockings, by wires on needles, was first practised in Spain; and twenty-eight years after it had been imported into England. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, invented the engine or steel loom, called the stocking frame, which enabled England to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy, and other parts.

Lines written under a Print of the first Machine for weaving of Stockings, &c.

The Machine (the wonderful Machine I may call it) for weaving of Stockings, &c. which was invented by a disappointed Lover, Mr. Lee. He was in love with a Stocking-knitter who slighted his offers.

Of all the arts that human wit can boast,
Conceiv'd by labour, or improv'd by cost,
None can unto the judging world appear,
More wond'rous than the Frame depicted here;
Six thousand pieces does the whole contain,
Th' unwearied task of one poor Lover's brain,
Who, in revenge to female slights, was mov'd
To spoil the knitting of the dame he lov'd:
May each desponding Lover pensive grow,
And, when disdain'd, the like resentment shew!

The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitz-allan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580. At first they were only drawn by two horses.—It was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to have them drawn by six horses, which, an old historian tells us, was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride.—Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback either single, on their palfreys, or double behind some person on a pillion.—The Duke of Buckingham introduced sedan chairs at the same period.

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In the 11th century it became a custom for men to wear long hair; which being contrary to the precept of St. Paul, the Bishops strongly opposed it. In 1104, Serlon, bishop of Seez, preaching at Carenton before Henry I. of England, strenuously against that usage, caused him and all his courtiers to get their hair cropt as soon as they went out of church.

BUONAPARTE,

THE FRENCH COMMANDER IN ITALY.

THIS enterprising and successful Commander is only twenty-seven years of age, and consequently was of the first requisition. He was born in Corsica, but has been brought up in France. He entered early in the school of artillery, where he applied himself steadily; and arrived, after some years service, at the rank of Captain.

To the study of the mathematics he added that of history, ancient and modern, and military tactics. His comrades took for inordinate ambition, that which, perhaps, was only the restlessness of genius, feeling its power, and ardent to display it.

Called to the siege of Toulon, to direct the batteries, Buonaparte found the dispositions of the Generals bad, and he told them so. At first they saw nothing more in these observations than the presumption of a young man. However they soon listened to his advice. The English evacuated the place, and the French re-entered Toulon.

Buonaparte was nominated General of artillery; and co-operated under Scherer, in that capacity, in producing our successes in Italy. The war upon the Mountains did not please Buonaparte.—He imagined himself in possession of a plan to push more rapidly forward. He was for abandoning the war of posts, to fall upon the plains of Piedmont. This design he has realized.

The Committee of Public Safety ordered him from the artillery, in which he had always served, to place him in the infantry, of the detail of which he knew nothing. He came to Paris to remonstrate. It is said, that a woman of intrigue with whom Chenier lived, and who was supposed to distribute and sell military employments, had disposed of his, and nominated him a successor.

Not being able to recover his situation, Buonaparte thought of entering into the Turkish service—but he was disappointed in his departure to Constantinople. The 13th Vendemaire arrived. Barras, who commanded, took Buonaparte under him. He was then appointed General of Paris and the Interior; then sent into Italy. The rest of his history resounds throughout Europe.

About three months before his setting forward to take the command of the army in Italy, one of his acquaintance was speaking to him of his youth. 'In a year's time I shall be old,' replied he.

Buonaparte is low of stature and slender. Pallid, thin, and unpleasant; but his countenance is military; and haughty. He is inacessible to fear, and in danger possesses the greatest coolness. He is extremely enterprising and bold, and whatever be the difficulty, he never despairs of success.

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HISTORY OF
THE COINAGE OF MONEY IN ENGLAND;
AND OF ITS
VALUE AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

THE first sort of Gold Coin in England was called an *Angel*, taking its name from an angel imprest on one side of the piece, and their value was in the first of Henry VI. 6s. 8d.; in the first of Henry VIII. 7s. 6d.; in the 34th of his reign, 7s.; and in the 6th of Edward VI. 10s. *Florens* were so called, because made by the Florentines; and in the 18th of Edward III. they went for 3s. 6d. Anciently our English coin called the *Penny* had a cross on it, by which means the piece was broken asunder; so if it was broke in half, it was called a Half-penny; and the fourth part broke off was called a Fourthling; from whence comes the word Farthing. But the next piece of gold among us in use was the *Noble*; which was called by that name, by reason of its being made of the noblest and purest gold, and its value in different reigns was from 6s. 8d. to 15s. There were likewise in use among us *George-Nobles* and *Double-Nobles;* but their value and fineness, in different times, being not certainly known, we shall proceed to the next coins in course, which are the *Rials* or *Royals*, which in the first of Henry VI. went for 10s. but in the first of Heny VIII. for 11s. 3d. There were likewise *Rose-Rials* and *Spur-Rials;* and about the year 1427, we had in use among us a French coin of gold, called a *Scute*, in value about 3s. 4d. Another of our coins was the *Sovereigns*, which went in the first of Henry VIII. at 1l. 2s. 6d. *Unites* in the 10th of James I. went at 1l. 11s. By a proclamation issued out in the 9th year of the last named king, gold was raised 2s. a pound; but Charles I. brought it again to the standard of the first year of his father: and by the way we must note, that a pound of gold, troy weight, was divided into 24 carats, and each carat into 4 grains; and that the old standard of England was 23 carats, three grains and a half of fine gold, and half a grain of alloy, which might be either silver or copper.

In Silver Coin, a Pound, *Libra*, contains 12 ounces; and, though now it signifies 20 shillings, when applied to money, which is but the third part of a pound in weight, yet it is called a pound still, because formerly 20s. did weigh a full pound, or 12 ounces, Each of these ounces contained so many *Solids* or *Shillings*, and so many *Denarii* or *Pence*, as they who governed the money matters thought fit; sometimes more, and sometimes fewer. King Edgar made a law, that there should be the same money, the same weight, and the same measure, throughout the kingdom; but it does not appear, that this was ever well observed. The next denomination of money we meet with, is a *Mark*, called *Mancus* or *Mancusa*, and *Mearc* by the Saxons; amongst whom it came to 30 pence, which of their money was 6 shillings; but in the year 1194, a Mark was 13s. 4d. and so it

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has continued to this day, without any variation; however, there never was any such piece of silver coined as a Mark, nor probably any such piece of gold since the Norman conquest, though it is thought it took its name from some mark or signature on it. Nor was there any such piece of silver coined as an Angel; but for as much as the piece of gold of that denomination was in value 10s. therefore that sum is called an Angel; and so likewise it is with what we call a Noble, which goes for 6s. 8d. in accounts; but there has not been any such piece of gold coined at that price since the 9th of Henry V. and they were first coined by Edward III. (as abovesaid) 1344, there being at that time no silver coin but pence and half-pence; but about five years afterwards *Groats* (so called from *Grossus*, signifying great) and Half-groats were coined; and in 1389, several coiners were condemned and hanged for adulterating the coin.

Pence and Half-pence were not coined round before the year 1108. *Denarius* signifies a Penny, *Obolus* an Half-penny, or half of any thing, and *Ferlingus* a Farthing. And it is to be observed, that when we meet, in old donations, with such words as *Librata terra*, *Marcata*, *Solidata*, or *Denariata*, we are to understand as much land as will yield the rent of a Pound, a Mark, a Shilling, or a Penny by the year.

A *Crown* was not coined in England before the time of Edward VI. it being the first silver coin of the value of 5s.; yet the name is very ancient, but then it was always of gold. *Half-crowns* were of the same dates with the Crowns. *Shillings;* there was never any piece of silver of that name coined in England till the year 1504; and in the year 1561, Queen Elizabeth, calling in all the base money, set the coin upon that footing it now stands: but King William III. remedied the greatest abuse of money that was ever known in England, and that at a time of the greatest danger and expence, and with very little grievance of the people too.

*** In our next Month's Magazine we propose giving an Account of the Origin and History of Paper Credit in this country.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ABBEY OF EINFINDLEN,

IN SWITZERLAND.

FROM Zurich we proceeded to the Benedictine Abbey of Einfindlen, more commonly stiled Our Lady of the Hermits. I was astonished by the profuse ostentation of riches in the poorest corner of Europe; amidst a savage scene of woods and mountains, a palace appears to have been erected by magic; and it was erected by the potent magic of Religion. A crowd of palmers and votaries was prostrate before the altar. The title and worship of the Mother of God provoked my indignation; and the lively naked image of Superstition suggested to me, as it had done to Zuinglius, the most pressing argument for the Reformation of the Church.

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REVIEW
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels into different Parts of Europe, in the Years 1791 *and* 1792. *With familiar Remarks on Places, Men, and Manners. By* John Owen, A. M. *late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In two Volumes. 8vo. Price* 14*s.* Cadell and Davies, 1796.

AFTER so many travels into all parts of Europe, written by travellers of all kinds, it becomes very difficult for ingenuity to diversify the form or intelligence conveyed in such productions. We have lately met with in a *residentiary traveller*, Mr. Pratt, a new name annexed to an idea of some merit: the present author travelled with rapidity, and describes as rapidly as he performed his journey. Taking for granted that the particulars commonly reported concerning all remarkable places are already well known to his readers, he writes, for the most part, rather essays than letters of local information. These essays, at the same time, are written in a good and polished style, with more elevation and care of construction than is usual in epistolary narratives. We are sometimes struck by a strong and remarkable resemblance of the style of Gibbon, of which the following passage may suffice to give a specimen. The subject is the harbour of Amsterdam.

'While I viewed this harbour, and ruminated on the successive advances of this people to the highest pinnacle of national prosperity, I turned my eye to that city which once disputed the palm of commerce with this republic, and which, by the growing importance of this neighbouring power, had been reduced to insignificance. The treaty of Westphalia raised the grandeur of Holland upon the ruins of Antwerp. The forts of Lillo and Liefenshoek determined the fate of that unfortunate city; and the antient majesty of the Scheldt now bows to the usurped authority and furtive honours of the Texel.' Vol. I. p. 92.

This traveller appears throughout to be an ardent friend to liberty, and no less a strenuous enemy to superstition. The ceremonies of the Romish Church seldom escape his animadversion; which sometimes is carried rather to a greater length than seems to be altogether demanded by the occasion, or authorized by the universal principles of christianity; but allowance must be made for the ardour of a very young man impressed by new scenes and situations. Concerning his political principles we need not here enquire. An essay of his own formerly acquainted the world, that he had been, at the commencement of the French Revolution, a zealous favourer of it, but became disgusted, and turned with horror from its principles and practice, as it proceeded. These sentiments common to many other Englishmen of respectable talents and character, will not certainly be blamed by us: and, if the appearance of the former situation of mind be traced in some of the letters, the readers will thus account for it. The scenes he encountered at Lyons were probably among the strongest causes for his total change of feeling on the subject.

In one of the letters from Lausanne, we find an epitaph on Rousseau, written at that place, which, as it well characterizes that very eccentric writer, we shall insert, with Mr. O's translation.

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'Cit gît Rousseau! chez lui tout fut contraste,
Il aima les humains, mais se fut pour les fuir:
Il perdit sa patrie en voulant la servir:
Modeste avec orgueil,—il fut pauvre avec faste;—
Ne sut pas vivre,—et sut mourir.'

'Here lies Rousseau, the slave of truth and fiction,
Who lived and died a splendid contradiction:
With love of man he fled the world, and gave
His country wounds whene'er he meant to save.
Haughty, though poor, and modest, yet with pride,
He liv'd to folly, and to virtue died.' P. 291.

Mr. Owen's travels extended a considerable way into Italy, and comprehended Switzerland and a great part of Germany. His letters, therefore, comprise a great variety of objects, and his descriptions are occasionally striking, though seldom detailed.

Travels through various Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples in 1789. By Charles Ulysses, of Salis Marschlins. Translated from the German by Anthony Aufrere, *Esq. Illustrated with engravings. Pages* 527. 8vo. *Price* 8*s.* Cadell and Davies. *London*, 1795.

THE travels of every one naturally derive their complexion and character from the prevailing sentiments and turn of mind of their author. Some travellers are attentive chiefly to the manners, and modes, and anecdotes, of distinguished persons in high life; some to the nature of the government of any country, and the state of civil society; some to antiquities; and some to the present state of literature and science, and so on. The general scholar and observer pays more or less regard to all these, and every other object worthy of notice; but still every traveller is distinguished by a particular cast of thought, by a particular propensity to indulge in one species of observation and reflection rather than another.

The traveller now before us is a man of good parts, and extensive knowledge of various kinds; but the subjects to which he is chiefly drawn, in all the turnings of his tour, are natural history, the state of agriculture, and that of society among the higher, as well as lower, ranks in the country.

Accompanied by the worthy archbishop of Taranto, and by the celebrated naturalist Abbé Fortis, he left Naples, upon the 26th of March, 1789, and followed the Apulian road, which leads directly towards the north-east, across the Terra di Lavoro, into the Appenines. As they journeyed from Molsetta to Taranto, late in the evening of the 1st of April, they arrived at St. Basil, a country house belonging to the Duke of Martina, after a fatiguing and tedious day's journey of forty miles.

This nobleman entirely devoting his time to country occupations, afforded our author much entertainment, by a display of his various arrangements for his different flocks and herds.

'During the supper, which, though plentiful, was a perfectly rural repast, the conversation turned upon the nature of the country, and the state of agriculture. My inquiries upon that head greatly pleased the duke, who discovered his extreme partiality for country occupations, and promised to shew me all his new arrangements, and his different flocks and herds. But I never suspected that, in order to procure me this satisfaction, he was to send (as I afterwards found he did) eight or nine miles in the night to his shepherds

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and cow-herds, to be at his house, with their flocks and herds, by break of day.

'The beauty of the morning gave double charms to the rural environs of the house, surrounded by extensive pasture grounds, bounded on one side by distant hills, and on the other by the wood of Gioia, towards which we proceeded to the sheepfold. The agreeable coolness of the morning, the pearls of dew trembling upon a thousand flowers, and the melodious notes of the feathered throng, had lulled me into the sweetest reverie, when I was suddenly roused by the sound of horn, hautboys, a bagpipe, and a provincial sort of drum. It was a band of shepherds, who, advancing towards us with their music, and a flag, cordially saluted us, and then proceeded with their Arcadian music. Not far from the sheepfold we were met by the chief of the shepherds, a venerable old man, who welcomed us with a hearty shake of the hand. He first conducted us to the dairy, where are made the small cheeses of sheep's and goat's milk, and then to the houses or stalls, which are all built of freestone, in rows, with a variety of divisions. Before them is a large square inclosure, divided into five equal parts: in the first division, and in the stalls thereto belonging, were the ewes big with young; in the second, were the sucking lambs; in the third and fourth, were the two-year-old ewes; and in the fifth, were the lambs that had done sucking. All the sheep, in these five compartments, passed in review before us. They were entirely of the white breed, called Pecore Gentili, or fine woolled; and the chief shepherd assured us that they amounted to 3000. The duke rejects the black sort, on account of the bad quality of the wool. Several shepherds' dogs, of the true breed, with long white hair, accompanied and watched the flocks; and I heard much in praise of their intrepidity, and other good qualities. We next visited the milking-house, which is very commodiously arranged, and consists of an oblong arched room, in each of whose two sides are four apertures like door-ways, leading on either side into an inclosed court. At milking-time the sheep are driven into one of these courts, and successively passed through one of the apertures, where a man waits to milk them, which being done, they are let through the opposite opening into the other court, and are thus speedily milked. There is also a convenient house for shearing the sheep. All these buildings have been erected by the duke, contrary to the usual custom of the country, where the flocks remain in the open air during the whole year; and, except a few miserable huts by way of dairies, all the other business is performed in the open air. This custom proved very fatal to the proprietors of sheep during the last severe winter: for more than 40,000 sheep perished in the eastern provinces of the kingdom; whilst the duke, in consequence of his judicious management, lost not a single one. But I now hear that his example has been since followed by several sheep-owners.'

The following remarks on the past and present population of Tarentum, are highly worthy of the attention of those philosophers who inquire into, and call in question, the alledged populousness of ancient nations:

'How striking is the difference between the present population, and that of the time of Archytas, when Taranto was at the summit of its prosperity. The city alone could then send into the field 30,000 infantry, and 3000 cavalry; nor is the population of that period at all exaggerated, when it is said to have amounted to 300,000 souls. At that time, indeed, the city occupied a much larger space; and the ruins sufficiently point out that it extended not only on both shores of the Mare Grande, but also around the greatest part of the Mare Piccolo,

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'He who, in visiting those provinces, examines and reflects upon the admirable positions of all the renowned cities of antiquity, now in a great measure destroyed, and notices the actual extensive tracts of uninhabited country, at the same time bearing in mind the beauty of the climate, can no longer be astonished that the ancient writers should have enumerated the armies and population of the different nations and cities at so high a rate, especially when various other causes are recollected.'

In describing the present state of the country, particularly with regard to agriculture, in all its branches, our author frequently compares it with that of former times, in quotations from the Roman writers, subjoined to his narrative by way of notes.

[*To be concluded in our Next.*]

The Beauties of History; or, Pictures of Virtue and Vice: drawn from Examples of Men eminent for their Virtues, or infamous for their Vices. Selected for the Instruction and Entertainment of Youth. By the late W. Dodd, L.L.D. *The Second Edition, with considerable additions and improvements; and ornamented with Vignettes by Bewick.* London, 1796.

In the present age, dissipated and frivolous as it is, we have frequent occasion to observe, that great and judicious pains are taken in order to train the minds of the rising generation in just views of things, and in sentiments of virtue. It is evident from the nature of the mind prone to imitation, from whence indeed every thing, even the use of speech is learnt; and it is certain from experience, that books, as well as early conversation, have a mighty influence in determining the human character, and directing the energy of the mind in one direction, rather than another. The work before us is a judicious and pleasing collection, and, with singular felicity, seasons the useful with the palatable. The greatest part of it was selected by the late Dr. Dodd; and, by him, intended to illustrate and exemplify his *Sermons to young Men*. The sermons are intended for those who have arrived at maturity in judgment; this collection for youth of more tender years, as a cheap and useful present, from which they may derive equal entertainment and improvement.

An Essay on the necessity of revealed Religion. Second Edition. 12mo. *Pages* 169. *Price* 2*s.* 6*d.* Rivingtons. 1796.

The attacks that have been directed with such contumelious violence against revealed religion, have produced some able and ingenious disquisitions on its authenticity and evidence. The writer of the present tract may justly be considered as deserving a place among those who have laboured with zeal and ability, in the defence of an excellent cause. Nor has he laboured without effect, since this second edition appears so speedily after the first, which was published in 1794. This essay was at first occasioned by the atheistical proceedings of the French Convention in November, 1793. The author's reason, for giving it the form it bears, is thus expressed in his advertisement.

'Treatises on theological subjects are sometimes so prolix, that the avocations of men will not allow sufficient time for their perusal. To avoid this objection, instead of detaining the reader by a minute and particular history of Paganism, such an outline of it has only been taken, as was necessary to

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form a contrast between the morality and theology of mankind, before, and since revelation; and from that contrast to deduce the necessity, the use, and beneficial tendency, of revealed religion.' P. iii.

Conformably to this plan, the author distributes his subjects into three propositions; in the *first* of which he contends, that nothing short of revelation could have destroyed idolatry; the *second* argues it as necessary, from the ignorance of man and the justice of god; the *third* establishes the argument of its utility, in having been the instrument of giving glory to God in the highest, and communicating peace and good-will to man. These propositions are elucidated and enforced with a degree of spirit, elegance, and accuracy, that discovers a mind well tutored in general literature, and strongly impressed with theological truth.

A Defence of Revelation in Ten Letters to Thomas Paine, *being an Answer to his First Part of the Age of Reason. By* Elhanan Winchester. 8*vo. Pages* 113. Parsons. 1796.

AFTER the learned and elegant apology of Dr. Watson, *(Vide our Review of last Month)* it is almost unnecessary to notice the various antagonists of Mr. Paine: the good bishop has done so much that very little remains to do: he has stripped the infidel, and held him up to public scorn. Truth, however, requires us to say, that, throughout his Defence of Revelation, Mr. Winchester writes as a sound divine and a good christian.

The Battle of Eddington, or British Liberty, a Tragedy. 8*vo. Price* 2*s.* 6*d.* Elmsly.

FROM the dedication which is to Mr. Pitt, we learn that this tragedy is the performance of a Mr. Penn, grandson and representative, in the elder branch of the founder of the British government in Pensylvania. We highly commend the generous and manly strain of feeling in which the whole of this tragedy is both conceived and expressed; and recommend it to the serious perusal of all lovers of their country, who, if they should sometimes object to the less polished effusions of the poet, must revere the noble and dignified spirit of the man.

Letters on the Drama. 8*vo. Price* 3*s.* 6*d.* Elmsly. 1796.

THESE letters, twelve in number, are from the same author as the last article; and are entitled to the same kind of commendation. A gentleman who writes for his amusement, is too apt to disdain the minuter rules of composition so necessary to every author. It is but justice, however, to Mr. Penn, to say, that, amidst some careless and some superficial observations, these letters evince a sound understanding and a good taste.

The Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance. By Thomas Paine, *Author of Common Sense, American Crisis, Rights of Man, Age of Reason, &c. Pages* 44. 8*vo. Price* 1*s.* Eaton. *London.* 1796.

MR. PAINE'S treatise on finance, like all his other compositions, has so much originality, that we cannot apply to it any known rules. Amid all the wildness of his fancy, there is however, here and there, some little Plain Sense. The chief object of the present book seems to be to prove the evil conse-

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quences of that funding system, which has of late years been carried to such extent in this country; and, though we cannot agree with Mr. Paine in all he says, we yet think there are many observations well worth the attention of every friend to his country. After stating the difference of the two systems, viz. that of funding upon interest, and that of funding the whole capital without interest, he proceeds to examine the symptoms of decay, approaching, as *he thinks*, to dissolution, that the English system has already exhibited.

Mr. Paine's utter hatred of the British Government urges him, in many places, to misrepresentation, falshood, and abuse; and as he has already attempted, in the Age of Reason, to take away our hope in the world to come, he here attempts to take away our hope in this; and to shake the foundations of public credit, as he has done those of religion.

Playfair's *Answer to* Thomas Paine's *Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance*. *Pages* 23. Stockdale. *London*. 1796.

A DWARF throwing the gauntlet to a giant! If Mr. Paine's positions be controverted, it must be by an abler man than Mr. Playfair. The whole of this answer goes upon a supposition, that we shall never be engaged in any wars after the present. This is 'a consummation devoutly to be wished,' but hardly to be proved logically true. Mr. Playfair it seems is a *millenarian*; and with a *millenium* of peace and an annual sinking million we can have nothing to fear!

Hannah Hewit: or the Female Crusoe, supposed to be written by Herself. 3 vol. 12mo. *About* 700 *Pages*. Dibdin. 1796.

THIS novel is the avowed production of Mr. Dibdin, who has so long amused the town by his entertainments of singing and music, at *Sans Souci*. He has chosen for his motto, 'There is an especial Providence in the fall of a sparrow;' and, to prove this position, he has put together some of the most singular circumstances we ever read of. Throughout he imitates, even to the language, De Foe; though we do not mean to say, he writes either so well, or so correctly, as that author. With all its improbabilities, and even absurdities, Hannah Hewit, however, lays strong hold on the attention; and pleases us in defiance of our better judgment.

We cannot close this article without advising Mr. Dibdin to be more accurate in his geography: for he has placed the Ethiopians to the north of China, and the Arabians near the Spanish settlements at Manilla!

Roach Abbey: a Tale. 2 *vol.* 12mo. *About* 300 *Pages*. Vernor and Hood. 1796.

THESE small volumes are, we presume, the production of a very young author; and certainly do him (or her) great credit. Many parts of them are finely written, and in the pathetic parts the author is very happy. The story of the novel is laid during the period of the persecutions under Queen Mary; and Eliza, the heroine of the tale, is one who is persecuted for conscience sake. This brings her into many very perilous situations, and in all these, she supports herself with becoming dignity. Upon the whole, we would recommend Roach Abbey, as much above the trash with which the press daily teems; at the same time, we would advise the author in future to submit his performances to the perusal of some friend, before they are put to press; since there are many little inaccuracies which a maturer judgment might have prevented.

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Anecdotes, Moral, Curious, Odd, Original, Whimsical, Instructive, and Amusing. Pages 109. 12*mo. Price* 1*s. Printed for* Hamilton and Co. *Beech-Street, London; and* T. Wilson, *Bromley, Kent.*

FROM this very humorous, witty, and entertaining, collection of jests and anecdotes, we shall select as a specimen, one, which, if not entirely new, cannot, however, be very old:

'At a puppet-shew, in a country-town, the devil was introduced to fight a battle with Tom Paine, and (as might naturally be expected) his sooty majesty came off victorious. The whole troop then joined in the song of 'God save the king.'—After which poor Tom Paine was hauled off the stage by his infernal majesty, bawling out 'church and state.'

There is not a little of sense, as well as satire, in this short fable; and we know not where it would be possible to procure a better shillingsworth of merriment than this little volume.

Reflections on Usury, as conducted by the mode of undervalued Annuities; in the course of which, for the benefit of those who are oppressed with them, are respectively pointed out, according to the different securities, the means of relief. Pages 36. *Price* 4to. Murray and Highley. *London.* 1796.

THESE reflections on a most destructive species of usury, and the means of relief to those who are injured and oppressed by it, merit the attention of the public.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, on the Subject of the intended new Docks, to be established at Wapping. Pages 46. 8*vo.* Johnson. *London.* 1796.

THIS letter places the utility of the measure in question in the clearest and most satisfactory light. The author is a man of candour, moderation, intelligence, and genius. The following observation is equally laconic, profound, and convincing: 'As to the objections of innovation and speculation.—What is the effect of an increase of knowledge, but an innovation on the prejudices of ignorance? or, What is commerce, but a system of speculation from first to last?

The Substance of a Speech made by Lord Auckland *on Monday, the second of May,* 1796, *on the occasion of a motion made by the* Marquis of Lansdown. 8*vo. Pages* 41. *Price* 1*s.* Walter.

FROM the following comparative view of certain public circumstances in the respective periods of 1783-4, and 1795-6, Lord Auckland endeavours to prove the present flourishing state of the British empire:

Price of the 3 per cents consols in January 1783	£. 55
Ditto, in May 1796	66
Price of India stock January 1784	£. 121
Ditto May 1796	209
Total of imports in 1783	£. 13,325,000
Ditto in 1795	22,175,000
Total of exports in 1783	£. 14,741,000
Ditto in 1795	27,270,000

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Value of British manufactures exported in 1783	£. 10,409,000
Ditto ——— in 1795	16,526,000
Ships entered inwards in 1783	7690
Ditto ——— in 1795	10174
Ships cleared outwards in 1783	7729
Ditto ——— in 1795	10133

After a great variety of reasoning on the commerce and revenues of *the country, his Lordship concludes by* observing, that 'facts, such as these, greatly outweigh all the declamations that the genius and eloquence of mankind can produce. I shall leave them, therefore, without comment: they sufficiently enforce themselves. They are unequivocal proofs of the resources of the kingdom; no man can look with an unprejudiced eye at such statements and not perceive that this country has encreased in prosperity even under the pressure of the war.'

LITERATURE.

THE learned and benevolent Dr. Hey, who so long and so ably filled the Norrisian professor's chair in the University of Cambridge, is printing his lectures at the University press; these, to the divinity student, will be a treasure indeed. The professor's place is now supplied by Mr. Fawcett of St. John's.

The "Lexicon Photii" still goes on with all the vigour of professor Porson's mind employed on it. This work will be a very valuable acquisition to literature. Photius was a learned Greek of the *eighth* century; and his Lexicon contains extracts from various authors, whose works have long been entirely buried in oblivion. Mr. Porson has the advantage of the only perfect MS. of Photius now in being, which is in possession of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A fourth volume of the anecdotes of distinguished persons, has just made its appearance.

The voluminous collections (6 vol. 4to.) for the history of Hampshire have lately been published by Mr. Warner.

Mr. Burke is said to be preparing a reply to the different answers that have been made to his pamphlet on the subject of his pension.

The FRENCH, amid the rage of faction and the din of arms, pay some attention to the literature of their country. The long expected Natural History of Africa, by Monsieur Vaillant,—and the posthumous works of Lavoisier the celebrated chemist, have been published in Paris, this spring, in the most splendid style. It is singular to observe the anxiety with which the Republic plunders the conquered countries of all the monuments of the fine arts, to transport them to the intended national collections in Paris. As a proof of this we need only refer to the late treaty between General Buonaparte and the Duke of Parma, &c. in which the possession of certain pictures make separate articles.

Miss BURNEY's novel of "CAMILLA," has a very numerous subscription; and will soon make its appearance.

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BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE SIXTH SESSION OF THE SEVENTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, *May* 16, 1796.

ON the motion of Lord Grenville, ordered an Address to his Majesty, praying him to bestow some mark of favour upon H. Cowper, Esq. for the able discharge of his duty as Clerk of that House.

QUAKERS RELIEF BILL.---The Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Rochester, wished to postpone the second reading of the Bill for two months.

The Duke of Norfolk supported the Bill; as did the Lord Chancellor, who, however, consented to its being postponed. The second reading appointed for this day two months.

The Judges having determined that the right of presentation to the Rectory of Bleachingly, granted to M. Kenrick, Esq. had not been set aside by the exercise of the Royal prerogative, the decisions of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, were confirmed.

Tuesday 17.---Lord Lauderdale brought in a Bill to suspend, till January, 1797, the tax on collateral personal property.

The Lord Chancellor observed, that it was contrary to practice to repeal, or alter, an Act of Parliament in the same Sessions in which it had passed.

The Bill was negatived, on which Lord Lauderdale entered a protest, signifying, that the tax, by an exposure of capital, would be injurious to trade, which could not be the case had the tax been laid on real, instead of personal property; and that the evident injustice of the measure would arm disaffected spirits with founded objections, and lead our enemies to suppose that the legitimate resources of the Country were exhausted.

Wednesday 18.---The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Lottery, National Debt, Militia Officers Allowance, Lime Coasting, Alien, Vote of Credit, and several other private and public Bills.

Judgment was given in the Scotch appeal, Anstruther *versus* Anstruther.

Lord Macclesfield reported his Majesty's concurrence in the application of the House in favour of Mr. Cowper.

Thursday 19.---At three o'clock his Majesty, with the customary state, came to the House, when the Royal Assent was given to the Bills on the table; the Commons in a short time attending a message sent by Sir F. Molyneux, his Majesty was pleased from the Throne to deliver the following most gracious Speech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The public business being now concluded, I think it proper to close this Session; and, at the same time, to acquaint you with my intention of giving immediate directions for calling a New Parliament.

"The objects which have engaged your attention during the present Session, have been of particular importance; and the measures which you have adopted, have manifested your continued regard to the safety and welfare of my people.

"The happiest effects have been experienced from the provisions which you have made for repressing sedition and civil tumult, and for restraining the progress of principles subversive of all established Government.

"The difficulties arising to my subjects from the high price of corn, have formed a principle object of your deliberation; and your assiduity in investigating that subject, has strongly proved your anxious desire to omit nothing which could tend to the relief of my people, in a matter of such general concern. I have the greatest satisfaction in observing that the pressure of those difficulties is in a great degree removed.

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" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I must, in a more particular manner, return you my thanks for the liberal supplies which you have granted, to meet the exigencies of the war. While I regret the extent of those demands, which the present circumstances necessarily occasion, it is a great consolation to me to observe the increasing resources by which the country is enabled to support them. These resources are particularly manifested in the state of the different branches of the revenue; in the continued and progressive exertion of our navigation and commerce; in the steps which have been taken for maintaining and improving the public credit; and in the additional provision which has been made for the reduction of the National Debt.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I shall ever reflect with heartfelt satisfaction on the uniform wisdom, temper, and firmness, which have appeared in all your proceedings since I first met you in this place. Called to deliberate on the public affairs of your country in a period of Domestic and Foreign tranquillity, you had the happiness of contributing to raise this Kingdom to a state of unexampled prosperity. You were suddenly compelled to relinquish the full advantages of this situation, in order to resist the unprovoked aggression of an enemy, whose hostility was directed against all civil society, but more particularly against the happy union of order and liberty established in these kingdoms. The nature of the system introduced into France, afforded to that country, in the midst of its calamities, the means of exertion beyond the experience of any former time. Under the pressure of the new and unprecedented difficulties arising from such a contest, you have shewn yourselves worthy of all the blessings that you inherit. By your counsels and conduct, the Constitution has been preserved inviolate against the designs of foreign and domestic enemies; the honour of the British name has been asserted; the rank and station which we have hitherto held in Europe has been maintained; and the decided superiority of our naval power has been established in every quarter of the World.

" You have omited no opportunity to prove your just anxiety for the re-establishment of General Peace on secure and honourable terms; But you have, at the same time, rendered it manifest to the world, that, while our enemies shall persist in dispositions incompatible with that object, neither the resources nor spirit of Englishmen will be wanting to the support of a just cause, and to the defence of all their dearest interests.

" A due sense of this conduct is deeply impressed on my heart. I trust that all my subjects are animated with the same sentiments, and that their loyalty and public spirit will ensure the continuance of that union and mutual confidence between me and my Parliament, which best promote the true dignity and glory of my crown, and the genuine happiness of my people."

The Speaker of the House of Commons then addressed his Majesty, in a lively picture of the loyalty of the Commons, and mildness of his Majesty's reign.

After which 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 Tuesday the 5th day of July next, to be then here holden: and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday the 5th day of July next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FRIDAY, *May* 6, 1796.

MR. GREY brought forward his promised resolutions for the Impeachment of Ministers, who he charged with false accounts, and misapplication of the public money. After opening at considerable length, the Speaker put the question on the first resolution, which was, " That it is at all times, and in all circumstances, incumbent on this House, to watch over the expenditure of the public money, and to prevent the misapplication of the same."

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Mr. Pitt answered Mr. Grey, who was followed by Mr. Fox in support of the resolution. Several other members spoke. At length Mr. Steel moved (to get rid of the resolution) the Order of the Day, which was carried 209 against 98.

May 9. The Bill granting to his Majesty a certain sum out of the consolidated fund towards raising the supply, was read a first, and ordered to be read a second time.

Mr. Pitt moved, that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider farther of the Supply; which being done, he moved that the accounts of the Victualling, Transport, and Navy Bills, be referred to the said Committee; and that the accounts of foreign Troops, either raised, or to be raised, for the year 1796, and of the expences for building Barracks, &c. be referred to the said Committee. Ordered.

In the Committee Mr. Pitt moved, that a sum not exceeding 500,000l. be granted to his Majesty towards discharging the debts of the Navy, which was agreed to.

He next moved, that a sum not exceeding 1,470,000l. for extraordinary expences for the Army, for 1796, be granted to his Majesty. Agreed to.

And that the sum of 438.035l. be granted for foreign Troops.

Mr. Pitt moved, that the Report of the Committee on the Real Estates Succession Bill be now taken into further consideration.

Mr. Carew moved this day three months, as an amendment.

Lord George Cavendish seconded the motion in a short speech. He spoke against it as a levelling principle, and equalizing great properties to small, and hoped that the Minister, if he would not totally abandon it now, would at least give some further time to consider it.

Mr. Pitt supported the equity of the measure on the same grounds as in the former stages of the Bill, and said that he trusted he had removed the whole of the objections of the noble Lord.

Alderman Newnham spoke in favour of the amendment; it was but right, he said, for us to take the burthen on our backs, and not to lay it on our posterity; if this money was wanted, we had better raise it at once than have recourse to so unjust a measure.

Sir W. Pulteney reprobated the tax, as iniquitous and odious; it might pass now, but before it was long it must be repealed.

Mr. Pitt was against the general question of the amendment of three months. When the House proceeded to the report, then Gentlemen might state their objections to the Bill. A division took place on the amendment of three months, against it 81, for it 52. The House then proceeded to take the report into further consideration, when the different resolutions of the Committee were read and agreed to.

Tuesday 10. On the motion for the third reading of the additional Wine Duty Bill, Mr. Sheridan said there was nothing more unjust, than to tax the private stock of gentlemen; and this measure was equalled only by taxing the stock which merchants had on hand. He meant to propose that all wines imported up to a certain day in July should pay the duty by instalments up to that day.

Mr. Pitt agreed to put off the further consideration of it till the morrow, and that he might save the Gentleman the trouble of a motion, would add a clause by way of rider to the Bill to the same purpose as that alluded to by the Honourable Member.

Mr. Fox rose to state his opinion on the present state of the Nation. After the many defeats he had experienced, whenever he had attempted to bring forward an enquiry of this nature, he was very little sanguine in the success of his proposition. Circumstances had however lately taken place, (alluding to the negociations at Basle) as called to the mind of every thinking man more to consider the situation of the country.

Mr. Fox then entered on his subject, taking a general view of public affairs, and the conduct of Ministers from the year 1792 to the present time, shewing, that the war with France was impolitic and unjust on the part of this country. Pursuing his argument, and coming nearer to the object of his intended motion, he asked, Would the expulsion of the House of Bourbon from the Throne jus-

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tify this country in declaring war against France? Looking at the history of this family, he rather thought their expulsion from the throne a subject of exultation to this nation, as that House had been the cause of much bloodshed to it, and of all the debts under which it now labours. Austria and Prussia entered into convention at Pilnitz, which they could have carried into effect without the aid of this country. This was the period when Great Britain ought to have stepped forward and offered her meditation, instead of countenancing the measures of these two powers and by this she would have preserved the tranquillity of Europe and her own neutrality.

Mr. Fox having in a speech of four hours and a half, replete with the most forcible argument reprobated the intentions and views of the allies in general, and of Prussia and Russia in particular, in destroying the balance of power by the partition of Poland; and having taken a view of the tyranny of the Emperor and King of Prussia towards the Marquis and Marchioness de la Fayette, which had been worse than the tyranny of Robespierre, concluded by making a motion of considerable length, which was an abstract of his speech, the substance of which was as follows, viz. "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty respecting the conduct of his Ministers in the present war, representing the very flourishing state in which it was at the commencement of it, and the deplorable state to which it had been reduced by the bad councils of incapable Ministers, and praying that he would give directions to them to pursue a line of conduct diametrically opposite to what they had done, and to retract their former errors, &c."

On the question being put, Mr. Pitt rose, and spoke at considerable length and with equal ability in vindication of Ministers and their measures; his speech took up near three hours.

The question being then put on Mr. Fox's motion, there appeared against it 216, for it 42. Majority 174,

Wednesday 11. The House having resolved itself into a Committee to consider the means of reducing the high Price of Corn, Mr. Lechmere observed, that it was with concern he saw so thin a House, when a question of such magnitude offered itself to their attention. He would, however, then, as the House was, make good his promise, and would still persevere until he saw some means of alleviating the distresses of the labouring and iudustrious poor. After having entered at some length into various plans for their relief, he moved, "That the Chairman of the Committee be instructed to apply to the House for leave to bring in a Bill for enforcing the laws relative to Corn; for preventing the adulteration of grain; and for bringing Corn to public markets."

Mr. Francis seconded the motion; and proposed several methods to the Committee of reducing the high Price of grain. He proposed, 1. To give a bounty to any person who shall make the most useful instrument for grinding corn in small quantities. 2. To persons who should contrive a method to preserve yeast the longest. These three things, he conceived, would considerably tend to lessen the price of Corn, by enabling the poor to make their own bread.

Mr. Martin spoke in favour of the motion.

On the motion of Mr. Buxton, that the Chairman do leave the Chair, there appeared for the motion 34, against it 10, majority 24; the original motion was of course lost.

The House in a Committee took into consideration the Bill for levying a Tax upon Dogs, when a conversation took place on the subject of several amendments, all of which were rejected except one, which permits persons keeping packs of hounds to compound for the tax.

Thursday 12. The Quaker's Relief Bill, on the motion of Mr. Serjeant Adair, was recommitted to a Committee of the whole House, when a conversation took place on the Bill, and several Clauses were added. The Report was then brought up by the Chairman, and ordered to be taken into further consideration.

The Report on the Dog Tax Bill was brought up, and a clause added, permitting Gentlemen to compound at 20l. per pack for their hounds.

Mr. Sheridan asked Mr. Rose across the table, at what age puppies were to be taxed. Mr. Rose replied at six months.

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A message was brought from the Lords, signifying that they had agreed to a Bill for dissolving the Million Bank, and dividing the stock among the Members of that Association, and to certain other Bills.

Mr. Jekyll rose to put a question to the Minister. Being near the end of our Parliamentary existence, if it was not impertinent in him, he would wish to ask the Minister a question relative to certain accounts which had reached this country, viz. that the King of Sardinia had been so reduced as to sue for peace from the French Republic, and to shew them the sincerity of his intentions, had put them in possession of two of his strongest fortresses. Under these circumstances, he wished to know whether it was the intention of Ministers to remit him the 200,000l. as a subsidy? This he did not state invidiously, but, on the contrary, lamented the situation this unfortunate Prince had been reduced from his being drawn in as a party to act in this miserable contest. He therefore asked Ministers, whether they meant to transmit it in the shape of a subsidy? if sent in the shape of relief, that would be another affair.

Mr. Pitt could not, he said, exactly say what might be the situation of affairs in Italy, but he believed that the fortune of war might have placed that Monarch in so critical a situation as to render him no longer a party in it; but that news was of so recent a date as to induce him to question the authenticity of it.

Mr. Jekyll then said, that he hoped the Right Hon. Gentleman did not mean to send him the subsidy until this news should be confirmed.

On the third reading of the Bill for laying a Tax on the Collateral Succession to real Estates, a conversation took place between Mr. Grey, Mr. Francis, and the Minister, after which three divisions took place; the first was on the question that this Bill be read a third time, when the numbers stood, for the third reading 48, against it 46. Mr. Sheridan now moved an amendment, that it be read a third time that day three months: against the amendment 54, for it 53.

The question was then put that the Bill be read a third time on the morrow, for the third reading 54, against it 54. The Speaker then threw in his casting voice on the side of the Minister.

Mr. Pitt said, that he would agree to the Amendment on the morrow, and abandon the Bill, as it seemed to be unpalatable to the House, and that he would substitute other taxes in its stead. Adjourned,

Friday 13. The Hat Duty, Dairy Windows, Dog Tax, and several other Bills, read a third time and passed.

The Real Estate Bill, postponed for three months, and of course given up. The Wet Dock Bill postponed and lost, but with permission to renew in the next Session of Parliament.

General Macleod offered a motion relative to the removal of soldiers in barracks at the time of elections---the motion thought unnecessary, and withdrawn.

On the Report of the Quakers Bill, Sir William Scott offered a clause to be added to the Report. He was a friend to the present Bill, but thought it should be made only a measure of experiment, in order that the effect of it might be tried before it should be declared perpetual. He therefore proposed a Clause, providing that this Bill shall continue for five years, and from thence until the then next Session of Parliament.

Wednesday 18.---Lord Stopford reported his Majesty's acquiescence in the bounties proposed by the House to be paid in lieu of fees, &c.

The Speaker reported his having attended in the Lords to the Royal Assent being given by Commission to several Bills.

Sir W. Dolben lamented that the laws were set at defiance in the conveyance of slaves, 100 of whom beyond the limited number were conveyed in many ships.

Mr. Wilberforce spoke of the sufferings of that wretched people.

Thursday 19.---Read a third time, and passed, Sir J. Johnstone's Estate, and Mrs. Hasting's Naturalization Bills.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod required the Commons to attend his Majesty in the Lords'.

The Speaker on his return read his Majesty's speech, which terminated the *sixth and last Session of the seventeenth Parliament.*

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

June 6. AFTER the most splendid and vigorous endeavours for public patronage, this theatre closed, for the season, with the "Busy Body" of Mrs. Centlivre.

After the Play, Mr. Lewis came forward, and addressed the audience as follows:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"It is customary, at the close of the season, to offer our tribute of respect and gratitude. We feel our obligations, and know our duty; but doubt our power to express the sense, the high sense, we entertain of your favour—a patronage almost without precedent; acquired, we own, by feeble merits, but aided by the strongest wishes to deserve it:—wishes which, I am authorised to assure you, will never be obliterated from the grateful minds of the Proprietor and Performers of this theatre."

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

June 9. The Comedy of "The Belle's Stratagem," with Entertainments, was performed at this theatre, for the Benefit of the Widow and Children of poor Benson, who so unfortunately lost his life, in a fever, by jumping from the garret into the street; *(vide our Obituary)* and, to the honour of Englishmen, the house never boasted so large a receipt, if we except the Benefit given for the Relief of the Widows of those gallant Seamen, who fell on the first of June, 1794, in Defence of their Country. Mr. Lewis, (of Covent-Garden theatre) Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Braham, Signora Storace, Master Welsh, Miss Leak, and Madame Mara, all contributed their exertions, *gratis*, in the cause of Humanity, and drew forth all their talents, in behalf of the Widow and Orphans of departed Worth.

The following occasional Address, from the polished pen of Mr. Taylor, to whose feelings and poetical genius it will certainly do honour, was spoken by Mrs. Jordan:—

The long historic track of Time survey,
Far as Tradition sheds a dubious ray;
Still BRITAIN has beheld, with Patriot pride,
In her lov'd Isle, THE CHARITIES reside.
Let but Distress, whate'er the cause, appear,
Lo! PITY yields the sympathising tear;
And, at her side, BENEVOLENCE is found,
To raise the hopeless Mourner from the ground.

Still, as of old, the Sons of BRITAIN feel;
And her fair Daughters share the gen'rous zeal:
One only contest in their breast can flow,
The NOBLE RIVALRY to *succour Woe.*
Tho' *Greece* and *Rome* their ancient worth proclaim,
And Godlike Heroes of Immortal Fame,
The Deeds of Valour, that our annals grace,
Attest that BRITAIN boasts an *equal Race;*

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An EQUAL RACE, in each heroic part,
With *gentler Virtues*, that refine the Heart:—
Virtues, that tow'r above *their* proudest plan,
That *cheer, embellish*, and *enoble* MAN.

Does Envy doubt?—behold the smiling Land;
On every side the DOMES OF FEELING stand;
Where Sickness finds a balm to sooth its pain,
And Age and Want a ready shelter gain.
Nor less the bounteous aim to spread relief,
Where Merit lingers in sequester'd grief:
Enough—they hear Affliction's faintest sigh,
All *Volunteers*, where *Sorrow's Ensigns fly*.

To-night, alas! a melancholy train
For YOUR *Protection* pleads—nor *pleads in vain*:
THREE helpless INFANTS and the weeping WIFE—
Untimely lost the *prop* and *charm of life*,
An AGED PAIR—but what can words avail,
To point your feelings to the hapless tale,
When ev'ry eye the plaintive story tells,
And ev'ry heart with lib'ral pity swells?
Nor let th' officious Muse a *theme* prolong,
That *melts*, yet *animates*, this GEN'ROUS THRONG.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

June 11. The theatrical campaign was opened at the little theatre, in the Haymarket, with O'Keefe's Farce of "Peeping Tom," the Comedy of "The Liar," and a new Musical Entertainment, from the pen of Mr. Brewer, (author of "How to be happy") entitled BANNIAN DAY.

The story of the latter piece is as follows:—

Lieutenant Goodwill, from having married against the consent of his father, Sir George Goodwill, is involved in pecuniary difficulties. He is, however, faithfully attended in his misfortunes by his servant, Jack Hawser, who is *very well* with Polly, the daughter of Batch, a monied baker. Captain O'Macgallaher, an Irish officer, undertakes to settle matters between the Lieutenant and his father; but blunders so much, in his interview, that the Baronet, more incensed than ever, to detect his son's extravagancies, hires an apartment at Plymouth, where he advertises as a money-lender, in full expectation his son will be one of the first to apply to him. Mrs. Goodwill, however, anxious for her husband's situation, happens to notice the advertisement, and applies to him, to get a note discounted; when Sir George (who had never seen her before) becomes interested by her deportment, and offers his protection. Mr. Goodwill is just arrested, through the activity of Bobby Notice, a pettyfogging lawyer, when Sir George arrives to his assistance; and the Lieutenant's Bannian Day ends with a reconciliation with his father—and Jack Hawser is married to Polly Batch.

In this musical Farce there is very little originality to admire. Bobby Batch, the baker, is an exact counterpart of Dicky Gossip, the barber, in the Farce of "My Grandmother;" and Jack Hawser is as common to the stage as the curtain itself. We have an Irishman, as usual, full of blunders; but, apparently, without any connection with what is going on. Of late years, Irishmen are so necessary a part of the drama, that we have hardly any one brought forward without them: they are, at present, what a dance was in the time of Bays, "we cannot advance to serious business, if they are absent." All the other characters are very hacknied.

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The music was by Dr. Arnold; and, excepting one movement in the Overture, and an air, sung by Miss Leak, is rather below mediocrity.

The Characters were as follows:

Capt. O'Macgallaher, - -	Mr. Aikin.
Batch, - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Bobby Notice, - -	Mr. Suett.
Jack Hawser, - -	Mr. Wathen.
Sir George Goodwill -	Mr. Davies.
Lieut. Goodwill, - -	Mr Trueman.
Polly, - - -	Mrs. Bland.
Mrs. Goodwill, - -	Miss Leak.

The Scene lies at Plymouth.

Upon the whole, the piece was favourably received; and, we doubt not, will, since it is *laughable*, continue to obtain some portion of public applause.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

June 15. The long protracted season at this theatre closed with the Opera of MAHMOUD; after which, Mr. Palmer came forward, and returned the thanks of the Proprietors and Performers to the audience, for their patronage, in nearly the same words as those used by Mr. Lewis at the close of the season at Covent-Garden theatre.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

June 22. A new piece, from the pen of Mr. O'Keefe, under the title of the "MAGIC BANNER; or, Two Wives in a House," was represented at this theatre. The genius of this very popular writer has hitherto, almost uniformly, laboured to produce *broad laugh*; in the present performance, he has attempted a higher species of composition; but, we are sorry to add, with very little success. He has chosen one of the most shining æras of English history for his subject, viz. the rescuing his country from savage invaders by the great Alfred.—"The Magic Banner" is the Offa, or enchanted standard of the Danes, which was wove by the three virgin sisters of Hubba, their chief, under which they always conquered; and the story comprehends many of the facts related of our first legislator;—from the origin of the Trial by Jury, down to the well known tale of the Peasant's Wife and the Oaten Cake. There is an under story, of Gog, a carpenter, who has "two Wives in a House;" and, from this, some scenes of very pleasant *equivoque* are worked up. In the serious part we cannot, however, but think, that Mr. O'Keefe has altogether failed: his talents are not suited to the grandeur of his subject: he tries, like Icarus, a lofty flight; but his wings will not support him. Might we advise, we would recommend it to him to keep to that line of writing, in which he has been so transcendently excellent: for there he must succeed: let him well weigh his abilities, and consider how he can turn them to the best advantage.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus: et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit Res,
Nec Facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus Ordo.
HOR. ART. POET. L. 38, et seq.

The piece was, upon the whole, *unfavourably received*; and we are of opinion, that it never can become a favourite with the public.

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POETRY.

A
MASONIC SONG.

FIDELITY once had a fancy to rove,
And therefore she quitted the Mansions above;
On Earth she arriv'd, but so long was her tour,
Jove thought she intended returning no more.

Then Merc'ry was hasten'd in quest of the dame,
And soon to this world of confusion he came;
At Paris he stopp'd, and enquired by chance,
But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.

The God then to Portugal next took his rout,
In hopes that at Lisbon he might find her out;
But there he was told she had mock'd Superstition,
And left it for fear of the grand Inquisition.

Being thus disappointed, to Holland he flew,
And strictly enquir'd of an eminent Jew;
When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
Fidelity never was liked by the Dutch.

Arriving at London, he hasten'd to Court,
Where numbers of little great men oft resort;
Who all stood amaz'd, when he ask'd for the dame,
And swore they had scarce ever heard of the name.

To Westminster Hall next the God did repair,
In hopes with Dame Justice she might be found there:
For both he enquir'd, when the Court answer'd thus,
"The persons you mention, Sir, ne'er trouble us."

Then bending his course to the Cyprian grove,
He civilly ask'd of the young God of Love;
The urchin reply'd, "Cou'd you think here to find her,
"When I and my mother, you know, never mind her?

"In one only place you can find her on earth,
"The Seat of true Friendship, Love, Freedom, and Mirth:
"To a Lodge of FREEMASONS then quickly repair,
"And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her there."

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ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.

WHERE are the vows the Muses breath'd,
That Discord's fatal reign might cease?
Where all the blooming flow'rs they wreath'd,
To bind the placid brow of Peace?
Whose angel form, with radiant beam,
Pictur'd in Fancy's fairy dream,
Seem'd o'er Europa's ravag'd land
Prompt to extend her influence bland,
Calm the rude clangors of the martial lay,
And hail with gentler note our Monarch's natal day!

For, lo! on yon devoted shore,
Still through the bleeding ranks of war,
His burning axles steep'd in gore,
Ambition drives his iron car!
Still his eyes, in fury roll'd,
Glare on fields by arms o'errun;
Still his hands rapacious hold
Spoils, injurious inroad won!
And spurning, with indignant frown,
The sober olive's proffer'd crown,
Bids the brazen trumpet's breath
Swell the terrific blast of destiny and death!

. . . . . .

Shrinks Britain at the sound? tho' while her eye
O'er Europe's desolated plains she throws,
Slow to avenge, and mild in victory,
She mourns the dreadful scene of war and woes.
Yet if the foe misjudging read
Dismay, in pity's gentlest deed,
And construing mercy into fear,
The blood-stain'd arm of battle rear,
By insult rous'd, in just resentment warm,
She frowns defiance on the threat'ning storm;
And far as ocean's billows roar,
By every wave-encircled shore,
From where o'er icy seas the gaunt wolf roves,
To coasts perfum'd by aromatic groves,
As proudly to the ambient sky
In silken folds her mingled crosses fly,
The soothing voice of peace is drown'd
Awhile in war's tumultuous sound,
And strains, from glory's awful clarion blown,
Float in triumphant peal around Britannia's throne.

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A PROPHECY
ON
THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA.

WRITTEN IN 1775,
BY AN OFFICER,
WHO WAS AFTERWARDS KILLED AT THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

TO years far distant, and to scenes more bright,
Along the vale of Time extend thy sight,
Where hours, and days, and years, from yon briglit pole,
Wave following wave, in long succession roll;
There see in pomp, for ages without end,
The glories of the WESTERN WORLD ascend!

See, this blest land in her bright morn appears,
Wak'd from dead slumbers of six thousand years;
While clouds of darkness veil'd each chearing ray,
To savage beasts and savage men a prey.
Fair Freedom now her ensign bright displays,
And Peace and Plenty bless the golden days.
In mighty pomp AMERICA shall rise,
Her glory spreading to the boundless skies:
Of ev'ry Fair she boasts th' assembled charms,
The Queen of Empires, and the Nurse of Arms.

See, where her HEROES mark their glorious way,
Arm'd for the fight, and blazing on the day!
Blood stains their steps; and o'er the conqu'ring plain,
Mid fighting thousands, and mid thousands slain,
Their eager swords promiscuous carnage blend,
And ghastly deaths their raging course attend:
Her mighty pow'r the subject world shall see,
For laurel'd conquest waits her high degree.

See her bold vessels, rushing to the main,
Catch the swift gales, and sweep the wat'ry plain;
Or, led by Commerce, at the merchant's door
Unlade the treasures of each distant shore;
Or, arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe
Rush big with death, and aim th' impending blow.

Bid ev'ry realm, that hears the trump of Fame,
Quake at the distant terror of her name.

S.

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TO SLEEP.

IN vain, gentle friend, sad and weary I sought,
On the soft downy pillow, thy solace to find,
To arrest the wild errors of wandering thought,
And to soothe the keen anguish that prey'd on my mind.

In vain, do I court thee, thy poppies to shed,
Thy poppies with virtue Lethean endu'd:
Ah! wildly coquettish, thou fly'st from my bed,
And leav'st me still tost by a tempest so rude.

If, at length, thou shouldst grant to the sorrow-stain'd eyes
A transient suspension of pain to enjoy;
Yet thy fancy-form'd train of dark spectres arise,
Interrupting the rest, if they do not destroy.

Like the minions of fortune, thou always art found,
Where affliction an entrance has never obtain'd;
Where plenteously blessings already abound,
Where grief has not tortur'd, nor anguish has pain'd.

Why, alone to the woe-begone mourner a foe,
For the balm of repose shall he fruitlessly pray?
Is there something uncouth in the aspect of woe?
Is there something that scares thee, soft phantom! away?

The vacant, the careless, the gay, and the free,
Uncourted, thy peace-giving blessings obtain;
While those may solicit in vain, who, like me,
Are wounded by sorrow, or tortur'd with pain.

Bridlington. ALEXIS.

SONNET

TO A LADY IN A QUAKER'S DRESS.

TIR'D with the dazzling glare, the rash display,
Which Beauty suffers from the pride of Art,
I felt no joy from Fashion's gaudy ray,
My sense disgusted, and unmov'd my heart;

When to my sight a female form appear'd,
Where decent Nature holds her simple reign,
Once more the pow'r of Beauty I rever'd,
And my heart own'd its long remitted chain:

Thus, when the garish Sun, with noon-tide beam,
Darts o'er the mountain his oppressive gleam,
In languid silence the faint Shepherd lies;
But when, at eve, the solemn Queen of Night
Sheds o'er the groves her mitigated light,
Again the valley to his pipe replies.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF ALMEYDA.

THE Muses long, through many a varying age,
With truth and fiction mix'd, have grac'd the Stage:
When weeping Constancy devoted stood,
Or patriot Honour seal'd his faith with blood,
They bade the deep-ton'd lyre responsive flow,
Sublim'd the suff'ring, and diffus'd the woe;
Applauding Greece the numbers lov'd to hear,
And her stern warriors gave the graceful tear.
At length her venal train Corruption led,
And, with the Virtues link'd, the Muses fled;
O'er Albion's happy land they paus'd awhile,
And shed the fav'ring influence of their smile.
Her Henrys, Hotspurs, trod the martial scene,
And fir'd to heroes whom they found but men.
Bold Shakspeare pour'd th' invigorating strain,
And Rowe, and sweeter Otway, fill'd the train.

What, if the modern bard no more aspire,
To rival Otway's sweetness, Shakspeare's fire;
What, if no laurel meed his altar claim,
His censer boast no heav'n-enkindled flame?
Yet if beneath the smould'ring vapour shine
But one faint glimm'ring of the spark divine,
Ah! gently fan the flame! lest Fashion's breath
O'er the pale promise send the blast of Death.

Nor let the wreath Thalia only wear,
Her Sister Muse deserves so well to share:
'Tis her's the gen'rous feeling to impart,
That mends the morals, while it fills the heart;
Her's are the energies that best inform,
The sighs that animate, and tears that warm.
Within the magic sunshine of her eye,
Truth, Honour, Loyalty, and Valour lie;
All the bold virtues that our sires approv'd,
And all that Britons boast, or Britons lov'd—
Then 'gainst the charm no more your bosoms steel,
But own the manly privilege to feel.
Folly and Vice may oft in smiles appear,
But bashful Virtue veils her in a tear.
The broad, loud laugh, the mirth inspiring jest,
Humour's wild frolic, and gay Fancy's feast,
Like brilliant bubbles, sparkle o'er the mind,
But burst, and leave no radiant gleam behind;
While the bright pencil of the Tragic Muse
Her sacred rainbow draws o'er chilling dews;
And tho' to air the transient glories run,
They give the promise of a golden sun!

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EPILOGUE TO ALMEYDA,

SPOKEN BY MR. KING,

In a Crier's Gown, with a Bell.

O YES! O YES! O YES!
WHEREAS, on demand, it doth plainly appear
That some wicked Wag—Odso! how came I here?
What a blund'ring is this! one would think I were blind:
Here I'm got on *before*, when I should be *behind*.
Rare work *there*, my friends! rare storming and fury!—
No *Epilogue*'s coming to-night, I assure ye.

Sure never poor Author like ours has been crost—
When meant to be spoken, she found that 'twas lost.
" Lost, Ma'am!" says the Prompter, all pale at the sound;
" Lost, Ma'am! do you say?" was re-echoed around.
" Lost! stol'n!" she replied; " 'tis in vain to deny it;
" So, dear Mr. KING, be so good as to cry it!"
The thought was an odd one, you'll say,—so did I;
But when Ladies intreat, we are bound to comply.
" O YES! O YES! O YES! [*rings again.*]
" Be it known
" To all it concerns—Wit, Critic, or Town,
" That whoe'er brings it back, shall receive,—besides praise,
" A handsome reward of a *Crown* too—of Bays:
" Whereas, if detain'd, heavy law-suits will follow,
" And damage be su'd for—in Court of APOLLO."
Rare menaces these! for, see, how it stands!
She'll indict you all round!—so up with your hands.
I'll examine each face too! in truth, a fine show!
Whom first shall I try? Oh, my friends here below:
The Box claims precedence; but there I've my fears—
Perhaps they'll demand to be tried by their PEERS.
Yet, methinks, when I view the fair Circle around,
I'm in hopes they'll not ask for what cannot be found.
" An *Epilogue* stolen!" cries CRUSTY, out yonder,
" A fine prize indeed! who should steal it, I wonder?
" He surely must be a strange dolt, who contested
" A Bill on PARNASSUS, so often protested."
Nay, Sirs, 'tis a loss—so, pray you, don't flout it!
Good or bad, *Custom's all*, and we can't do without it.
Yet, in search of our Stray, I'll e'en seek elsewhere;
There's no *Wit* in't, I'm sure—so it cannot be *there*.
[*Pointing to the Pit.*]
Higher up, then! [*To the Galleries.*]
Hey! what!—nay, come, I'll not wrong ye—
Not one roguish Face can I spy out among ye;
But sound Hearts, and sound Heads, with too great a store
Of Mirth in yourselves, to steal from the Poor:
All good Men and true! so I give up the Cause;
And since, then, our Bard can't bring *you* to the Laws,
E'en let *her* be the Culprit, and steal—your Applause.
GOD SAVE THE KING!
[*Exit, ringing his Bell.*]

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ODE,

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O, let me, warbling, court thy stay,
To gild the fading scene!
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold, inclement days of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below:
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold!
How mix'd the many-chequer'd shades between
The tawny mellwoing hue, and the gay vivid green!

How splendid all the sky! how still!
How mild the dying gale!
How soft the whispers of the rill,
That winds along the dale!
So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the Sabbath of the year;
As if, the Summer's Labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is, of well-spent life, the time,
When busy days are past,
Man, verging gradual from his prime,
Meets sacred peace at last:
His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
And, dauntless, braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involv'd in wintry gloom,
And, lo! another Spring shall smile,
A Spring eternal bloom;
Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn sow'd.

F. F.

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EPITAPH,

ON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, WHO DIED WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF EACH OTHER, AND WERE BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

TO these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage bed:
For, though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder Man and Wife,
Because they liv'd as one in life.
Peace, my good reader, do not weep;—
O, peace! the lovers are asleep.
They, lovely Turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie.
O let them rest! let them sleep on,
Till this dark, stormy, Night be gone;
Till the eternal Morning dawn:
O, then, the curtains will be drawn;
Then they will waken with that Light,
Whose Day shall never set in Night.

M.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

LYNN REGIS, APRIL 25, 1796.

THIS day a very numerous and respectable Meeting of the FREEMASONS was held at the Maid's Head Inn, in this town, for the purpose of constituting a new Lodge for Norwich, under the authority of SIR E. ASTLEY, Bart. P. G. M.; which was done under the name of the Lodge of STRICT BENEVOLENCE. A Sermon was preached, on the occasion, at St. Margaret's church, by the Rev. H. LLOYD, A. M. Hebrew Professor in the University of Cambridge. The procession was very grand and splendid.

EDINBURGH, APRIL 30, 1796.

THIS day died the Most Worshipful ALEXANDER FERGUSON, Esq. of Craigdarrock, Advocate, Provincial Grand Master for the Southern District of Scotland, in consequence of contusions received by being overturned in a post-chaise. In him, mankind have lost a friend; and the Craft a steady, warm, and zealous supporter. *(Vide also our Obituary, of last Month.)*

GRAVESEND, JUNE 14, 1796.

THIS evening were interred, in the churchyard of this place, the remains of Mr. W. BALDOCK, of this place, who, on his death-bed, requested to be buried with MASONIC HONOURS. A Dispensation for which purpose being obtained from W. PERFECT, Esq. Provincial Grand Master of this County, (who, from pre-engagement, was unfortunately prevented performing the usual ceremonies) as many of the Fraternity as could be assembled here, and from the neighbouring Lodges, attended the funeral, and paid every respect due to the memory of a good MASON, and a valuable member of society.

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MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MADRAS, *Jan.* 21.

ON the night of the 18th of November, a violent gale from the N. E. attended with rain, commenced, and continued till ten the following morning, with considerable violence. At Arcot, the whole of the lines and cantonments were carried away, together with the houses of Colonel Young, Major Dallas, &c. and not the least vestige left remaining of the village which stood there. The ground was torn up, and nothing but chasms and quicksands were to be seen. At Wallagahbad, the river rose sixteen feet, and inundated all the adjacent country. Many houses were washed away; several natives, a serjeant's family, and two privates, of the 73d regiment, perished. The storm at intervals continued till the 19th of December, having, in every direction, occasioned considerable damage.

On the 13th of December, the Boddam and Perseverance were driven from Madras roads, and on the 18th, the Barrington, Henry Dundas, Earl Fitzwilliam, Rodney, and Fort William, East Indiamen, which had arrived two days previous at Madras, were obliged to slip their cables and put to sea. The Perseverance shortly returned, and the Boddam made Cuddalore. Some of the others had regained the roads on the 26th. The remainder were known to be in safety on the 2d of January, and had arrived at Madras previous to the sailing of the Chichester. The garrison at Chingleput suffered greatly; and all the adjacent country has been entirely destroyed. In many of the paddy fields, the water rose to the amazing height of 25 feet. Whole villages were swept away, and the wretched tenantry consigned to a watery grave.

The prospect from the Fort, which was insulated, was awfully grand. As far as the eye could extend was an universal sheet of water, except where the tops of trees and hills varied the scene. Such were the dreadful effects of this tempest that many of the trees have been washed away, and the few which remain are all stripped of their leaves, and their branches black and blighted as if by lightning.

The Ganges rose higher than it was ever known to have done before: the coast and adjacent sea presented a most distressing spectacle, being covered with trees, fragments of buildings, and dead bodies.

QUEBECK, *April* 8.

By the shock of an earthquake, in March, part of the rock which forms the stupendous fall of Niagara, was broken off. The possibility of the rest of the rock sinking 15 feet lower by a future earthquake, has already created much alarm: as the consequence, say the affrighted people, would be to empty Lake Erie into Lake Ontario; by which the banks of the river St. Lawrence would for a thousand miles be inundated. Upper and Lower Canada were in the most flourishing condition.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *April* 9.

The Porte continues its naval operations, under the direction of the famous marine architect, Le Bron. He has constructed them a very fine 64 gun ship. The crew of this vessel are chiefly Europeans, chosen by himself, and dressed in a very well-fancied uniform.

The new Beglerbey of Romelia, who commands in the camp of Adrianople, sends daily various heads to Constantinople, which he says are those of the rebels of Bulgaria, whom he incessantly pursues. That, however, of Passovan Ouglu, the arch-rebel, he has not yet found it convenient to send.

Madame Herbert, with all her family, left Constantinople for Vienna on the 4th instant. The Internuncio himself is expected to follow in the course of the

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present year. This departure is thought to indicate a rupture with the king of the Romans. However, there are persons who attribute it only to Herbert's desire of recall, which will be easily granted him; and Sturmer, Secretary to the Chancery of Vienna, the declared favourite of Thuguet, will be nominated in his room.

Prince Ruspoli, the commander of Malta, leaves Constantinople with Madame Herbert.

May 1. The residence of the Polish Count Oginski in this city has caused a complaint from the Russian envoy to the Reis Effendi, who, at the same time, alluded to a number of Polish nobles, supported by the Turks in Moldavia. The envoy assured the Turkish minister, that the empress could not remain indifferent to the protection granted to so many Polish emigrants in the Turkish empire. The Reis Effendi answered, that the name of emigrant was unknown in Turkey, and that the Porte had always had strangers, and especially Poles in its service; but that he would, nevertheless, represent the affair to the Grand Seigneur.

FLORENCE, *April 14.*

A very great discovery of antiquities has been made near the town of Piperno, formerly called Pivernum; among others are a statue, twice as large as life, of Tiberius Cæsar, sculptured as Jupiter, in capolla statuaire; the remains of a statue of Claudius, the head and breast in perfect preservation; a naked statue of one of the Cæsars, and a woman without heads. Several fine heads, particularly one of Aurelius; a head of Jupiter; of the younger Faustina; of a woman supposed to be Octavia, the wife of Nero.

ROME, *May 20.*

His Holiness, wishing to maintain tranquillity in his states, in the present circumstances, has held a council composed of cardinals and other ministers, and in consequence of their advice has engaged Don Nicholas Azara, his Catholic majesty's ambassador here, to interpose his good offices for the negotiation of a peace between our Court and the French Republic. Don Azara acceding to his Holiness's wishes set out on Tuesday last on his journey to the French army in Lombardy. He carried with him the Abbe Evangelisti, secretary of state.

HOME NEWS.

Leeds, May 29. A number of persons were assembled at a large ware-room, in Union street, to hear a preacher of the methodist persuasion, when the floor giving way, 16 women, a man, and a child, were crushed to death, and between 70 and 80 persons of both sexes were either dreadfully bruised, or had some of their limbs broke. The women killed, were chiefly old and poor.

Aughrim (County of Wexford Ireland,) June 1. A young woman employed in a field, fell asleep, and as she lay on the grass an ask crept down her throat: on awaking she became very sick, and for some time continued ill, with all the symptoms of a rapid decay: a surgeon was at length applied to, and on communicating to him these circumstances, he gave her medicine, and ordered that she should be suspended from the cieling, with her head down, as long as she could bear to remain in that position: the consequence was, the reptile of a greenish yellow colour, about four inches long, and one and a half in circumference, came from her mouth, attended by *eleven young ones.* The young woman is now perfectly recovered.

Litchfield, June 8. The following instance of human depravity was discovered at Westwood-heath, in the parish of Stonleigh:---As J. Wakefield, a young lad, servant of Mr. Hands, was waiting near the park wood, in order to shoot some rabbits, he heard, at some distance within the wood, a noise which he supposed to be the crying of a cat, and pointed his gun to the spot in order to destroy it; but not being able to get a good aim, he proceeded with his gun cocked, towards

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the place from whence the noise came, where, to his utter astonishment, he found a little infant, lying struggling and crying. He ran to call his master, who came immediately to the place and took up the child, which appeared to be nearly exhausted. Mr. Hands recollecting there was a woman near the place who had a young child of her own, sent for her, and by her assistance the poor foundling was preserved alive.

After watching near the wood till midnight, to see if any one should come for the infant, he went home and made every enquiry in his power to learn who had so cruelly exposed it to destruction; and suspicion, from many circumstances, fell upon one Hannah Russel. Early next morning Mr. Hands set out in pursuit of her, and found her in bed, at her father's house at Honily. Being roundly taxed with the fact, after some hesitation she confessed, that about three weeks ago, she was delivered in the work-house at Coventry, of a female bastard child; that, on Tuesday, she obtained leave to go to her friends. That evening she spent in Coventry, and the next day set out for Honily; but thinking her friends would not be pleased at having the child to keep, she determined to leave it in the wood as she was passing by. There are some circumstances which too strongly indicate, that this unnatural mother had conceived the horrid design of destroying her infant before she left the work-house. She was committed to take her trial at the ensuing assizes.

Napton, Warwickshire, June 10. A few days ago, an accident of an extraordinary nature occurred here.---William Smith, aged 19, in the act of replenishing the furnace, belonging to the fire-engine, upon the Oxford canal, in the above-mentioned parish, was, by his foot slipping, suddenly precipitated into the boiling water beneath. Alone, and at midnight, no immediate assistance could be given him, and it was not till many ineffectual struggles, that he extricated himself from his agonizing situation. After calling up the inhabitants of the adjoining house, and having his body wrapt in tow, he walked a full mile to his mother's house, at Napton, where he languished 24 hours, and then expired.

Chesterfield, June 11. A violent affray happened in a public house at Chesterfield, on Saturday night last, which terminated in a very melancholy manner. A private soldier of the 6th regiment, Irish Carabineers, having quarrelled with a young man of the town; in the heat of his rage he attempted to shoot with a pistol an officer of the West Lowland Fencibles, who had been called in to rescue the young man from his fury, but fortunately the pistol missed fire. The Carabineer behaved in so outrageous a manner, that it was found necessary to send for a file of men from the guard house of the fencibles to take him into custody, in doing which, as they were entering into the gateway of the inn with bayonets charged, and the Carabineer endeavouring to rush past them, an unfortunate youth standing in the way was thrown with such violence against one of the bayonets, that it penetrated into his body nearly six inches. The poor wounded youth did not survive more than an hour.---The Coroners inquest was *Accidental Death*. The Carabineer is committed to prison for attempting to shoot the officer.

Dublin, June 16. A young woman lately married clandestinely to the son of a citizen in Dame-street, was excommunicated according to Ecclesiastical law, on Sunday last, in St. Mary's church, the marriage having been adjudged illegal.

Saturday evening, an intoxicated termagant, the wife of an honest, industrious carpenter, of the name of Casey, who lives in Townshend-street, on the poor man attempting to remonstrate with her on the impropriety of her drunken conduct, the virago watched an opportunity, when the poor man was stooping, and with her full force gave him a blow of an hatchet across the neck, and wounded him so dangerously, that it is thought he cannot recover.

A child of about six years of age, the son of a person who lately kept a school in this city, was missed about six months ago, and could not be heard of, notwithstanding the most minute enquiry. His mother died of grief. The father broke up his school and quitted Dublin. A few days ago a person recognized the poor boy disguised as a sweep, in company with some others of that calling. The

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humanity of a person resident in Anglesea street has, we are happy to hear, brought this affair before the Lord Mayor, and snatched the little victim from the brutal ruffian who was reaping a profit from his lingering murder.

LONDON, *June* 1.

THE charity children, at the anniversary meeting at St. Paul's, were about 8 or 9000, and the effect from their appearance may be considered as among the spectacles of great curiosity, and, perhaps, of impression and use too, in Europe. Dr. Huntingdon, the Warden of Winchester, preached. The children sung three psalms, and the singing people of the choir gave the Te Deum, the Jubilate, and the Hallelujah chorus.

June 2. A singular circumstance happened in the vicinity of Grosvenor-square: A young man, dressing himself in one of the upper stories, accidentally saw a friend of his passing on the other side of the way, on which he threw open the window, and called out several times in a violent manner: two gentlemen observing him without coat or waistcoat, and his shirt unbuttoned, hollowing out, concluded that he was disordered in his mind, and had broke loose from his confinement, and immediately knocked at the door: on the servant opening it, (for they were the only two in the house) they rushed up stairs. When they entered the room where the young man was, they found him reciting a passage from *Hamlet*, "*To die---to sleep---perchance to dream*," &c. which confirmed their ideas. They immediately secured him, and, notwithstanding all that he and the servant could say for him, they forced him into a hackney coach, and took him to a private mad-house, where he continued till the evening, when his friends went, and with great difficulty obtained his release. What makes this affair appear very extraordinary, the young man never, in the whole course of his life, shewed the least symptons of insanity.

June 14. Captain H---of the guards, was found dead in his bed, at his house on Ham Common. Captain H---had been in the habit of taking Laudanum; but on Monday, it appears, he took a dose too copious: for he was found dead not an hour after his servant had left him. The Coroner's Jury sat on the body on Wednesday, and brought in a verdict---accidental death. To this they were chiefly induced by the evidence of the deceased's servant, who said he had been in the habit of taking Laudanum, and on Monday afternoon had emptied a bottle containing four ounces.

CLERKENWELL SESSIONS, JUNE 7.

SEDITION.

Yesterday Joseph Stannart was tried upon an indictment, charging him with being a wicked, malicious, and seditious person, and devising and intending to stir up the minds of the people to withdraw their allegiance from his majesty; with having seditiously spoken, and published, the following words: "I wish for no king---a king is a useless thing---I wish the king may come to the gallows---the first king was a curse to this country."

Mr. Sylvester opened the case on the part of the crown.

Several witnesses were called on the part of the prosecution. By their evidence it was proved, that the defendant was a shoe-maker, resident at Barnet. On the 27th of March last, he was at a public-house near Barnet, called the Duke of York, in company with some soldiers; the defendant began a conversation by damning all military men, and asked the soldiers whether they had been at St. Alban's to storm the dunghill; he then spoke the words stated in the indictment: they said the defendant appeared to be sober at the time the words were uttered.

Mr. Gurney addressed the court on behalf of the defendant. He called no witnesses.

The Jury withdrew for a short time, and returned with a verdict---*Guilty*. The court took time to consider of the sentence.

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OLD BAILEY, Wednesday, June 22.

This day the sessions commenced. Soon after the Court was formed, Tilley, Crosswell, Hardwick, Hayden, Handland, Jacobs, Solomons, Philips and Henley, who were found guilty last July session of assisting Idswell to make his escape from the New Prison, were put to the bar, to hear the opinion of the twelve Judges delivered on the legality of the indictment, which declared it well founded, and the verdict good. The offence is transportable, but on account of their long confinement, the Judges had recommended them to his majesty's mercy, and a pardon would be granted them.

J. H. Gade, for a forgery, and Michael Robinson, for sending a threatening letter to Mr. Oldham of Holborn, were also informed that the Judges found their indictments valid. Sentence of death will be passed upon them. Robinson is a genteel well educated man. Gade is a German, upwards of 70 years of age.

James Vandercom and James Abbott were likewise put to the bar, and informed that the Judges were of opinion that the last indictment found against them for a burglary in the Miss Nevilles' house was a good one, thereby setting aside the plea of acquittal on the first indictment.

Same day ten prisoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Wm. Collins, for stealing, in the dwelling house of Jane Rowe, a silver cruet stand, &c.; and Wm. Jenks for a burglary in the house of Joseph Davis, with an intent to commit felony therein. Three were convicted of transportable felonies, and five were acquitted.

Second day.---Thursday, 23 prisoners were tried, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Sharp, for returning from transportation; and Vandercom and Abbot for a burglary in the dwelling-house of the Miss Nevilles---Thirteen were convicted of lesser felonies, and seven acquitted.

Third day.---Friday, Mary Nott was tried and found guilty of the wilful murder of the Count de Monero de Laval. A strong connected chain of circumstances were given in proof, but the actual commission of the horrid deed could not be proved. Even the surgeon who examined the body deposed, that the wound upon the throat could not be mortal, and that he probed the wound on the side, mentioned by the undertaker, but which was no more than a tear of the skin, proceeding from the high state of putrefaction the body was then in; this being on the 3d inst. and the fifth day after the murder was supposed to have been committed. The circumstances that bore most against the prisoner were the certainty of the death not proceeding from suicide, as the knife that was found in the room was not stained---that the deceased was seen to enter the house about one at noon, and the prisoner to shut the window shutters of his room soon afterwards---that about two o'clock a violent scream was heard---that a bason with bloody water was found in the room, as if hands had been washed in it---that his portmanteau was cut open, and that the prisoner had given contradictory answers to the enquiries made after him, during the five days he was missing. These circumstances were sworn by several witnesses, and no defence being offered but character, the Jury pronounced her guilty---the Judge immediately passed sentence of death, and her body to be given to the surgeons.

Fourth day. Richard Ludman, Eleanor Hughes, Ann Rhodes, and Mary Baker, were indicted for the wilful murder of George Hebner, on the 22d day of May, by strangling him by the neck:

It appeared that the prisoner, Hughes, kept a house in Dean-street, East Smithfield: on Tuesday the 17th of May, the deceased (who was a taylor) came to her house, and resided there mostly, for the remaining part of that week; during which time, being without money, he pawned a great part of his cloaths. On the morning of Sunday the 22d, Hughes came down stairs, and acquainted the prisoner, Baker, that the deceased had hung himself, and said, "I can go up no more;" on which Baker said, "O Lord! I'll call Dick," meaning the prisoner Ludman. Soon after it became generally known in the neighbourhood that a man had been hanged in Mrs. Hughes's house. A Mrs. Darby, who lived in the next house to Mrs. Hughes's was a very material evidence. The houses were

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separated in a very slight manner, and there were several cracks in the wall, by which means she could see and hear a great deal of what passed; she saw the four prisoners together in one of the rooms, and heard Hughes say, "At ten o'clock we'll lay him." Hughes and Baker went out, and as they were going, Ludman said to the former, "Mother Hughes, don't shut the door, and they'll have no suspicion." The testimony of a Mrs. Johnson, who lived in the house of Mr. Darby, was also very important. In the course of Saturday evening, she heard Mrs. Hughes and the deceased quarrelling, and the former say to him, "Strike me, you dog! Strike me!" The deceased made no answer. Several persons entered the house, went up stairs, saw the deceased, and described the situation in which they found him; he was hanging at the foot of the bed---a half handkerchief was tied very tight, and with a particular sort of knot, called a *sailor's knot*, round his head, and it was drawn over his face; his hands were tied behind his back with a cord, knotted in the same manner. One of the persons who came in met the prisoner, Ludman, on the stairs, and stopped him till an account was given of the matter. On which he went in, sat down on a stool, and said, "D---mn my eyes, I may as well sit down, for you can only hang me." On Hughes being asked about it, she said, "I suppose the man hung himself." The officer who took the prisoners to Newgate deposed, that while they were going thither in a coach, Ludman said to Hughes, she was a wicked woman to bring them all into this scrape; she had better tell the truth, and save them; she answered, she told all that she knew about it;---he contradicted her, and said you know that you hit him twice on the head with the poker." Hughes answered, "you may say as you please, but if I am guilty, you are all guilty as well." Mary Baker said, the man could never tie his head and hang himself. A surgeon who examined the deceased, was certain he came to his death by strangling. He observed no cuts on his head; however, he might have been struck on the head without his perceiving it.

These were the principal circumstances against the prisoners.

Their defence consisted in substance of assertions of innocence. Some witnesses were called to the characters of Hughes, Baker, and Richard Ludman---the latter it appeared, had been at sea.

The Lord Chief Baron, after summing up the evidence, observed, that it was one of those cases where there was no direct evidence of the prisoners actually committing the murder, yet circumstances were very strong. He alluded to the conversation that passed, and pointed out the circumstances in the case, which sensibly attracted suspicion towards the prisoners. He observed, that very little applied to the prisoner Baker.

The Jury retired for a considerable time, after which they gave their verdict---Richard Ludman and Eleanor Hughes, *Guilty*; Ann Rhodes and Mary Baker, *Not Guilty*.

The Recorder immediately pronounced sentence of death on the two former, fixing the execution for Monday next: Eleanor Hughes pleaded her pregnancy in bar of the execution of her sentence.

Fifth day. Fourteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz.

William Miller, for privately stealing from the person of Andrew Stower, a leather pocket book, value 2s.

James Hardwick, for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling house of John and William Champion, and stealing therein a quantity of tea.

John Appletree, Elizabeth his wife, James Brown, James Reynolds, and Elizabeth Paget were tried upon the capital charge of having traiterously counterfeited the silver coin of this kingdom.

After the examination of evidence, the Jury went out for about twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of *Guilty* against Appletree, and acquittted the rest.

They were afterwards tried for counterfeiting halfpence. Appletree admitted he had been concerned in that. The Jury found him, Brown, and Reynolds guilty, and pronounced the two women *Not Guilty*, who also in this case were not put upon their defence.

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After which sentence was passed, when

John Henry Gade,
Michael Robinson,
William Graves,
John White,
Anthony Chandler,
Joseph Salmon,
John Paviour,
Alexander Colesworth,
James Hardwick,
William Miller,
John Saunders,
William Collins,
James Vandercom,
James Abbott,
John Sharp,
John Jacques,
Richard Appletreee,
and
William Hutchinson,

Severally received judgment of death.

Twelve were ordered to be transported beyond the seas, for the term of seven years; one for the term of fourteen years; ten to be imprisoned in Newgate; fifteen in the house of correction at Clerkenwell; three fined one shilling and discharged, and one to be publicly whipped.

The sessions being ended, the same were adjourned until Wednesday, the 14th day of September next.

June 25. At a quarter before nine o'clock this morning, a most shocking accident happened in Houghton-street, Clare-market, by the falling in of two old houses, one of them a muffin shop, the other belonging to a bell-hanger. The former house was full of lodgers. Nineteen persons have been dug out of the ruins, five of them dead. It is reported that six others are since dead. Two children, apparently dead, were restored to life. The dead and wounded were carried to the workhouse in Portugal-street. One man remained in the cellar for a considerable time calling for assistance; he said his name was Burgess. The landlord of one of the houses, it is said, received notice of its insecurity two days ago, but did not apprize the lodgers of their danger for fear of losing their rent.

NEW TITLES.

Whitehall, May 28.

THE King has been pleased to grant the dignity of an Earl of the Kingdom of Great Britain, to the Right Honourable Charles, Lord Hawkesbury, Baron of Hawkesbury, in the County of Glocester, President of the Committee of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council for Trade and Foreign Plantations, and Chancellor of the Dutchy and County Palatine of Lancaster, by the name, style and title of Earl of Liverpool, in the said County Palatine.

The King has also been pleased to grant the dignity of a Viscount of the Kingdom of Great Britain, to the Right Honourable Samuel Baron Hood, of the Kingdom of Ireland, Admiral of the Blue, by the name, stile and title of Viscount Hood, of Whitley in the County of Warwick.

May 31. The King has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baron of the Kingdom of Great Britain, to the following persons undermentioned, and the heirs male of their respective bodies, lawfully begotten:

The Right Hon. Francis Earl of Moray, by the name, stile and title of Baron Stuart, of Castle Stuart, in the County of Inverness.

The Right Hon. John Earl of Galloway, Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, by the name, style, and title of Baron Stewart, of Garlies, in the Stewartry of Kircudbright.

The Right Hon. James Earl of Courtown, of the Kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, by the name, style, and title of Baron Saltersford, of Saltersford, in the County Palatine of Chester.

The Right Hon. George Earl of Macartney, of the Kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, by the name, style and title of Baron Macartney, of Parkhurst, in the County of Surry, and of Auchinleck, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

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The Right Hon. John Christopher Burton, Viscount Downe, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the name, style, and title of Baron Dawnay, of Cowick, in the County of York.

The Right Hon. George Viscount Midleton, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the name, style, and title of Baron Broderick, of Pepper Harrow, in the County of Surry; with remainder to the heirs male of his late father George Viscount Midleton, deceased.

The Right Hon, Alexander Baron Bridport, of the Kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Admiral of the White, and Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, by the name, style, and title of Baron Bridport, of Cricket St. Thomas, in the County of Somerset.

Sir John Rous, Bart. by the name, style, and title of Baron Rous, of Dennington, in the County of Suffolk.

Sir Henry Gough Calthorpe, Bart. by the name, style, and title of Baron Calthorpe, of Calthorpe in the County of Norfolk.

Sir Peter Burrell, Bart. by the name, style, and title of Baron Gwydir, of Gwydir, in the County of Carnarvon.

Sir Francis Basset, Bart. by the name, style, and title of Baron de Dunstanville, of Trehidy Park, in the County of Cornwall.

Edward Lascelles, Esq. by the name, style, and title of Baron Harewood, of Harewood, in the County of York.

John Rolle. Esq. by the name, style and title of Baron Rolle, of Stevenstone, in the County of Devon.

John Campbell, Esq. by the name, style and title of Lord Cawdor, Baron of Castlemartin, in the County of Pembroke.

MARRIAGES.

May 26. The Rev. Lancelot Halton, A. M. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Mere, to Miss St. Barbe, eldest daughter of Alex. St. Barbe, Esq. of Lansdown-place, Bath. 28. Edward Blewitt, Esq. of Lanharnam, in Monmouthshire, to Miss Amelia Duberley, of Eusham-Hall, Oxfordshire. At St. James's church, Bristol, by the Rev. B. Spry, the Rev. Samuel How, Rector of Strickland, in the County of Dorset, to Miss Sarah England, daughter of the late Dr. England, formerly an eminent physician of that city. Henry Piercy Pulleine. Esq. of Carleton-Hall Com. York, to Miss Elizabeth Askew, niece of the late Henry Askew, Esq. of Redheugh, Com. Durham. 30. The Rev. Mr. Forster, of Southpool, Devon, to Miss Lucy Winstone, youngest daughter of William Hayward Winstone, Esq. of Oldbury-Court, Glocestershire. At Clifton church, the Rev. Thomas Deacle, Rector of Uphill, Somersetshire, to Miss Watson, only child of Mr. George Watson, Jun. Merchant, of Bristol. At Scarborough, Mr. E. Cass to Miss Sotheran. June 1. At the Abbey church, Bath, Mr. Elliston, of the Theatre Royal, to Miss Elizabeth Randall. The Rev. Mr. Forster, of Southpool, Devon, to Miss Lucy Winstone. Lately, at Masulipatam, East Indies, Lieutenant J. Deighton to Miss Boyd. 2. John Mackenzie, of King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street, to Miss Vandam, of Guildford-street. Mr. T. Hill, of Hertford, to Miss Battesall, of Building End, Essex. At York, Mr. Samuel Moody to Miss Roberts. George Smythe, Esq. brother to Sir Edward Smythe, Bart, to Miss Eliza Venour, of Wooton, in Warwickshire. Mr. Samuel Latham, Hop Factor, of the Borough, to Miss Samwell, of Islington. At Sudbury, Derbyshire, the most agreeable Mr. F. Wolley, of Marston, aged 74, to Miss Yates, aged 25. 6. At Whitby Com. York, Captain Aaron Chapman, to Miss Barker. Mr. Richard Pope, of Henley on Thames, to Miss Steele, of Blount's Court, near the same place. 7. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, James La Lane, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Bilyard, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. At Rosemount, Ayrshire, Robert Caldwell, Esq. to Miss Hunter, of Hunterstone. 8. The Rev. B. Davis, B. D. Prebendary of Chichester, to Mrs. Ives, widow of J. Ives, Jun. late of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. At St. Mary's church, St. Mary Hill, Mr. Hugh Wynne, to Miss Agarth, eldest daughter of the late Captain Agarth, of Margate.

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OBITUARY.

COLONEL ROBERT GORDON, who died lately at the Cape of Good Hope, was, for many years, Commandant of the Dutch Forces there, and one of the Council of that Governemnt, which surrendered that important Settlement to the British Army. He was descended from a Scotch family. The time of its settling in Holland is not known; but it must have been very long ago, as his grandfather was burgomaster of Schiedam. His father's entry into the army was by a cornetcy of the Dutch dragoon guards; but, on account of his Scotch name, and the burgomaster's strong interest, he soon obtained a company in Field-marshal Colyear's regiment of the Scotch brigade. This was considered as a great grievance by the officers of that corps, who looked upon the family as Dutch; and, whenever his future promotion was in question, remonstrated against it. He, notwithstanding, rose to the rank of major-general, and commanded a regiment of the brigade during the war in Flanders, and was taken prisoner at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. The Colonel himself was born with his father's regiment in Guelderland, in which he early obtained a commission, and rose by seniority to the rank of captain. But the stationary life of a soldier in peace, serving in the garrisons of the United Provinces, ill accorded with the activity of a mind thirsting for variety of knowledge.---Having, therefore, visited such parts of Europe as his leisure would admit; he obtained leave of absence to make a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, where he employed about a year in penetrating the interior of that country, and studying, with an accuracy, for which he was ever distinguished, the natural productions of so new a field of enquiry. Some time afterwards, on his return to Europe, on the resignation of Col. Van Pren, he was appointed by the Dutch East India Company to the chief command of their military at the Cape. It was about this time he married a very amiable and sensible woman, a native of the Pays de Vaud, in Switzerland. Although his time was much taken up in his official duties, and in the study of the most abstruse parts of science, he was, nevertheless, of a chearful and social disposition; open, candid, and sincere; of strict integrity, punctilious honour, and unshaken principles; but of too little subtlety, and of too impatient a mind, to treat with sufficient indifference the continual vexations he met with in a colony, where despotism and peculation were uncontroulable, and where self-interest was universally prevalent. His house, the constant resort of strangers, the seat of hospitality, at once exhibited the learning of the man, the dignity of the chief, and the felicity of the husband and the father. His natural partiality to the society of the English never induced him to be in the least wanting in attention to others; and, though related to Britons, he never suffered the least bent of his inclination to warp him from his duty as a Dutchman. He has left his widow with four sons. The eldest, now about 17 years of age, bore a commission in his father's battalion at the time of the surrender of the Cape.---Madame Gordon, now, as it is supposed on her way to Switzerland, is coming to this country; and it is not doubted that there are many, who, bearing in remembrance the good qualities of the colonel, will have it in their inclination, as it may be in their power, to return to the children part of the obligations conferred by the father. Although not rich, had the colonel died in any other times than these, it is certain that his widow and children must have been left in decent and respectable circumstances; but it is feared that the effects of war, and the confusions in Holland, will be injurious to their property, both in Europe and Africa. He had, for some time back, intended publishing the result of his different expeditions, but found it impracticable during his residence at the Cape. His papers, amongst which is a very curious collection of drawings, and an extensive topographical survey of the Southern promontory of Africa, must be valuable; and it is greatly to be wished that the publication of them may be entrusted to the care of some person, competent

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to the task. He was handsome in his manners, upwards of six feet high, thin, but muscular, strong, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue; of a dark complexion; and died at the age of 54. He spoke the German, French, Dutch, and English languages with equal facility.

Lady Bridget Tollemache, who so lately paid the great debt to Nature, was the daughter of the late Lord Chancellor Northington, and possessed all the wit, frankness, and good humour, of her father. Her *bons mots* and *repartees*, original, and appropiated, have been circulated in all the periodical publications for these last twenty years. Nor have Princes, Peers, or Common-Councilmen escaped the brilliancy of her talents.

Since the days of Queen Anne the Court has not been without a *female wit*, who, in a great measure, relieved, that gravity which is too frequently the result of forms and ceremonies. Dolly Kingdom was the acknowledged Wit of that Augustan age. She was succeeded by Kitty Davis, who was one of the Maids of Honour to the late Queen. Lady Dowager Townshend succeeded Kitty Davis; and Lady Bridget took the chair some time before the demise of her predecessor; but who will succeed Lady Bridget? Time alone must determine, as at present there appears to be no candidate, nor even one in training.

Lady Bridget, however, had a better character than even her wit gave her---she had a good *heart*, with an active well-judging mind to put that goodness in practice: many instances could be given of this, and many more, for which though hid from the eyes of the world, she now, we trust, will "be rewarded openly."

The following little circumstance will illustrate her manner of doing a polite and benevolent action.

About eight or nine years ago, the daughter of a respectable widow of fashion, though in genteel, yet not affluent, circumstances, had an invitation to pass the summer with a Noble Lord's family at Tunbridge. The Lady, tho' she saw it would be a very advantageous opportunity for her daughter, evaded it on principles of economy. Lady Bridget heard of it, and waiting upon the young Lady, insisted on her going into the country, at the same time requesting, in the handsomest terms possible, that she would become her banker for *two hundred pounds*, which she had no manner of present occasion for. The money after some reluctance was accepted. The Lady joined her noble friends at Tunbridge, and the consequence was this---a Noble Duke, as amiable in private life as elevated in his rank, frequented the house where she was on a visit. He was so struck with her charms and accomplishments, that after a few visits he proposed marriage, which being accepted, was solemnized as soon as ever the parties came to town for the winter, and they have ever since lived together, according to every appearance, in the utmost harmony and connubial affection.

In addition to this little trait of Lady Bridget's character, we are sorry to hear it talked of in so many circles, that she was so much straitened in her circumstances, as to be under pecuniary embarrassments in her last moments. We trust this report is unfounded; and we are inclined to believe it so, as by the death of her brother, the late Earl of Northington, she came into the possession of a very good fortune, and she always conducted herself so, in the arrangements of her household, as seemingly to live within her income. If the report should be unfortunately true, her private bounties must be still greater than were imagined, and *her friends* less.

Sir Hugh Palliser Bart. who died, on the 19th of March last, at his seat at Vache, Com: Bucks, was admiral of the White, master and governor of Greenwich Hospital, governor of Scarborough Castle, and one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House. This gallant officer was born at Kirk Deighton, Com: York (and not in Ireland, as has been erroneously stated.) The Irish branch of the family settled there early in the last century; and Dr. Phillips, (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel) was tutor to the famous Mr. Locke. (Sterne belonged to the English branch.) Sir Hugh Palliser early distinguished himself in the naval service; and, in 1748, on board the Captain, in a desperate action in the Mediterranean, with a frigate of superior force, received the shot in his leg which brought him to his end (with two balls in his body) by the

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explosion of an arm-chest, which also killed two persons on the quarter-deck of the ship. This wound, baffling all the skill of the faculty, subjected him ever after to ceaseless torture. His uncle was a Colonel, and wounded under Lord Galway; and his father (a captain in the army) although shot through both cheeks in the disastrous battle of Almanza, yet survived many years. On the death of Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, his Majesty appointed Sir Hugh to the government of Greenwich-hospital; when, resigning his seat in parliament, he retired from all public concerns, except the duties of his government, which were always ably and unremittingly discharged. As a professional man, he was found superior to most of his contemporaries in maritime skill: judicious in his dispositions, and decisive in their consequent operations: in private life, conciliating in his manners, and unshaken in his friendships. The wise and salutary laws, which he caused to be enacted for the benefit of his country, and the comfort and happiness of the poor fishermen in Newfoundland, during his goverment of that island, are proofs of a sound mind, and a humane and benevolent disposition. He was made a post-captain in the year 1746; in 1762, governor of Newfoundland; in 1765, he made peace wtth the Indians upon the back settlements of Canada; in 1770, he was promoted to the rank of rear-Admiral, and, in the same year, was elected one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house; in 1771, he was appointed comptroller of the navy; in 1773, created a baronet; in 1775, chosen M. P. for Scarborough; in 1776, one of the lords of the Admiralty; in 1778, a vice-admiral, lieutenant of marines, and governor of Scarborough castle; in 1780, he was appointed master and governor of Greenwich-hospital; in 1781, elected to represent the borough of Huntingdon in Parliament; and, in 1717, promoted to the rank of admiral of the White. The title, and an unentailed estate in Ireland, devolve on his nephew, now Sir Hugh Palliser Walters, of Greenwich; his other estates, and a large personal fortune, are left by will to Mr. Thomas, his natural son; who has, pursuant to his will, taken the surname and arms of Palliser. On the 26th his remains were deposited in the parish-church of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. The funeral, in obedience to his own requisition, was very private; the chief mourners were Admiral Bazely, Capt. Hartwell, George Hartwell, esq. and another gentlemen. For more than the last 15 or 16 years of his life, he seldom or ever lay down on a bed; from the constant pain in his leg, which he bore with the most manly fortitude, he was under the necessity of composing himself in an easy chair, sleeping at intervals; and when awake, he placed the wounded limb on the contrary knee, in which position he employed himself in rubbing the bone (for it was literally no more) to assuage the pain, till sleep again insensibly overtook him. (Other accounts of the cause of his death say, that it was occasioned by a dropsical habit of body, to which he had always been subject, after a severe illness of five months.) He was an indefatigable collector of valuable naval papers, which are now arranging by the present possessor Mr. Palliser.

Lately at his house in Hackney, aged 55, David Alvez Rebello, esq. A paralytic affection, that for the space of two years, by progressive strides, deprived him of his faculties, finally terminated his existence. Few characters have been more lamented; none more deservedly so. Society has lost in him a valuable member; the fine arts a patron; and the poor a liberal benefactor. While sensibility, talents, taste, and generosity, are estimable, his loss will be regretted. Mr. R. had applied much to the study of natural history, on which he has left several desultory pieces; was a great admirer of the works of art, particularly coins, of which he had made an elegant and judicious collection as well as of minerals, botany, and every other branch of natural history; in short, of every subject which must have naturally presented itself to a mind so vigorous and expanded as his.

May 25. Died in the workhouse at Durham, aged 85, *Thomas French*, well known in that city, for the last six or seven years, by the fictitious title of *Duke of Baublesbire*, which, on the decline of his understanding, he assumed without Royal Creation, and wherein he seemed to have greater pride than any Peer of the Realm, adorned with a real one. He wore a star composed of pieces of cloth of different colours, or of painted paper on the breast of his *spencer*, a cockade in his hat, and several bras-

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curtain rings on his fingers. He was so enthusiastically enraptured with his visionary dignity, as to imagine that he had frequent correspondences with the King, on the subject of raising men, carrying on the war, and other important matters of state; in which he was not, however, perhaps more absurd than many other insane, self-taught, reforming politicians of the present day.

20. Mr. Benson of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, About three o clock in the Morning he flung himfelf from the top of a house in Bridges Street, Covent Garden, where he lodged, and his head pitching upon the kirb stone, his brains were dashed in the high road. This lamentable circumstance is attributed to his having been afflicted with a brain-fever, from which he was supposed to have recovered. He had not the least article of cloaths on; and he attempted to get out of the two pair of stairs window, by breaking a square of glass, but not being able to open the window, he got out of the Garret window. He has left a widow (sister to Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who was expected in town from Edingburgh the day after the melancholy event happened) and four young children. He was an industrious, useful, and meritorious performer; and by his death an aged father and mother are deprived of support.

23. At Edinburgh, aged 86, the Right Honourable Primrose, Lady Lovatt.

23. At Castlemaddock, in the county of Brecon, universally regretted, Charles Powell, Esq. in the 85th year of his age. He was the Senior Magistrate for the County, and the Senior Common Councilman for the Borough.

28. At Ecclesfield, Com. York, aged 84, Mrs. Dixon, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Dixon, of Worsbro', near Barnsley. Her charity and goodness of heart with her unaffected piety endeared her to all her family and acquaintance.

28. At Corke, Sir John Franklin, Bart.

30. Aged 82, Mrs. Parker, widow of the late Edward Parker, Esq. merchant, of Bristol. Her death was occasioned by setting fire to her clothes a few evenings since while reading. She was a good Christian, and a kind benefactress to the poor.

June 1. At Blyth, in Nottinghamshire, Mrs. Mason.

At Elmley Castle, Mrs. Jones, aged 95.

At Ripley Surry, Mrs. Felland, aged 92.

In Welbeck Street, St. Mary-lebonne, Mrs. Biscoe.

At Whitby, in his 69th year, Mr. J. Sanders one of the people called Quakers.

At Heaton Norris, near Stockport, Mrs. Crowthers; and the same day Mr. Robert Crowthers; both aged 64.

At Castle Connel, in the county of Limerick, James B. Thornhil Esq. of Thornhill-lawn, in the county of Cork.

In Bedford Row, Samuel Dennison Esq.

In new Burlington street, Mr. C. Medley.

At Manchester, Thomas Worsley, Esq. late of Rochdale.

At Richmond, Com. York, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Thomas Cornforth Esq.

At Durham, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Henry Smith.

At Pendicherry, where he commanded Lieut. Col. Stirlingof the 74th regiment.

In Dublin, aged 64, the Right Hon. W. B. Conyngham, Esq. one of the Lords of the Treasury in Ireland, Governor of Donnegal, and M. P. for Ennis.

3, Mrs. Parsons, wife of Mr. Wm. Parsons, in Redcross-street; sincerely lamented by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and in whom were united the real Christian, affectionate wife, and agreeable companion.

At Manchester, Alexander Eason, M. D.

In the King's Bench Prison, Mr. Wilson, the celebrated Comedian. His death was partly the consequence of confinement, and a long depression of mind; but the immediate cause of it was his having drank several glasses of brandy before dinner, on the preceding day, after which he never stirred out of his room. He was casually provoked to this act of intemperance, without having been previously addicted to drinking.

4. Lately at Lismore, in the kingdom of Ireland, Mr. Henry Smith, aged 106 years and six months.

Mr. Bradley, Surgeon. He shot himself, in a hackney coach, opposite the end of Fleet Market. The ball perforated his head, just behind the right ear, took an oblique direction, and lodged in the upper part of the scull, on the op-

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posite side. The Coachman observing, when he entered the coach, that he was in a violent trepidation, asked him, if he had an ague; to which he replied, "aye, and a dreadful one too;" then entering the coach, put an end to his existence immediately.

At Hull, Mr. Thomas Clay Junr. one of the people called methodists, and for many years an ornament to his christian profession.

Mrs. Milner, wife of the Rev. J. Milner, of Hunslet, Com. York.

At his lodgings in Capel street, Dublin, Sackville Gardiner, Esq. uncle to lord Viscount Mountjoy

Aged 84, Mrs. Dixon widow of the late Rev. Mr. Dixon, of Worsborough, near Barnsley.

At his house in Abingdon-street, Westminster, in his seventieth year, the Rev. Thomas Cole, LL. B. Vicar of Dulverton.

At Bayswater, Mrs. Oldfield.

At Burton in Kendal, Mrs. Ann Bickersteth, at the great age of 103 years.

Miss Martha Wright, aged 11, and on the day following Miss Wright, aged 16, daughters of Mr. Benjamin Wright, Merchant, of Hull.

At Wells, Com. Somerset, Maurice Lloyd Esq.

At Newington, aged 86, Mrs. Weston.

Miss Nichol of Clough House, near Huddersfield, aged 21.

At Sion House, the Countess of Abergavenny.

Mr. John Cooper, of Great Eastcheap.

At his apartments in Park street, Grosvenor Square, Captain Joseph Price, late Marine Paymaster and Naval Store-keeper in the East India Company's service at Bengal.

The Rev. Harvey Spragg, Rector of Pulborough, in Sussex.

In a fit of apoplexy, at Swarston, (on his return from attending a number of horses belonging to Sir Henry Harpur, Bart.) Mr. Erasmus Stevens, of Derby, Veterinarian, aged 40.

Lately in his passage home from the West Indies, on board the Majestic of 74 guns, Captain Westcott, Admiral Sir John Laforey, an admiral of the Blue Flag. He was made a Post Captain in the year 1758, a Rear-Admiral in 1789, a Vice-admiral in 1793, and an admiral in 1795.

At Alford, in Lincolnshire, the Rev. Henry Colston, A M. Rector of Alceby, and vicar of Billesby, in that county, and formerly Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge.

15. At Bedwell Park, Com. Herts, aged 76, Samuel Whitbread Esq. the celebrated brewer, proprietor of the very extsenive brewery, in Chiswell Street, Moorfields. This gentleman's immense wealth is a convincing proof what industry and perseverance will effect, in a commercial country. Very early in life, he had the management of one of the first brewhouses in town; and, in the course of his services, amassed 200l. with which he determined to establish a concern for himself. About this time he became connected with Mr. Sewell, a linen Draper of Ludgate hill, who had that opinion of his abilities, as to advance him 20,000l. to extend his undertaking, on condition of being admitted as a partner. This was complied with; and the business was, for many years, carried on under the joint firm of Whitbread and Sewell. But with all these advantages, aided by the talents and experience of Mr. Whitbread, it is, perhaps, to peculiar circumstances that we must attribute the rapid rise of his fortune. In the summer, following the winter, in which Mr. Sewell advanced his capital, the excessive heat of the weather so far injured the stock of Porter in the hands of the different brewers, that they could not supply their customers. In this emergency it was discovered that Mr. Whitbread alone (who had brewed his stock stronger than was usual with a view to force a trade) had porter that was saleable; the publicans, of course, flocked to him; and he was by that means enabled to extend his concern beyond his utmost expectations. This fact was communicated to the writer of this article by one of the oldest brewers in London; and it is certainly to it that we must, in a great measure, impute Mr. Whitbread's success.

In private life Mr. W. was a sincere friend, a good husband, and a fond father. His commercial integrity has ever ranked very high; and, as a Senator, he at all times discharged his duty conscientiously. He has left several children, one of whom Samuel Whitbread Esq. M. P. for Bedford, is likely to be as a great an ornament to the political, as his father has been to the commercial world.

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LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

May 24. Thomas Pindar, of York, Coal-merchant. Jane Dean, of Edmonton, Linen-draper. Thomas Gladhill, of Bartholomew-lane, London, Man's Mercer. William Vevers, of Ewell, Surry. Peter Bently, of Pancras-lane, London, Mason. Richard Stayner Jones, of East Wickham, Kent, Brickmaker. Thomas Sanders, and Richard Sanders, of Great Ormond-street, Middlesex, Taylors. Robert Heward, of Cannon-street, Oilman. Thomas Watson, of Southampton-street, Covent Garden, Taylor. Jacob Godfrey Hippius, of Throgmorton-street, London. Robert Tate, of Hemmings-row, St. Martins in the Fields, Jeweller.

May 28. John Jackson, late of Love-lane, London, Merchant. James Hewitt, of Godstone, Surry, Carpenter. Robert Holloway, late of Hyde Park Corner, Middlesex, Collar and Harness-maker. Richard Mash, late of Swanmore, Southampton, Shoe-maker. Mary Secker, of Lynn, Norfolk, Linen-draper. Andrew Collier, of North Shields, Northumberland, Druggist. Richard Randall Dyson, late of Tottenham, Middlesex, Surveyor. Abraham Ponter, of the Borough of Southwark, China-man. Joseph Rolfe, of Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, Cabinet-maker. Mary Ann Wilson, late of Homerton, Middlesex, Haberdasher. Julien Colibert, late of Denmark-street, St. Giles's, Goldsmith. John Pringle, of Wardour-street, Middlesex, Upholsterer. Henry Dale, of Goldby Brook, Derbyshire, Tanner. Henry Watchorn Shelton, of Howard-street, St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, Lapidary. Charles Burrell, of Leadenhall-street, London, Upholder. Evan Philips, of Foster-lane, London, Oilman. John Jordan, late of Overton, County of Southampton, Linen-draper. Paul Williams, of the parish of St. James, in Brackley, Northamptonshire, Scrivener. David Jones, of Bunhill-row, Moorfields, Middlesex, Working Silversmith.

May 31. Wm. Challen, and James Challen, of Petersham, Surry, Carpenters. John Charlwood and Nathaniel Marsh, of London, Warehousemen. John Cottin, of London, Merchant. Lawrence Peak, of Covent Garden, Middlesex, Cordwainer. John Fearon, of Southwark, Taylor. Charles Price, of Newport, Monmouth, Money-scrivener.

June 4. John Frederick Schultz, of Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, Notary Public. William Tidcomb, of Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Carpenter. John Williams, of Abingdon, Berkshire, Currier. Peter Jack, of Woodstock-street, Mary-le-bonne, Coal-Merchant. Abraham Israel Nunes, late of Dean-street, Finsbury-square, Grocer. Stephen Lawson, of Great Tower-street, London, Corn-dealer. Thomas Morris, of Birmingham, Victualler. John Price and Joseph Tucker, of the Borough High-street, Surry, Hosiers. John Barber, of Newcastle upon Tyne, Glass-manufacturer. George Bateman, late of Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly, Taylor. Burkitt Fenn, of Cornhill, London, Hosier. Susannah Beckman, of Fashion-street, Spital-fields, Sugar-grinder. Thomas Bliss, late of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Grocer.

June 7. C. Willans, Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate-street, Silk-dresser. P. J. Stace, Sheerness, Slop-seller. J. Cole, Market Deeping, Lincoln, Butcher. D. Docura the younger, Bassingbourn, Cambridge, Carrier.

June 11. John Henry Grellier and William Nickells, of Crown-street, Shoreditch, Middlesex, Feather and Fringe Manufacturers. Hugh Treble, of Bagnigge Marsh, Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Victualler. John Thomas, of the Broad-way, Westminster, Cordwainer. William Betts, William Peter Betts, and George Veriar, of Lambeth, Surry, Stocking Manufacturers. John Grocock, late of Halloughton, Leicestershire, Shopkeeper. John Ayres, late of Houndsditch, but now of Old Broad-street, London, Broker. Robert Cowen, of Love-lane, Little Eastcheap, London, Wine and Brandy Merchant. John Shipman, of Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, Money-scrivener. Thomas Healy, of Waltham, Lincolnshire, Tanner. Joseph Payn, late of Kidderminster, Worcestershire, Innkeeper. William Briscoe, late of Worcester, Glover.

June 14. B. Bushel, of Manchester, Linen-draper. W. Comer, of Bristol, Butter Merchant.

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TO THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

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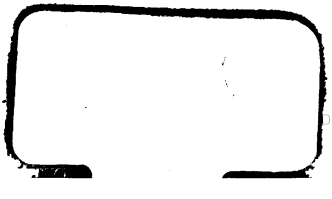
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